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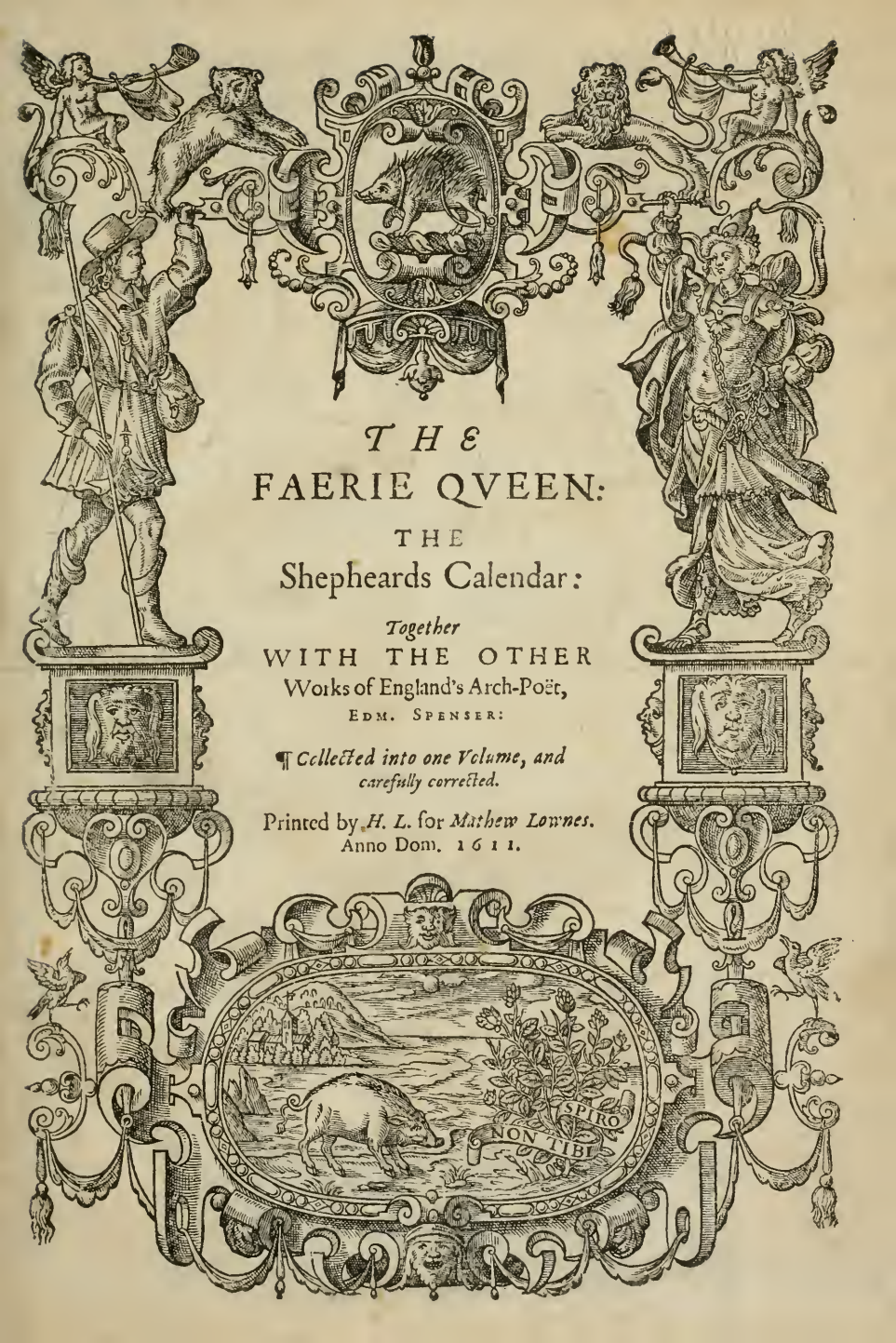


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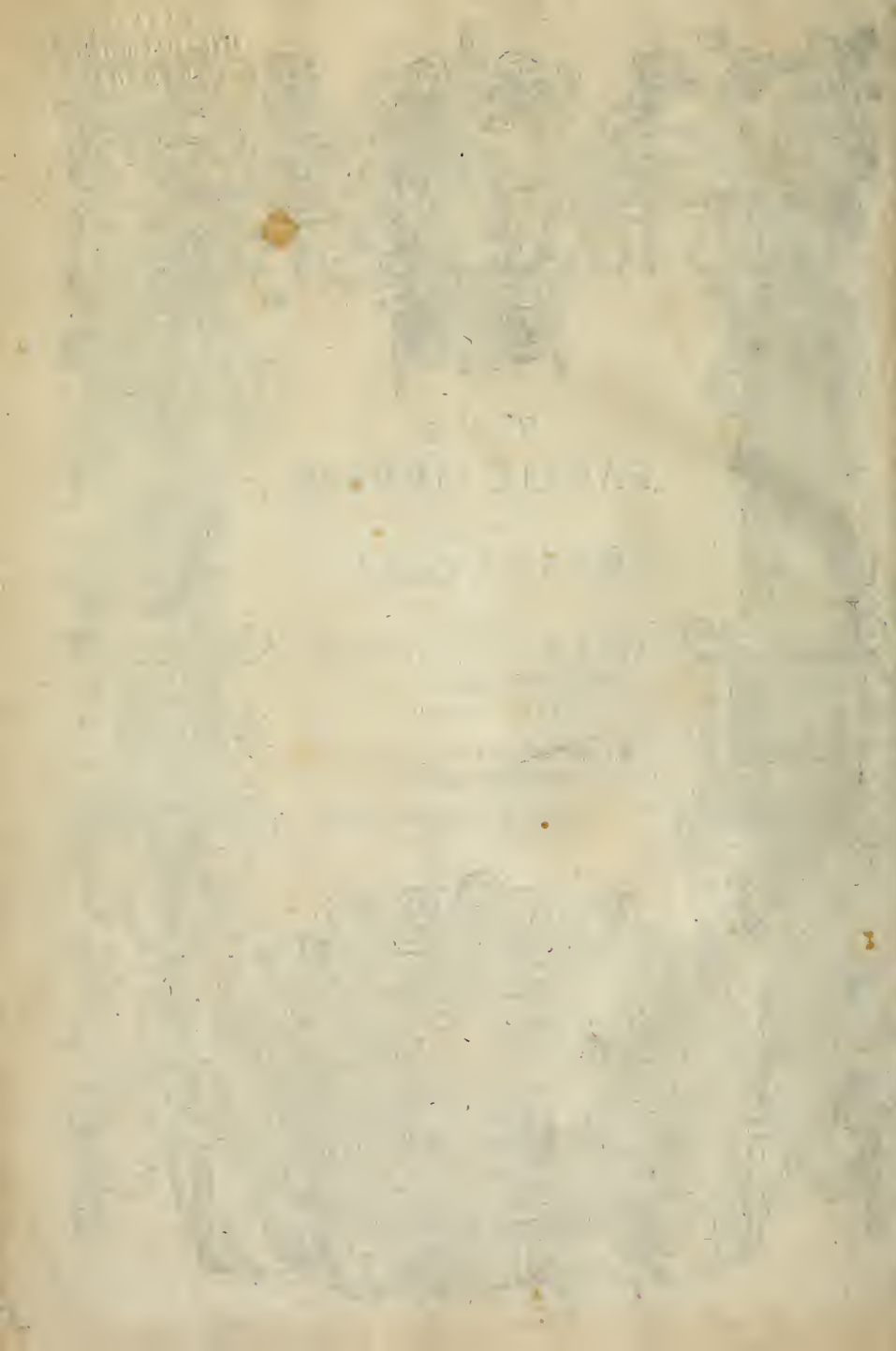
T H E
FAERIE QVEEN:

T H E
Shepherds Calendar :

Together
WITH THE OTHER
Works of England's Arch-Poët,
EDM. SPENSER:

*¶ Collected into one Volume, and
carefully corrected.*

Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
Anno Dom. 1611.



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TO THE MOST
HIGH, MIGHTIE,
AND MAGNIFICENT
EMPERESSE,

RENOVND FOR PIETIE,
VERTVE, AND ALL GRA-
CIOVS GOVERNMENT:

ELIZABETH,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD,
Queene of *England, France, and Ireland*, and of
Virginia: Defender of the Faith,
&c.

*Her most humble Seruaunt, Edmund Spenser, doth in all
humilitie dedicate, present, and consecrate these his labours, to liue
with the eternitie of her*

F A M E.



31 Dec 415

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TO THE MOST
HIGH, MIGHTY,
AND MIGHTY
EMPEROR

REMOVED FOR THE
FIRST AND ONLY

BY THE ORDER OF
GOD





TO THE MOST EXCELLENT
and learned, both Oratour and Poet, master
Gabriel Haruey, his verie speciall and singular good friend, *E. K.*
commendeth the good liking of this his good labour, and the
patronage of the new Poet.



Vncouth, vnkist, saide the old famous Poet *Chaucer*: whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skill in making, his scholler *Lidgate*, a woorthy scholler of so excellent a master, calleth the loadstarre of our language: and whom our *Colin Clout* in his Eglogue calleth *Tytirus*, the God of Shepheards; comparing him to the worthines of the Roman *Tytirus*, *Virgil*. Which pro-uerbe, mine owne good friend *M. Haruey*, as in that good old poet, it serued well *Pindarus* purpose, for the bolstering of his bawdie brocage, so very wel taketh place in this our new Poet, who for that he is vncouth (as said *Chaucer*) is vnkist; and vnkown to most men, is regarded but of a fewe. But I doubt not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowledge of men, and his worthinesse be founded in the trumpe of Fame, but that he shall be not onely kist, but also beloued of all, embraced of the most, and wondred at of the best. No lesse, I thinke, deserueth his wittinesse in deuising, his pithinesse in vttering, his complaint of loue so louely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastorall rudenesse, his morall wifenesse, his due obseruing of *Decorum* euerie where, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speech, and generally, in all seemelic simplicitie of handling his matters, and framing his words: the which of many things that in him be strange, I know will seeme the strangest; the wordes themselues beeing so ancient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole period and compasse of his speech so delightfome for the roundnesse, and so graue for the strangenesse. And first of the words to speake, I grant they be something hard, and of most men vnsed, yet both English, and also used of most excellent Authours, and most famous poets. In whom, when as this our poet hath bene much trauailed and throughly read, how could it be (as that worthy Oratour said) but that walking in the Sunne, although for other cause hee walked, yet needs hee must be sunne-burnt; and hauing the sound of those ancient poets still ringing in his eares, hee mought needs in singing, hit out some of their tunes. But whether hee vseth them by such casualtie and custome, or of set purpose

and choise, as thinking the fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of Shepheards; either for that their rough sound would make his rimes more ragged and rusticall: or else because such old and obsolete words are most vsed of Country folke; sure I thinke, and thinke I thinke not amisse, that they bring great grace, and as one would say, authoritie to the verse. For asbe, amongst many other faults, it specially be objected of *Valla*, against *Lisie*; and of other against *Salust*, that with ouer-much studie they affect antiquitie, as couering thereby credence, and honour of elder yeeres; yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the like, that those ancient solemne words, are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other: the one labouring to set foorth in his worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of grauitie and importance. For, if my opinion faile not, *Tully* in that booke, wherein he endeoureth to set forth the patterne of a perfect Orator, saith, that oft-times an ancient word maketh the stile seeme graue, and as it were reuerend, no otherwise then we honour and reuerence gray haire, for a certaine religious regard, which we haue of old age. Yet neither euery where must old wordes be stuffed in, nor the common Dialect, & manner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that as in old buildings, it seeme disorderlie and ruinous. But as in most exquisite pictures, they vse to blaze and portrait, not onely the daintie lineaments or beautie, but also round about it to shadow the rude thicketts and craggie cliffs, that by the basenesse of such parts, more excellencie may accrew to the principall (for oftentimes wee finde our selues, I know not how, singularly delighted with the shew of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order): euen so doe those rough and harsh termes, enlumine and make more cleerely to appeare the brightnesse of braue and glorious words. So oftentimes, a discord in musicke maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthie poet *Alceus*, to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a well-shaped bodie. But if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choice of old & vnwonted words, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, either of witlesse headinesse in iudging, or of heedlesse hardinesse in condemning: for not marking the compasse of his bent, he will iudge of the length of his cast. For in my opinion, it is one especiall praise of many, which are due to this poet, that he hath laboured to restore as to their rightfull heritage, such good and naturall English words, as haue been long time out of vse, and almost cleane disherited. Which is the onely cause, that our mother tongue, which trulie of it selfe is both full enough for prose, & stately enough for verse, hath long time been counted most bare and barren of both. Which default, when as some endeoured to salue and recure, they patched vp the holes with peeces and ragges of other languages; borrowing heere of the French, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latine; not weighing how ill those tongues accord with themselves, but much worse with ours: So now they haue made our English tongue a gallimaufrey, or hodgepodge of all other speecies.

Other

Other-some, not so well scene in the English tongue, as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to heare an old word, albeit very naturall and significant, cry out straight way, that we speake no English, but gibberish, or rather, such as in old time *Ewanders* mother spake: whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their owne mother tongue, to bee counted strangers, and aliens. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what they vnderstand not, they straightway deeme to be senselesse, & not at all to be vnderstood: Much like to the Mole in *Aesops* fable, that beeing blind herselfe, would in no wise be perswaded that any beast could see. The last, more shamefull then both, that of their owne country and naturall speech (which together with their Nurses milke they sucked) they haue so base and basturd iudgement, that they will not onely themselves nor labour to garnish & beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it should be embellished; Like to the dog in the maunger, that himselfe can eate no hay, & yet barketh at the hungrie bullock, that so faine would feed: whose currish kinde, though it cannot bee kept frō barking, yet I conne them thank that they refraine from byting.

Now, for the knitting of sentences, which they call the ioyns & members thereof, & for all the compasse of the speech, it is round without roughnesse, and learned without hardnesse, such indeed as may be perceiued of the least, vnderstood of the most, but iudged onely of the learned. For what in most English writers vnto be loose, and as it were vnright, in this Author is well grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed vp together. In regard whereof, I scorne and spew out the rakehelly rout of our ragged rymers (for so themselves vse to hunt the letter) which without learning boast, without iudgement iangle, without reason rage and some, as if some instinct of poetical spirit had newly rauished them about the meannesse of common capacitic. And beeing in the midst of all their brauerie, suddenly, either for want of matter, or rime, or hauing forgotten their former conceit, they seeme to be so pained & trauailed in their remembrance, as it were a woman in child-birth, or as that same Pythia, when the traunce came vpon her: *Os rabidum fera corda domans, &c.*

Neuerthelesse, let them a Gods name feed on their owne folly, so they seecke not to darken the beames of others glorie. As for *Colin*, vnder vvhole perion the Authors selfe is shadowed, how farre he is from such vaunted titles, and glorious shewes, both himselfe sheweth, where he saith:

*Of Muses Hobbinoll, I conne no skill. And
Enough is me to paint out my vnrest, &c.*

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, wherein it seemeth hee chose rather to vnfold great matter of argument couertly, then professing it, nor suffice thereto accordingly. Which moued him rather in Aeglogues the otherwise to write; doubting perhaps his ability, which he little needed; or minding to furnish our tongue with this kind, wherein it faultereth; or following one example of the best & most ancient poets, which deuised this kinde

of writing, beeing both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trie their habilities: like as young birds, that be newlie crept out of the nest, by little and little first prooue their tender wings, before they make a greater flight. So flew *Theocritus*, as you may perceiue hee was alreadie full fledged. So flew *Virgil*, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew *Mantuanus*, as not beeing full fomed. So *Petrarque*. So *Boccace*. So *Marot*, *Sanazarui*, and also diuerse other excellent both Italian and French poets, whose footing this Authour euery where followeth: yet so as few, but they be well sented, can trace him out. So finally flieth this our new Poet, as a bird whose principals be scarce growne out, but yet as one that in time shall be able to keepe wing with the best.

Now, as touching the generall drift and purpose of his Aeglogues, I mind not to say much, himselfe labouring to cōceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vnstaied youth had long wandered in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in which time, to mitigate & allay the heate of his passion, or else to warne (as hee saith) the young shepheards [his equals and companions] of his vnfortunate folly, he compiled these twelue Aeglogues; which for that they be proportioned to the state of the twelue Moneths, he tearmeth it the *Shepheards Calender*, applying an old name to a new worke. Heerevnto haue I added a certaine Glosse or scholion, for the exposition of old wordes, & harder phrases; which manner of glossing and commenting, well I wote, will seeme strange and rare in our tongue: yet, for so much as I knew, many excellent and proper deuises, both in words and matter, would passe in the speedie course of reading, either as vnknowne, or as not marked; & that in this kind, as in other wee might be equall to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I was made priuie to his counsaile & secret meaning in the, as also in sundry other works of his. Which albeit I knowe hee nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his friendship, himselfe being for long time far estranged, hoping that this will the rather occasion him, to put foorth diuerse other excellent works of his, which sleep in silence, as his *Dreams*, his *Legends*, his *Court of Cupid*, & sundry others, whose cōmendation to set out, were very vaine, the things though worthy of many, yet beeing knowne to few. These my present paines, if to any they be pleasurable, or profitable, be you iudge, mine owne maister *Haruey*, to whom I haue both in respect of your worthinesse generally, & otherwise vpon some particular & speciall considerations, vowed this my labour, & the maidenhead of this our common friends poetrie, himselfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and worthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull maister *Philip Sidney*, a speciall fauourer & maintainer of all kinde of learning. Whose cause, I pray you sir, if enuie shall stirre vpon any wrongfull accusation, defend with your mighty Rhetoricke, and other your rath gifts of learning, as you can, and shield
with

with your good will, as you ought, against the malice & outrage of so many enemies, as I know will be set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glorie. And thus recommending the Authour vnto you, as vnto his most speciall good friend, and my selfe vnto you both, as one making singular account of two so very good & so choise friends, I bid you both most hartily farewell, & commit you & your commendable studies to the tuition of the greatest.

*Your owne assuredly to be
commanded, E. K.*

Post scr.

NOW I trust, *M. Haruey*, that vpon sight of your speciall friends and fellow poets dooings, or else for enuie of so many worthy *Quidams*, which catch at the garland which to you alone is due, you will be perswaded to pluck out of the hateful darknes, those so many excellent English poems of yours, which lie hid, and bring them foorth to eternall light. Trust me, you doe them great wrong, in depriviung them of the desired sunne, and also your selfe, in smothering your deserued praises, and all men generally, in with-holding from them so diuine pleasures, which they might conceiue of your gallant English verses, as they haue already done of your Latine poems, which in my opinion, both for inuention and elocution, are very delicate and superexcellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good *M. Haruey*. From my lodgiug at London, the tenth of Aprill. 1579.





The generall Argument of the whole Booke.



ittle, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first original of Aeglogues, hauing alreadye touched the same. But, for the word Aeglogues, I knowe is vnknowne to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they thinke) I will say somewhat thereof, beeing not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inuentours of them, called Aeglogas, as it were, Aegon, or Aeginomonlogi, that is Goateheards tales. For although in Virgil and others, the speakers be more Shepheards, then Goateheards, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in Virgil, this specially from that deriuing, as from the first head & well-spring the whole inuention of these Aeglogues, maketh Goateheards the persons and Authors of his tales. This beeing, who seeth not the grosseesse of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleue, that they are more rightly tearmed Eclogai, as they would say, extraordinarie discourses of vn-necessarie matter: which definition, albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the Analysis & interpretation of the word. For they be not tearmed Eglogæ, Aeglogues: which sentence this Authour verie well obseruing, upon good iudgement, though indeede fewe Goateheards haue to doe herein, neuerthelesse doubteth not to call them by the used and best knowne name. Other curious discourses heereof I referue to greater occasion.

These twelue Aeglogues euery where answering to the seasons of the twelue Moneths, may be well diuided into three formes or rankes. For either they be Plaintiue, as the first, the sixth, the eleuenth, and the twelfth: or Recreative, such as all those be, which containe matter of loue, or commendation of speciall personages: or Morall, which for the most part be mixed with some Satyricall bitternesse; namely, the second of reuerence due to old age, the fift of coloured deceit, the seauenth and ninth of dissolute Shepheards and Pastors, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie and pleasant wits. And to this diuision may euerie thing heerein be reasonably applied: a fewe onely except, whose special purpose and meaning I am not prinie to. And thus much generally of these twelue Aeglogues.

Aeglogues. Now will we speake particularly of all, and first of the first, which he calleth by the first Monethes name, Ianuarie: wherein to some he may seeme fowly to haue faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that Moneth, which beginneth not the yeere. For it is well knowne, and stoutly maintained with strong reasons of the learned, that the yeere beginneth in March: for then the sunne renueth his finished course, and the seasonable Spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasure thereof being buried in the sadnesse of the dead Winter, now worne away, reniueth.

This opinion maintaine the old Astrologers and Philosophers, namelie, the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius, in his holy daies of Saturne: which account also was generally obserued, both of Grecians & Romans. But sauing the leaue of such learned heads, we maintaine a custome of counting the seasons from the Moneth Ianuary, vpon a more speciall cause then the heathen Philosophers euer could conceiue: that is, for the incarnation of our mightie Saviour, & eternall Redeemer the Lord Christ, who as the renewing the state of the decayed World, and returning the compasse of expired yeeres, to their former date, and first commencement, left to vs his Heires a memoriall of his byrth, in the end of the last yeere and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall Monument of our saluation, leaneth also vpon good prooue of speciall iudgement.

For albeit that in elder times, when as yet the count of the yeere was not perfected, as afterward it was by Iulius Cæsar, they beganne to tell the Moneths from Marches beginning; and according to the same, God (as is said in Scripture) commanded the people of the Iewes to count the Moneth Abib, that which we call March, for the first Moneth, in remembrance that in that Moneth hee brought them out of the Land of Aegypt: yet, according to tradition of latter times it hath beene otherwise obserued, both in government of the Church, and rule of mightiest Realmes. For from Iulius Cæsar, who first obserued the leape yeere, which he called Bissextilem Annum, and brought into a more certaine course the odde wandring daies, which of the Greekes were called Hyperbainontes, of the Romanes Intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to use the termes of the learned) the Moneths haue beene numbered twelue, which in the first ordinance of Romulus were but tenne, counting but 304 daies in euery yeere, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of all the Romane Ceremonies, and Religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the Sunne, nor the Moone, thereunto added two Moneths, Ianuarie and Februarie: wherein it seemeth, that wise king minded vpon good reason to beginne the yeere at Ianuarie, of him therefore so called tanquam Ianua anni, the gate & enterance of the yeere, or of the name of the god Ianus: to which god, for that the old Paynims attributed the birth and beginning of all creatures new coming into the world, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned, the beginning and first entrance of the yeere. Which account for the most part hath hitherto continued. Notwithstanding,

ding, that the Egyptians beginne their yeere at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbines, and very purpose of the Scripture it selfe, God made the world in that Moneth, that is called of them Tisri. And therefore he comaunded them to keepe the feast of Pavilions, in the end of the yeere, in the xv. day of the seuenth Moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our Authour, respecting neither the subtiltie of the one part, nor the antiquitie of the other, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicitie of common vnderstanding, to beginne with Ianuarie, weening it perhaps no decorum that shepheards should be seene in matter of so deepe in-sight, or canuase a case of so doubtfull iudgement. So therefore beginneth hee, and so continueth hee throughout.





THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING

THE LEGENDE OF THE KNIGHT
OF THE RED CROSSE,

OR

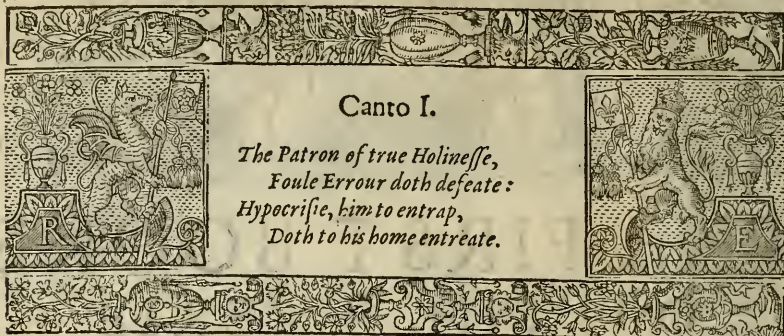
Of Holinesse.

LO, I the man, whose Muse whilom did mask,
As time her taught, in lowly Shepheards
Am now enforc't a far vnfitter task, (weeds,
For trüpets stern to change mine oat'reeds,
And sing of Knights, & Ladies gentle deeds;
Whose praises hauing slept in silence long,
Mee, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon 'broad, amongst her learned throng:
Fierce warrs, and faithfull loues, shall ~~re-~~alize my song.

Helpe then, ô holy Virgin, ² chiefe of nine,
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will:
Lay forth out of thine euerlasting scrine
The antique rolles, which there lie hidden still,
Of Faerie Knights, and fairest *Tanaquill*,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his vnderferred wrong:
O! help thou my weak'e wit, and sharpen my dull tongue.

And thou most dreaded impe³ of highest *Ioue*,
Faire *Venus* sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good Knight so cunningly didst rouse,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly Hebeu bowe apart,
And with thy mother milde come to mine ayde:
Come both, and with you bring triumphant *Mars*,
In loues and gentle iollities arrayd,
After his murdrous spoiles and bloody rage allayd.

And with them eke, ô Goddesse ⁴ heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and Maestic diuine,
Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like *Phaëton* lumpe throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble cyne,
And raise my thoughts, too humble, and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile:
The which to heare, vouchsafe, ô dearest dread a-while.



Canto I.

*The Patron of true Holinesse,
Foule Error doth defeate:
Hypocrisie, him to entrap,
Doth to his home entreate.*

A Gentle Knight was pricking on the Plaine,
Yclad in mightie armes and siluer shield,
wherin old dints of deep wounds did remain
The cruell marks of many a bloudie field;
Yet, times til that time did he neuer wield;
His angry steede did chide his foming bit;
As, much disdain'ing to the curbe to yield:
Full iolly Knight he seem'd, and faire did sit,
As one for knightly giufts and fierce encounters fit.

But on his breast a bloody Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead (as liuing) euer him ador'd:
Vpon his shield the like was also fear'd,
For fouraign hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheere did seeme too toleme sad:
Yet nothing did he dread; but euer was ydrad.

Vpon a great aduenture he was bound,
That greatest *Gloriana* to him gaue,
That greatest glorious Queene of *Faerie* lond,
To win him worship, and her grace to haue,
Which of all earthly things he most did craue;
And euer as he rode, his heart did eare
To proue his puissance in battell braue:
Vpon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Vpon his foe, a Dragon horrible and steare.

A lonely Lady rode him faire beside,
Vpon a lowly Ass more white then snowe;
Yet see much whiter, but the same did hide
Vnder a veile, that wimpled was full lowe,
And ouer all a black stoffe shee did throwe,
As one that inly mournd: so was shee sad,
And heauie sat vpon her palfrey slowe;
Semed in heart some hidden care shee had,
And by her in a line a milke white lamb shee had.

So pure an Innocent, as that same lamb,
Shee was in life and euer vertuous lore,
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Western shore,
And all the world in their subiection held;
Till that infernall fiend with foule vprore
Forewasted all their land, and them expeld:
Whom to avenge, shee had this Knight from far compeld.

Behinde her farre away a Dwarfie did lag,
That lazie seem'd in beeing euer last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddaine overcast,
And angry *Ioue* an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans lap to fast,
That euer wight to throwd it did constraine,
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were faine.

Enforc't to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shade groue not farre away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:
Whose lofty trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spread so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starre:
And all within were paths and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harbour, that them seemes; so in they entred are.

And forth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Ioying to heare the birds sweet harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempests dread,
Seem'd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hie,
The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elmie, the Poplar neuer dry,
The builder Oake, sole king of Forrests all,
The Alpine, good for staues, the Cypress funeral.

9
The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage, the Firre that weepeth still,
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours,
The Eugh, obedient to the bendiers will,
The Birch for shafts, the Sallow for the mill,
The Myrre sweet, bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull Oliue, and the Platane round,
The carver Holme, the Maple fildom inward found.

10
Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Vntill the blustering storme is overlowne,
When, weening to returne, whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path which first was showne,
But wander to and fro in waies vnknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neereft ween,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many paths, so many turnings seen,
That which of them to take, in diuerse doubt they been.

11
At last, resolving forward full to fare,
Till that some end they finde or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seem'd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow Caue
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser braue,
And to the Dwarfes awhile his needefle speare he gaue.

12
Be well aware, goth then that Ladie milde,
Least suddaine mischief yee too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place vnknowne and wilde,
Breeds dreadfull doubts: oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without shoue: therefore triall hardy stroke
Sir Knight with-hold, till further triall made.
Ah Lady (said he) shame were to reuoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Vertue giues her selfe light, through darknes for to wade.

13
Yea, but (quoth shee) the perill of this place
I better wot then you: though now too late
To wish you back returne with foule disgrace;
Yet wisdom warnes, whilst foote is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere foote to retrace.
This is the wandering wood, this *Errours den*;
A monster vile, whom God and man docs hate:
Therefore, I' reed beware. Fly, fly (quoth then
The fearefull Dwarfes:) this is no place for liuing men.

14
But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide;
But forth vnto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his glistering armour made
A little glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the vgly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th'other halfe did womans shape reaine,
Most lothsome, filthy, foule, and full of vile disdain.

15
And, as shee lay vpon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all ouerfped,
Yet was in knots and many boughs vpwound,
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred
A thousand young ones, which shee daily fed,
Sucking vpon her poisonous dugs, each one
Of sundry shape, yet all fauoured:
Soone as that vncouth light vpon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

16
Their dam vpstart, out of her den effraide,
And rusted forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her curled head, whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraille.
Shee lookt about, and seeing one in maile
Armed to point, sought back to turne againe;
For, light shee hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wout in desert darknesse to remaine,
Where plaine none might her see, nor shee any plaine.

17
Which when the valiant Elfe percei'd, he lept
As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning back, and forced her to stay:
There-with enrag'd shee loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled taile aduauant,
Threatning her angry sting, him to dismay:
Who, nought agast, his mighty hand enhaunst:
The stroke down from her head vnto her shoulder glaunst.

18
Much daunted with that dint, her sense was daz'd;
Yet kindling rage, her selfe shee gather'd round,
And all at once her beauly body raiz'd
With doubled forces high about the ground:
Tho wrapping vp her wreathed sterne around,
Leapt fierce vpon his shield, and her huge traine
All luddainly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirre he stroue inuaine:
God help the man so wrapt in *Errours* endlesse traine.

19
His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, Now, now Sir Knight, shew what you bee,
Add faith vnto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, else shee sure will strangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplexite,
His gall did grate for grieue and high disdain,
And knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Where-with he gryp't her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loofe her wicked bands did her constraîne.

20
There-with the spewd out of her filthy maw
A flood of poyson horrible and black,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbers raw,
Which stunk so vilely, that it forc't him slack
His grasping hold, and from het turne him back:
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lack;
And creeping, sought way in the weedy grass:
Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has.

21

As when old father *Nilus* gins to swell
 With timely pride about the *Aegyptian* vale,
 His fattie waues doe fertile slime outwell,
 And overflowe each Plaine and lowly dale :
 But when his later ebbe gins to auale,
 Huge heapes of mud he leaues, wherein there breed
 Tenne thousand kindes of creatures, partly male,
 And partly female of his fruitfull feed ;
 Such vgly monstrous shapes elfwhere may no man reed.

22

The same fo fore annoyed has the Knight,
 That wel-nigh choaked with the deadly stinke,
 His forces faild, ne can no longer fight.
 Whose courage when the fiend percei'd to shrinke,
 Shee poured forth out of her hellish sinke
 Her fruitfull curfd spawne of Serpents small,
 Deformed monst'rs, foule, and blacke as inke,
 Which swarming all about his legges did crall,
 And him encombr'd fore, but could not hurt at all.

23

As gentle Shepheard in sweet euen-tide,
 When ruddy *Phæbus* gins to welke in west,
 High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,
 Marks which doe bite their hafty supper best ;
 A cloude of combrous gnats doe him molest,
 All struing to infix their feeble stings,
 That from their noyance he no where can rest,
 But with his clownish hands their tender wings
 He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

24

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame,
 Then of the certaine perill he stoo'd in,
 Halfe furious vnto his foe he came,
 Resolv'd in mind all suddenly to win,
 Or soone to lose, before he once would lin ;
 And strooke at her with more then manly force,
 That from her body full of filthy sin
 He rest her hatefull head without remorse ;
 A streame of coale black bloud forth gushed frō her corse.

25

Her scattred broode, soone as their Parent deare
 They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
 Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,
 Gath'rd themselues about her body round,
 Weening their wonted entrance to haue found
 At her wide mouth : but, being there withstood,
 They flock'd all about her bleeding wound,
 And sucked vp their dying mothers blood ;
 Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

26

That detestable fight him much amaz'd,
 To see th'vnkindly Imps of heauen accurst ;
 Deuoure their dam ; on whom while fo he gaz'd,
 Hauing all fatisfide their bloody thirst,
 Their bellies swolne he sawe with fulnes burst,
 And bowels gushing forth : well worthy end
 Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst ;
 Now needeth him no longer labour spend : (tend.
 His foes haue slaine themselues, with whom he should con-

27

His Lady, seeing all that chaunc't from farre,
 Approach't in haste to greet his victorie ;
 And said, Faire Knight, borne vnder happy starre,
 Who see your vanquish't foes before you lie :
 Well worthy be you of that Armorie,
 Wherein you haue great glory wonne this day,
 And proou'd your strength on a strong enemy,
 Your first adventure : many such I pray,
 And henceforth euer wish, that like succeed it may.

28

Then mounted he vpon his Steed againe,
 And with the Lady backward fought to wend ;
 That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
 Ne euer would to any by-way bend,
 But still did follow one vnto the end,
 The which at last out of the wood them brought.
 So, forward on his way (with God to friend)
 He passeth forth, and new adventure fought ;
 Long way he travelled before he heard of ought.

29

At length they chaunc't to meet vpon the way
 An aged Sire, in long black weeds yclad,
 His feet all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
 And by his belt his booke he hanging had ;
 Sober he seem'd, and very fagely iad,
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
 Simple in shewe, and voyd of malice bad,
 And all the way he prayed as he went,
 And often knockt his breast, as one that did repent.

30

Hec faire the Knight saluted, louting lower
 Who faire him quited, as that courteous was :
 And after asked him, if he did knowe
 Of strange adventures, which abroad did pass.
 Ah my deare sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
 Silly old man, that liues in hidden Cell,
 Bidding his beades all day for his trespass,
 Tidings of warre and worldly trouble tell ?
 With holy father fits not with such things to mell.

31

But, if of danger which heereby doth dwell,
 And home-bred euill ye desire to heare,
 Of a strange man I can you tidings tell,
 That wasteth all this cuntry farre and neare.
 Of such (said hee) I chiefly doe enquete,
 And shall you well reward to shew the place,
 In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare :
 For, to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
 That such a curfd creature liues so long a space.

32

Farre hence (quoth he) in wastfull wilderneffe
 His dwelling is, by which no liuing wight
 May euer passe, but thorough great distresse.
 Now (said the Lady) draweth toward night,
 And well I wote, that of your later fight
 Ye all forwearded be: for, what so strong,
 But wanting rest, will also want of might ?
 The Sunne, that measures heauen all day long,
 At night doth baite his steeds the *Ocean* waues among.

Then

Then with the Sunne, take ³³ Sir your timely rest,
 And with new day new worke at once begin:
 Vntroubled night (they say) giues counsell best.
 Right well Sir Knight ye haue aduised bin
 (Quoth thou that aged man;) the way to win
 Is wisely to aduise: now day is spent;
 Therefore with me ye may take vp your In
 For this fame night. The Knight was well content:
 So with that godly father to his home they went.

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
³⁴ Downe in a dale, hard by a forrests side,
 Farre from resort of people, that did pass
 In trauell to and fro: a little wide
 There was an holy Chappell edifice,
 Wherein the Hermitte duly went to say
 His holy things each morne and euentide:
 Thereby a Crystill streame did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

Arriu'd there, the litle houle they fill,
³⁵ Ne looke for entertainment, where none was:
 Rest is their feast, and all things at their will;
 The noblest mind the best contentment has.
 With faire discourse the euening lo they pass:
 For, that old man of pleasing words had store,
 And well could file his tongue as smooth as glass;
 He told of Saints and Popes, and euermore
 He strow'd an *Aue-Mary*, after and before.

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
³⁶ And the sad humour loading their eyeliddes,
 As messenger of *Morpheus* on them cast
 Sweet slumbring dew, the which to sleep them biddes.
 Vnto their lodgings then his guests he riddes:
 Where when all drown'd in deadly sleepe he findes,
 Hee to his studie goes, and there amidst
 His Magick bookes and arts of sundry kindes,
 Hee seeks out mightie charmes, to trouble sleepey mindes.

Then chusing out few words most horrible,
³⁷ (Let none them read) there of did verses frame,
 With which, and other spells like terrible,
 He bad awake black *Plutoes* grisly Dams,
 And curst heauen, and spake reprochefull shaine
 Of highest God, the Lord of life and light;
 A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
 Great *Gorgon*, Prince of darknesse and dead night,
 At which *Cocytus* quakes, and *Styx* is put to flight.

And forth hee call'd out of deep darknesse dread
³⁸ Legions of Sprights, the which like litle fiies
 Fluttering about his euer damned head,
 Awaite whereto their feruice he applies,
 To ayde his friends, or fray his enemies:
 Of those he chose out two, the fallst two,
 And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
 The one of them he gaue a message to,
 The other by him selfe fraide other worke to do.

Hee, making speedy way through sperfed ayre,
³⁹ And through the world of waters wide and deep,
 To *Morpheus* houle doth hartly repaire:
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steep:
 And lowe, where dawning day doth neuer peep,
 His dwelling is; there *Tethys* his werbed
 Doth euer wash, and *Cynthia* still doth steep
 In silver dew his euer-drouping hed,
 Whiles sad Night ouer him her mantle black doth spread.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
⁴⁰ The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yuorie;
 The other, all with siluer ouercast;
 And wakefull dogges before them farre doe lye,
 Watching to banish Care their enemy,
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleep.
 By them the Spright doth passe in quietly,
 And vnto *Morpheus* comes, whom drowned deep
 In drowfie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keep.

And more, to lull him in his slumber soft,
⁴¹ A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
 And euer-drizling raine vpon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sown
 Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a frowne:
 No other noise, nor peoples troublous cries,
 As full are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
 Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
 Wrapt in eternall silence, farre from enemies.

The messenger approaching to him spake;
⁴² But his waite words return'd to him in vaine:
 So found he slept, that nought mought him awake.
 Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
 Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
 Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
 As one then in a dreame, whose drier braine
 Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
 He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake:

The Spright then gan more boldly him to wake,
⁴³ And threatend vnto him the dreaded name
 Of *Hecate*: wherat he gan to quake,
 And lifting vp his lumpish head, with blame
 Halfe angry, asked him for what he came.
 Hither (quoth he) me *Archimago* lent,
 He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
 He bids thee to him send for his intent
 A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

The God obayde, and calling forth straight way
⁴⁴ A diuerse dreame out of his prison darke,
 Deliucred it to him, and downe did lay:
 His heauie head, deuide of carefull carke,
 Whose senses all were straight benumb'd and starke.
 He, backe returning by the Yuorie dore,
 Remounted vp as light as cheerefull Larke,
 And on his litle wings the dreame he bore
 In haste vnto his Lord, where he him left afore.

45
Who all this while, with charmes and hidden arts,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender parts
So luely, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sense it could haue raisht quight:
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous wit,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for *Vna* fit.

46
Now, when that idle dreame was to him brought,
Vnto that Elfin Knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly, void of euill thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In fort as he him schooled prively:
And that new creature borne without her due,
Full of the makers guile, with visage fly
He taught to imitate that Lady true,
Whose semblance she did carry vnder feigned hew.

47
Thus well instructed, to their worke they haste,
And comming where the Knight in slumber lay,
The one vpon his hardy head him plac't,
And made him dreame of loues and lustfull play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked ioy:
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him plaind, how that false winged boy
Her chaste hart had subdewd, to learne Dame Pleasures toy.

48
And shee her selfe (of beauty soueraigne Queene)
Faire *Venus*, seem'd vnto his bed to bring
Her, whom he waking euermore did weene
To be the chafteft flower, that ay did spring
On earthly branch, the daughter of a King;
Now a loose Leman to vile service bound:
And eke the *Graces* seemed all to sing,
Hymen is Hymen, dauncing all around,
Whilst freshest *Flora* her Yuie girlond crownd.

49
In this great passion of vnwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of dooing ought amiss,
He started vp, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo, there before his face his Lady is,
Vnder black stole hiding her baited hooke,
And as halfe blushing offered him to kiss,
With gentle blandishment, and louely looke,
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him tooke.

50
All cleane dismaid to see so vncouth sight,
And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought t'haue flaine her in his fierce despight:
But hastie heart temping with sufferance wife,

He staid his hand, and gan himselfe advise
To proue his sense, and tempt her feigned truth.
Wringing her hands in womens pittious wife,
Tho can shee weepe, to stirre vp gentle ruth,
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

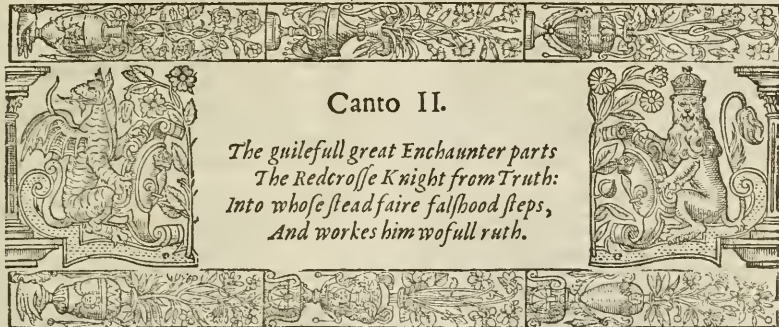
51
And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my loue,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell Fate,
And mightie causes wrought in heauen aboue,
Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped loue to winne me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me doe, or die.
Die is my due: yet rue my wretched fate,
You, whom my hard avenging destinie
Hath made iudge of my life or death indifferently.

52
Your owne decre sake forc't mee at first to leaue
My Fathers kingdome; There she stop with teares:
Her swollen heart her speech seem'd to bereaue,
And then againe begun, My weaker yeares
Captiu'd to fortune and fraile worldly feares,
Fly to your faith for succour and (sure ayde):
Let me not die in languor and long teares.
Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismaid?
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affraid?

53
Loue of your selfe, shee said, and deere constraint
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
In secret anguish and vnspited plaint,
Whilst you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quite.
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted Knight
Suspect her truth: yet fith n'vtruth hee knew,
Her fawning loue with soule disdainfull spight
He would not shend, but said, Deare dame, I rewe,
That for my sake vnknoone such griefe vnto you grew.

54
Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your loue, and hold me to you bound;
Ne let vaine feares procure your needles smart,
Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.
Not all content, yet seem'd she to appeale
Her mournfull plaints, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words that could not chuse but please;
So sliding softly forth, she turn'd as to her ease.

55
Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much grieu'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood:
At last dull wearinesse of former fight
Hauing yrockt a sleepe his irkesome spight,
That troublous dreame gan freshly tols his braine,
With bowres, and beds, and Ladies deare delight:
But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spight he back return'd againe.



Canto II.

*The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:
Into whose stead faire falsbood steps,
And workes him wofull ruth.*

BY this, the Northern wagoner had set
His feuenfold teme behind the stedfast star,
That was in Ocean waues yet neuer wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from far
To all, that in the wide deep wandring are:
And chearefull Chaunticleere with his note shrill
Had warn'd once, that *Phæbus* fiery carre
In haste was climbing vp the Easterne hill,
Full enuious that night so long his roome did fill;

When those accurst messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that fire-forged Spright
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding night:
Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And sad *Proserpine* wrath, them to affright:
But when he sawe his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his balefull bookes againe.

Essoones he tooke that miscreated fiere,
And that falsse other Spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtle aire,
Like a young Squire, in lounes and lusty-hed
His wanton dayes that euer loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Thote two he tooke: and in a secret bed,
Cower'd with darknesse, and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine delight.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull haste
Vnto his guest, who after troublous fights
And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast,
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearefull frights,
As one agast with fiends or damned sprights,
And to him calls, Rise, rise vnhappy Swaine,
That heere wax old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
Haue kniethem/clues in *Venus* shamefull chaine;
Come, see where your falsse Lady doth her honour staine.

All in amaze he suddenly vp start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who soone him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely ment
In wanton lust and lewd embracement:
Which when he saw, he burnt with ielous fire,
The eye of reason was with rage yblent,
And would haue flaine them in his furious ire:
But hardly was restrained of that aged Sire.

Returning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guiltie fight,
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
And waste his inward gall with deepe desight,
Yrkelome of life and too long lingring night.
At last faire *Hesperus* in highest skie
Had spent his limpe, and brought forth dawning light,
Then vp he rote, and clad him hastiuy;
The Dwarfe him brought his steed: so both away do flic.

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged *Tibbons* saffron bed,
Had spred her purple robe through dewy aire,
And the high hills *Titan* discovered,
The royall virgin shooke off drowly-hed,
And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her Dwarfe, that wont to wait each howre;
Then gan she wale and weepe, to see that wofull stowre.

And after him she rode with so much speede
As her slowe beast could make; but all in vaine:
For him so far had borne his light-foot steed,
Pricked with wrath and fierie fierce disdain,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine;
Yet the her weary limbes would neuer rest,
But eury hill and dale, each wood and Plaine
Did search, sore grieued in her gentle brest,
He so vngently left her, whom she loued best.

But subtle *Archimago*, when his guests
 He saw divided into double parts,
 And *Vna* vandering in woods and Forrests,
 Th'end of his drift, he praised his diuclish arts,
 That had such might ouer true meaning harts;
 Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
 How he may worke vnto her further smarts:
 For her he hated as the hissing Inake,
 And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

He then deuise himselfe how to disguise;
 For by his mighty Science he could take
 As many formes and shapcs in seeming wise,
 As euer *Proteus* to himselfe could make:
 Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
 Now like a fox, now like a dragon fell,
 That of himselfe he oft for feare would quake,
 And oft would flie away. O! who can tell
 The hidden power of herbes, & might of Magick spell?

But now seem'd best, the person to put on
 Of that good Knight, his late beuiled guest:
 In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
 And silver shield: vpon his coward brest
 A bloody crosse; and on his craven crest
 A bunch of haire discolor'd diuersly:
 Full iolly knight he seemde, and well adrest,
 And when he late vpon his courser free,
Saint George himselfe yee would haue deemed him to be,

But he, the knight, whose semblance he did beare,
 The true *Saint George*, was wandred far away,
 Still flying from his thoughts and ieaalous feare;
 Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
 At last him chaunc't to meet vpon the way
 A faithlesse *Sarazin*, all arm'd to point,
 In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans Foy: Full large of limbe and euery ioint
 He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

He had a faire companion of his way,
 A goodly Lady, clad in scarlet red,
 Purfled with gold and pearle of rich affay,
 And like a *Persian* mitre on her head
 She wore, with crownes and owches garnished,
 The which her lavish lovers to her gaue;
 Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
 With tinsell trappings, woven like a waue,
 Whose bridle rung with golden bells, and bosses braue.

With faire disport and courting dalliance
 Shee entertain'd her lover all the way:
 But when she saw the knight his speare advance,
 Shee soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
 And bad her knight adreste him to the fray:
 His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickt with pride
 And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,
 Forth spurred fast: adowne his courters side
 The red blood, trickling, stain'd the way as he did ride.

The knight of the *Red-crosse* when him he spide,
 Spurring so hotc with rage dispighteous,
 Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride:
 Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
 That daunted with their forces hideous,
 Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand,
 And eke them selues too rudely rigorous,
 Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
 Doe backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth land.

As when two rammes, stir'd with ambitious pride,
 Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flock,
 Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
 Doe meet, that with the terror of the shock
 Astonied, both stand senselesse as a block,
 Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
 So stood these twaine, vnmooued as a rock,
 Both staring fierce, and holding idly
 The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The *Sarazin* sore daunted with the buffe,
 Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely him flies;
 Who well it wards, and quitheth cuff with cuff:
 Each others equall puissance enuies,
 And through their iron sides with cruelties
 Does seeke to perce: repining courage yields
 No foote to foe. The flashing fier flies
 As from a forge out of their burning shields,
 And streames of purple blood new die the verdant fields,

Curse on that Crosse (quoth then the *Sarazin*)
 That keepes thy body from the bitter fir;
 Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
 Had not that charme from thee forwarned it:
 But yet I warne thee now assured fir,
 And hede thy head. There-with vpon his crest
 With rigour so outrageous he smit,
 That a large share it hew'd out of the rest,
 And glaicing down his shield, fro blame him fairely blest.

Who therat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
 Of natue vertue gan effoonces reuiue,
 And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
 So hugely strooke, that it the Steele did riuie,
 And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe aloue,
 With bloody mouth his mother earth did kisse,
 Greeting his graue: his grudging ghost did striue
 With the fraile flesh; at last it suited is,
 Whither the foules doe flie of men, that liue amis.

The Lady, when she saw her champion fall,
 Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
 Spaid not to waile his woefull funerall,
 But from him fled away with all her powre;
 Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
 Bidding the Dwarfes with him to bring away
 The *Sarazins* shield, signe of the conquerour.
 Her soone he ouertooke, and bad to itay;
 For present cause was none of dread, her to dismay.

21

She turning backe with ruefull countenance,
 Cryde, Mercy, mercy Sir youchsafe to shoue
 On silly Dame, subiect to hard mischance,
 And to your mighty will. Her humbleste lowe,
 In so rich weeds and seeming glorious shoue,
 Did much emmoue his stout heroicke heart,
 And sayd; deare Dame, your suddain ouerthrowe
 Much rueth me: but now put feare apart,
 And tell, both who ye be, and who that took your part.

22

Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament;
 The wretched woman, whom vnhappy howe
 Hath now made thral to your commandement,
 Before that angry heauens list to lowe,
 And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
 Was (O, what now aualeth that I was!)
 Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
 He that the wide West vnder his rule has,
 And high hath set his throne, where *Tiberis* doth pass.

23

He in the first flowre of my freshest age,
 Betrothed me vnto the onely heire
 Of a most mighty King, most rich and sage;
 Was neuer Prince so faithfull and so faire;
 Was neuer Prince so meeke and debonaire:
 But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
 My dearest Lord fell from high honours faire,
 Into the hands of his accursed sone,
 And cruelly was slaine: that shall I euer mone.

24

His blessed body, spoild of liuely breath,
 Was afterward, I knowe not how, conuaid
 And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death
 When tidings came to me vnhappy mayd,
 O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid!
 Then forth I went, his woefull corse to finde;
 And many yeares throughout the world I strayd,
 A virgin widow: whose deep wounded minde
 With loue, long time did languish as the stricken hind.

25

At last, it chanced this proud *Sarazin*
 To meet me wandring: who perforce me led
 With him away, but yet could neuer win
 The Fort, that Ladies hold in soueraigne dread.
 There lies he now with soule dishonour dead,
 Who whiles he liu'd, was called proud *Sans foy*,
 The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
 Of one bad sire, whose youngest is *Sans ioy*,
 And twixt them both was borne the bloody bold *Sans loy*.

26

In this sad plight, friendlesse, vnfortunate,
 Now miserable I *Fidessa* dwell,
 Crauing of you in pity of my state,
 To do none ill, if please ye not do well,
 He in great passion all this while did dwell,
 More busying his quicke eyes, her face to view,
 Then his dull eares, to heare what she did tell;
 And sayd; Faire Lady, heart of finte would rew,
 The vnderseed woos and sorrowes, which ye shew.

27

Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,
 Hauing both found a new friend you to ayde,
 And lost an old foe, that did you molest;
 Better new friend then an old foe is said.
 With change of cheare, the seeming simple maid
 Let fall her eyes, as shamefast to the earth
 And yielding soft, in that she nought gain-said.
 So forth they rode, he faining seemely mirth,
 And she coy looks: so, Dainty they say maketh derth.

28

Long time they thus together traueiled;
 Till weary of their way, they came at last,
 Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
 Their armes abroad, with gray mosse ouer-cast;
 And their Greene leaues trembling with euery blast,
 Made a calme shadow far in compasse round:
 The fearefull Shepheard often there aghast
 Vnder them neuer far, ne wont there found
 His merry oaten pipe, but thund th'vn lucky ground.

29

But this good Knight, soon as he them gan spie,
 For the coole shadow thither hastly got:
 For golden *Phœbus* now that mounted he,
 From fiery wheelles of his faire chariot,
 Hurl'd his beame so scorching cruell hot,
 That liuing creature mote it not abide;
 And his new Lady it endured not.
 There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
 From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

30

Faire seemely pleasure each to other makes;
 With goodly purposes there as they sit:
 And in his falled fancy he her takes
 To be the fairest wight, that liued yet;
 Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit:
 And thinking of those branches Greene to frame
 A girland for her dainty forehead fit,
 He pluckt a bough; out of whose rift there came
 Small drops of gory blood, that trickled downe the same.

31

Therewith a pitious yelling voyce was heard,
 Crying, ô spare with guilty hands to tear
 My tender sides in this rough rynde embard:
 But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare
 Least to you hap, that hapned to me here,
 And to his wretched Lady, my deare Loue;
 O too deare ouel! loue bought with death too deare.
 Aftond he stood, and vp his haire did houe,
 And with that suddain horor could no member moue.

32

At last, when-as the dreadfull passion
 Was ouer-past, and manhood well awake:
 Yet musing at the strange occasion,
 And doubting much his sense, he thus bespake;
 Whose voice of damned ghost from *Limbo* lake,
 Or guilefull spright wandring in empty ayre
 (Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake)
 Sends to my doubtfull eares these speeches rare,
 And refulfull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse bloud to spare?

Then

33
Then groning deep, Nor damned ghost, quoth he,
Nor guilefull sprite to thee these words doth speake:
But once a man, *Fradubio*, now a tree:
Wretched man, wretched tree; whose nature weake,
A cruell witch her curled will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plac't in open Plaines,
Where *Boreas* doth blowe full bitter bleake,
And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines:
For, though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me paines.

34
Say on *Fradubio* then, or man, or tree,
Quoth then the Knight, by whose mischievous arts
Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see?
He oft finds medicine, who his grieft imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing hearts,
As raging flames who striueth to suppress.
The author then, sayd he, of all my smart,
Is one *Duessa* a false forceresse,
That many cirtan knights hath brought to wretchednesse.

35
In prime of youthly yeares, when courage hot
The fire of lone and ioy of chenalree
First kindled in my brest; it was my lot
To loue this gentle Lady whom ye see,
Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree;
With whom as once I rode accompanide,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred be,
That had a like faire Lady by his side;
Like a faire Lady, but did fowle *Duessa* hide.

36
Whose forged beauty he did take in hand,
All other Dames to haue exceeded farr:
I io defence of mine did likewise stand;
Mine, that did then shine as the Morning starre:
So, both to battell fierce arraigned arre;
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Vnder my speare: such is the dy of warre:
His Lady, left as a prisemartiall,
Did yield her comely person, to be at my call.

37
So doubly lov'd of Ladies vnlike faire,
I home seeming such, the other such indeed,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare,
Whether in beauties glory did exceede;
A Rosy girlond was the Victors meede:
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to becc,
So hard the discord was to be agreede.
Fralissa was as faire, as faire mote bee:
And euer false *Duessa* seemd as faire as shee.

38
The wicked witch now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballance equally to sway,
What not by right, she callt to win by guile,
And by her hellish science raisd streight way
A foggy mist, that ouer-cast the day,
And a dull blast, that breathing on her face,
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule vgly forme did her disgrace:
Then was she faire alone, when none was faire in place.

39
Then cride she out, Phy, phy, deformed wight,
Whose borrowed beauty now appeareth plaine
To haue before bewitched all mens sight;
O leaue her soone, or let her soone be flaine.
Her loathly visage viewing with disdain;
Estfoones I thought her such, as she me told,
And would haue kild her; but, with fained paine,
The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold:
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

40
Thenceforth I took *Duessa* for my Dame,
And in the witch vncueing ioyd long time:
Ne ener wist, but that she was the same;
Till on a day (that day is every Prime,
When witches wont do penance for their crime)
I chaunc't to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did view.
That euer to haue toucht her, I did deadly rew.

41
Her neather parts misshapen, monstrous,
Were hid in water, that I could not see:
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would belceue to be.
Thenceforth from her most beastly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to slip away,
Soone as appeared safe opportunity:
For, danger great, if not assur'd decay,
I sawe before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

42
The diuclish hag by changes of my cheare
Perceiv'd my thought; and drown'd in sleepey night,
With wicked heales and ointments did belineare
My body all, through charmes and magicke might;
That all my senses were bereaued quight:
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched Loners side me pight;
Where now inclosde in wooden wals full fast,
Banisht from liuing wights, our weary dayes we waste.

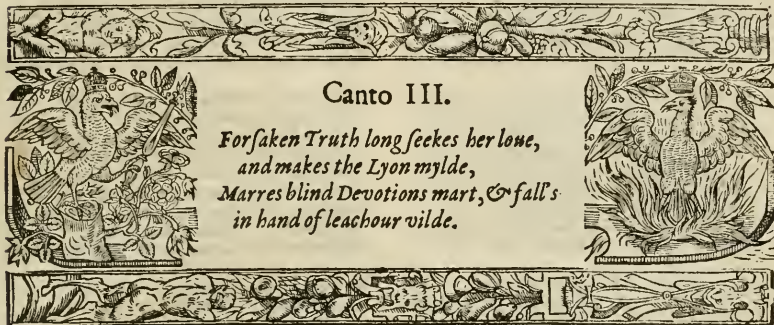
43
But how long time, sayd then the Elfin Knight,
Are you in this musformed house to dwell?
We may not change, quoth he, this euill plight,
Till we be bathed in a liuing Well;
That is the terme prescribed by the spell.
O! how, sayd he, mote I that well out-finde,
That may restore you to your wonted well?
Time and sufficed fates to former kind
Shall vs restore: none else from hence may vs vbinde.

44
The false *Duessa*, now *Fidissa* bright,
Heard how in vaine *Fradubio* did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight
Full of sad feare and ghastly dremment,
When all this speech the liuing tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the bloud he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:
Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her found.

45
Her seeming dead he found with feigned feare,
As all vnweeting of that well he knew,
And paind him selfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swoune. Her eylds blew

And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hew,
At last she gan vp-lift: with trembling cheare
Her vp he tooke, too simple and too true,
And off her kist. At length, all passed feare,
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

Cant. 4



Canto III.

*Forsaken Truth long seekes her loue,
and makes the Lyon mylde,
Marres blind Devotions mart, & falls
in hand of leachour wilde.*

1
Nought is there vnder heau'ns wide holownes
That moues more deare cōpassion of mind,
The beuty brought t'vnworthy wretchednes
By Envies snares, or Fortunes freaks vnkind:
Or through latehly through her brightnes blind,
Or through alleageance and fast fealtie,
Which I doe owe vnto all womankind,
Feele my heart pearc't with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.

2
And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest *Vnaes* sake, of whom I sing,
That my fraile eyes these lines with teares doe steepe,
To thinke how shee through guilefull handling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a King,
Though faire as euer liuing wight was faire,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despair
And her due loues deriu'd to that vile witches share.

3
Yet shee most faithfull Lady all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitary maid
Farre from all peoples praise, as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts straid,
To seeke her knight; who, subtilly betraid
Through that late vision, which th'Enchaüter wrought,
Had her abandond. Shee of nought affraid,
Through woods and wastnesse wide him daily fought;
Yet wished tydings none of him vnto her brought.

4
One day, nigh weary of the irkelesome way,
From her vnhaſtie beast he did alight,
And on the grashe her dainy limbs did lay
In secret shadow, farre from all mens sight:

From her faire head her fillet she vndight,
And laid her stole aside. Her angls face
As the great eye of heauen shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shade place;
Did neuer mortall eye behold such heauenly grace.

5
It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping Lyon rushed suddainly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood;
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To haue atonce deuour'd her tender corse:
But to the pray when as he drew more nie,
His bloody rage asswaged with remorse,
And with the sight amaz'd, forgot his furious force.

6
In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tongue,
As hee her wronged innocence did weete.
O! how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue auenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride, and proude submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her heart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizzling teares did shed for pure affection.

7
The Lyon Lord of euery beast in field,
Quoth she, his princely puissance doth abste,
And mighty proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pity of my sad estate:
But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruell heart to hate
Her that him lov'd, and euer most ador'd,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

B.

Redoun-

8

Redounding teares did choke th'end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;
And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast vpon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting vp her paine,
Arofe the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy Palfrey got againe,
To seeke her fraied Champion, if she might attaine.

9

The Lyon would not leaue her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chaste person, and a faithfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And when she wak't, he waited diligent,
With humble seruice to her will prepar'd:
From her faire eyes he tooke commaundement,
And euer by her lookes conceiued her intent.

10

Long shee thus trauciled through deserts wide,
By which she thought her wandering knight should pass,
Yet neuer shew of liuing wight espide;
Till that at length she found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Vnder the steepe foot of a mountaine hore;
The same she folloves, till at last she has
A damzell espide, slowe footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

11

To vvhom approching, shee to her gan call,
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her answer'd nought at all,
She could not heare, nor speake, nor vnderstand;
Till seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away: for neuer in that land
Face of faire Lady she before did view,
And that dread Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

12

Full fast she fled, ne euer lookt behind,
As if her life vpon the wager lay;
And home shee came, where as her mother blind
Sate in eternall night: nought could she say;
But suddaine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
Who full of gastly fright and cold affay,
Gan shut the dore. By this arriued there
Dame *Vna*, weary Dame, and entrance did requere.

13

Which when none yeelded, her vnruly Page
With his rude clawes the wicker open rent,
And let her in; where of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
She found them both in darksome corner pent;
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Vpon her beades deuoutly penitent;
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* euery day,
And thrice nine hundred *Aves* shee was wont to say.

14

And to augment her painefull penance more,
Thrice euery weeke in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skan rough sackcloth wore,
And thrice three times did fast from any bit:
But now for feare her beades she did forget,
Whose needlesse dread for to remoue away,
Faie *Vna* framed words and count'nance fit:
Which hardly doct, at length the gan them pray,
That in their cottage small, that might she rest her may.

15

The day is spent, and cometh drowfie night,
When euery creature shrowded is in sleepe;
Sad *Vna* downe her layes in wearie plight,
And at her feet the Lyon watch doth keepe:
In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe
For the late losse of her deare loued knight,
And sighes, and grones, and euermore does sleepe
Her tender breast in bitter teares all night,
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

16

Now when *Aldeboran* was mounted hie
Above the thinic *Cassiopeias* chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
That readie entrance was not at his call:
For on his back a heauie load he bare
Of nightly stелth, and pillage seuerall,
Which hee had got abroad by purchase criminall.

17

Hec was to weet a stout and sturdie thiefe,
Wont to rob Churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which giuen was to them for good intents;
The holy Saints of their rich vetments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,
And spoild the Priests of their habiliments,
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept;
Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.

18

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Vnto this house he brought, and did bestowe
Vpon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abeffa, daughter of *Coreeca* slowe,
With whom he whoredome vs'd, that few did knowe,
And fed her fat with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did growe:
Ne spared he to giue her gold and rings,
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

19

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he bet,
Yet of those fearefull women none durst rise,
The Lyon frayed them, him in to let:
He would no longer stay him to advise,
But open breakes the dore in furious wise,
And enter is; when that disdainfull beast
Encountring fierce, him suddaine doth surprize,
And seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
Vnder his Lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

20

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding heart is in the vengers hand,
Who straight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirftie land
Drunke vp his life; his corse left on the strand.
His fearefull friends were out the wofull night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to vnderstand
The heauie hap which on them is alight,
Affraid, least to themselves the like mishappen might.

21

Now when broad day the world discovered has,
Vp *Vna* rose, vp rose the Lyon eke,
And on their former iourney forward pass,
In waies vnknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
With paines farre passing that long wandring *Greece*,
That for his loue refused deitie;
Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
Stullecking him, that from her still did flee,
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nic.

22

Soone as shee parted thence, the fearefull twaine,
That blind old woman and her daughter deare
Came forth, and finding *Kirkrapine* there flaine,
For anguish great they gan to rend their haire,
And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to teare.
And when they both had wept and waild their fill,
Then forth they ranne like two amazed Deere,
Halfe mad through malice, and revenging will,
To follow her, that was the cause of their ill.

23

Whom ouertaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,
Shamefully at her railing all the way,
And her accusing of dishonestie,
That was the floure of faith and chasticie;
And still amidst her rayling, she did pray,
That plagues, and mischicks, and long misery
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endlesse error she might cuer stray.

24

But when shee saw her prayers nought preuaile,
Shee back returned with some labour lost;
And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,
A knight her met in mighty armes embost,
Yer knight was not for all his bragging boast,
But subtile *Archimago*, that *Vna* fought
By traines into new troubles to haue toft:
Or that old woman tydings he befought,
If that of such a Lady shee could tellen ought.

25

There-with she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and rale, and rend her haire,
Saying, that harlot shee too lately knew,
That could her shed so many a bitter teare,
And so forth told the story of her feare:
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chauce,
And after, for that Lady did inquire;
Which beeing taught, he forward gan aduaunce
His faire enchanted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

26

Ere long he came where *Vna* trauail'd slowe,
And that wilde Champion wayting her beside:
Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not showe
Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned wide
Vnto an hill; from whence when she him spide,
By his like seeming shield, her knight by name
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:
Approching nigh, the wit it was the same,
And with faire fearefull humblefle towards him she came.

27

And weeping said, Ah my long lacked Lord,
Where haue yee been thus long out of my sight?
Much feared I to haue been quite abhord,
Or ought haue done, that yee displeasen might,
That should as death vnto my deare heart light:
For since mine eye your ioyous fight did mis,
My cheerfull day is turn'd to cheeleffe night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is;
But welcome now my light, and shining lamp of blis.

28

Hee thereto meeting, said, My dearest Dame,
Farre be it from your thought, and fro my will,
To think that knighthood I so much should shame,
As you to leaue, that haue mee loued still,
And chose in Faery Court of meere good will,
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth:
The earth shall sooner leaue her kindly skill
To bring forth fruit, and make eternall dearch,
Then I leaue you, my life, yborne of heauenly birth.

29

And sooth to say, why I left you so long,
Was for to seeke adventure in strange place,
Where *Archimago* said a felon strong
To many Knights did daily worke disgrace;
But knight he now shall neuer more deface:
Good cause of mine excuse; that mote ye please
Well to accept, and euermore embrace
My futhfull seruice, that by land and seas
Haue vow'd you to defend, now then your plaint appease.

30

His louely words her seem'd due recompence
Of all her passed paines: one louing howre
For many yeeres of sorrow can dispence:
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sowre:
Shee had forgot, how many a wofull stowre
For him she late endur'd; shee speakes no more
Of past: true is, that true loue hath no powre
To looken back; his eyes be fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom the toyl'd so fore.

31

Much like, as when the beaten Marinere,
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Of stout in swelling *Tethys* saltish teare,
And long time hauing tand his tawney hide
With blisftring breath of heauen, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce *Orions* hound,
Soone as the port from farre lie has espide,
His cheerfull whistle merrily doth sound, (round:
And *Neerens* crownes with cups; his mates him pledge a-
Such

Such ioy made *Vna*, when her Knight she found ;
 And eke th' enchaunter ioyous seem'd no lesse
 Then the glad Marchant, that does view from ground
 His ship farre come from watrie wildernesse ;
 He hurles out vowes, and *Neptune* oft doth blesse :
 So forth they pass, and all the way they spent
 Discourfing of her dreadfull late distresse,
 In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment :
 Who told, her all that fell in iourney as she went

They had not ridden farre, when they might see
 One pricking towards them with hasty heat,
 Full strongly arm'd, and on a courser free
 That through his fiercenesse fomed all with sweat,
 And the sharp iron did for anger eat,
 When his hot rider spur'd his chauffed side ;
 His looke was stern, and seem'd full to threaten
 Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hide,
 And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloudie lines was dide.

When nigh he drew vnto this gentle paire,
 And saw the Red-crosse, which the Knight did beare,
 He burnt in fire, and gan estoones prepare
 Himselfe to battell with his conched speare.
 Loth was that other, and did faint through feare
 To taste th' vntried diut of deadly steele ;
 But yet his Lady did to well him cheare,
 That hope of new good hap he gan to feele ;
 So bent his speare, and spur'd his horse with iron heele.

But that proude Paynim forward came so fierce,
 And full of wrath, that with his stirp-head speare
 Through vainely crossed shield he quite did pierce ;
 And had his staggering freed not shrunke for feare,
 Through shield and body eke he should him beare :
 Yet so great was the puissance of his push,
 That from his saddle quite he did him beare :
 He tumbling rudely downe to ground did rush,
 And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
 He to him lepr, in mind to reue his life,
 And proudly said, Lo, there the worthy need
 Of him, that slew *Sans loy* with bloody knife ;
 Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
 In peace may passe ouer *Lethe* lake,
 When mourning altars, purg'd with enemies life,
 The black infernall *Furies* doen aslake :
 Life from *Sans loy* thou tookst, *Sans loy* shall frō thee take.

There with in haste his helmet gan vnlace,
 Till *Vna* cride, ô hold that heuie hand,
 Deare Sir, what euer that thou be in place :
 Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquish stand
 Now at thy mercy : Mercy not withstand
 For he is on the truest Knight aliue,
 Though conquered now he lie on lowely land,
 And whil'ft him fortune fauour'd, faire did thine
 In bloody field : therefore of life him not deprue.

Her pittious words might not abate his rage ;
 But rudely rending vp his helmet, would
 Haue slane him in straight : but when he sees his age,
 And hoarie head of *Archimago* old,
 His hastic hand he doth amazed hold,
 And halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight :
 For, the old man well knew he, though vntold,
 In charmes and magick to haue wondrous might,
 Ne euer wont in field, ne in round lists to fight.

And said, Why *Archimago*, lucklesse fire,
 What doe I see : what hard mishap is this,
 That hath thee hither brought to taste mine ire ?
 Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
 In stead of foe, to wound my friend amis ?
 He answer'd nought, but in a trauce still lay,
 And on those gulefull dazed eyes of his
 The cloude of death did sit. Which doeu away,
 He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay ;

But to the Virgin comes, who all this while
 Amazed stands, her selfe fo mockt to see
 By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
 For to misfeigning her true Knight to bee :
 Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
 Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
 From whom her booteth not at all to flie ;
 Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
 Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

But her fierce seruant, full of kingly awe
 And high disdain, when as his loueraigne Dame
 So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
 With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
 And ramping on his shield, did weene the same
 Haue reft away with his sharp rending claws :
 But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
 His courage more, that from his griping pawes
 He hath his shield redeem'd, & forth his sword he drawes.

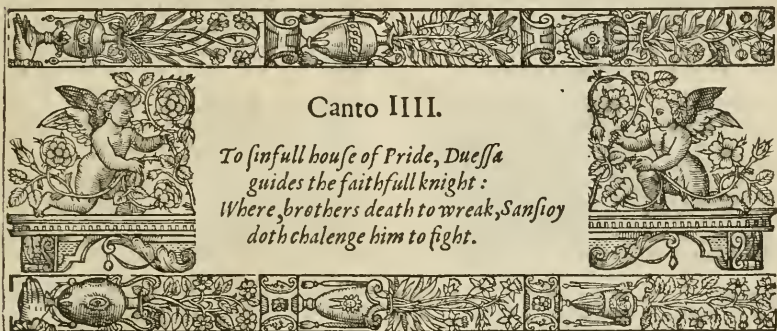
O then too weake and feeble was the force
 Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand :
 For, he was strong, and of so mighty corse,
 As euer wielded speare in warlike hand,
 And feates of armes did wisely vnderstand.
 Estoones he pierced through his chauffed chest
 With thrilling point of deadly iron brand,
 And launc't his Lordly hart : with death opprest
 He roar'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne breast.

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
 From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will ?
 Her faithfull gard remoon'd, her hope dismaid,
 Her selfe a ycelded prey to saue or spill.
 He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
 With foule reproches, and disdainfull spight
 Her vilely entertaines, and (will or nill)
 Beares her away vpon his courser light :
 Her praysers nought preuaile, his rage is more of might.

And

44
And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And pittious plaints the filletth his dull eares,
That stony heart could riven haue in twaine,
And all the way the wets with flowing teares :

But hee, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her seruire beaft yet would not leaue her so,
But follows her farre off, ne ought he feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe ;
More mulde in beafty kind, then that her beafty foe.



Canto III.

To sinfull house of Pride, Duessa
guides the faithfull knight :
Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansjoy
doth challenge him to fight.

1
Yong knight, what euer that dost arms profess
And through long labors hunttest after fame,
Beware of fraude, beware of ficklenes,
In choice, & change of thy dear loued Dame,
Least thou of her belieue too lightly blame,
And rash miswecming do thy hart remoue :
For, vnto Knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in loue ;
That doth this *Redcrosse* knights ensample plainly proue.

2
Who after that he had faire *Vna* lorne,
Through light misdeuening of her loialtie,
And false *Duessa* in her stead had borne,
Called *Fides*, and so suppos'd to be ;
Long with her trauaild, till at last they see
A goodly building, brauely garnished,
The house of mighty Prince it seem'd to bee :
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither trauailed.

3
Great troupes of people trauail'd thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place ;
But few returned, hauing scaped hard,
With balefull beggerie, or soule disgrace,
Which euer after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thither *Duessa* bade him bend his pace :
For she is weary of the toilsome way,
And also mgh consumed is the lingring day.

4
A stately Palace built of squared brick,
Whose cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
And golden foile all ouer them displaid,

That purest skie with brightnesse they dismayd :
High list'd vp were many lofty towres,
And goodly galleries farre over-laid,
Full of faire windowes, and delightfull bowres ;
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

5
It was a goodly heape for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workmans wit ;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mold
Did on so weake foundation euer sit :
For on a sandie hill, that still did flut,
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That eury breath of heauen shak'd it :
And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

6
Arrived there, they passed in forth right ;
For still, to all, the gates stood open wide ;
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
Call'd *Maluens*, who entrance none denide :
Thence to the hall, which was on eury side
With rich array and costly Arras dight :
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Palace bright.

7
By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Prefence mount ; whose glorious view
Their fraile amazed senses did confound :
In liuing Princes Court none euer knew
Such endlesse riches, and so stumptuous shew ;
Ne *Persia* selfe, the nurse of pompous pride,
Like euer saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lords and Ladies stood on eury side,
Which with their prefence faire, the place much beautifide.

8

High about all, a cloth of State was spread,
 And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
 On which there fate most braue embellished
 With royall robes and gorgeous array,
 A maiden Queene, that shone as *Titanus* ray,
 In glistring gold, and peerelesse pretious stone:
 Yet her bright blazing beauty did assyay
 To dim the brightnesse of her gloriously throne,
 As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone;

9

Exceeding shone, like *Phœbus* fairest childe,
 That did presume his fathers fire waine,
 And flaming mouthes of steedes vnwonted wilde,
 Through highest heauen with weaker hand to raine;
 Proud of such glory and aduancement vaine,
 While flashing beames doe daze his feeble eyen,
 He leaues the welkin way most beaten plaine,
 And rapt with whirling wheelles, enflames the skycn,
 With fire not made to burne, but fairly for to shync.

10

So proude shee shined in her Princely state,
 Looking to heauen; for eath shee did disdain,
 And sitting high; for lowly shee did hate:
 Lo, vnderneath her scornfull feete, was layne
 A dreadfull Dragon with an heuicous traine,
 And in her hand she held a mirroure bright,
 Wherein her face shee often viewed faime,
 And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke delight;
 For shee was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

11

Of grieifly *Pluto* shee the daughter was,
 And sad *Proserpina* the Queene of hell;
 Yet did shee thinke her peerelesse worth to pass
 That parentage, with pride so did shee swell:
 And thundring *Ioue*, that high in heauen doth dwell,
 And wield the world, shee claimed for her Sire,
 Or if that any elsee did *Ioue* excell:
 For, to the highest shee did still aspire,
 Or, if ought higher were then that, did it desire.

12

And proude *Lucifera* men did her call,
 That made her selfe a Queene, and crown'd to be:
 Yet rightfull kingdome shee had none at all,
 Ne heritage of nature soveraintie,
 But did vsurpe with wrong and tyrannic
 Vpon the scepter, which shee now did hold:
 Ne rul'd her Realmes with lawes, but policie,
 And strong aduizement of six wilards old;
 That with their counsels bad, her kingdom did vphold.

13

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
 And false *Duessa*, seeming Lady faire,
 A gentle Husher, *Vanitie* by name,
 Made roome, and passage for them did prepare:
 So goodly brought them to the lowest staire
 Of her high throne; where they, on humble knee
 Making obsecance, did the cause declare,
 Why they were come, her royall state to see,
 To proue the wide report of her great Maieftie.

14

With lofty eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
 Shee thanked them in her disdainfull wif,
 Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shoue
 Of Princesse worthy, scarce them bad arise.
 Her Lords and Ladies all this while deuise
 Themselues to setten forth to strangers fight:
 Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,
 Some pranke their ruffles, and others trimly dight
 Their gay attire: each others greater pride does sight,

15

Goodly they all that knight doe entertaine,
 Right glad with him to haue increast their crew:
 But to *Duessa*' each one himselfe did paine
 All kindnesse and faire curtesie to shew;
 For in that Court whilome her well they knew:
 Yet the stout Faerie mongt the middelt crowd,
 Thought all their glory vaine in knightly view,
 And that great Princesse too exceeding proude,
 That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

16

Suddaine vpristeth from her stately place
 The royall Dame, and for her coche doth call:
 All hurlen forth, and shee with Princely pale,
 As faire *Aurora* in her purple pall,
 Out of the East the dawning day doth call:
 So forth shee comes: her brightnesse broad doth blaze
 The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
 Doe ride each other, vpon her to gaze:
 Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eyes amaze.

17

So forth shee comes, and to her coche does clime,
 Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,
 That seem'd as felsh as *Flora* in her prime,
 And stroue to match, in royall rich array,
 Great *Iuno*'s golden chaire, the which they say
 The *Gods* stand gazing on, when shee does ride
 To *Ioues* high house through heauens brasse-paued way
 Drawne of faire Peacocks, that excell in pride,
 And full of *Aegus* eyes their tails disspredden wide.

18

But this was drawne of six vnequall beasts,
 On which her six sage Counsellours did ride,
 Taught to obey their bestiall beaests,
 With like conditions to their kinds applide:
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guide,
 Was sluggish *Idleness*, the nurse of sin;
 Vpon a slothfull Ass he chose to ride,
 Arraid in habit blacke, and arnis thin,
 Like to an holy Monk, the seruice to begin.

19

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,
 That much was worne, but therein little red:
 For, of devotion hee had little care,
 Still drown'd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded;
 Scarfe looke hee once vphold his heauie hed,
 To looken whether it were night or day.
 May seeme the waine was very cuilled led,
 When such an one had guiding of the way,
 That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

Frogs

20

From worldly cares himselfe hee did esloine,
 And greatly shunned manly exercise:
 For euery worke hee challenged esloine,
 For contemplation sake: yet otherwife;
 His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
 By which he grew to grieuous maladie;
 For, in his lustlesse limbs through euill guise
 A shaking feauer ragnd continually:
 Such one was *Idlenessse*, first of this company.

21

And by his side rode loathsome *Gluttony*,
 Deformed creature, on a filthy swine,
 His belly was vp-blowne with luxury,
 And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne:
 And like a Crane his necke was long and fine,
 With which he swallowed vp excessiue feast,
 For want whereof poore people oft did pine;
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
 Hee spewed vp his gorge; that all did him detest.

22

In greene vine leaues he was right fitly clad;
 For, other clothes he could not weare for heat,
 And on his head an Iuie girland had,
 From vnder which fast trickled downe the sweat:
 Sull as he rode, he some-what still did eate,
 And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
 Out of which he supt so oft, that on his feat
 His drunken corse he scarce vp holden can:
 In shape and life, more like a monster, then a man.

23

Vnfit he was for any worldly thing,
 And eke vnable once to surre or go,
 Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
 Whose mind in meate and drinke was drowned so,
 That from his friend he sildom knew his fo:
 Full of diseases was his carcase blew,
 And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow;
 Which by mildiet daily greater grew:
 Such one was *Gluttony*, the second of that crew.

24

And next to him rode lustfull *Lechery*,
 Vpon a bearded Goat, whose rugged haire,
 And whailly eyes (the signe of ieaousie)
 Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:
 Who rough, and black, and filthy did appeare,
 Vnscemely man to please faire Ladies eye;
 Yet he, of Ladies oft was loued deere,
 When fairer faces were bid standen by:
 O! who does know the bent of womens fantasie!

25

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
 Which vnderneath did hide his filthinesse,
 And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
 Full of vaine follies, and new-finglenesse:
 For, he was false, and fraught with sicklenesse,
 And learned had to loue with secret lookes,
 And well could daunce and sing with rufulnesse,
 And fortunes tell, and read in louing bookes,
 And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly hookes.

26

Inconstant man, that loued all he saw,
 And lusted after all that he did loue,
 Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
 But ioy'd weake womens hearts to tempt and proue
 If from their loyall loues he might them moue:
 Which lewdnesse filld him with reprochfull paine
 Of that foule euill, which all men reprocie,
 That rots the marrowe, and consumes the braine:
 Such one was *Lechery*, the third of all this traine.

27

And greedy *Avarice* by him did ride,
 Vpon a Camell loaden all with gold;
 Two iron coffers hung on either side,
 With precious metall, full as they might hold,
 And in his lap an heape of coine he hold;
 For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
 And vnto hell himselfe for money sold;
 Accur'd vsury was all his trade,
 And right and wrong ylike in equall ballance waide.

28

His life was nigh vnto deaths dore yplac't;
 And thred-bare cote, and cobled shooes he ware,
 Ne scarce good morcell all his life did taste,
 But both vnder backe and belly still did spare,
 To fill his bags, and riches to compare;
 Yet chyldre ne kinsman liuing had he none
 To leaue them to; but thorough daily care
 To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
 He led a wretched life vnto him selfe vnknowne.

29

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice,
 Whose greedy lust did lack in greatesse store,
 Whose need had end, but no end couerise,
 Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him pore,
 Who had enough, yet wished euer more;
 A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
 A grieuous gout tormented him full sore,
 That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand:
 Such one was *Avarice*, the fourth of this faire band.

30

And next to him malicious *Envy* rode,
 Vpon a rauinous Wolfe, and still did chaw
 Betwene his cankred teeth a venomous tode,
 That all the poison ran about his jaw;
 But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
 At neighbours wealth, that made him euer sad;
 For death it was, when any good he saw,
 And wept, that cause of weeping none he had:
 But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

31

All in a kirtle of discolour'd Say
 He clothed was, yprinted full of eyes;
 And in his bosome secretly their lay
 An hatefull Snake, the which his taile vpties
 In many folds, and mortall sting implies.
 Still as he rode, he gnawt his teeth; to see
 Those heapes of gold with griple Couetise,
 And grudged at the great felicitie
 Of proude *Luifera*, and his owne compaignie.

32
 He hated all good works and vertuous deeds,
 And him no lesse, that any like did vse;
 And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
 His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
 So euery good to bad he doth abuse:
 And eke the verse of famous Poets wir
 He does backbite, and spightfull poyson spurs
 From leprous mouth, on all that euer writ:
 Such one vile *Enrie* was, that first in rowe did sit.

33
 And him besiderides fierce revenging *Wrath*,
 Vpon a Lion, loth for to be led;
 And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
 The which he brandiseth about his head;
 His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
 And stared sterne on all that him beheld,
 As ashes pale of hew and seeming dead;
 And on his dagger still his hand he held,
 Trembling through hasty rage, when cholet in him sweld.

34
 His ruffin raiment all was stained with blood
 Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
 Through vnadvised rashnesse woxen wood;
 For, of his hands he had no gouernment,
 Ne car'd for bloud in his avengement:
 But, when the furious fit was overpast,
 His cruell facts he often would repent;
 Yet willfull man he neuer would forecaft,
 How many mischieues should enlue his heedlesse haft.

35
 Full many mischieues follow cruell *Wrath*;
 Abhorred bloudshed, and tumultuous strife,
 Vnmanly murder, and vnthrifty seath,
 Bitter deipight, with rancours rusty knife,
 And fretting griefe the enemy of life;
 All these, and many euills moe haunt ire,
 The swelling Splene, and Phrenzy raging rife,
 The shaking Palsey, and Saint *Fraunces* fire:
 Such one was *Wrath*, the last of this vngodly tire.

36
 And after all, vpon the wagon beame
 Rode *Satan*, with a smarting whip in hand,
 With which he forward lasht the lazie teame,
 So oft as *Sloth* still in the mire did stand.
 Huge routs of people did about them band,
 Shouting for ioy, and still before their way
 A foggy mist had couered all the land;
 And vnderneath their feet, all scattered lay
 Dead sculs & bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

37
 So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
 To take the solace of the open aire,
 And in fresh flowing fields themselves to sport;
 Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
 The foule *Duesssa*, next vnto the chaire
 Of proud *Lueisera*, as one of the traine:
 But that good Knight would not so nigh repaire,
 Him selfe estranging from their ioyauce vaine,
 Whose fellowship seem'd far vnfit for warlike swaine.

38
 So hating solaced themselves a space,
 With pleasure of the breathing fields yfed,
 They backe returned to the Princely Place;
 Whereas an errant Knight in armes yclod,
 And heathnisch shield, wherein with letters red,
 Was writ *Sans ioy*, they new arriued find:
 Enflam'd with fury and fierce hardy-head,
 He seem'd in hart to harbour thoughts vnkind,
 And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

39
 Who when the shamed shield of flaine *Sans ioy*
 He spide with that same Faery Champions Page,
 Bewraying him, that did of late destroy
 His eldest brother, burning all with rage
 He to him leapt, and that same enuious gage
 Of Victors glory from him snatcht away:
 But th' Elfin Knight, which ought that warlike wage,
 Disdaind to lose the meed hee wonne in fray,
 And him re'ncountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

40
 There-with they gan to hurle greedily,
 Redoubted battaile ready to darraigne,
 And clasth their shields, and shake their swords on hie,
 That with their sturre they troubled all the traine;
 Till that great Queene vpon eternal paine
 Of high displeasure, that enswen might,
 Commaunded them their furie to refraine,
 And if that either to that shield had right,
 In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

41
 Ah dear est Dame (quoth then the Paynim bold)
 Pardon the error of enraged wight,
 Whom great griefe made forget the raines to hold
 Of reasons rule, to see this recreant Knight,
 No knight, but treachour full of false deipight
 And shamefull treason, who through guile hath slaine
 The prouest knight that euer field did fight,
 Euen sto ut *Sans ioy* (O! who, can then refraine?)
 Whose shield he bears re'nerst, the more to heap disdaigne.

42
 And, to augment the glorie of his guile,
 His dearest loue the faire *Fidessa* loe
 Is there possessed of the traytour vile,
 Who reapes the haruest sowne by his foe,
 Sowne in bloody field, and bought with woe:
 That brothers hand shall dearly well requight,
 So be, ô Queene, you equall fauour shoue.
 Him little answerd th' angry Elfin knight;
 He neuer meant with words, but swords, to plead his right.

43
 But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge
 His cause in combat the next day to try:
 So been they parted both, with hearts on edge,
 To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
 That night they passe in ioy and iollity,
 Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
 For Steward was excessive *Glostony*,
 That of his plenty poured forth to all;
 Which doen, the Chamberlain *Sloth* did to rest them call.

Now

Now, when as darksome night had all displaid
 Her coale black curtaine ouer brightest sky,
 The warlike youths on daintie couches lude,
 Did chace away sweet sleep from sluggish eye,
 To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
 But when as *Morpheus* had with leaden mafe
 Arrested all that courtly company,
 Vp-rose *Duessa* from her resting place,
 And to the *Paynims* lodging comes with silent pafe.

Whom broade awake she finds, in troublous fit,
 Forecasting how his foe he might annoy,
 And him amoues with speeches seeming fit:
 Ah deare *Sans ioy*, next dearest to *Sans foy*,
 Cause of my new grieffe, cause of my new ioy,
 Ioyous, to see his image in mine eye,
 And grieu'd, to think how foe did him destroy,
 That was the floure of grace and cheualric;
 Lo, his *Fidessa*, to thy secret faith I lie.

With gentle words he can her fairely greet,
 And bid say on the secret of her hart.
 Then sighing soft, I learne that little sweet
 Oft tempred is (quoth she) with muchell smart:
 For, since my brest was launc't with louely dart
 Of deare *Sans foy*, I neuer ioyed howre,
 But in cternall woes my weaker hart
 Hauē wasted, louing him with all my powre,
 And for his sake haue felt full many an heauie stowre.

At last, when perils all I weened past,
 And hop't to escape the crop of all my care,
 Into new woes vnweeting I was cast,
 By this false faytor, who vnworthy ware
 His worthy shield, whom he with guilefull snare
 Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull graue.
 Me silly maid away with him he bare,
 And euer since hath kept in darksome caue,
 For that I would not yeeld, that to *Sans foy* I gaue.

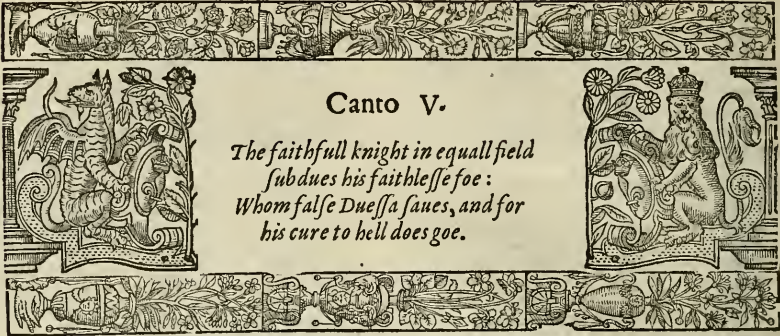
But since faire sunne hath spent that lowring clowde,
 And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
 Vnder your beames I will me safely shrowde,
 From dreaded storme of his disdainfull sight:
 To you th'inheritance belongs by right
 Of brothers praise, to you eke longs his loue.
 Let not his loue, let not his reitlesse spright
 Be vnteueng'd, that calls to you aboue
 Fro wandring *Strygian* shores, where it doth endlesse moue.

Thereto said he, faire Dame be nought disdaind
 For sorrowes past; their grieffe is with them gone:
 Ne yet of present perill be affraid;
 For, needlesse feare did neuer vantage none,
 And helplesse hap it booteh not to mone.
 Dead is *Sans foy*, his vitall paines are past,
 Though grieued ghost for vengeance deep doe groue:
 He liues, that shall him pay his duties last,
 And guilty *Elfin* bloud shall sacrifice in haist.

O! but I feare the fickle freakes (quoth she)
 Of Fortune false, and oddes of armes in field.
 Why Dame (quoth he) what oddes can euer be,
 Where both doe fight alike, to win, or yield?
 Yea, but (quoth she) he beares a charmed shield,
 And eke enchanted armes, that none can pierce,
 Ne none can wound the man that does them wield.
 Charmed or enchanted (answerd he then fierce)
 I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherce.

But faire *Fidessa*, sithece Fortunes guile,
 Or enemies powre hath now captiued you,
 Returne from whence ye came, and rest awhile
 Till morrow next, that I the *Elfe* subdue,
 And with *Sans foyes* dead dowry you endue.
 Ay me, that is a double death (she said)
 With proude foes fight my sorrow to renue:
 Where euer yet I be, my secret aide
 Shall followe you. So passing forth, thce him obaide.





Canto V.

*The faithfull knight in equall field
Subdues his faithlesse foe:
Whom false Duesse saues, and for
his cure to hell does goe.*

THe noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can neuer rest, vntill it forth haue brought
Th'eternall broode of glory excellent:

Such restless passion did all night torment
The flaming courage of that Faery Knight,
Deuising, how that doughty tournament
With greatest honour he achieuen might;
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

At last, the golden Orientall gate
Of greatest heauen gan to open faire,
And *Phæbus* fresh, as bridegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire:
And hurles his gliftring beames through gloomy aire.
Which when the wakefull Elfe perceiu'd, straight way
He started vp, and did him selfe prepare,
In sun-bright armes, and battailous array:
For with that Pagan proude he combat will that day.

And forth he comes into the common hall,
Where carely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to stranger Knights may fall.
There many Minstrales maken melody,
To driue away the dull melancholy,
And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly,
And many Chroniclers, that can record
Old loues, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In wouen maile all armed warily,
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of liuing creatures eye.
They bring them wines of *Greece*, and *Araby*,
And dainty spices fetcht from furthest *Ind*,
To kindle heate of courage prively:
And in the wine a solemne oath they bind
T'obserue the sacred lawes of armes that are assign'd.

At last, forth comes that farre renowned *Queene*,
With royall pomp and Princely maiestie;
Shée is ybrought vnto a paled Greene,
And placed vnder stately Canapee,
The warlike feat's of both those knights to see.
On th'other side, in all mens open view
Duesse placed is, and on a tree
Sansfay his shield is hang'd with bloody hew:
Both thote the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

A shrilling trumpet founded on on hie,
And vnto bataile bad them felues address:
Their shining shields about their wrists they tie,
And burning blades about their heads doe blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heuineffe:
With greedy force each other doth assaile,
And strike so fiercely, that they doe impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred maile;
The iron walls to ward their blowes are weake and fraile.

The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like iron hammers great:
For, after blood and vengeance he did long,
The knight was fierce, and full of youthly heat:
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For, all for praise and honour he did fight.
Both striken strike, and beaten both doe beat,
That from their shields forth shieth fire light,
And helmets hewen deepe, shew marks of cithers might.

So th'one for wrong, the other striues for right:
As when a Griffon, seized of his pray,
A Dragon fierce encountreth in his flight,
Th'ough widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away:
With hideous horour both together smight,
And souce so sore, that they the heauens affray.
The wife Soothsayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th'amazed vulgar tells of warres and mortall fight.

So th'on for wrong, the other strives for right,
 And each to deadly shame would drine his foe:
 The cruell Steele to greedily doth bite
 In tender flesh, that streames of bloud downe flowe,
 With which the armes, that earst so bright did showe,
 Into a pure vermilion now are dide:
 Great ruth in all the gazers harts did growe,
 Seeing the gored wounds to gape fo wide,
 That victory they dare not wish to either side.

At last, the Paynim chaunft to cast his eye,
 His suddaine eye, flaming with wrathfull fire,
 Vpon his brothers shield, which hung thereby:
 Therewith redoubled was his raging ire,
 And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull fire,
 Dooft thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
 Whil' st heere thy shield is hang'd for victors hire,
 And sluggish german dooft thy forces slake,
 To after-send his foe, that him may ouertake?

Goe caitiue Elfe, him quickly ouertake,
 And soone redeme from his long wandring woe;
 Goe guilty ghost, to him my message make,
 That I his shield haue qu't from dying foe.
 There-with vpon his crest he strooke him so,
 That twice hee reeled, ready twice to fall;
 End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho
 The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
 The false *Duessa*, Thine the shield, and I, and all.

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
 Out of his swoning dreame he gan awake,
 And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
 The creeping deadly cold away did shake:
 Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,
 Of all atonce he cast a eng'd to be,
 And with so exceeding furie at him strake,
 That forced him to stoope vpon his knee;
 Had he not stooped so, he should haue clouen bee.

And to him said, Goe now proude Miscreant,
 Thy selfe thy message doo to german deare;
 Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:
 Goe, lay his foe thy shield with his doth beare.
 There-with his heauie hand he high gan reare,
 Him to haue slaine; when loe, a dirksome clowde
 Vpon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
 But v'night is. The Elfe him calls alowde,
 But answer none receiues: the darknes him does shrowde.

In haste *Duessa* from her place arose,
 And to him running said, O prouest knight,
 That euer Lady to her loue did chose,
 Let now abate the terror of your might,
 And quench the flame of furious delight,
 And bloody vengeance; lo, th' infernal powres
 Courcing your foe with cloude of deadly night,
 Haue borne him hence to *Plutoes* balefull bowres.
 The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and glory yours.

Nor all so fatisfide, with greedie eye
 He fought all round about, his thurstie blade
 To bathe in bloud of faithlesse enemy;
 Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
 He stands amazed, how he thence should fade.
 At last the trumpets, Triumph sound on hie,
 And running Heaids humble homage made,
 Greeting him goodly with new victory,
 And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

Where-with he goeth to that soveraigne Queene;
 And falling her before on lowly knee,
 To her makes prestant of his service teene:
 Which shee accepts, with thanks, and goodly gree,
 Greatly aduancing his gay cheu' tree.
 So marcheth home, and by her takes the Knight,
 Whom all the people follow with great glee,
 Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
 That all the aire it fills, and flies to heauen bright.

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed:
 Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
 To salue his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
 In wine and oyle they washen his wounds wide,
 And softly can embalme on euery side.
 And all the while, most heavenly melody
 About the bed sweet musickc did diuide,
 Him to beguile of griefe and agony:
 And all the while *Duessa* wept full bitterly.

As when a wearie traueler that straits
 By muddy shore of broad feuen-mouthed Nile,
 Vnweeting of the perillous wandring waies,
 Doth meet a cruell craftie Crocodile,
 Which in false griefe hiding his harmful guile,
 Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares:
 The foolish man, that pitties all this while
 His mournfull plight, is swallowed vp vnwares,
 Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

So wept *Duessa* vntill eventide,
 That shining lamps in *Towes* high house were light:
 Then forth she ro'e, no lenger would abide,
 But comes vnto the place, where th' Heathen knight
 In slumbring swoune nigh voyd of vitall spight,
 Lay couer'd with inchaunted cloude all day:
 Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
 To waile his woefull case she would not stay,
 But to the Easterne coast of heauen makes speedy way.

Where grieffly *Night*, with visage deadly sad,
 That *Phabus* cheerefull face durst neuer view,
 And in a foule black pitchie mantle clad,
 She findes forth coumming from her darkesome mew,
 Where she all day did hide her hated heu.
 Before the dore her iron charet stood,
 Already harnessed for iourney new:
 And coleblack steeds yborne of hellish brood,
 That on their rustie bits did champ, as they were wood.

21
Who when she saw *Duessia* funny bright,
Adorn'd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
Shee greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th'vnacquainted light began to feare :
(For neuer did such brightnesse there appeare)
And would haue back retired to her Caue,
Vntill the witches speech the gan to heare,
Saying, yet ð thou dreaded Dame, I craue
Abide, till I haue told the message which I haue.

22
Shee staid, and fourth *Duessia* gan proceed,
O thou most ancient Grandmother of all,
More old then *Ioue*, whom thou at first didst breed,
Or that great house of Gods caelestiall,
Which wast begot in *Demogorgons* hall,
And saw'st the secrets of the world vnmade,
Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
With Elfin sword, most shamefully betraide?
Lo, where the stout *Sansiey* doth sleepe in deadly shade.

23
And, him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold *Sansfoy* shrinke vnderneath his speare;
And now the prey of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor waile of friends, nor laid on groning beare,
That whilome was to mee too dearely deare.
O! what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
If old *Aveugles* sonnes so euill heare?
Or who shall not great *Nights* drad children scoome,
When two of three her Nephewes are so foule forlorne?

24
Vp then, vp dreary Dame, of darknesse Queene,
Goe gather vp the reliques of thy race,
Or elle goe them avnge, and let be seene
That dreaded *Nights* in brightest day hath place,
And can the children of faire *Lights* deface.
Her feeling speeches some compassion moued
In heart, and change in that great mothers face:
Yet pittie in her heart was neuer proued
Till then: and euermore she hated, neuer loued.

25
And said, Deare daughter rightly may I rewe
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successe, which their foes ensue:
But who can turne the streame of destinie,
Or breake the chaine of strong necessitie,
Which last is tide to *Ioues* eternall feate?
The sonnes of *Day* he faouureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinks to make them great:
To make one great by others losse, is bad excheat.

26
Yet shall they not escape so freely all;
For some shall pay the price of others guilt:
And he the man that made *Sansfoy* to fall,
Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.
But what art thou, that tell'st of Nephewes kilt:
I that doe seeme not I, *Duessia* am,
(Quoth shee) how euier now in garments gilt,
And gorgeous gold arraid I to thee came;
Duessia I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame.

27
Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying; In that faire face,
The false resemblance of Deceit, I wist,
Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
Could it discern, though I the mother be
Of Falshood, and root of *Duessies* race:
O welcome child, whom I haue long to see,
And now haue scene vnwares. Lo, now I go with thee.

28
Then to her iron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the foule wellfaouurd witch:
Through mirksome aire her ready way she makes.
Her twyfold Teme (of which, two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each vnlich)
Did softly swim away, ne euer stampe,
Vnlesse she chaunc't their stubborne mouths to twitch;
Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would champe,
And trampling the fine element, would fiercely rampe.

29
So well they sped, that they be come at length
Vnto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
Deuoid of outward sence, and natiue strength,
Couerd with charmed cloude from view of day,
And sight of men, since his late lucklesse fray,
His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congealed,
They binden vp so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be healed:
So lay him in her charet, close in night concealed.

30
And all the while shee stood vpon the ground,
The wakefull dogs did neuer cease to bay,
As giuing warning of th'vnwonted sound,
With which her iron wheeles did them affray,
And her darke grieuely looke them much dismay;
The messenger of death, the ghastly Owle,
With drearie shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry Wolues continually did howle,
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foule.

31
Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heauie corse with easie pase
To yawning gulfe of deepe *Averns* hole.
By that same hole, an entrance, darke and base
With smoake and sulphure hiding all the place,
Descends to hell: there creature neuer past,
That backe returned without heavenly grace;
But dreadfull *Furies*, which their chaines haue braff,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men agast.

32
By that same way the direfull dames doe drie
Their mournfull charet, filld with rusty blood,
And downe to *Plutoes* house are come bilue:
Which passing through, on euery side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattering their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stonie eyes; and all the hellish brood
Of fiends infernall flockt on euery side,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.

They

They passe the bitter waues of *Acheron*,
 Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
 And come to fiery flood of *Phlegeton*,
 Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
 And with sharpe shrilling shrieks doe bootelesse cry,
 Cursing high *Ioue*, the which them thither sent.
 The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
 In which, ten thousand sort of punishment
 The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

Before the threshold, dreadfull *Cerberus*
 His three deformed heads did lay along,
 Curled with thousand Adders venomous,
 And lilled forth his bloudie flaming tong:
 At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
 And felly gnarre, vntill daies enemy
 Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong,
 And suffered them to passe quietly:
 For, sice in hell and heauen had power equally.

There was *Ixion* turned on a wheele,
 For daring tempt the Queene of heauen to sin;
 And *Sisyphus* an huge round stone did reele
 Against an hill, neight from labour lin;
 There thirstie *Tantalus* hung by the chin;
 And *Tityus* fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhæus ioynts were stretched on a gin,
Thebes condemn'd to endlesse sloth by law,
 And sicut sifers water in leake vessels draw.

They all, beholding worldly wights in place,
 Leaued off their worke, vamingfull of their smart,
 To gaze on them; who forth by them doe passe,
 Till they be come vnto the furthest part:
 Where was a Caue ywrought by wondrous art,
 Deepe, darke, vncasie, dolefull, comfordslesse,
 In which sad *Aesculapius* farre apart
 Emprisoned was in chaînes remedlesse,
 For that *Hippolytus* rent corse hee did redresse.

Hippolytus a iolly huntsman was,
 That wont in charre chace the foaming Bore;
 He all his Peeres in beauty did surpass,
 But Ladies loue, as losse of time forbore:
 His wanton stepdame loued him the more,
 But when she law her offered sweets refused,
 Her loue shee turn'd to hate, and him before
 His father fierce, of treason false accused,
 And with her iecalous termes, his open eares abused.

Who, all in rage, his Sea-god fyre besought
 Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast:
 From surging gulf two monstres straight were brought,
 With dread whereof his chafing steedes agast,
 Both charre swift and huntsman overcast.
 His goodly corps on ragged cliffs yrent,
 Was quite dismembred, and his members chaste
 Scattered on euery mountaine, as he went,
 That of *Hippolytus* was left no monument.

His cruell stepdame seeing what was done,
 Her wicked dayes with wretched knife did end,
 In death avowing th'innocence of her sonne.
 Which hearing his rash Sire, began to rend
 His haire, and haistic tongue, that did offend:
 Tho gathering vp the reliques of his smart
 By *Dianes* meanes, who was *Hippolytus* friend,
 Them brought to *Aesculape*, that by his art
 Did heale them all againe, and ioyned euery part.

Such wondrous science in mans wit to raigne
 When *Ioue* aviz'd, that could the dead reuiue,
 And fates expired could reuee againe,
 Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,
 But vnto hell did thrust him downe aliue,
 With flashing thunderbolt wounded fore:
 Where long remaining, he did alwaies striue
 Himselfe with halues to health for to restore,
 And slake the heavenly fire, that rag'd euermore.

There auncient *Night* arriuing, did alight
 From her hugh wearie waine, and in her armes
 To *Aesculapius* brought the wounded knight:
 Whom hauing softly disarm'd of armes,
 Tho gan to him discouer all his harmes,
 Befeeching him with prayer, and with praise,
 If either salues, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
 A fordone wight from dore of death mote raise,
 Hee would at her request prolong her nephewes daies.

Ah Dame (quoth hee) thou temptest mee in vaine,
 To dare the thing which daily yet I rue,
 And the old cause of my continued paine
 With like attempt to like end to reuee.
 Is not enough; that thrust from heauen due
 Heere endlesse penance for one fault I pay,
 But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
 Thou biddest mee to ecke? Can *Night* defray
 The wrath of thundring *Ioue*, that rules both night & day?

Not so (quoth shee) but sith that heauens king
 From hope of heauen hath thee excluded quight,
 Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing,
 And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
 Now in the powre of euerslasting *Night*?
 Goe to then, o thou farr renowned sonne
 Of great *Apollo*, shew thy famous might
 In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne
 Great paines, & greater praise, both neuer to be donne.

Her words prevaild: And then the learned leach
 His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
 And all things else, the which his art did reach:
 Which hauing seene, from thence arose away
 The mother of dread darknesse, and let stay
Aeneides sonne there in the Leaches cure,
 And backe returning tooke her wonted way,
 To runne her timely race, whilst *Phæbus* pure
 In westerne waues his wearie wagon did recure,

C.

The

45
The false *Dnessa* leauing noyous Night,
Returnd to stately Palace of dame Pride;
Where when she came, she found the Faerie knight
Departed thence, albe his woundez wide,
Not throughly heald, vnreadie were to ride.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
For on a day his wary Dwarfie had spide,
Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers lay
O' caytiue wretched thralls, that wailed night and day.

46
A ruefull sight, as could be seene with eye;
Of whom he learned had in secret wiew
The hidden cause of their captiuitie,
How mortgaging their lues to *Couetise*,
Through wastefull Pride, and wanton Riotie,
They were by law of that proude Tyrannesse
Provokt with *Wrath*, and *Enuies* false surmises,
Condemned to that Dungeon mercilesse,
Where they should liue in woe, and die in wretchednesse.

47
There was that great proude king of *Babylon*,
That would compell all nations to adore
And him as onely God to call vpon,
Till through celestiall doome throwne out of dore,
Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore;
There also was king *Craesus*, that enhaunst
His heart too high through his great riches store,
And proude *Antiochus*, the which aduanc't
His cur'd hand gainst God, and on his altars daunc't

48
And them long time before, great *Nimrod* was,
That first the world with sword and fire warraid;
And after him, old *Ninus* farre did passe
In princely pomp, of all the world obaid;
There also was that mightie Monarch *laid*
Lowe vnder all, yet aboute all in pride,
That name of natiue fire did foule vpbraid,
And would as *Ammons* sonne be magnifide,
Till scorn'd of God and man a shamefull death he did.

49
All these together in one heape were throwne,
Like carcafes of beasts in butchers stall.
And in another corner wide were strowne
The antique ruines of the *Romaines* fall:

Great *Romulus* the Grandfire of them all,
Proude *Tarquin*, and too lordly *Lentulus*,
Stout *Scipio*, and stubborne *Hannibal*,
Ambitious *Sylla*, and sterne *Marius*,
High *Cesar*, great *Pompey*, and fierce *Antonius*.

50
Amongst these mighty men, were women mixt,
Proude women, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold *Semiramis*, whose fides transfixt
With sonnes owne blade, her foule reproches spoke;
Faire *Sthenobaea*, that her selfe did choke
With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will;
High minded *Cleopatra*, that with stroke
Of *Aspes* sting her selfe did stoutly kill:
And thousands moe die like, that did that dungeon fill.

51
Besides the endlesse routs of wretched thralls,
Which thither were assembled day by day,
From all the world after their wayfull fall,
Through wicked pride, and wasted wealthes decay:
But most of all, which in the Dungeon lay,
Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres,
Where they in idle pomp, or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods, and thriflesse howres,
And lastly throwne themselves into these heauy stowres.

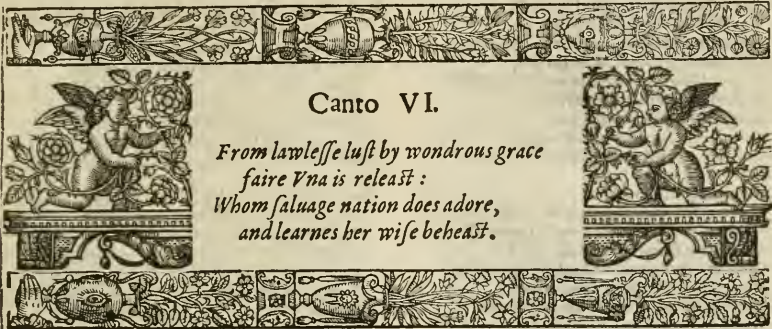
52
Whose case when as the carefull Dwarfie had told,
And made ensample of their mournefull sight
Vnto his Maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But early rose, and ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heauen wide,
He by a priuie Posterne tooke his flight,
That of no enuious eyes he mote be spide:
For, doublelesse death enewd, if any him deseride.

53
Scarce could he footing find in that foule way,
For many corfcs, like a great Lay-stall
O' murdered men which therein strowed lay,
Without remorse, or decent funerall:
Which all through that great Princeesse pride did fall
And came to shamefull end. And them beside
Forth riding vnderneath the castell wall,
A dunghill of dead carcafes he spide,
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad houle of *Pride*.

Carb: 7 3

Canto





Canto VI.

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
 faire Vna is releast :
 Whom saluage nation does adore,
 and learnes her wise beheast.

AS when a ship, that flies faire vnder saile,
 An hidden rocke escaped hath vnwares,
 That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
 The Mariner yet halfe amazed stares
 At perill past, and yet it doutne dares
 To ioy at his foole-happy overflight :
 So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares
 The dreadlesse courage of this Elfin knight,
 Hauing escap't so sad enamples in his flight.

Yet sad hee was that his too hasty speed,
 The faire *Duessa*' had forc't him leaue behind ;
 And yet more sad, that *Vna* his deare dreed
 Her truth had staind with treason fo vnkind ;
 Yet crime in her coul'd neuer creature find,
 But for his loue, and for her owne selfe sake,
 She wandred had from one to other *Ind*,
 Him for to seeke, ne euer would forsake,
 Till her vnwares the fierce *Sans loy* did overtake.

Who, after *Archimagoes* foule defeat,
 Led her away into a Forrest wilde,
 And turning wrathfull fire to lustfull heat,
 With beastly sin thought her to haue defilde,
 And made the vassall of his pleasures vild.
 Yet first hee cast by treatie, and by traines,
 Her to perswade, that stubborne foire to yield :
 For, greater conquest of hard loue hee gaines,
 That works it to his will, then he that it constraines.

With fawning words hee courted her awhile,
 And looking louely, and oft sighing fore,
 Her constant hart did tempt with diuers guile :
 But words, and lookes, and sighes shee did abhorre,
 As rock of Diamond, stedfast euer more.
 Yet for to feed his fireie lustfull eye,
 Hee snatcht the veile, that hung her face before ;
 Then gan her beauty shine, as brightest sky,
 And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitie.

So when hee saw his flatt'ring arts to faile,
 And subtle engines bet from batterie,
 With greedy force hee gan the fort assaile,
 Whereof hee weend possessed soone to bee,
 And with rich spoile of ranfact chastitie.
 Ah heauens ! that doe this hideous act behold,
 And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
 How can ye vengeance iust so long with-hold,
 And hurle not flashing flames vpon that Paynim bold ?

The pittious maiden, carefull, comfortlesse,
 Does throw out thrilling shrieks, & shrieking cries,
 The last vaine help of womens great distresse,
 And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,
 That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes ;
 And *Phobus* flying so most shamefull sight,
 His blushing face in foggy cloud implies,
 And hides for shame. What wit of mortall wight
 Can now deuise to quit a thrall from such a plight ?

Eternall providence, exceeding thought,
 Where none appears can make her selfe a way :
 A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
 From Lyons claws to pluck the griped pray.
 Her shrill out-cries and shriekes so loud did bray,
 That all the woods and Forrests did rebound ;
 A troupe of *Faunes* and *Satyres* far away
 Within the wood were dauncing in a rounnd,
 Whiles old *Sylvanus* slept in shady arbour sound :

Who, when they heard that pittious strained voice,
 In haste forooke their rurall meriment,
 And ran towards the far rebounded noise,
 To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
 Vnto the place they come incontinent :
 Whom when the raging Sarazin espide,
 A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
 Whose like he neuer saw, he durst not bide,
 But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ride.

9
The wilde Wood-gods, arriued in the place,
There find the virgin dolefull desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and faire blubbr'd face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late,
And trembling yet through feare of former hate;
All stand amazed at fo vncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her vnhappy fate,
All stand astonied at her beauty bright,
In their rude eyes vnworthy of so wofull plight.

10
She more amaz'd in double dread doth dwell;
And euery tender part for feare does shake:
As when a greedy Wolfe through hunger fell
A filly Lamb farr from the flock does take,
Of whom hee meanes his bloudie feast to make,
A Lyon spies fast running towards him,
The innocent prey in haste hee does forsake,
Which quit from death, yet quakes in euery lim
With change of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim:

11
Such fearefull fit allaid her trembling hart,
New word to speake, ne ioynt to moue she had:
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
Their frowning foreheads with rough hornes yclad,
And rustick horour all asid'e doe lay,
And gently greening, shew a semblance glad
To comfort her; and feare to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach, her humbly to obay.

12
The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit
Her single person to their barbarous truth;
But fill through feare and hope amaz'd does sit,
Late leard what harme to haste trust ensueth:
They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie soueraine,
Are wonne with pittie and vnwonted ruth,
And all prostrate vpon the lowly Plaine,
Do kisse her feet, & fawne on her with count'nance faire.

13
Their hearts shee gheseth by their humble guise,
And yields her to extremitie of time;
So, from the ground shee fearelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
They all, as glad as birds of ioyous Prime,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a Shepheards rime,
And with greene branches strowing all the ground,
Doc worship her, as Queene, with Oliue girlond crown'd.

14
And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with double Echo ring,
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
So towards old *Sylvanus* they her bring;
Who, with the noise awaked, commeth out,
To weete the cause, his weak'e steps governing,
And aged limbs on Cypresse stadle itour,
And with an Irie twine his waste is girt about.

15
Farre off hee wonders, what them makes so glad,
Of *Bacchus* merry fruit they did invent,
Or *Cybel's* frantick rites haue made them mad;
They drawing nigh, vnto their God present
That floure of faith and beautie excellent.
The God himselfe, viewing that mirrour rare,
Stood long amaz'd, and burnt in his intent:
His owne faire *Driop* now he thinks not faire,
And *Phloe* soule, when her to this he doth compare.

16
The wood-borne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as Goddesse of the wood:
And old *Sylvanus* selfe bethinks not, what
To thinke of wight so faire, and gazing stood,
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood;
Sometimes Dame *Venus* selfe hee seemes to see:
But *Venus* neuer had so sober mood;
Sometimes *Diana* hee her takes to bee,
But misleth bowe, and shafts, and buskins to her knee.

17
By view of her hee ginneth to reuiue
His ancient loue, and dearest *Cyprisse*,
And calls to mind his pourtraiture aloue,
How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,
And how hee slew with glauncing dart amiss
A gentle Hind, the which the loucly boy
Did loue as life, aboue all worldly blis;
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after ioy,
But pynd away in anguish and self-will'd annoy.

18
The woody Nymphes, faire *Hamadryades*,
Her to behold doe thither runne apace,
And all the troupe of light-foote *Naiades*
Flock all about to see her loucly face:
But when they viewed haue her heauenly grace,
They enue her in their malicious mind,
And flie away for feare of foule disgrace:
But all the *Satyres* come their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire, but her on earth they find.

19
Glad of such luck, the lucklesse lucky maid,
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that salvage people staid,
To gather breath in many mileries.
During which time, her gentle wit the plies
To teach them truth, which worship't her in vaine;
And made her th' Image of Idolaries:
But when their bootlesse zeale hee did restraîne
From her owne worship, they her Ass'e wold worship faire,

20
It fortun'd a noble warlike Knight
By iust occasion to that Forrest came,
To seeke his kindred, and the linage right,
From whence hee tooke his well deserued name:
He had in armes abroad wonne much cell fame,
And filld farr lands with glorie of his might,
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,
And euer lov'd to fight for Ladies right,
But in vaine glorious frayes hee little did delight,

21
 A Satyres sonne, yborne in Forrest wilde,
 By strange adventure as it did betide,
 And there begotten of a Lady milde,
 Faire *Thyamis*, the daughter of *Labryde*,
 That was in sacred bands of wedlocke tide
 To *Thebion*, a loofe vnurly swaine;
 Who had more ioy to range the Forrest wide,
 And chase the salvage beast with busie paine,
 Then ferue his Ladies loue, and waste in pleasures vaine.

22
 The forlorne maid did with lous longing burne,
 And could not lacke her louers company;
 But to the wood she goes, to ferue her turne,
 And seeke her spouse, that from her still does flie,
 And followes other game and venery:
 A Satyre chaunc't her wandering for to finde,
 And kindling coales of lust in brutish eye,
 The loyal links of wedlocke did vnbinde,
 And made her person thrall vnto his beastly kinde.

23
 So long in secret cabin there he held
 Her captiue to his sensuall desire,
 Till that with timely fruite her belly sweld,
 And bore a boy vnto that salvage fire:
 Then home he suffred her for to retire,
 For raunsome leauing him the late borne childe;
 VVhom till to ri, or yeeres he gan aspire,
 He nourishd vp in life and manners wilde,
 Emongst wilde beasts & woods, from lawes of men exile.

24
 For all he taught the tender *Imp*, was but
 To banish cowardize and bastard feare;
 His trembling hand he would him force to put
 Vpon the Lyon, and the rugged Beare,
 And from the shee Beares teats her whelps to teare;
 And eke wilde roting Bulls hee would him make
 To tame, and ride their backs not made to beare;
 And the Robucks in flight to overtake,
 That cvery beast for feare of him did flie and quake.

25
 Thereby so fearelesse, and so fell he grew,
 That his owne sire and maister of his guise,
 Did often tremble at his horrid view,
 And oft for dread of hurt would him aduise,
 The angry beasts not rashly to despise,
 Nor too much to provoke; for he would learne
 The Lyon stoupe to him in lowly wise,
 (A lesson hard) and make the Libbard stearne
 Leaueraring, when in rage he for revenge did yearne.

26
 And for to make his powre approued more,
 VVilde beasts in iron yokes he would compell;
 The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
 The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell;
 The Antelope, and Wolfe, both fierce and fell;
 And them constrain in equall teame to draw.
 Such ioy he had, their stubborne harts to quell,
 And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull awe,
 That has becheaft they feard, as proud tyrants lawe.

27
 His louing mother came vpon a day
 Vnto the woods, to see her little sonne;
 And chaunc't ynwares to meet him in the way,
 After his sports, and cruell pastime done,
 When after him a Lyonesse did runne,
 That roaring all with rage, did loud requeere
 Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:
 The Lyon whelps she saw how he did beare,
 And lull in ragged armes, withouten childish feare.

28
 The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
 And turning back, gan fast to flie away;
 Vntill with loue reuok't from vaine affright,
 She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
 And then to him these womanish words gan say;
 Ah *Satyrane*, my dearling, and my ioy;
 For loue of mee leaue off this dreidfull play;
 To dally thus with death, is no fit toy,
 Goe find some other play-fellows, mine own sweet boy.

29
 In these, and like delights of bloody game
 He trained was, till ripper yeeres he raught;
 And there abode, whilst any beast of name
 Walkt in that forest, whom he had not taught
 To feare his force: and then his courage haught
 Desir'd of forraigne foemen to be knowne,
 And fure abroad for strange adventures fought:
 In which his might was neuer overthrowne,
 But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blowne.

30
 Yet euer more it was his manner faire,
 After long labours and adventures spent,
 Vnto those natie woods for to repaire,
 To see his Sire and ofspring ancient.
 And now he thither came for like intent;
 Where he vnwares the fairest *Vna* found,
 Strange Lady, in so strange habilitment,
 Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
 True sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

31
 He wonderd at her wifedome heavenly rare,
 VVhose like in womens wit he neuer knew;
 And when her courteous deeds he did compare,
 Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rewe,
 Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
 And ioyd to make prooffe of her crueltie
 On gen le Dame, so hurtlesse, and so true:
 Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
 And leard her discipline of faith and veritie.

32
 But shee, all vow'd vnto the *Redecrosse* Knight,
 His wandering perill closely did lament,
 Ne in this new acquaintance could delight,
 But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
 And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
 How to escape. At last, in prittie wise
 To *Satyrane* shee shewd her intent;
 VVho glad to gaine such fauour, gan deuise,
 How with that pensiue Maid he best might thence arise.

So, on a day, when Satyres³³ all were gone
 To doe their seruice to *Sylvanus* old,
 The gentle virgin (left behind alone)
 He led away with courage stout and bold.
 Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
 Or euer hope recouer her againe:
 In vaine hee seeks, that hauing cannot hold.
 So fast he carried her with careful paine,
 That they the woods are past, and come now to the Plaine.

The better part now of the lingring day,
 They trauaild had, when as they far espide
 A weary wight forwandring by the way,
 And towards him they gan in haste to ride,
 To weat of newes, that did abroad betide,
 Or tydings of her knight of the *Redcrosse*.
 But hee them spying, gan to turne aside,
 For feare, as seem'd, or for some feigned losse;
 More greedely they of newes, fast towards him do crosse.

A silly man, in simple weedes forworne,
 And soild with dust of the long dried way;
 His sandales were with toilefome trauell torne,
 And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
 As he had trauaild many a forimers day,
 Through boyling sands of *Araby* and *Ind*;
 And in his hand a *Iacob's* staffe, to stay
 His wearie limbes vpon: and eke behind,
 His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

The Knight approaching nigh, of him inquerd
 Tydings of warre, and of adventures new;
 But warres, nor new adventures none he herd.
 Then *Vna* gan to aske, if ought he knew,
 Or heard abroad of that her champion true,
 That in his armour bare a croslet red.
 Aye mee, deare Dame (quoth hee) well may I rue
 To tell the sad sight, which mine eyes haue read:
 These eyes did see that Knight both liuing and eke dead.

That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,
 That suddaine cold did runne through euery vaine,
 And stony horrour all her senses filld
 With dying fit, that downe she fell for paine.
 The knight her lightly reared vp againe,
 And comforted with courteous kind reliefe:
 Then wonne from death, shee bade him tellen plaine
 The further proceffe of her hidden grieffe;
 The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chiefe.

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunc't this day,
 This fatal day, that shall I ener rew,
 To see two Knights in trauell on my way
 (A fory sight) arrang'd in battell new,
 Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathfull hew:
 My fearefull flesh did tremble at their strife,
 To see their blades do greedily imbrew,
 That drank with blood, yet thirsted after life: (knife.
 What more? the *Redcrosse* knight was slaine with Paynim

Ah dearest Lord (quoth shee) how might that bee,
 And he the stoutest Knight that euer wonne?
 Ah dearest Dame (quoth he) how might I see
 The thing that might not be, and yet was donne?
 Where is (said *Satyrene*) that Paynim's sonne,
 That him of life, and vs of ioy hath rest?
 Not farre away (quoth hee) hee hence doth wonne
 Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left (left.
 Washing his bloudy wounds, that through the steele were

There-with the Knight thence marched forth in hast,
 Whiles *Vna* with huge heauinesse opprest,
 Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
 And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
 Whereas that Pagan proude himselfe did rest,
 In secret shadow by a fountaine side:
 Euen hee it was, that erst would haue supprest
 Faire *Vna*: whom when *Satyrene* espide,
 With foule reproche full words he boldly him deside.

And said, Arise thou cursed Miscreant,
 That hast with knightlesse guile and trecherous traine,
 Faire knighthood souly shamed, and doost vaunt
 That good Knight of the *Redcrosse* to haue slaine:
 Arise, and with like treason now maintaine
 Thy guilty wrong, or else thee guilty yield.
 The Sarazin this hearing, rose aruaue,
 And catching vp in haste his three square shield,
 And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

And drawing nigh him, said, Ah misborne Elfe,
 In euill houre thy foes thee hither sent,
 Anothers wrongs to wreake vpon thy selfe:
 Yet ill thou blamest mee, for hauing blent
 My name with guile and traitorous intent;
 That *Redcrosse* Knight, perdie, I neuer slew:
 But had hee bene, where erst his armes were lent,
 Th'enchanter vaine his error should not rue:
 But thou his error shalt, I hope, now prouen true.

There-with they gan, both furious and fell,
 To thunder blowes, and fiercely to afflicke
 Each other bent his enemy to quell,
 That with their force they pearc't both plate and maile,
 And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
 That it would pittie any liuing eye.
 Large floods of bloud adowne their sides did raile:
 But floods of bloud could not them satisfie:
 Both hungred after death: both chose to win, or die.

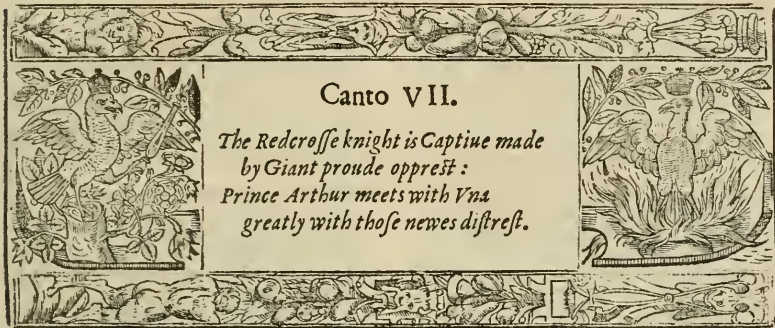
So long they fight, and fell revenge pursue,
 That fainting each, themselves to breathe let,
 And oft refreshed, battell of renue:
 As when two Bores with rankling malice met,
 Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,
 Till breathlesse both them elues aside retire,
 Where foaming wrath, their cruell tusks they whet,
 And trample th'earth, the whiles they may respire;
 Then back to fight againe, new breathed and entere.

So fiercely, when these Knights had breathed once,
 They gan to fight returne, increasing more
 Their puissant force, and cruell rage artonce,
 With heaped strokes, more hugely then before,
 That with their dreer wounds and bloody gore
 They both deformed, scarcely could be knowne.
 By this, sad *Vna* fraught with anguish fore,
 Led with their noise, which through the aire was throwne,
 Arriu'd, wher they in earth their fruidlesse bloud had sowne.

Whom all so soone as that proude Sarazin
 Espide, he gan reuiue the memory
 Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin,
 And left the doubtfull battell hastily,
 To catch her, newly offred to his eye:
 But *Satyran* with strokes him turning, staide,
 And sternely bade him other busines ply,
 Then hunt the steps of pure vnspotted Maid:
 Where-with he all enrag'd, these bitter speeches said.

O foolish faeries sonne, what furie mad
 Hath thee incens'd, to haste thy dolefull fate?
 Were it not better I that Lady had,
 Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
 Most senselesse man lie, that him selfe doth hate,
 To loue another. Lo then, for thine aid,
 Heere take thy louers token on thy pate.
 So they two fight; the whiles the royall Maid
 Fledd farre away, of that proude Paynim fore affraid.

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing told,
 Being indeed old *Archimage*, did stay
 In secret shadow, all this to behold,
 And much reioyced in their bloody fray:
 But when he saw the Damsell passe away,
 He left his ston'd, and her purlew'd space,
 In hope to bring her to her last decay.
 But, for to tell her lamentable case,
 And eke this battels end, will need another place.



Canto VII.

*The Redcrosse knight is Captiue made
 by Giant proude opprest:
 Prince Arthur meets with Vna
 greatly with those newes distressed.*

What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
 As to decry the crafty cunning traine,
 By which Deceit doth mask in vizour faire,
 And cast her colours dyed deep in graine,
 To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can faine,
 And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
 The guilelesse man with guile to entertaine?
 Great maistrisse of her art was that false Dame,
 The false *Duessa*, cloked with *Fidesaes* name.

Who, when returning from the dreer *Night*,
 She found not in that perilous houle of Pride,
 Where she had left the noble *Redcrosse* knight,
 Her hoped pray: she would no longer bide,
 But forth she went, to seeke him far and wide.
 Ere long she found wher as he wearie fate,
 To rest himselfe, fore by a fountaine side,
 Disarmed all of iron-coated Plate,
 And by his side his steed the grassie forage ate.

Hee feedes vpon the cooling shade, and bayes
 His sweate forehead in the breathing wind,
 Which through the trembling leaues full gently playes,
 Wherein the cheerefull birds of sundry kind
 Do chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind:
 The *VVitch* approaching gan him fairely greet,
 And with reproche of carelesse vnkind
 Vpbrayd, for leauing her in place vnmeet, (sweet.
 With foule words temping faire, sower gall with home

Vnkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
 And bathe in pleasure of the ioyous shade,
 Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
 And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
 About the fountaine like a girlond made;
 Whose babbling wane did euer freshly well,
 Ne euer would through feruent sommer fade:
 The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
 Was out of *Dianes* fauour, as it then befell.

The cause was this: One day when *Phæbe* faire
 With all her band was following the chace,
 This Nymph, quite tyrd with heate of scorching aire,
 Sat downe to rest in middelt of the race:
 The Goddesse, wroth, gan fowle her disgrace,
 And bade the waters, which from her did flowe,
 Be such as shee her selfe was then in place.
 Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slowe,
 And all that drunk thereof, did faint and feeble growe.

Heereof this gentle Knight vnweeting was,
 And lying downe vpon the landie graile,
 Drinke of the streame, as cleare as cryfall glafs:
 Eitooones his manly forces gan to faile,
 And mighty strong was turn'd to feeble fraile.
 His changed powres at first themselves not felt,
 Till cruded cold his courage gan assaile,
 And cheerefull bloud in faintnesse chill did melt,
 Which like a Feaver-fit through all his body swelt.

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
 Pour'd out in loofnesse on the grassie ground,
 Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame:
 Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sound,
 Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebound,
 That all the earth for terrour seem'd to shake,
 And trees did tremble. Th'Elfe there-with astound,
 Vpstart lightly from his loofer make,
 And his vnready weapons gan in hand to take.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
 Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy
 With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
 An hideous Giant, horrible and hie,
 That with his talnesse seem'd to threat the skie,
 The ground eke groned vnder him for dreed;
 His lining like faw neuer lining eye,
 Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed
 The height of three the tallest founnes of mortall seed.

The greatest Earth his vncouth mother was,
 And blustering *Aeolus* his boasted fire,
 Who with his breath, which through the world doth
 Her hollow womb did secretly inspire, (pass,
 And fill her hidden caues with stormie ire,
 That shee conceiv'd; and trebling the due time,
 In which the wombes of women doe expire,
 Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthy slime,
 Puft vp with emptie wind, and filld with sinfull crime.

So, grown great through arrogant delight
 Of th' high descent, whereof he was yborne,
 And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
 All other powres and knighthood he did scorn.
 Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
 And left to losse: his stalking steps are staide
 Vpon a snaggy Oake, which he had torne
 Out of his mothers bowels, and it made
 His mortall anace, where-with his foemen he dismaide.

That, when the Knight he spide, he gan adnaunce
 With huge force and inlupportable maine,
 And towards him with dreadfull fury prauce;
 Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
 Did to him pafe, lad bataille to darraigne,
 Disarm'd, disgrac't, and inwardly dismaide,
 And eke so faint in euery ioynt and vaine,
 Through that fraile fontaine, which him feeble made,
 That fearcely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

The Giant strooke so mainly mercilesse,
 That could haue overthrowne a stony towre;
 And were not heavenly grace, that him did blesse,
 He had been powderd all, as thin as flowre:
 But hee was wylde of that deadly flowre,
 And lightly leapt from vnderneath the blowe:
 Yet so exceeding was the villaines powre,
 That with the wind it did him overthrowe,
 And all his senses stound, that fill he lay full lowe.

As when that diuelish iron Engin wrought
 In deepest Hell, and fram'd by *Furies* skill,
 With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
 And ram'd with bullet round, ordaind to kill,
 Concerueth fire, the heauens it doth fill
 With thundring noise, and all the aire doth choke,
 That none can breathe, nor see, nor heare at will,
 Through sinouldry cloude of duskish stinking smoke,
 That th'onely breath him daunts, who hath escap't the
 (stroke.

So daunted when the Giant saw the Knight,
 His heauy hand he heaued vp on hie,
 And him to dust thought to haue battred quite,
 Vntill *Duesse* loud to him gan cry;
 O great *Orgoglio*, greatest vnder sky,
 O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake,
 Hold for my sake, and doe him not to die;
 But, vanquish't, thine eternall bondslave make,
 And mee thy worthy meed vnto thy Leman take.

He harkned, and did stay from further harmes,
 To gaine so goodly guerdon, as shee spake:
 So, willingly she came into his armes,
 Who her as willingly to grace did take,
 And was possess'd of his new found make.
 Then vp he tooke the fumbled senselesse corse,
 And ere he could out of his swoone awake,
 Him to his Castle brought with hastie force,
 And in a Dungeon deepe him threw without remorse.

From that day forth *Duesse* was his deare,
 And highly honour'd in his haughty eye:
 He gaue her gold, and purple pall to weare,
 And triple crowne set on her head full hie,
 And her endow'd with royall maiestie:
 Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
 And peoples harts with awfull terrour tie,
 A monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen
 He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den,
 Such

17
Such one it was, as that renowned Snake
Which great *Alicides* in *Siremona* slew,
Long foisted in the filth of *Lerna* lake,
Whose many heads our budding cuer new,
Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew:
But this same Monster much more vgly was;
For, seauen great heads out of his body grew,
An Iron break, and back of scaly brags,
And all embrewd in bloud, his eyes did shine as glafs.

18
His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the house of heavenly Gods it rought,
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The cuer-burning lamps from thence it brought;
And proudly threw to ground, as things of nought;
And vnderneath his filthy feet did tread
The facred things, and holy hearts foretaught.
Vpon this dreadfull Beast with seauenfold head
He set the false *Duessa*, for more awe and dread.

19
The wofull Dwarf, which faw his maisters fall,
Whiles he had keeping of his grafsing steed,
And valiant knight become a caytue thrall,
When all was past, tooke vp his forlorne weed,
His mighty armour, missing most at need;
His siluer shield, now idle maisterlesse;
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed,
The ruefull monuments of heauineffe,
And with them all departs, to tell his great distresse.

20
He had not trauid long, when on the way
He wofull Lady (wofull *Vna*) met,
Fast flying from the Paynims greedy pray,
Whilft *Satyrene* him from puriuit did let:
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,
And saw the signes that deadly tydings spake,
Shee fell to ground for forrowfull regret,
And liuely breath her sad breast did forsake,
Yet might her pitious hart be seene to pant and quake.

21
The messenger of so vnhappy newes,
Would faine haue dide: dead was his hart within,
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:
At last recourcing hart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
And euery tender part does tosse and turne:
So hardly he the fitted life does win,
Vnto her natie prison to retourne:
Then gins her grieued ghost thus to lament and mourne.

22
Yee dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mold,
Sith cruell Fates the carefull threds vnfold,
The which my life and loue together tide?
Now let the stony dart of senselesse cold
Pearce to my hart, and passe through euery side,
And let eternal night so sad sight fro mee hide.

23
O lightsome day, the lamp of highest *Ioue*,
First made by him, niens wandring waics to guide,
When darknelle he in deepeft dungeon droue,
Henceforth thy hated face for euer hide,
And shut vp heauens windowes shining wide:
For earthly fight can nought but sorrow breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abide.
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feede,
But feeled vp with death, shall haue their deadly meed.

24
Then downe againe shee fell vnto the ground;
But hee her quickly reared vp againe:
Thrice did shee sink adowne in deadly fownd,
And thrice hee her reviv'd with busie paine:
At last, when life recouerd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enemy,
With soltring tongue, and trembling euery vaine,
Tell on (quoth shee) the wofull Tragedie,
The which these reliques sad present vnto mine eye.

25
Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her might,
And thrilling sorrow throwne his vtmost dart;
Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heauy plight,
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:
Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare each part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound,
That launced hath my breast with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;
Iflesse then that I feare, more fauour I haue found.

26
Then gan the Dwarf the whole discourse declare,
The subtle traines of *Archimago* old;
The wanton loues of false *Fidissima* faire,
Bought with the bloud of vanquish't Paynim bold:
The wretched payre transformed to treen mold;
The house of Pride, and perils round about;
The combat, which he with *Sans joy* did hold;
The lucklesse conflict with the Giant stout,
Wherein captiu'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

27
Shee heard with patience all vnto the end,
And troue to maister sorrowfull assay:
Which greater grew, the more shee did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
And loue fresh coales vnto her fire did lay:
For, greater loue, the greater is the losse.
Was neuer Lady loued dearer day,
Then shee did loue the Knight of the *Redersse*;
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

28
At last, when feruent sorrow flaked was,
Shee vp arose, resolving him to find
Aliue or dead: and forward forth doth pass,
All as the Dwarf the way to her assign'd:
And euermore in constant carefull mind
Shee fed her wound with fresh renewed bale;
Long toft with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale,
Shee wandred many a wood, and measur'd many a vale.

At last,

At last, she chaunced by good hap to meet
 A goodly knight, faire marching by the way
 Together with his Squire, arrayed mee:
 His glitter and armour shined faire away;
 Like glauncing light of *Phæbus* brightest ray;
 From top to toe no place appeared bare,
 That deadly dint of steele endanger may:
 Athwart his breast a bauldrick braue he ware, (rare.
 That shin'd like twinkling stars, with stones most precious

And in the midst thereof, one precious stone
 Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mightes,
 Shap't like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
 Like *Hesperus* amongst the lesser lights;
 And stroue for to amaze the weaker fights;
 Thereby, his mortall blade full comely hong
 In luorie sheath, ycarv'd with curious flights;
 Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
 Of mother pearle, and buckled with a golden tong.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
 Both glorious brightnes, and great terrour bred;
 For, all the crest a Dragon did enfold
 With greedy pawes, and ouer all did spread
 His golden wings: his dreadful hideous hed
 Cloie couched on the beuer, seem'd to throwe
 From flaming mouth bright sparkles fierie red,
 That suddaine horror to faint harts did showe;
 And faly taile was stretcht adowne his back full lowe.

Vpon the top of all his lofty crest,
 A bunch of haire discolour'd diuersly,
 With sprinkled pearle, and gold full richly drest,
 Did shake, and seem'd to daunce for iollity,
 Like to an Almond tree ymounted hie
 On top of greene *Selinis* all alone,
 With blossoms braue bedecked daintly;
 Whose tender locks do tremble euery one
 At euery little breath, that vnder heauen is blowne.

His warlike shield all closely couer'd was,
 Ne might of mortall eye be euer seene;
 Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
 Such earthly mettals soone consumed beene:
 But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
 It framed was, one masse entire mould,
 Hewen out of Adamant rock with engines keene,
 That point of speare it neuer pearcen could,
 Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

The same to wight thee neuer wont disclose,
 But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
 Or daunt vnequall armies of his foes,
 Or when the flying heauens he would affray;
 For, so exceeding thone his glistering ray,
 That *Phæbus* golden face it did attain,
 As when a cloud his beames doth ouer-lay;
 And siluer *Cynthia* waxed pale and faint,
 As when her face is staind with magick arts constraint.

No magick arts heereof had any might,
 Nor bloudy words of bold Enchaunters call;
 But all that was not fuch, as seem'd in fight,
 Before that shield did fade, and suddaine fall:
 And when him list the rascall routes appall,
 Men into stones there-with he could transforme,
 And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
 And, when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
 He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

Ne let it seeme, that credence this exceeds:
 For, he that made the same, was knowne right well
 To haue done much more admirable deeds.
 It *Merlin* was, which whilome did excell
 All liuing wightes in might of magick spell:
 Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought
 For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell:
 But when he died, the Faerie Queene it brought
 To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if fought.

A gentle youth, his dearely loued Squire,
 His speare of Heben wood behind him bare,
 Whose harnesfull head, thrice heated in the fire,
 Had riuen many a breath with pikehead square;
 A goodly person, and could menage faire
 His stubborne steed with curbed canon bit,
 Who vnder him did trample as the aire,
 And chauff, that any on his backe should sit;
 Theiron rowels into frothy some he bit.

When as this Knight nigh to the Lady drew,
 With louely court he gan her entertaine;
 But when he heard her answers loth, he knew
 Some secret sorrow did her heart distraunce:
 Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
 Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
 And for her humour sitting purpose faire,
 To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray;
 Wherwith emmov'd, these bleeding words she gan to say:

What worlds delight, or ioy of liuing speach
 Can heart, so plung'd in sea of sorrowes deep,
 And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach
 The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
 And in my heart his iron arrow steep,
 Soone as I thinke vpon my bitter bale:
 Such helpelesse harmes it's better hidden keepe,
 Then rip vp griefe, where it may not auail,
 My list leff comfort is, my woes to weep and waille.

Ah Lady deare, quoth then the gentle Knight,
 Well may I weene, your griefe is wondrous great;
 For wondrous great griefe groweth in my spright,
 Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
 But wofull Lady, let me you intreat,
 For to vnfold the anguish of your hart:
 Mishaps are maistr'd by aduise discreet,
 And counsell mitigates the greatest smart;
 Found neuer help, who neuer would his hurts impart.

O! but (quoth shee) great grieffe will not be told,
 And can more easily be thought, then said.
 Right so (quoth he) but he, that neuer would,
 Could neuer : will to night giues greatest aide.
 But grieffe (quoth shee) does greater growe displaid,
 If then it find not help, and breeds despair.
 Despaire breeds not (quoth he) where faith is staid.
 No faith so fast (quoth she) but flesh does paire.
 Flesh may cmpaire (quoth he) but reason can repaire.

His goodly reason, and well guided speach,
 So deep did settle in her gracious thought,
 That her perswaded to disclose the breach,
 Which loue and fortune in her hart had wrought,
 And said; Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
 You to inquire the secrets of my grieffe,
 Or that your wisdome will direct my thought,
 Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe :
 Then heare the storie said, which I shall tell you briefe.

The forlorne Maiden, whom your eyes haue scene
 The laughing stock of Fortunes mockeries,
 Am th' only daughter of a King and Queene,
 Whose Parents deare, whil'st equal Destinies
 Did runne about, and their felicities
 The fauourable heauens did not envie,
 Did spread their rule through all the territories
 Which *Physon* and *Euphrates* floweth by,
 And *Gebons* golden waues doe wash continually;

Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
 An huge great Dragon horrible in sight,
 Bred in the loathly lakes of *Tartary*,
 With murderous raine, and deuouring might
 Their kingdome spoild, and country wasted quite :
 Themselues, for feare into his iawes to fall,
 Hee forc't to castle strong to take their flight,
 Where fast embard in mighty brazen wall,
 He has them now foure yeres besieg'd to make the thrall.

Full many knights adventurous and stout,
 Haue enterpriz'd that Monster to subdew;
 From euery coast that heauen walks about,
 Haue thither come the noble Martiall crew,
 That famous hard achievements full pursue,
 Yet neuer any could that girland win,
 But all still thrunk, and still he greater grew :
 All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
 The pittious pray of his fierce cruelty haue bin.

At last, yled with farre reported praise,
 Which flying Fame throughout the world had spred,
 Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did raise,
 That noble order hight of Maidenhead,
 Forth-with to court of *Gloriane* I sped,
 Of *Gloriane*, great Queene of glory bright,
 Whose kingdoms seat *Cleopolis* is red,
 There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,
 That Parents deare from Tyrants powre deliuer might.

It was my chance (my chance was faire and good)
 There for to find a fresh vnprooved knight,
 Whose manly hands imbrew'd in guilty bloud
 Had neuer been, ne euer by his might
 Had throwne to ground the vnraged right :
 Yet of his prowesse prooffe he since hath made
 (I witnesse am) in many a cruell fight ;
 The groning ghosts of many one difmaide
 Haue felt the bitter dint of his auenging blade.

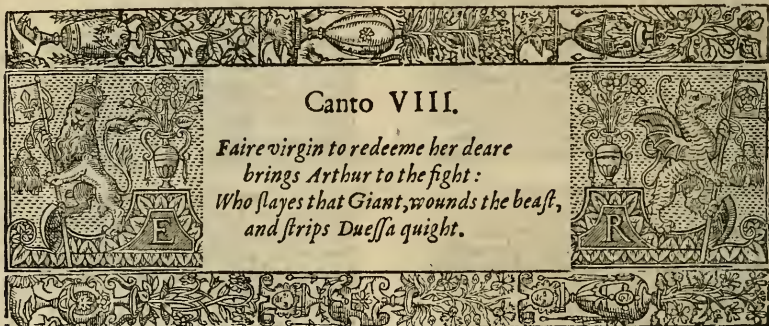
And yee the forlorne reliques of his powre,
 His byting sword, and his deuouring speare,
 Which haue endured many a dreadfull stowre,
 Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,
 And well could rule : now he hath left you heere,
 To be the record of his ruefull losse,
 And of my dolefull disauenturous deare :
 O! heaue record of the good *Redcrosse*;
 Where haue you left your Lord, that could so wel you tofs ?

Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
 That he my captiue langour shoul'd redeme,
 Till all vnweeting, an Enchaunter bad.
 His sense abus'd, and made him to misceme
 My loyaltie, not such as it did seeme ;
 That rather death desire, then such despight.
 Be iudge ye heauens, that all things right esteeme,
 How I him lov'd, and loue with all my might,
 So thought I eke of him, and think I thought anght.

Thenceforth, mee desolate he quite forsooke,
 To wander where wilde fortune would me lead,
 And other bywaies he himselfe tooke,
 Where neuer foot of liuing wight did tread,
 That brought not back the balefull body dead ;
 In which him chanced false *Duessa* meet,
 Mine only foe, mine only deadly dread,
 Who with her witchcraft and misseeming sweet,
 Inueigled him to follow her desires vnmeet.

At last, by subtil sleights shee him betrayd
 Vnto his foe, a Giant huge and tall,
 Who him disarmed, dissolute, difmaide,
 Vnwares surpris'd, and with mighty mall
 The monster mercilesse him made to fall,
 Whose fall did neuer foe before behold ;
 And now in darksome dungeon, wretched thrall,
 Remedilesse, for aye he doth him hold ;
 This is my cause of grieffe, more great then may be told.

Ere shee had ended all, shee gan to faint :
 But hee her comforted and faire bespake,
 Certes, Madame, ye haue great cause of plaint,
 That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.
 But be of cheere, and comfort to you take :
 For, till I haue acquit your captiue Knight,
 Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake.
 His cheerfull words reui'd her cheerlesse spright :
 So forth they went, the Dwarfes them guiding euer right.



Canto VIII.

*Faire virgin to redeeme her deare
brings Arthur to the fight:
Who slays that Giant, wounds the beast,
and strips Duessa quight.*

A Y mee! how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall?
Were not, that heavenly grace doth him vphold,
And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.
Her loue is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as hee, through his owne foolish pride,
Or weakenesse, is to sinfull bands made thrall:
Else should this *Rederosse* knight in bands haue dide,
For whose deliuerance she this Prince doth thither guide.

They sadly trauaild thus, vntill they came
Nigh to a Castle builded strong and hie:
Then cride the Dwarf, Lo, yonder is the same,
In which my Lord my liege doth lucklesse lie,
Thrall to that Giants hatefull tyrannie:
Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay.
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie steed, and bade the Lady stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

So with the Squire, th'admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that castle wall;
Whose gates he found fast shut, no liuing wight
To ward the same, nor answere commers call.
Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,
Which hung adowne his side in twisted gold,
And tassels gay. Wide wonders over all
Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approoued been in vses manifold.

Was neuer wight that heard that shrilling sound,
But trembling feare did feele in euery vaine;
Three miles it might be easie heard around,
And Ecchoes three answerd it selfe againe:
No false enchantment, nor deceifull traine
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was voide and wholly vaine:
No gate so strong, no lock so firme and fast,
But with that peacing noise flew open quite, or brass.

The same before the Giants gate he blew,
That all the Castle quaked from the ground,
And euery dore of free-will open flew.
The Giant selfe dismayed with that sound
(Where he with his *Duessa* dalliance found)
In haste came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring count'nance sterne, as one astound,
And staggering steps, to weet what fuddaine stowre
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded

And after him the proude *Duessa* came,
High mounted on her many-headed beast,
And euery head with fire tongue did flame,
And euery head was crowned on his creast,
And bloudie mouthed with late cruell feast.
That when the knight beheld, his mighty shield
Vpon his manly arme he soone addrest,
And at him fiercely flew, with courage fild,
And eager greedinesse through euery member thrild.

There-with the Giant buckled him to fight,
Inflam'd with scornfull wrath and high disdain:
And lifting vp his dreadfull club on hight,
All arm'd with ragged snubbes and knotie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to haue flaine.
But wise and warie was that noble Pere,
And lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did faire auoide the violence him nere;
It booted nought, to think, such thunderbolts to beare.

Ne shame hee thought to shunne so hideous might:
The idle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his mislaymed fight
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy way,
So deeply dinted in the driuen clay,
That three yards deep a furrow vp did throwe:
The sad earth wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grieuous vnderneath the blowe, (shoue:
And trembling with strange feare, did like an earthquake

9
As when almighty *Ioue*, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall finnes is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Enroll in flames, and smouldring deriment,
Through riuen cloudes and molten firmament;
The fierce threeforked engin making way,
Both losly towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay,
And shooting in the earth, casts vp a mount of clay.

10
His boyftrous club, so buried in the ground,
He could not reare vp againe so light,
But that the Knight him at auantage found,
And whiles he stroue his combred club to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smote off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of nature might;
Large streames of blood out of the trunked stock
Forth gushed, like fresh water stream from riuen rock.

11
Dismaied with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of vnwonted paine,
He loudly bray'd with beastly yelling found,
That all the fields rebellowd againe;
As great a noyle, as when in Cymbrian Plaine
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Doe for the milkie mothers want complaine,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
The neighbour woods around with hollow murmuring.

12
That when his deare *Duessa* heard, and saw
The euill stound that dangerd her estate,
Vnto his ayde she hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast; who swolne with blood of late,
Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,
And threatend all his heads like flaming brands.
But him the Squire made quickly to retrace,
Encountering fierce with single word in hand,
And twist him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

13
The proud *Duessa* full of wrathfull spight,
And fierce disdain to be affronted so,
Enforc't her purple beast with all her might
That rop out of the way to overthrow,
Scorning the let of so vnequall foe:
But nathemore would that couragious swaine
To bet yield passage, gainst his Lord to goe,
But with outrageous stroakes did him restrain,
And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

14
Then tooke the angry Witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;
Death and despaire did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inward parts,
Th'eternall bale of heauie wounded harts;
Which, after charmes and some enchantments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts;
Therewith his sturdie courage soone was quaid,
And all his senses were with suddaine dread dismayd.

15
So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
That life nigh cruist out of his panting breast:
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rise.
That, when the careful knight gan well auise,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprife;
For, wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loued Squire into such thraldome brought.

16
And high aduancing his bloud-thirstie blade,
Strooke one of those deformed heads so fore,
That of his puissance proud ensample made;
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed thape misshaped more:
A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments staid with filthy gore,
And overthrowd all the field around;
That over shoos in bloud he waded on the ground.

17
Thereat he roared for exceeding paine,
That to haue heard, great horror would haue bred,
And scourging th'emptie ayre with his long traine,
Through great impatience of his grieved hed,
His gorgeous rider from her loslie sted
Would haue cast downe, and trode in durty mire,
Had not the Giant soone her succoured;
Who, all entrag'd with smart and frantick ire,
Came hurtling in full fierce, and forc't the knight retire.

18
The force, which went in two to be dispersd,
In one alone left hand he now vnites, (erst;
Which is through rage more strong then both were
With which his hideous club aloft he lites,
And at his foe with furious rigour smites,
That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrowe:
The stroke vpon his shield so heauie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full lowe,
What mortall wight could euer beare so monstrous blowe?

19
And in his fall, his shield that couer'd was,
Did loofe his veile by chance, and open flew:
The light whereof, that heauens light did pass,
Such blazing brightness through the ayer threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to view.
Which when the Giant spide with staring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaued was on hie
For to haue slaine the man, that on the ground did lye.

20
And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amaz'd
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
Became starke blind, and all his senses daz'd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And seem'd himselfe as conquered to yield,
Whom when his mai' resse proud perceiu'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Vnto the Giant loudly she gan call,
O helpe *Orgoglio*, helpe, or else we perissh all.

21
 At her so pittious cry was much amou'd
 Her Champion stout, and for to ayde his friend,
 Againe his wonted angry weapon prou'd;
 But all in vaine: for, he has reid his end
 In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
 Themselues in vaine: for, since that glauncing fight,
 He hath no power to hurt, nor to defend;
 As, where th' Almighties lightning brond does light,
 It dimmes the dazed eye, and daunts the senses quight.

22
 Whom when the Prince to battell new addrest,
 And threatning high his dreadfull stroke did see,
 His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
 And smote oft quite his right legge by the knee,
 That downe he tumbled; as an aged tree,
 High growing on the top of rocky cliff,
 Whole hartstrings with keene steele nigh hewen be,
 The mighty trunk halfe rent, with rugged rift
 Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

23
 Or as a Castle reared high and round,
 By subtil engins and malicious sight
 Is vndermined from the lowest ground,
 And her foundation for't, and feeble'd quight,
 At last, downe falls, and with her heaped hight
 Her hastie ruine does more heauie make,
 And yields it selfe vnto the Victors might;
 Such was this Giants fall, that seemd to shake
 The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

24
 The Knight, then lightly leaping to the pray,
 With mortall steele him smote againe so sore,
 That headlesse his vnweldy body lay,
 All wallow'd in his owne soule bloody gore,
 Which flowd from his wounds in wondrous store:
 But soone as breath out of his breast did pass,
 That huge great body which the Giant bore,
 Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mass
 Was nothing left, but like an empty bladder was.

25
 Whose grieuous fall, when false *Duessas* spide,
 Her golden cup the cast vnto the ground,
 And crowned Mitre rudely threw aside;
 Such pearcing griefe her stubborn hart did wound,
 That she could not endure that dolefull stound,
 But leauing all behind her, fled away:
 The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd around,
 And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
 So brought vnto his Lord, as his deserued pray.

26
 The royall Virgin, which beheld from furre,
 In pensiué plight, and sad perplexitie,
 The whole ar.riement of this doubtfull warre,
 Came running fast to greet his victorie,
 With sober gladnesse, and mild modestie,
 And with sweet ioyous cheare him thus bespake;
 Faire branch of nobleesse, flowre of cheualrie,
 That with your worth the world amazed make,
 How shall I quite the paines ye suffer for my sake?

27
 And you fresh bud of vertue springing fast,
 Whom these sad eyes saw nigh vnto deaths dore,
 What hath poore Virgin for such perill past,
 Where-with you to reward? Accept therefore
 My simple selfe, and seruice euermore;
 And he that high does sit, and all things see
 With equall eyes, their merites to restore,
 Behold what ye this day haue done for mee,
 And what I cannot quite, requite with vturce.

28
 But sith the heauens, and your faire handling,
 Haue made you maister of the field this day,
 Your fortune maister eke with gouerning,
 And well begun, end all to well, I pray,
 Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
 For, shee it is that did my Lord bethrall,
 My dearest Lord, and deep in dungeon lay,
 Where he his better daies hath waited all.
 O heare, how pittious he to you for ayde does call.

29
 Forth-with he gaue in charge vnto his Squire,
 That scarlo whore to keepe carefully;
 Whiles he himselfe with greedy great desire
 Into the Castle entred forcibly,
 Where liuing creature none he did espy.
 Then gan he loudly through the houie to call:
 But no man car'd to answere to his cry.
 Thereraignd a solemne silence ouer all,
 Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seen in bowre or hall.

30
 At last, with creeping crooked pafe forth came
 An old old man, with beard as white as snowe,
 That on a stiffe his feeble steps did frame,
 And guide his wearie gate both too and fro;
 For, his eye sight him failed long ygo:
 And on his arme a bunch of keyes he bore,
 The which vnusd rust did ouergrowe:
 Those were the keyes of euery inner dore,
 But he could not them vse, but kept them still in store.

31
 But very vncouth sight was to behold
 How he did fashion his vntoward pafe:
 For, as he forward moov'd his footing old,
 So backward still was turnd his wrinkled face;
 Vnlike to men, who euer as they trace,
 Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
 This was the ancient keeper of that place,
 And foster-father of the Giant dead;
 His name *Ignaro* did his nature right aread.

32
 His reuerend baires and holy granitie
 The knight much honourd, as be seemd well,
 And gently askt, where all the people bee,
 Which in that stately building wont to dwell.
 Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.
 Againe he askt, where that same Knight was laid,
 Whom great *Oreggio* with his piuisance fell
 Had made his caytue thrall; againe he said,
 He could not tell: ne euer other answer made.

Then asked he, which way hee in might pass :
 He could not tell, againe he answered.
 Thereat the courteous Knight displeas'd was,
 And said, Old fire, it seemes thou hast not red
 How ill it fits with that same silver hed
 In vaine to mock, or mockt in vaine to bee :
 But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
 With natures pen, in ages graue degree,
 Areadin grauer wise, what I demaund of thee.

His answere likewise was, he could not tell.
 Whose senselesse speech, and doted ignorance
 When as the noble Prince had marked well,
 He ghest his nature by his countenance,
 And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.
 Then to him stepping, from his arme did reach
 Those keyes, and made himselfe free entrance.
 Each dore he opened without any breach ;
 There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to impeach.

There all within full rich arrayd he found,
 With royall arras and resplendent gold.
 And did with store of euery thing abound,
 That greatest Princes presence might behold.
 But all the floor (too filthy to be told)
 With bloud of guiltlesse babes, and innocents true,
 Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
 Defiled was, that dreadfull was to view,
 And sacred ashes ouer it was srowed new.

And there beside of marble stone was built
 An Altar, carv'd with cunning imagery,
 On which true Christians bloud was often spilt,
 And holy Martyrs often doen to die,
 With cruell malice and strong tyrannic :
 Whose blessed sprites from vnderneath the stone
 To God for vengeance cride continually,
 And with great griefe were often heard to grone,
 That hardest hart wold bleed, to heare their pitious moue.

Through euery roome he fought, and euery bowre,
 But no where could he find that wofull thrall :
 At last he came vnto an iron dore,
 That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
 Emongst that bunch, to open it withall ;
 But in the same a little grate was pight,
 Through which he sent his voice, and loud did call
 With all his powre, to weet if liuing wight
 Were housed there within, whom he enlargen might.

There-with, an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
 These pitious plaints and dolours did resound ;
 O who is that, which brings me happy choise
 Of death, that heere lie dying euery found,
 Yet liue perforce in balcfull darknesse bound ?
 For, now three Moones haue changed thrice their hew,
 And haue been thrice hid vnderneath the ground,
 Since I the heauens cheerfull face did view :
 O welcome thou, that doost of death bring tydings true.

Which when that Champion heard, with piercing point
 Of pittie deare his hart was thrilled sore,
 And trembling horrour ranne through euery ioynt,
 For ruth of gentle knight so foule foilore :
 Which shaking off, he rent that iron dore,
 With furious force, and indignation fell ;
 Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
 But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
 That breathed euer forth a filthy banefull smell.

But neither darknesse foule, nor filthy bands,
 Nor noyous smell his purpose could with-hold,
 (Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
 But that with constant zeale, and courage bold,
 After long paines and labours manifold,
 He found the meanes that Prisoner vp to reare ;
 Whose feeble thighes, vnable to vphold
 His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare.
 A ruefull speeacle of death and ghastly dreare.

His sad dull eyes deep sunk in hollow pits,
 Could not endure th'vnwonted sunne to view ;
 His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
 And emptic sides deceived of their due,
 Could make a stony hart his hap to rue ;
 His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawn'd bowres
 Were wont to riue steele plates, & helmets hewe,
 Were cleane consum'd, and all his vitall powres
 Decay'd, and all his flesh shrunk vp like withered flowres.

Whom when his Lady saw, to him shee ran
 With haste ioy : to see him made her glad,
 And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
 Who erst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
 Tho when her well of teares thre wasted had,
 Shee said, Ah dearest Lord ! what euill starre
 On you hath found, and pou'd his influence bad,
 That of your selfe ye thus berobbed are,
 And this misseeming hew your marly lookes doth marre ?

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
 Whose presence I haue lackt too long a day ;
 And sic on Fortune mine avowed foe,
 Whose wrathfull wreakes themselves doe now alay,
 And for these wrongs shall treble pennance pay
 Of treble good : good growes of euils price.
 The cheerelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,
 Had no delight to treaten of his griefe ;
 His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

Faire Lady, then said that victorious knight,
 The things that grieuous were to doe, or beare,
 Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight :
 Best musick breeds delight in loathing care :
 But th'onely good, that growes of pained feare,
 Is to be wile, and ware of like agein.
 This dayes ensample hath this lesion deare
 Deepe written in my heart with iron pen,
 " That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

Hence-forth fir Knight, take to you wonted strength,
 And maister thefe mishaps with patient might;
 Lo, where your foe lyes stretcht in monstrous length:
 And lo, that wicked woman in your fight,
 The roote of all your care, and wretched plight,
 Now in your powre, to let her liue, or die.
 To doe her die (quoth *Vna*) were despite,
 And shame t'avenge fo weake an enemy;
 But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.

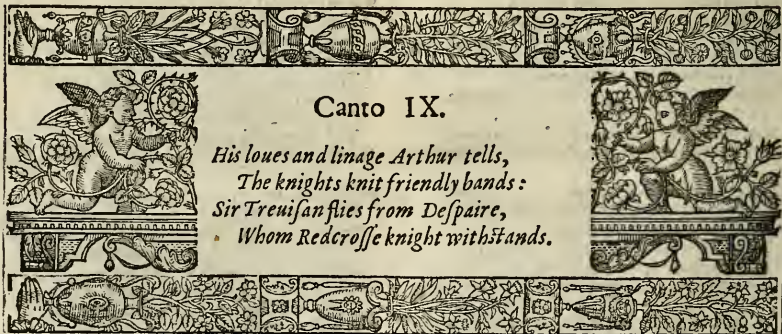
So, as she bade, that Witch they difarraid,
 And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,
 And ornaments that richly were displaid;
 Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
 Then when they had de spoild her tite and Call,
 Such as she was, their eyes might her behold,
 That her mishaped parts did them appall,
 A loathly, wrinkled hag, ill fauour'd, old,
 Whole secrect filth, good manners biddeth not be told.

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
 And (as in hate of honourable eld)
 Was ouer-growne with leurse and filthy scald;
 Her teeth out of her rotten gummies were feld,
 And her fowre breath abhominably smeld;
 Her dried dug, like bladders lacking wind,
 Hung downe, and filthy matter from them weld;
 Her wizled skin, as rough as Maple rind,
 So scabby was, that would haue loath'd all womankind.

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
 My chaster Muse for shame doth blufu to write:
 But at her rompe she growing had behind
 A Foxes taile, with dung all foully dight;
 And eke her feet most monstrous were in fight;
 For, one of them was like an Eagles claw,
 With griping talants arm'd to greedy fight,
 The other like a Beares vneuen paw:
 More vgly shape yet neuer liuing creature faw.

Which when the knights beheld, amaz'd they were,
 And wondred at fo foule deformed wight.
 Such then (said *Vna*) as she seemeth here,
 Such is the face of falshood, such the sight
 Of foule *Dueffa*, when her borrowed light
 Is layd away, and counterfeifance knowne.
 Thus when they had the Witch difrobd quight,
 And all her filthy feature open showne,
 They let her goe at will, and wander wayes vnknowne.

She flying fast from heauens hated face,
 And from the world that her difcouer'd wide,
 Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
 From liuing eyes her open shame to hide,
 And lurkt in rocks and Caves long vncspide.
 But that faire crew of knights, and *Vna* faire,
 Did in that Castle afterwards abide,
 To rest themselves, and wearie powres repaite,
 Where store they found of all, that dainty was and rare.



Canto IX.

*His loues and linage Arthur tells,
 The knights knit friendly bands:
 Sir Treuisan flies from Despaire,
 Whom Redcrosse knight withstands.*

Goodly golden chaine, where-with yfere
 The vertues linked are in louely wise:
 And noble minds of yore allied were,
 In braue pursuit of cheualrous emprise,
 That none did others safetic despise,
 Nor aide enuie to him, in need that stands,
 But friendly each did others praise deuise
 How to aduance with fauourable hands, (bands.
 As this good Prince redeemd the *Redcrosse* knight from

Who when their powres, empaird through labour long,
 With due repast they had recured well,
 And that weake captiue wight now wered strong,
 Them list no lenger there at leysure dwell,
 But forward fare, as their adventures fell:
 But ere they parted, *Vna* faire besought
 That stranger knight his name and nation tell;
 Least fo great good, as he for her had wrought,
 Should die vnknowne, and turied be in thanklesse thought.
 Faire

Faire virgin (said the Prince)³ ye me require
 A thing without the compasse of my wit :
 For, both the linge and the certaine Sire
 From which I sprung, from me are hidden yet.
 For, all so soone as life did me admit
 Into this world, and shewed heauens light,
 From mothers pap I taken was vifit :
 And fraught deliur'd to a Faery knight,
 To be vpbrought in gentle thewes and Martiall might.

Vnto old *Timon* he me brought byliue,
 Old *Timon*, who in youthly yeeres hath been
 In warlike feates th' expertest man aliue,
 And is the wisest now on earth I ween ;
 His dwelling is lowe in a valley greene,
 Vnder the foote of *Rawan* moffie hore,
 From whence the riuer *Dee* as siluer cleen
 His tumbling billowes rolls with gentle rore :
 There all my dayes he traid me vp in vertuous lore.

Thither the great Magician *Merlin* came,
 As was his vse, oft-times to visit mee :
 For he had charge my discipline to frame,
 And Tutours nouriture to oversee.
 Hum off and oft I askt in priuie,
 Of what loines and what linage I did spring :
 Whose answer bade me still assured be,
 That I was sonne and heire vnto a king,
 As time in her iust terme the truth to light should bring.

Well worthy iust, said then the Lady gent,
 And Pupill fit for such a Tutours hand.
 But what adventure, or what high intent
 Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
 Aread Prince *Arthur*, crowne of Martiall band ?
 Full hard it is (quoth hee) to reade aright
 The course of heauenly cause, or vnderstand
 The secret meaning of th'eternall night, (wight.
 That rules mens wayes, and rules the thoughts of liuing

For, whether he through fatall deepe foresight
 Mee hither sent, for cause to me vngheft,
 Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
 Whilome doth rankle in my riven brest,
 With forced fury following his behest,
 Me hither brought by waies yet neuer found,
 You to haue helpt I hold my selfe yet blest.
 Ah courteous knight (quoth shee) what secret wound
 Could cuer find, to graue the gentlest hart on ground ?

Deare Dame (quoth hee) you sleeping sparks awake,
 Which troubled once, into huge flames will growe,
 Ne euer will their feruent furie flake,
 Till liuing moisture into smoake doe flowe,
 And wasted life doe lie in ashes lowe.
 Yet sithence silence lesseneth not my fire
 (But told, it flames ; and hidden, it does glowe)
 I will reuale what yet so much desire :
 Ah Loue, lay downe thy bowe, the whiles I may respire.

It was in freshest flowe of youthly yeeres,
 When courage first does creepe in manly chest,
 Then first the coale of kindly heate appears
 To kindle loue in euery liuing brest :
 But me had warn'd old *Timons* wife behest,
 Those creeping flames by reason to subdue,
 Before their rage grew to so great vnrest,
 As miserable lours vs to rue,
 Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe still wexeth new :

That idle name of loue, and lours life,
 As losse of time, and vertues enemy
 I euer scorn'd, and ioy'd to stirre vp strife,
 In midst of their mournfull Tragedy,
 Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
 And blowe the fire, which them to Ashes Brent :
 Their God himselfe, grieu'd at my libertie,
 Shot many a dart at mee with fierce intent,
 But I them warded all with warie government.

But all in vaine : no fort can be so strong,
 Ne fleshy breast can armed be so sound,
 But will at last be wonne with battry long,
 Or vnwares at disauantage found ;
 Nothing is sure, that grows on earthly ground :
 And who most trustes in arme of fleshy might,
 And boasts, in beauties chaine not to be bound,
 Doth soonest fall in disauantage fight,
 And yelds his cautie neck to victors most despight.

Ensample make of him your haplesse ioy,
 And of my selfe now mated, as ye see ;
 Whose prouder vaunt, that proude avenging boy
 Did soone pluck downe, and curb'd my liberty.
 For, on a day, prickt forth with iollity
 Of looser life, and heate of hardiment,
 Ranging the forest wide on courser flee,
 The fields, the floods, the heauens with one consent
 Did seeme to laugh on me, and fauour mine intent.

Fore-wearied with my sports, I did alight
 From lofty steed, and downe to sleepe me laid ;
 The verdant grasse my couch did goodly dight,
 And pillow was my helmet faire displaid :
 Whiles euery sense the humour sweet embayd,
 And slumbring soft my hart did steale away,
 Me seemed by my side a royall Maid
 Her dainty limbs full softly downe did lay :
 So faire a creature yet saw neuer funny day.

Most goodly glee and louely blandishment
 She to me made, and bade me loue her deare ;
 For, dearely sure her loue was to me bent,
 As when iust time expired should appeare.
 But, whether dreames delude, or true it were,
 Was neuer hart so ravish't with delight,
 Ne liuing man like words did euer heare,
 As shee to me deliur'd all that night ;
 And at her parting said, Shee *Queene* of *Fairies* hight.

15
 VWhen I awoke, and found her place devoid,
 And nought but pressed grafs where she had lye,
 I sorrowed all so much, as craft I loy'd,
 And washed all her place with watry eyen.
 From that day forth I loy'd that face diuine;
 From that day forth I cast in careful mind,
 To seeke her out with labour and long time,
 And neuer vow to rest, till her I find,
 Nine moneths I seeke in vaine, yet nill that vow vnbind.

16
 Thus as he spake, his visage waxed pale,
 And change of hew great passion did bewray;
 Yet still he stroue to cloake his inward bale,
 And hide the smoake that did his fire display,
 Till gentle *Vna* thus to him gan say;
 O happy Queene of Faeries, that hast found
 Mongit many, one that with his prowesse may
 Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound:
 True loues are often fowne, but sildom grow on ground.

17
 Thine, o then, said the gentle *Redcrosse* knight,
 Next to that Ladies loue shall be the place,
 Of fairest virgin, full of heavenly light,
 Whole wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
 Was firmeft fixt in mine extreamest case.
 And you my Lord, the Patrone of my life,
 Of that great Queene may well gaine worthy grace:
 For, onely worthy you, through prowesse price
 If liuing man mote worthy be, to be her liefe.

18
 So, diuersly discoursing of their loues,
 The golden Sunne his glistering head gan shew,
 And lad remembrance now the Prince amoues,
 With fresh desire his voyage to purfue:
 Als *Vna* earnd her trauaile to renew.
 Then those two Knights, fast friendship for to bind,
 And loue establish each to other true,
 Gaue goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mind,
 And eke the pledges firme, right hands together ioynd.

19
 Prince *Arthur* gaue a box of Diamond sure,
 Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
 Wherein were clos'd few drops of liquor pure,
 Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent;
 That any wound could heale incontinent:
 Which to requite, the *Redcrosse* knight him gaue
 A booke, wherein his Saviours testament
 Was writ with golden letters rich and braue;
 A worke of wondrous grace, and able soules to saue.

20
 Thus been they parted, *Arthur* on his way
 To seeke his loue, and th'other for to fight
 With *Vnaes* foe, that all her realme did prey.
 But she now weighing the decayed plight,
 And shrunken finewes of her chosen knight,
 Would not a while her forward course purfue,
 Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
 Till he recouer'd had his former hew:
 For, him to be yet weake and wearie, well she knew.

21
 So as they trauid, lo, they gan espy
 An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
 That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
 Or other grieftly thing, that him agast,
 Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast,
 As if his feare full followed him behind:
 Als flew his steed, as he his bands had braist,
 And with his winged heeles did tread the wind,
 As hee had been a foale of *Pegasus* his kind.

22
 Nigh as he drew, they might perceiue his head
 To be vnarm'd, and curd vncombed haire
 Vpstart stiff, dismayd with vnouth dread;
 Nor drop of bloud in all his face appeares,
 Nor life in limbe: and to increase his feares,
 In foule reproche of knighthoods faire degree,
 About his neck an hempen rope he wears,
 That with his glistering armes does ill agree;
 But he of rope or armes has now no memorie.

23
 The *Redcrosse* knight toward him crossed fast,
 To weet what mister wight was so dismayd:
 There him he finds all senselesse and agast,
 That of him selfe he seemd to be afraid;
 Whom hardly he from flying forward staid,
 Till he these wordes to him deliuer might;
 Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arraid,
 And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight:
 For, neuer knight I saw in such misseeming plight.

24
 He answerd nought at all; but adding new
 Feare to his first amazement, staring wide
 With stony eyes, and hartlesse hollow hew,
 Astonisht itood, as one that had espide
 Infernal furies, with their chaunes vtide.
 Him yet againe, and yet againe bespake
 The gentle knight; who nought to him replide,
 But trembling eury ioynt did inly quake, (shake.)
 And soltring tongue at last these wordes seem'd foorth to

25
 For Gods deare loue, Sir Knight, do me not stay;
 For loe, he comes, he comes fast after mee.
 Eft looking back, would faine haue runne away;
 But he him forc't to stay, and tellen free
 The secret cause of his perplexitie:
 Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speech,
 Could his bloud-frozen hart emboldned be;
 But through his boldnesse rather feare did reach:
 Yet forc't, at last he made through silence suddaine breach.

26
 And am I now in safetie sure (quoth he)
 From him, that would haue forced me to die?
 And is the point of death now turnd fro me,
 That I may tell this hopelesse history?
 Feare nought (quoth he) no danger now is nie?
 Then shall I you recount a ruefull case
 (Said he) the which with this vnluckie eye
 I late beheld, and had not greater grace
 Me rest from it, had been partaker of the place.

27
I lately chaunc't (would I had neuer chaunc't)
With a faire Knight to keepe companee,
Sir *Terwin* high, that well himselfe advaunc't
In all affaires, and was both bold and free,
But not so happy as mote happy bee:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Ladie gent,
That him againe lov'd in the least degree:
For, shee was proud, and of too high intent,
And ioyd to see her louer languish and lament.

28
From whom returning sad and comfortlesse,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villaine (God from him me blesse)
That cursed wight, from whom I scap't whyleare,
A man of hell, that calls himselfe *Despaire*:
Who first vs greets, and after faire arcedes
Of sydings strange, and of adventures rare:
So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

29
Which when he knew, and felt our feeble hearts
Emboist with bale, and bitter byting griefe,
Which loue had launced with his deadly darts,
With wounding words and termes of foule reprice,
He pluckt from vs all hope of due reliefe,
That earst vs held in loue of lingring life;
Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
Perfwade vs die, to stint all further strife:
To me he lent this rope, to him a rustie knife.

30
With which sad instrument of hastie death,
That woefull lover, loathing lenger light,
A wide way made to let forth living breath.
But I more fearefull, or more luckie wight,
Dismayd with that deformed dismal sight,
Fled fast away, halfe dead with dying feare:
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir Knight,
Whose like infirmitie like chaunce may beare:
But God you neuer let his charmed speeces heare.

31
How may a man (said hee) with idle speach
Be wonne, to spoile the Castle of his health?
I wote (quoth he) whom triall late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth:
His subtil tongue, like dropping honny, mealt
Into the hart, and searcheth euery vaine,
That ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is rest, and weaknesse doth remaine.
O! neuer sin desire to try his guilefull traine.

32
Certes (said he) hence shall I neuer rest,
Till I that treachours art haue heard and tride;
And you Sir Knight, whose name mote I requell,
Of grace doe me vnto his cabin guide.
I that high *Treisfan* (quoth he) will ride
(Against my liking) back, to doe you grace:
But not for gold nor glee will I abide
By you, when ye arrive in that same place;
For leuer had I die, then see his deadly face.

33
Ere long they come, where that fume wicked wight
His dwelling has, lowe in an hollow Caue,
Farre vnderneath a craggy cliff ypyght,
Dark, dolcfull, drearie, like a greedy Graue,
That still for carrion carcasses doth craue:
On top whereof aye dwelt the gastly Owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which cuer draue
Farre from that haunt all other chearfull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghoists did waile and howle.

34
And all about, old stocks and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit, nor leafe was euer seene,
Did hang vpon the ragged rockie kneces;
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcasses were scattered on the Greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arruied there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolcfull teene,
Would faine haue fled, ne durst approchen neare:
But th' other forc't him stay, and comforted in feare.

35
That darksome Caue they enter, where they find
That cursed man, lowe sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind;
His grieke locks, long growen, and vnbound,
Disordred hung about his shoulders round,
And hid his face: through which his hollow cyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheeks, through penurie and pine,
Were shrunke into his iawes, as he did neuer dine.

36
His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay vpon the grafs
A drearie corse, whose life away did pass,
All wallowd in his owne yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh alas;
In which a rustie knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

37
Which pittious spectacle, approving true
The woefull tale that *Treisfan* had told,
When as the gentle *Redcroffe* knight did view,
With fire zeale he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold,
And to the villaine said, Thou damned wight,
The author of this fact, we heere behold,
What iustice can but iudge against thee right, (sight)
With thine owne blood to price his blood, heere sined in

38
What frantick fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to giue?
What iustice cuer other iudgement taught,
But he should die, who merits not to liue?
None else to death this man despayning driue,
But his owne guiltie mind deseruing death.
Is then vnjust to each his due to giue?
Or let him die, that loatheth liuing breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liueth heere vncath?

39
 Who travels by the weary wandring way,
 To come vnto his wished home in haste,
 And meets a flood, that doth his passage stay,
 Is not great grace to help him over past,
 Or free his feet, that in the mire sticketh fast?
 Most envious man, that grieues at neighbours good,
 And sond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast,
 Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
 Vpon the banke, yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood?

40
 Hee there does now enioy eternall rest
 And happy ease, which thou doost want and craue,
 And further from it daily wandrest:
 What if some little paine the passage haue,
 That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter waue?
 Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,
 And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet graue?
 Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
 Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

41
 The Knight much wondred at his suddaine wit,
 And said, The terme of life is limited,
 Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it;
 The souldier may not moue from watchfull sted,
 Nor leaue his stand, vntill his Capitaine bed.
 Who life did limit by almighty doome
 (Quoth hee) knowes best the termes established;
 And hee, that points the Centonell his roome,
 Doth licenſe him depart at found of morning droome.

42
 Is not his deed, what euer thing is donne,
 In heauen and earth? did not hee all create
 To die againe? all ends that was begunne.
 Their times in his eternall booke of fate
 Are written sure, and haue their certaine date.
 Who then can strue with frowg necessitie,
 That holds the world in his stull changing itate,
 Or shun the death ordaind by destinie? (why.
 When hour of death is come, let none aske whence, nor

43
 The lenger life, I wote the greater sin
 The greater sin, the greater punishment:
 All those great battels, which thou boasts to win,
 Through strife, and bloodshed, and avengement,
 Now praist, heereafter deare thou shalt repent:
 For, life must life, and blood must blood repay.
 Is not enough thy euill life foreſpent?
 For hee, that once hath missed the right way,
 The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

44
 Then doe no further goe, no further stray,
 But heere lie downe, and to thy rest betake,
 Thill to prevent, that life enſewen may.
 For, what hath life, that may it loued make,
 And grieues not rather cause it to forsake?
 Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
 Paine, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake;
 And euer fickle fortune rageth rife,
 All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome life.

45
 Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
 If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state:
 For, neuer knight thar dared warlike deed,
 More lucklesse disauentures did amate:
 Witnesse the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
 Thy life shur vp, for death so oft did call:
 And though good lucke prolonged liath thy date,
 Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
 Into the which heereafter thou must happen fall.

46
 Why then doost thou, O man of sin, desire
 To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
 Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
 High heaped vp with huge iniquitie,
 Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
 Is not enough, that to this Ladie milde
 Thou falsed hast thy faith with perurie,
 And sold thy selfe to serue *Duessa* vilde,
 With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defilde?

47
 Is not he iust, that all this doth behold
 From highest heauen, and beares an equall eye?
 Shall he thy sinnes vp in his knowledge fold,
 And gultie be of thine impietie?
 Is not his Law, Let euer sinner die:
 Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,
 Is it not better to doe willingly,
 Then linger, till the glasse be all out runne?
 Death is the end of woes: die soone, O *Facies* sonne.

48
 The knight was much enuoued with his speach,
 That as a sword's point through his hart did pearce,
 And in his conscience made a secret breach,
 Well knowing true all, that hee did reuerſe,
 And to his fresh remembrance did reuerſe
 The vgly view of his deformed crimes,
 That all his manly powres it did disperse,
 As hee were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
 That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

49
 In which amazement, when the Miscreant
 Perceined him to wauer weake and fraile,
 Whiles trembling horror did his conscience dant,
 And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;
 To driue him to despair, and quite to quail,
 He shew'd him painted in a table plaine,
 The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,
 And thousand fiends that doe them endlesse paine
 With fire and brimstone, which for euer shall remaine.

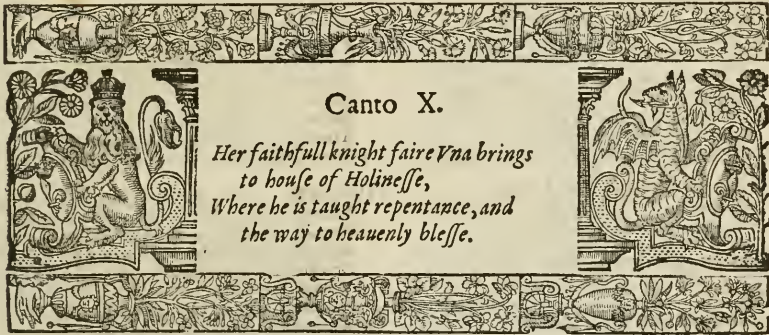
50
 The sight wherof so throughly him dismaid,
 That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
 And euer burning wrath before him laid,
 By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes law:
 Then gan the villaine him to ouercrow,
 And brought vnto him swords, ropes, poyson, fire,
 And all that might him to perdition draw;
 And bade him chuse, what death he would desire:
 For death was due to him, that had prouokt Gods ire.

But when as none of them he saw him take,
 He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
 And gaue it him in hand: his hand did quake,
 And tremble like a leafe of Alpin Greene,
 And troubled bloud through his pale face was seene
 To come and goe; with tydings from the hart,
 As it a running messenger had bene.
 At last, resolv'd to worke his finall smart,
 He lifted vp his hand, that backe againe did start.

Which when as *Vna* saw, through euery vaine
 The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
 As in a swoone: but soone relieu'd againe,
 Out of his hand she snatched the cursed knife,
 And threw it to the ground, enraged rise,
 And to him said, Fic, fie, faint harted knight,
 What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
 Is this the battell, which thou vaunt'st to fight
 With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

Come, come away, fraile, silly, fleshly wight,
 Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
 Ne deuils thoughts dismay thy constant spright.
 In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
 Why should'st thou then despair, that chosen art?
 Where iustice growes, there growes eke greater grace,
 The which doth quench the brood of hellists smart,
 And that accurst hand-writing doth deface:
 Arise, Sir Knight, arise, and leaue this cursed place.

So vp he rose, and thence amounted streight.
 Which when the Carle beheld, and saw his guest
 Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight,
 He chose an halter from among the rest,
 And with it hung himselfe, vnbid, vnblest.
 But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
 For thousand times he fo him selfe had dreit,
 Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,
 Till he should die his last, that is eternally.



Canto X.

*Her faithfull knight faire Vna brings
 to house of Holinesse,
 Where he is taught repentance, and
 the way to heavenly blesse.*

1
What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might,
 And vaine assurance of mortality.
 Which all so soone, as it doth come to fight
 Against spirituall foes, yeelds by and by,
 Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
 Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
 That thorough grace hath gain'd victory.
 If any strength we haue, it is to ill,
 But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

2
 By that which lately hapned, *Vna* saw,
 That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
 And all his finewes woxen weak and raw,
 Through long imprisonment, and hard constraint,
 Which he endured in his late restraint,
 That yet he was vnfit for bloudie fight:
 Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
 She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,
 Till he recouered had his late decayed plight.

3
 There was an ancient hou'e not farre away,
 Renom'd throughout the world for sacred lore,
 And pure vnspotted life: so well they say
 It gouern'd was, and guided euermore
 Through wisdom of a Matrone graue and hore;
 Whose onely ioy was to relieue the needs
 Of wretched soules, and help the helpless pore:
 A'l night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
 And all the day in dooing good and godly deedes.

4
 Dame *Celia* men did her call, as though
 From heauen to come, or thither to arise,
 The mother of three daughters well vpbrought
 In goodly thiewes, and godly exercise:
 The eldest too most sober, chaste, and wise,
Fidelia and *Speranza* virgins were,
 Though spous'd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
 But faire *Charissa* to a louely feere
 Was link'd, and by him had many pledges deere.

Arriued

5
 Arriu'd there, the dore they find fast lockt;
 For it was warely watched night and day,
 For feare of many foes: but when they knockt,
 The Porter opened vnto them straight way:
 He was an aged Sire, all hory gray,
 With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full flowe,
 Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
 Hight *Humilita*. They pass in stouping lowe;
 For fraight and narrow was the way, which he did showe.

6
 Each goodly thing is hardest to begin:
 But entred in, a spacious court they see,
 Both plaine, and pleasant to be walk'd in,
 Where them does meete a Franklin faire and free,
 And entertaines with comely courtesie glee,
 His name was *Zele*, that him right well became;
 For, in his speeches and behauiour hee
 Did labour liuely to expresse the fame,
 And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

7
 There fairly them receiues a gentle Squire,
 Of milde demeanure, and rare courtesie,
 Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire;
 In word and deed that shew'd great modestie,
 And knew his good to all of each degree,
 Hight *Reuerence*. Hee them with speeches meet
 Does faire entreat; no courting nicetic,
 But simple true, and eke vnfaigned sweet,
 As might become a Squire so great persons to greet.

8
 And afterwards them to his Dame he leades,
 That aged Dame, the Lady of the place:
 Who all this while was busie at her beades:
 Which doen, she vp arose with seemly grace,
 And toward them full matronly did passe.
 Where, when that fairest *Vna* she beheld,
 Whom well she knew to spring from heauenly race,
 Her hart with ioy vnwonted inly sweld,
 As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

9
 And her embracing said, O happy earth,
 Whereon thy innocent feet doe euer tread,
 Most vertuous virgin, borne of heauenly birth,
 That to redeme thy woeful Parents head,
 From Tyrants rage, and euer-dying dread,
 Hast wandred through the world now long a day;
 Yet ceasest not thy wearie soles to lead,
 What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?
 Or doest thy feeble feet vnweeting hither stray?

10
 Strange thing it is an errant Knight to see
 Here in this place, or any other way,
 That hither turnes his steps. So fewe there bee
 That chuse the narrow path, or seeke the right:
 A'l keepe the broad high way, and take delight
 With many rather for to goe astray,
 And be partakers of their euill plight,
 Then with a fewe to walke the rightest way;
 O foolish men! why haste ye to your owne decay?

11
 Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbs to rest,
 O matrone sage (quothe she) I hither came,
 And this good Knight his way with me adrest,
 Led with thy praises and broad-blaz'd fame,
 That vp to heauen is blowne. The ancient Dame,
 Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,
 And entertain'd them both, as best became,
 VVith all the courtesies that she could deuise,
 Ne wanted ought, to shew her bountious or wise.

12
 Thus as they gan of sundry things deuise,
 Lo, two moit goodly virgins came in place,
 Ylinked arme in arme in louely wise,
 VVith countenance demure, and modest grace,
 They numbred euen steps, and equall pace:
 Of which the eldest, that *Fidelia* hight,
 Like sunny beames threw from her Cryfall face,
 That could haue daz'd the rash beholders sight,
 And round about her head did shine like heuens light.

13
 Shee was arraid all in lilly white,
 And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
 VVith wine and water fill'd vp to the hight,
 In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
 That horrour made to all that did behold;
 But she no whit did change her constant mood:
 And in her other hand she fast did hold
 A booke, that was both sign'd and seald with blood,
 Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be vnderstood.

14
 Her younger Sister, that *Speranza* hight,
 VVas clad in blew, that her becomed well;
 Not all so chearefull seem'd she offight,
 As was her sister; whether dread did dwell;
 Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell:
 Vpon her arme a silver anchor lay,
 VVhereon she leaned euer, as befell:
 And euer vp to heauen, as she did pray,
 Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swar'd other way.

15
 They seeing *Vna*, towards her gan wend,
 VVho them encounters with like courtesie;
 Many kind speeches they between them spend,
 And greatly ioy each other well to see:
 Then to the Knight with shamefast modestie
 They turne themselves, at *Vnaes* meeke request,
 And him salute with well becoming glee;
 VVho faire them quites, as him belcomed best,
 And goodly can discourse of many a noble gest.

16
 Then *Vna* thus; But she your sister deare,
 The deare *Charissa*, where is she become?
 Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?
 Ah no, said they, but forth she may not come:
 For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
 And hath increast the world with one sonne more,
 That her to see should be but troublesome.
 Indeed (quothe she) that should be trouble fore,
 But thank be God, and her increast so euermore.

Then

17
Then said the aged *Cælia*, Deare Dame,
And you good Sir, I wote that of your toyle,
And labours long, through which ye hither came,
Ye both forwarder be : therefore a while
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.
Then called shee a Groome, that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and gan deposite
Of puilliant armes, and laid in easie bed ;
His name was mecke *Obedience* rightfully ared.

18
Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresh't with due repast,
Faire *Vna* gan *Fidelsia* faire request
To haue her Knight into her Schoole-houfe plac't,
That of her heauenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisdom of her words diuine.
She granted, and that Knight so much agrac't,
That she him taught celestall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

19
And that her sacred Booke, with bloud ywrit,
That none could read, except she did them teach,
She vnto him disclosed euery whit,
And heauenly documents therout did preach,
That weaker wit of man could neuer reach,
O, God, of grace, of iustice, of free will,
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach :
For, shee was able with her words to kill,
And raise againe to life the hart, that shee did thrill.

20
And, when the list poure out her larger spright,
She would commaund the halie Sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from heauens height ;
Some-times great hostes of men shee could dismay ;
Dry-flood to passe, she parts the fouds in tway ;
And eke huge Mountaines from their natie seat
She would commaund, the miselues to beare away,
And throwe in raging sea with roaring threat.
Almighty God her gaue light powre, & puissance great.

21
The faithfull knight now grew in little space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all heauenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhorre,
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,
Greeu'd with remembrance of his wicked waies,
And prick't with anguish of his finnes so fore,
That he desir'd to end his wretched daies :
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismaies.

22
But wise *Speranza* gaue him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Vpon her siluer Anchor, as was meet ;
Else had his finnes so great and manifold,
Made him forget all that *Fidelsia* told.
In this distressed doubtfull agonie,
When him his dearest *Vna* did behold,
Dildaining life, desiring leaue to die,
She found her selfe assild with great perplexitie.

23
And came to *Cælia* to declare her smart :
Who, well acquainted with that comraune plight,
Which sinfull horror works in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and aduise ment right ;
And straightway sent with careful diligence
To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grieued conscience,
And well could cure the same ; His name was *Patience*.

24
Who, coming to that soule-diseas'd knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his griefe :
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heauie spright,
Well searcht, effsoones he gan apply reliefe
Of salues and med'cines, which had passing priefe,
And thereto adde words of wondrous might :
By which to ease he him recured brieft,
And much asswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

25
But yet the cause and roote of all his ill,
Inward corruption, and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And lesstring sore did rancle yet within,
Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skin.
Which to extirpe, he laid him priuily
Downe in a darksome lowely place farre in,
Whereas he meant his corrosiues to apply,
And with streit diet tame his stubborne malady.

26
In ashes and sackcloth hee did aray
His dainty corse, proud humours to abate,
And dieted with fasting euery day,
The swelling of his wounds to mitigate,
And made him pray both early and eke late :
And euer as superfluous flesh did rot,
Amendement ready still at hand did wait,
To pluck it out with pincers fire hot,
That soone in him was left no one corrupted spot.

27
And bitter *Penance*, with an iron whip,
Was wont him once to disple euery day :
And sharpe *Remorse* his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of bloud thence like a well did play ;
And sad *Repentance* vsed to embay,
His body in salt water smirting fore,
The filthy blots of sinne to wash away.
So in short space they did to health restore
The man that would not liue, but earst lay at deaths dore.

28
In which, his torment often was so great,
That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
And rend his flesh, and his owne sinewes eat.
His owne deare *Vna* hearing euermore
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments, and her golden haire,
For pity of his paine and anguish sore ;
Yet all with patience wisely shee did beare ;
For well she wist, his crime could else be neuer cleare.

Whom

Whom thus recouer'd by wifc *Patience*,
 And true *Repentance*, they to *Vna* brought:
 Who ioyous of his cured confidence,
 Him dearly kift, and fairely eke befought
 Himfelfe to cherifh, and consuming thought
 To put away out of his carefull brest.
 By this, *Chariffa*, late in child-bed brought,
 Was woxen ftrong, and left her fruitfull neft;
 To her, faire *Vna* brought this vnacquainted gueft.

Shee was a woman in her frefheft age,
 Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
 With goodly grace and comely perfonage,
 That was on earth not eafie to compare;
 Full of great loue, but *Cupids* wanton fcare
 As hell fhe hated, chafte in work and will;
 Her neck and breafte were euer open bare,
 That aye thereof her babes might fuck their fill;
 The reft was all in yellow robes arraid ftill.

A multitude of babes about her hong,
 Playing their fports, that ioyd her to behold,
 Whom ftill fhe fed, whiles they were weake and young,
 But thruft them forth ftill, as they waxed old:
 And on her head fhe wore a tyre of gold,
 Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire,
 Whofe paffing price vneath was to be told;
 And by her fide there fate a gentle paire
 Of Turtle doves, fhe fitting in an Iuorie chaire.

The Knight and *Vna* entring, faire her greet,
 And bid her ioy of that her happy brood;
 Who them requites with courties feeming meet,
 And entertaines with friendly chearfull mood.
 Then *Vna* her befought to be fo good,
 As in her vertuous rules to fchoole her knight,
 Now after all his torment well withftood,
 In that fad houfe of *Penance*. where his fpright
 Had paff the paines of hell, and long enduring night.

She was right ioyous of her iuft request,
 And taking by the hand that *Facies* fonne,
 Gan him inftrect in euery good behest,
 Of froue, and righteousnelle, and well to donne,
 And wrath and hatred warily to fhunne,
 That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
 And many foules in dolours had fordonne:
 In which, when him the well inftrected hath,
 From thence to heauen fhe teacheth him the ready path.

Wherein his weaker wandring fteps to guide,
 An ancient Matrone fhe to her does call,
 Whofe fober lookes her wifedome well defcride:
 Her name was *Mercy*, well knowne ouer all,
 To be both gracious, and eke liberall:
 To whom the carefull charge of him the gaue,
 To lead aright, that he fhould neuer fall
 In all his waies through this wide worlds waue,
 That *Mercy* in the end his righteous foule might faue.

The godly Matrone by the hand him beares
 Forth from her prelfence, by a narrow way,
 Scattered with bufhy thornes, and ragged breares,
 V Which ftill before him fhe remoou'd away,
 That nothing might his ready paffage ftay:
 And euer when his feete encombred were;
 Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to ftay,
 She held him faft, and firmly did vpbeare,
 As careful Nurf her child from falling oft dovs reare.

Estfoones vnto an holy Hofpital,
 That was fore by the way, fhee did him bring,
 In which feauen Bead-men, that had vowed all
 Their life to feruice of high heuens King,
 Did fpend their dayes in dooing godly thing:
 Their gates to all were open euermore,
 That by the wearie way were traauiling,
 And one fate waiting euer them before,
 To call in commers-by, that needy were and pore.

The firft of them that eldeft was, and beft,
 Of all the houfe had charge and gouernment,
 As Guardian and Steward of the reft:
 His office was to giue entertainment
 And lodging, vnto all that came, and went:
 Not vnto fuch, as could him feaft againe,
 And double quite for that he on them fpeut,
 But fuch as want of harbour did conftaine:
 Thofe for Gods fake his dutie was to entertaine.

The fecond was an Almer of the place:
 His office was, the hungry for to feed,
 And thrifly giue to drinke, a worke of grace:
 He feard not once himfelfe to be in need,
 Ne car'd to hoord for thofe, whom he did breed:
 The grace of God he laid vp ftill in ftore,
 Which as a ftocke he left vnto his feed:
 He had enough, what need him care for more?
 And had he leffe, yet fome he would giue to the pore.

The third had of their Wardrobe cuftodie,
 In which were not rich tires, nor garments gay,
 The plumes of pride, and wings of vanitie,
 But clothez meet to keepe keene cold away,
 And naked nature feemely to array;
 With which, bare wretched wights he daily clad,
 The images of God in earthly clay;
 And if that no fpare clothes to giue he had,
 His owne coate he would cut, and it diftribute glad.

The fourth appointed by his office was,
 Poore prifoners to relieue with gracions ayd,
 And captiues to redeeme with price of brais,
 From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had ftaid;
 And though they faultie were, yet well he waid,
 That God to vs forgieueh euery wone
 Much more then that why they in bands were layd,
 And he that harrow'd hell with heauie ftowre, (bowre.
 The faultie foules from thence brought to his heauenlic

The fift had charge, sick persons to attend,
 And comfort those in point of death which lay;
 For, them most needeth comfort in the end,
 When sin, and hell, and death doe most dismay
 The feeble soule departing hence away.
 All is but lost, that liuing we bestowe,
 If not well ended at our dying day.
 O man! haue mind of that last bitter throwe;
 For, as the tree does fall, so lyes it euer lowe.

The sixt had charge of them now beeing dead,
 In seemely sort their corpes to engraue,
 And deck with dainty flowres their bridall bed,
 That to their heauenly Spouse both sweet and braue
 They might appeare, when he their soules shall saue.
 The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
 Whose face he made all beafts to feare, and gaue
 All in his hand, euen dead we honour should.
 Ah dearest God me grant, I dead be not discould.

The seauenth, now after death and buriall done,
 Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead
 And widowes ayde, least they should be vndone:
 In face of Iudgement he their right would plead,
 Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
 In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
 Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread:
 And when they stood in most necessitee,
 He did supply their want, and gaue them euer free.

There when the Elfin Knight arriued was,
 The first and chiefeft of the seauen, whose care
 Was guests to welcome, towards him did pass:
 Where, seeing *Mercy*, that his steps vp bare,
 And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare
 He humbly louted in meeke lowchinesse,
 And seemly welcome for her did prepare:
 For, of their Order shee was Patronesse,
 Albe *Charissa* were their chiefeft Foundresse.

There she awhile him staies, himselfe to rest,
 That to the rest more able he might be:
 During which time, in euery good behest,
 And godly worke of Almes and charitee,
 She him instructed with great industrie;
 Shortly therein so perfect he became,
 That from the first vnto the last degree,
 His mortall life he learned had to frame
 In holie righteoufnesse, without rebuke or blame.

Thence forward, by that painefull way they pass,
 Forth to an hill that was both steepe and hie;
 On top where of a sacred Chappell was,
 And eke a little Hermitage thereby,
 Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
 That day and night said his deuotion,
 Ne other worldly busines did apply;
 His name was heauenly *Contemplation*;
 Of God and goodnesse was his meditation.

Great grace that old man to him giuen had;
 For God he often saw from heauens hight.
 All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,
 And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
 Yet wondrous quick and perceant was his spright,
 As Eagles eye, that can behold the tunne:
 That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
 That his fraile thighes migh wearie and fordonne
 Can faile; but by her help the top at last he wonne.

There they doe find that godly aged Sire,
 With snowy locks adowne his shoulders shed,
 As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire
 The mossy branches of an Oake halfe dead.
 Each bone might through his body well be red,
 And euery sinew seene through his long fat:
 For, nought he car'd his carcasse long vsed;
 His mind was full of spirituall repast,
 And pynd his flesh, to keepe his body lowe and chaste.

Who, when these two approching he espide,
 At their first presence grew agrieued fore,
 That fore t'him lay his heauenly thoughts aside;
 And had he not that Dame respected more,
 Whom highly he did reuerence and adore,
 He would not once haue moued for the Knight.
 They him saluted standing farre afore:
 Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,
 And asked to what end they clomb that tedious height.

What end (quoth she) should cause vs take such paine,
 But that same end, which euery liuing wight
 Should make his marke, high heauen to attaine?
 Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
 To that most glorious house, that glisteth bright
 With burning itarres, and euer-liuing fire,
 Whereof the keyes are to thy hand beight
 By wise *Fidelia*? shee doth thee require,
 To shew it to this Knight, according his desire.

Thrice happy man, said then the father graue,
 Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
 And shewes the way, his sinfull soule to saue:
 Who better can the way to heauen areade,
 Then thou thy selfe, that was both borne and bred
 In heauenly throne, where thousand Angels shine?
 Thou doost the prayers of the righteous feed
 Present before the Maiestie diuine,
 And his auenging wrath to clemencie incline.

Yet sith thou bidst, thy pleasure shall be donne.
 Then come thou man of carth, and see the way
 That neuer yet was seene of Faeries sonne,
 That neuer leads the trauailer astray;
 But, after labours long, and sad delay,
 Brings them to ioyous rest and endlesse blifs.
 But, first, thou must a season fast and pray,
 Till from her bands the spright affloiled is,
 And haue her strength recurd from fraile infirmities.

E.

That

53
That done, he leads him to the highest Mount;
Such one, as that same mighty man of God,
That red-red billowes like a walled front
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt fortie daies vpon; where, writ in stone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balckful mone
He did receiue, whiles flashing fire about him shone.

54
Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adorn'd with fruitfull Oliues all around,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord, who of thercon was found,
For euer with a flowing girlond crown'd:
Or like that pleasant Mount, that is for ay
Through famous Poes vsrse each where renown'd,
On which the thrice three learned Ladies play
Their heauenly notes, and make full many a louely lay.

55
From thence, farre off he vnto him did shew
A little path, that was both steep and long,
Which to a goodly Citie led his view;
Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
Of pearle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song;
The Caine of the great King high it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

56
As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed Angels to and fro descend
From highest heauen, in gladfome companie,
And with great ioy into that Citie wend,
As commonly as friend does with his friend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her loftie towres vnto the starry Sphere,
And what vnknowne nation there empeopled were.

57
Faire Knight (quoth he) *Hierusalem* that is,
The new *Hierusalem*, that God has build,
For those to dwell-in that are chosen his,
His chosen people, purg'd from sinfull guilt,
With pittious bloud, which cruelly was spilt
On curst tree, of that vnspotted Lam,
That for the finnes of all the world was kilt:
Now are they Saints all in that Citie sam,
More deare vnto their God, then younglings to their dam.

58
Till now, said then the Knight, I weened well,
That great *Cleopolis*, where I haue been,
In which that fairest *Faerie Queene* doth dwell:
The fairest Citie was, that might be fene;
And that bright towre all built of crystall cleene,
Panthea, seem'd the brightest thing that was:
But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene;
For, this great Citie, that does farre surpass, (g)lafs.
And this bright Angels towre, quite dims that towre of

59
Most true, then said the holy aged man;
Yet is *Cleopolis*, for earthly fame,
The fairest peece, that eye beholden can:
And well beftemes all Knights of noble name,
That couet in th'immortal booke of fame
To be eternized, that fame to haunt,
And doen their seruice to that foueright Dame,
That glorie does to them for guerdon graunt:
For, thee is heauenly borne, and heauen may iustly vaunt.

60
And thou faire imp, sprung out from English race,
How euer now accounted Elfins sonne,
Well worthy dost thy seruice for her grace,
To ayde a virgin desolate foredonne.
But, when thou famous victorie hast wonne,
And high amongst all Knights hast hung thy shield,
Thence-forth the suit of earthly conquest shonne,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
For, bloud can nought but sin, & warres but sorowes yield.

61
Then seeke this path, that I to thee preface,
Which after all to heauen shall thee send;
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder same *Hierusalem* doe bend,
Where is for thee ordain'd a blessed end:
For, thou amongst those Saints, whom thou dost see,
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations friend
And Patrone: thou Saint *George* shalt called bee,
Saint *George* of mery England, the signe of victorie.

62
Vnworthy wretch (quoth he) of so great grace,
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?
These that haue it attained, were in like case
(Quoth he) as wretched, and liu'd in like paine.
But deeds of armes must I at last be faine,
And Ladies loue to leaue, so dearly bought?
What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine
(Said he) and battailes none are to be fought?
As for loofe loues are vaine, and vanish into nought.

63
O! let me not (quoth he) retorne againe
Back to the world, whose ioyes so fruitelesse are;
But let me heere for aye in peace remaine,
Or straight way on that last long voyage fare,
That nothing may my present hope empare.
That may not be (said he) ne maist thou yit
Forgo that royall maides bequeathed care,
Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
Till from her curst foe thou haue her freely quit.

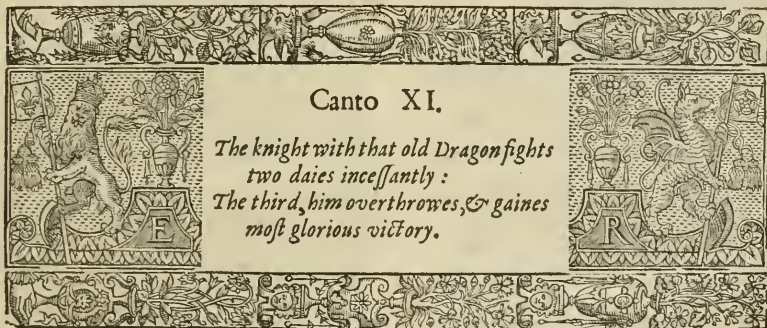
64
Then shall I soone (quoth he) so God me grace,
Abet that virgins cause disconsolate,
And shortly back retorne vnto this place,
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.
But now aread, old father, why of late
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?
That word shall I (said he) avouchen good,
Sith to thee is vnknowne the cradle of thy brood.

65
For well I wote, thou springst from ancient race
Of *Saxon* Kings, that haue with mighty hand
And many bloody battailes fought in place,
High rear'd their royall throne in *Britaine* land,
And vanquisht them, vnable to withstand:
From thence a Faery thee vnweeting rest,
There as thou slepst in tender swaddling band,
And her base *Elfin* brood there for thee left.
Such, men do Changelings call, so chang'd by Faeries theft.

66
Thence shee thee brought into this Faerie lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hide;
Where, thee a Ploughman all vnweeting fond,
As he his toilefome teame that way did guide,
And brought thee vp in ploughmans state to bide,
Wherof *Georgos* he thee gaue to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pride,
To Faery Court thou cam'st to seek for fame,
And proue thy quilliant armes, as seemes thee best became.

67
O holy Sire (quoth he) how shall I quight
The many fauours I with thee haue found,
That hast my name and nation red aright,
And taught the way that does to heauen bound?
This said, adowne he looked to the ground,
To haue return'd, but dazed were his cyne
Through passing brightnesse, which did quite confound
His feeble sense, and too exceeding shine.
So darke are earthly things compar'd to things diuine.

68
At last, when as himselfe he gan to find,
To *Vna* back he cast him to retire;
Who him awaited still with pensue mind.
Great thanks and goodly meed, to that good fire,
He thence departing gaue for his pines hire.
So came to *Vna*, who him ioy'd to see,
And after little rest, gan him desire,
Of her adventure mindfull for to be.
So leaue they take of *Calia*, and her daughters three.



Canto XI.

*The knight with that old Dragon fights
two daies incessantly:
The third, him overthrowes, & gains
most glorious victory.*

1
High time now gan it wax for *Vna* faire,
To thinke of those her captiue Parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdome to repaire:
Whereto when as they now approached neare,
With hartly words her Knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest manner thus bespake;
Deare knight, as deare as euer Knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heauen behold the tedious toyle ye for me take.

2
Now are we come vnto my natiue foyle,
And to the place where all our perils dwell;
Heere haunts that fiend, and does his daily spoyle,
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
And euer ready for your foeman fell.
The sparke of noble courage now awake,
And striue your excellent selfe to excell;
That shall ye euermore renowned make
About all knights on earth, that battaile vndertake.

3
And pointing forth, lo, yonder is (said she)
The brazen towre, in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge fiend imprison'd be,
Whom I from far, see on the walls appeare,
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare:
And on the top of all, I doe espie
The watchman waiting, tydings glad to heare,
That (o my parents) might I happily
Vnto you bring, to ease you of your misery.

4
With that, they heard a roaring hideous sound,
That all the ayre with terrour filled wide,
And seem'd vneath to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadfull Dragon they espide,
Where stretcht he lay vpon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great bill.
But all so soone, as he from farre deseride
Those glistering armes, that heauen with light did fill,
He rous'd himselfe full blithe, and hastned them vntill.

Then bade the Knight this Lady yede aloofe,
 And to an hill her selfe with-drawe aside,
 From whence she might behold that batailles prooffe,
 And eke be safe from danger far deferde:
 She him obayd, and turnd a little wide.
 Now, ô thou sacred Muse, most learned Dame,
 Faire Impe of *Phœbus*, and his aged bride,
 The Nurse of time, and euerslasting fame,
 That warlike hands ennobleth with immortall name;

O gently come into my feeble brest,
 Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
 Where-with the Martiall troupes thou doest infect,
 And harts of great Heroës doest enrage,
 That nought their kindled courage may asswage;
 Soone as thy dreadfull trumpe begins to sound,
 The God of warre with his fierce equipage
 Thou doost awake, sleepe neuer he so sound,
 And feated Nations doost with horrour sterne astound.

Faire Goddesse lay that furious fit aside,
 Till I of warres and bloody *Mars* doe sing,
 And Briton fields with Sarazin bloud bedide,
 Twixt that great Faery Queene and Paynim King,
 That with their horrour heauen and earth did ring,
 A worke of labour long, and endlesse praise:
 But, now awhile let downe that haughty string,
 And to my tunes thy second tenor raise,
 That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

By this, the dreadfull Beast drew nigh to hand,
 Halfe flying, and halfe footing in his haste,
 That with his largeness measured much land,
 And made wide shadowe vnder his huge waste:
 As mountaine doth the valley ouercast.
 Approching nigh, he reared high afore
 His body monitrous, horrible, and vast,
 Which (to increase his wondrous greatness more)
 Was swolne with wrath, and poyson, and with bloody gore.

And ouer, all with brazen scales was arm'd,
 Like plated coate of steele, so couched neare,
 That nought mote pearce, ne might his corse be harm'd
 With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare;
 Which as an Eagle, seeing prey appeare,
 His aery plumes doth rouse, full rudely dight,
 So shaketh he, that horrour was to heare:
 For, as the clashing of an Armour bright,
 Such noyse his rouzed scales did send vnto the Knight.

His fleggy wings when forth he did display,
 Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wind
 Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
 And eke the pennes that did his pincons bind,
 Were like maine-yards, with flying canvas lin'd;
 With which, when as him list the ayre to beat,
 And there by force vnwonted passage find,
 The cloudes before him fled for terrour great,
 And all the heauens stood still amazed with his threat.

His huge long taile, wound vp in hundred folds,
 Does ouerspred his long brafs-sealy back:
 V whose wreathed boughts when euer he vnfolde,
 And thicke entangled knots adowne does slack;
 Bespotted all with shields of red and black,
 It sweepeeth all the Land behind him farre,
 And of three furlongs does but little lack;
 And at the point two stings in-fixed erre,
 Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

But stings and sharpest steele did far exceed
 The sharpnesse of his cruell rending claws;
 Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
 What euer thing does touch his rauinous pawes,
 Or what within his reach he euer draws.
 But, his most hideous head, my tongue to tell
 Does tremble: for, his deepe deuouring iawes
 Wide gaped, like the grisly mouth of hell,
 Through which into his darke abyffe all raiuin fell.

And that more wondrous was, in either iawe
 Three ranks of iron teeth enranged were,
 In which, wy trickling bloud and gobbets rawe
 Of late deuoured bodies did appeare,
 That fight thereof bred cold congealed feare:
 Which to increase, and all attonce to kull,
 A cloude of smothering smoake and sulphur seare
 Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
 That all the ayre about with smoake and stench did fill.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,
 Did burne with wrath, and sparkled liuing fire:
 As two broad Beacons, set in open fields,
 Send forth their flames farre off to euery Shire,
 And warning giue, that enemies conspire,
 With fire and sword the region to invade;
 So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous ire:
 But farre within, as in a hollowe glade,
 Those glaring lamps were set, that made a dreadfull shade.

So dreadfully he towards him did pafs,
 Forelissing vp aloft his speckled brest,
 And often bounding on the brused grafs,
 As for great ioyance of his new-come guest.
 Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
 As chauffed Bore his bristles doth vpreare,
 And shooke his scales to battell ready drest;
 That made the *Redcrosse* Knight nigh quake for feare,
 As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

The Knight gan fairely couch his steady speare,
 And fiercely ranne at him with rigorous might:
 The pointed steele arnuing rudely there,
 His harder hide would neither pearce nor bight,
 But glauncing by forth passed forward right;
 Yet tore amouced with so puissant push,
 The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
 And him so rudely passing by, did brush
 With his long taile, that horse & man to ground did rush.

17
Both horſe and man vp lightly roſe againe,
And freſh encounter towards him addreſt:
But th' idle ſtroke yet back recoil'd in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to reſt.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beaſt,
To be avenged of ſo great deſpight;
For, neuer felt his imperceivable breſt
So wondrous force from hand of liuing wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puſſant knight.

18
Then with his waving wings diſplayed wide,
Himſelfe vp high he liſted from the ground,
And with ſtrong flight did forcibly diuide
The yielding aire, which nigh too feeble found
Her fitting parts, and element vnfound,
To beare ſo great a weight: he cutting way
With his broad ſailes, about him ſoared round:
At laſt, lowe ſtouping with vnweldic ſway,
Snatcht vp both horſe and man, to beare them quite away.

19
Long he them bore about the ſubiect Plaine,
So farre as Ewghen bowe a ſhaft may ſend,
Till ſtrugling ſtrong did him at laſt conſtraine,
To let them downe before his ſlightes end:
As haſard Hauke, preſuming to contend
With hardie fowle, about his able might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth ſpend,
To truſſe the prey too heauie for his flight; (fight.
Which comming downe to ground, does free it ſelfe by

20
Hee ſo diſſeized of his gryping groſſe,
The Knight his thrilant ſpeare againe aſſaid
In his brals-plated body to embolſe,
And three mens ſtrength vnto the ſtroke he laid;
Where-with the ſuffe beame quaked, as afraid,
And glauncing from his ſcaly neck, did glide
Cloſe vnder his left wing, then broad diſplaid,
The piercing ſteele there wrought a wound full wide,
That with the vncouth ſmart the Monſter loudly cride.

21
Hee cryde, as raging ſeas are wont to rore,
When wintry ſtorme his wrathfull wreck does threat,
The rolling billowes beat the ragged ſhore,
As they the earth would ſhoulder from her ſeate,
And greedy gulfe does gape, ſhe would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the bluſtring brethren boldly threat,
To moue the world from off his ſtedfaſt henge,
And boyſtrous battell make, each other to avenge.

22
The ſteely head ſtuck faſt ſtill in his fleſh,
Till with his cruell clawes he ſnatcht the wood,
And quite aſunder broke. Forth ſlowed freſh
A gulhing riuer of black goarie blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he ſtood;
The ſtreame thereof would driue a water-mill.
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter ſenſe of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large noſcthrill.

23
His hideous taile then hurled he about,
And there-with all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-formie ſteed, whoſe courage ſtout
Striuing to loole the knot, that faſt him tyes,
Himſelfe in ſtraighter bands too raſh impyles,
That to the ground he is perforce conſtraind
To throw his rider: who can quickly riſe
From off the earth, with dirty blood diſtaind;
For, that reprochefull fall nigh foully he diſdaind:

24
And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he ſtrooke ſo furious and ſo fell,
That nothing ſeemd the puſſance could withſtand:
Vpon his creſt the hardened iron fell,
But his more hardened creſt was armed ſo well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet ſo extremely did he buſſe him quell,
That from thenceforth he ſuffe the like to take,
But when he ſaw them come, he did them ſtill forſake.

25
The knight was wroth to ſee his ſtroke beguil'd,
And ſmote againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the ſparking ſteele recoil'd,
And left not any marke where it did light;
As if in Adamant rock it had beene pight.
The beaſt impatient of his ſmarting wound,
And of ſo fierce and forcible deſpight,
Thought with his wings to flye about the ground;
But his late wounded wing vnſerueiceable found.

26
Then full of griefe and anguiſh vehement,
Helouly brayd, that like was neuer heard,
And from his wide deuouring oven ſent
A ſlake of fire, that flaſhing in his beard,
Him all amiz'd, and almoſt made affeard:
The ſcorching flame fore ſinged all his face,
And through his armour all his body feard,
That he could not endure ſo cruell caſe,
But thought his armes to leaue, and helmet to vnlace.

27
Not that great Champion of the antique world,
Whom famous Poets verſe ſo much doth daunt,
And hath for twelue huge labours high extold,
So many furies and ſtarp fits did haunt,
When him the poiſoned garment did enchaunt
With Centaures blood, and bloudie verſes charm'd,
As did this knight twelue thouſand dolours daunt,
Whom fire ſteele now burnt, that caſt him arm'd,
That erſt him goodly arm'd, now moſt of all him harm'd.

28
Faint, weary, ſore, emboyled, grieued, brent
With heate, toyle, wounds, armes, ſmart, & inward fire
That neuer man ſuch miſehieſes did torment;
Death better were, death did he oft deſire:
But death will neuer come when needs require.
Whom ſo diſtraid when that his foe beheld,
He caſt to ſuffr him no more reſpire,
But gan his ſturdie ſterne about to weld,
And lum ſo ſtrongly ſtrooke, that to the ground him feld.

29
It fortun'd (as faire it then befell)
Behind his back (vnweeting) where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing Well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.
Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got
That happy Land, and all with innocent blood
Defil'd those sacred waues, it rightly hot
The Well of Life : ne yet his vertues had forgot.

30
For, vnto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away ;
Those that with sicknesse were infected fore,
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as it were borne that very day.
Both *Silo* this, and *Iordan* did excell,
And th' *English Bath*, and eke the german *Spaw*,
Ne can *Cephise*, nor *Hebrus* match this Well :
Into the fame, the knight (back overthrowen) fell.

31
Now gan the golden *Phabus* for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the West,
And his faint steeds wated in Ocean deep,
Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest,
When that infernall Monster, hauing keft
His weary foe into that liuing Well,
Can high aduance his broad discoloured breft
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his iron wings, as *Victor* he did dwell.

32
Which when his pensue *Ladie* saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre,
And gan to highest God entirely pray,
That feared chance from her to turne away ;
With folded hands and knees full lowly bent
All night she watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dremiment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

33
The morrow next gan early to appeare,
That *Titan* rose to runne his daily race ;
But early ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire *Titans* deawy face,
Vp rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if shee might spy
Her loued knight to moue his manly pafe :
For, shee had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

34
At last she saw, where he vpstart braue
Out of the Well, wherein he drenched lay ;
As Eagle fresh out of the Ocean waue,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gray,
Like Eyas hauke vp mounts vnto the skyes,
His newly budded pineons to assay,
And maruailes at himselfe, still as he flies :
So new, this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

35
Whom, when the damned fiend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted, whether his late enemy
It were, or other new supplied knight.
He, now to proue his late renewed might,
High brandishing his bright dew-burning blade,
Vpon his crested scalpe so fore did smite,
That to the skull a yawning wound it made :
The deadly dint his dulled senses all dismaid.

36
I wote not, whether there euenging Steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew ;
Or other secret vertue did entew ;
Else, neuer could the force of fleshy arme,
Ne molten metall in his blood embrew :
For, till that found could neuer wight him harme,
By subtiltie, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

37
The cruell wound enraged him so fore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine ;
As hundred ramping Lyons seem'd to rore,
Whom rauenous hunger did thereto constraîne :
Then gan he tolle aloft his stretched traine,
And there-with scourge the buxome ayre so fore,
That to his force to yelden it was faine ;
Ne ought his sturdie strokes might stand afore,
That high trees ouerthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

38
The same aduancing high aboue his head,
With sharp intended sting so rude him smot,
That to the earth him droue, as striken dead ;
Ne liuing wight would haue him life behot :
The mortall sting his angry needle shot
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seald,
Where fast it stuck, ne would there out be got :
The grieft thereof him wondrous fore diseald,
Ne might his rankling paine with patience be appeald.

39
But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
Then of the grieuous smart which him did wring,
From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
And stroue to loose the farre infixt string :
Which when in vaine he tride with struggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty sting
Of his huge taile he quite in sunder cleft,
Five ioynts thereof he hew'd, and but the stump him left.

40
Hart cannot think, what outrage, and what cryes,
With soule enfoldred smoake and flasting fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth vnto the skyes,
That all was couered with darknesse dire :
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged ire,
He cast at once him to auenge for all,
And gathering vp himselfe out of the mire,
With his vneuen wings did fiercely fall
Vpon his sunne-bright shield, and gap't it fast withall.

Much

41
 Much was the man encombr'd with his hold,
 In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
 Ne wist yet how his talants to vnfold;
 Nor harder was from *Cerberus* greedie iaw
 To pluck abone, then from his cruell claw
 To reauce by strength the griped gage away:
 Thrice he afraid it from his foot to draw,
 And thrice in vaine to draw it did assy,
 It booted nought to thinke, to robbe him of his pray.

42
 Tho when he saw no power might preuaile,
 His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
 Where-with he fiercely did his foe assaile,
 And double blowes about him stoutly laide,
 That glauncing fire out of the iron plaid;
 As sparkles from the anvile vse to fly,
 When heauie hammers on the wedge are swaid;
 There-with at last he forc't him to vntie
 One of his grasping feet, him to defend thereby.

43
 The other foot fast fixed on his shield,
 When as no strength nor strokes mote him constrain
 To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
 He smore therat with all his might and maine,
 That nought so wondrous puillance might sustaine;
 Vpon the ioynt the lucky Steele did light,
 And made such way, that hew'd it quite in twaine;
 The paw yet mis'd not his minisht might,
 But hung still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

44
 For griefe thereof, and diuelliſh despight,
 From his infernall furnace forth he threw
 Huge flames, that dimm'd all the heauens light,
 Entold in duskiſh smoake and brimstone blew;
 As burning *Aetna* from his boyling stew
 Doth belch out flames, and rocks in peeces broke,
 And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
 Enwrapt in coleblack clouds and filthy smoake,
 That all the Land with stench, & heauen with horror choke.

45
 The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,
 So sore him noyd, that forc't him to retire
 A little backward for his best defence,
 To saue his body from the scorching fire,
 Which he from hellish estrailes did expire.
 It chaunc't (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
 As he recoyled backward, in the mire
 His nigh forward feet did tread did slide,
 And downe he fell, with dread of shame fore terrifide.

46
 There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosie red,
 As they in pure Vermilion had beene dide,
 Whereof great vertues ouer all were red:
 For, happy life to all which thereon fed,
 And life eke euerlasting did befall:
 Great God it planted in that blessed sted
 With his almighty hand, and did it call
 The Tree of Life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

47
 In all the world like was not to be found,
 Saue in that soile, where all good things did growe,
 And freely sprong out of the fruitfull ground,
 As incorrupt Nature did them sowe,
 Till that dread Dragon all did overthrowe.
 Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
 Whereof whoſo did eat, effoones did knowe
 Both good and ill: O mournfull memory!
 That tree through one mans fault hath done vs all to die.

48
 From that first tree forth flow'd, as from a Well,
 A trickling streame of Balme, most soueraine
 And dautie deare, which on the ground still fell,
 And ouerflowed all the fertill Plaine,
 As it had deawed been with timely raine:
 Life and long health that gracious oymnt gawe,
 And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe
 The senselesse corse appointed for the Graue.
 Into that same he fell: which did from death him saue.

49
 For nigh thereto the euer damned beast
 Durit not approche, for he was deadly made,
 And all that life preferred, did detest:
 Yet he it oft aduentur'd to invade.
 By this, the drouping day-light gan to fade,
 And yeeld his roome to sad succeeding night,
 Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
 The face of earth, and waies of fluiſing wight,
 And high her burning torch set vp in heauen bright.

50
 When gentle *Vna* saw the second fall
 Of her deare knight, who weary of long fight,
 And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,
 But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight,
 Befineard with precious Balme, whose vertuous might
 Did heale his wounds, and scorching heate alay,
 Againe shee stricken was with fore affright,
 And for his safetie gan deuoutly pray;
 And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

51
 The ioyous day gan early to appeare,
 And faire *Aurora* from her dewy bed
 Of aged *Tithone* gan her selfe to reare,
 With rosie cheekes, for shame as blushing red;
 Her golden locks for haste were loosely shed
 About her eares, when *Vna* her did mark
 Climbe to her charet, all with flowers spred;
 From heauen high to chase the chearelesse dark,
 With merry note her loud salutes the mounting Lark.

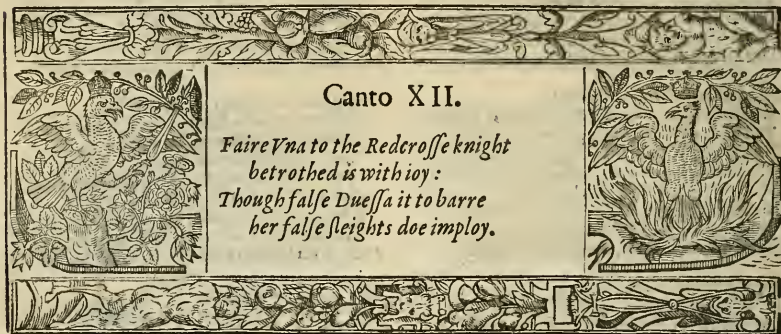
52
 Then freshly vp arose the doughty knight,
 All healed of his hurts and woundez wide,
 And did him selfe to battell ready dight;
 Whose early foe awaiting him beside
 To haue deuour'd, so soone as day he spide,
 When now he saw him selfe so freshly reare,
 As if late fight had nought him damnisfide,
 He woxe dumaid, and gan his fate to feare;
 Nathlesse, with wonted rage he him advanced neare.

53
 And in his first encounter, gaping wide,
 Hec thought atonce him to haue swallowd quight,
 An l rusht vpon him with outrageous pride;
 Who him r'encountering fierce, as hauke in flight,
 Perforce rebuted back. The weapon bright,
 Taking advantage of his open iaw,
 Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
 That deepe empeare't his darksome hollow maw,
 And back retr'y'd, his life blond forth withall did drawe.

54
 So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
 That vanish into smoake and cloudes swift;
 So downe he fell, that th'earth him vnderneath
 Did groane, as feeble fo great loade to lift;

So downe he fell, as an huge rockie clift,
 Whose false foundation waues haue wast away,
 With dreadfull poysie is from the maine land rift,
 And rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay;
 So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

55
 The Knight himselfe euen trembled at his fall,
 So huge and horrible a masse it seem'd;
 And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,
 Durst not approche for dread, which she misdeem'd:
 But yet at last, when as the direfull seend
 She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright,
 She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end:
 Then God she pray'd, and thank't her faithfull knight,
 That had atchieu'd so great a conquest by his might.



Canto XII.

*Faure Vna to the Redcrosse knight
 betrothed is with ioy:
 Though false Duessa it to barre
 her false sleights doe imploy.*

1
BEhold, I see the Hauen nigh at hand,
 To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
 Vere the maine shete, & beare vp with the land,
 The which afore is fairely to be kend,
 And seemeth safe from stormes, that may offend;
 There this faire Virgin wearie of her way
 Must landed be, now at her iourneys end:
 There eke my feeble Barke a while may stay,
 Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

2
 Scarcely had *Phobus* in the glooming East
 Yet harness'd his fire-footed teeme,
 Ne reard about the earth his flaming crest,
 When the last deadly smoake aloft did steeme,
 That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme,
 Vnto the watchman on the Castle wall;
 Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,
 And to his Lord and Lady loud gan call,
 To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatal fall.

3
 Vprose with hastie ioy, and feeble speed
 That aged Sire, the Lord of all that land,
 And looked forth, to weet if true indeed
 Those tydings were, as he did vnderstand:

Which when as true by tryall he ontound,
 He bade to open wide his brazen gate,
 Which long time had been shut, and out of hond
 Proclaimed ioy and peace through all his State;
 For dead now was their foe, which them forraied late.

4
 Then gan triumphant Trumpets sound on hie,
 That sent to heauen the echoed report
 Of their new ioy, and happy victory
 Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,
 And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
 Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
 To him assembled with one fall confort,
 Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,
 From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

5
 Forth came that ancient Lord and aged Queene,
 Arraid in antique robes downe to the ground,
 And sad habiliments right well besene;
 A noble crew about them waited round
 Of sage and sober Peeres, all grauely gownd;
 Whom farre before did march a goodly band
 Of all young men, all able armes to found,
 But now they Laurell branches bore in hand;
 Glad signe of victorie and peace in all their land.

6

Vnto that doughty Conquerour they came,
 And him before, themſelues proſtrating lowe,
 Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclaime,
 And at his feet their Laurell boughes did throwe.
 Soone after them, all dauncing on a rowe
 The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
 As freſh as flowres in meadow Greene doe growe,
 When morning dew vpon their leaues doth light:
 And in their hands ſweet Tymbrels all vpheld on hight.

7

And them before, the fry of children young
 Their wanton ſports and childiſh mirth did play,
 And to the Maidens ſounding Tymbrels ſung
 In well attuned notes, a ioyous lay,
 And made delightfull muſick all the way,
 Vntill they came where that faire virgin ſtood;
 As faire *Diana* in freſh ſonnings day
 Beholds her Nymphes, embracing in ſhadie wood,
 Some wreſtle, ſome doe run, ſome bathe in cryſtall flood:

8

So ſhe beheld thoſe maidens meriment
 With cherefull view; who, when to her they came,
 Themſelues to vnder with gracious humbleſſe bent,
 And her ador'd by honourable name,
 Liſting to heauen her euerlaſting fame:
 Then on her head they ſet a girland Greene,
 And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game;
 Who, in her ſelfe-remembrance well beſeene,
 Did ſeeme ſuch as ſhe was, a goodly maiden *Queene*.

9

And after, all the rafeall many ran,
 Heaped together in rude rablement,
 To ſee the face of that victorious man:
 Whom all admired, as from heauen ſent,
 And gaz'd vpon with gaping wonderment.
 But, when they came where that dead Dragon lay,
 Stretcht on the ground in monſtrous large extent,
 The ſight with idle feare did them diſmay,
 Ne durſt approche him nigh, to touch, or once aſſay.

10

Some feard, and fled; ſome feard and well it ſaund;
 One that would wiſer ſeeme then all the reſt,
 Warn'd him not touch; for, yet perhaps remaind
 Some lingring life within his hollowe breaſt,
 Or in his wombe might lurke ſome hidden neſt
 Of many Dragonets, his fruitfull ſeed;
 Another ſaid, that in his eyes did reſt
 Yet ſparkling fire, and bade thereof take heed;
 Another ſaid, he ſaw him moue his eyes indeed.

11

One mother, when as her ſoole-hardy child
 Did come too neere, and with his talants play,
 Halfe dead through feare, her little babe reuild,
 And to her goſſips gun in counſell ay;
 How can I tell, but that his talants may
 Yet ſcratch my ſonne, or vaine his tender hand?
 So, diuerſly themſelues lues in rend they fray;
 Whiles ſome more bold, to meaſure him nigh ſtand,
 To prouehow many acres he did ſpread of land.

12

Thus ſtocked all the folke him round about,
 The whiles that hoarie King, with all his traine,
 Becing arriued, where that Champion ſtout
 After his ſoies deſeafance did remaine,
 Him goodly greets, and faire does entertaine,
 With princely gifts of Iuone and Gold,
 And thouſand thanks him yeelds for all his paine.
 Then, when his daughter deare he does behold,
 Her dearly doth imbrace, and kiſſeth manifold.

13

And after, to his Palace he them brings,
 With Shaumes, and Trumpets, and with Clarions ſweet;
 And all the way the ioyous people ſings,
 And with their garments ſtrowes the paved ſtreet:
 Whence mounting vp, they find purveyance meet
 Of all, that royall Princes Court became,
 And all the floore was vnderneath their feet
 Befpred with coſtly ſcarlot of great name,
 On which they lowly ſit, and fitting purpoſe frame.

14

What needs me tell their feaſt and goodly guiſe,
 In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
 VVhat needs of dainty diſhes to deuſe,
 Of comely ſeruiſes, or courtly traine?
 My narrow leaues cannot in them containe
 The large diſcourſe of royall Princes ſtate.
 Yet was their manner then but bare and plaine:
 For, th'antique world exceſſe and pride did hate;
 Such proude luxurious pompeis ſwollen vp but late.

15

Then, when with meats and drinks of euery kind
 Their ſeruent appetites they quenched had,
 That ancient Lord gan ſit occaſion find,
 Of ſtrange adventures, and of perils ſad,
 Which in his trauaile him befallen had,
 For to demaund of his renowned gueſt:
 Who then with vt'rance graue, and count'nance ſad,
 From point to point, as is before expreſt,
 Diſcourſt his voyage long, according his requereſt.

16

Great pleaſures mixt with pittifull regard,
 That godly King and Queene did paſſionate,
 Whiles they his pittifull adventures heard,
 That oft they did lament his luckleſſe ſtate,
 And often blame the too importune ſate,
 That heapt on him ſo many wrathfull wreakes:
 For, neuer gentle Knight, as he of late,
 So toſſed was in Fortunes cruell freakes;
 And all the while ſalt teares becau'd the hearers cheaks.

17

Then ſaid the royall Peere in ſober wiſe;
 Deare ſonne, great been the euils, which ye bore
 From firſt to laſt; in your late enterpriſe,
 That I no'te, whether praife, or pity more:
 For, neuer liuing man (I weene) ſo fore
 In ſea of deadly dangers was diſtreſt;
 But ſith now ſafe ye ceifed haue the ſhore,
 And well arriued are, (high God be bleſt)
 Let vs deuile of caſe, and euerlaſting reſt.

18

Ah, dearest Lord, said then that doughty Knight,
Of ease or rest I may not yet deuise;
For, by the faith which I to armes haue plight,
I bounden am, straight after this emprize
(As that your daughter can ye well aduise)
Back to returne to that great Faery Queene,
And her to serue sixe yeeres in warlike wise,
Gainst that proude Paynim king that works her teene:
Therefore I ought craue pardon, till I there haue bene.

19

Vnhappy falles that hard necessitie
(Quoth he) the troubler of my happy peace,
And vowed foe of my felicitie;
Ne I against the same can iustly preace:
Nor sith that band ye cannot now release,
Nor doen vndoc; (for voves may not be vaine)
Soone as the terme of those sixe yeeres shall cease,
Ye then shall hither back returne againe,
The marriage to accomplish vov'd betwixt you twaine.

20

Which, for my part, I couet to performe,
In fort as through the world I did proclame,
That who so kild that Monster (most deforme)
And him in hardy battaile overcame,
Should haue mine onely daughter to his Dame,
And of my kingdome heire apparant be:
Therefore, sith now to thee pertaines the fame,
By due desert of noble cheualree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo, I yield to thee.

21

Then forth he called that his daughter faire,
The fairest *Princess* his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter, and his onely heire;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the East, with flaming locks bedight,
To tell the dawning day is dawning neare,
And to the world does bring long wished light;
So faire and fresh that Lady shew'd her selfe in sight.

22

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;
For, she had laid her mournfull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Where-with her heavenly beauty she did hide,
Whiles on her wearie iourney she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did weare,
All lilly white, withouten spot, or pride,
That seem'd like silke and silver wouen neare;
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

23

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshiny face
To tell, were as to striue against the streame.
My ragged rimes are all too rude and base,
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace,
Ne wonder; for, her owne deare loued knight,
All were she daily with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestiaill sight:
Oft had he seene her faire, but neuer so faire dight.

24

So fairely dight, when she in presence came,
She to her Sire made humble reverence,
And bowed lowe, that her right well became,
And added grace vnto her excellence:
Who with great wisdom, and graue eloquence,
Thus gan to say. But ere he thus had said,
With flying speed, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismaid,
A Messenger with Letters, which his message said.

25

All in the open hall amazed stood
At suddainnesse of that vnwarie fight,
And wonder'd at his breathlesse haie mood.
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
'Till fast before the King he did alight,
Where falling flat, great humbleste he did make,
And kist the ground, whereon his foote was pight;
Then to his hands that writ he did betake,
Which he disclosing, read thus, as the paper spake.

26

To thee, most mightie King of *Eden* faire,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines adrest,
The wofull daughter, and forsaken heire
Of that great Emprout of all the West;
And bids thee be aduised for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linke in holy band
Of wedlock, to that new vnknown guelt:
For, he already plighted his right hand
Vnto another Loue, and to another Land.

27

To me, sad maid, or rather widow sad,
He was affianced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gaue, and had,
Falsc erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore:
Witnesse the burning Altars, which he swore,
And guiltie heauens of his bold periurie;
Which though he hath polluted oft and yore,
Yet I to them for iudgement iust doe fly,
And them conure t'auenge this shamefull iniury.

28

Therefore, sith mine he is, or free or bond,
Or falsc or true, or liuing or else dead,
With-hold, ô soueraigne Prince, your hasty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
Through weakenesse of my widowed, or woe:
For, truth is strong, his rightfull cause to plead,
And shall find friends, if need requireth so:
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe,

29

When he these bitter byring words had red,
The tydings strange did him abashed make,
That still he fate long time astonish'd
As in great mofe, ne word to creature spake.
At last, his foleme silence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest;
Redoubted knight, that for mine onely sake
Thy life and honour late aduenturest,
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

Fideffa.

What

30
 What meane these bloody vovves, and idle threats,
 Throwne out from womanish impatient mind?
 What heuens? what alters? what enraged heates
 Here heaped vp with tearmes of loue vnkind,
 My conscience cleare wth guilty banes would bind?
 High God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse am.
 But, if your selfe, Sir Knight, ye faultie find,
 Or wrapped be in loues of former Dattie,
 With crime doe not it couer, but disclose the same.

31
 To whom the *Redcrosse* knight this answer sent,
 My Lord, my King, be nought hereat dismayd,
 Till well ye wote by graue intendment,
 What woman, and wherefore doth me vpbraid
 VVith breach of loue, and loyaltie betrayd.
 It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
 I lately trauaild, that vnwares I straid
 Out of my way, through perils strange and hard;
 That day should faile me, ere I had them all declar'd.

32
 There did I find, or rather I was found
 Of this false woman, that *Fidessa* hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on ground,
 Most false *Duessa*, royall richly dight,
 That ease was to invagelweaker fight:
 Who, by her wicked arts, and wilie skill,
 Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
 Vnwares me wrought vnto her wicked will,
 And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill.

33
 Then stepped forth the goodly royall Maid,
 And on the ground herselfe prostrating lowe,
 With sober countenance thus to him said;
 O pardon me, my foweraigne Lord, to shoue
 The secret treasons, which of late I knowe
 To haue been wrought by that false Sorceresse.
 She onely sice it is, that earst did throwe
 This gentle knight into so great distresse,
 That death him did await in daily wretchednesse.

34
 And now it seemes, that she vnborned hath
 This craftie messenger with letters vaine,
 To worke new woe and improuided feath,
 By breaking of the band betwixt vs twaine;
 Wherein she vsed hath the practuck paine
 Of this false footman, cloakt with simpleness:
 Whom if ye please for to discover plaine,
 Ye shall him *Archimago* find, I ghesse,
 The falsest man aliue, who tries shall find no lesse.

35
 The King was greatly moued at her speech,
 And all with suddaine indignation fraight,
 Bade on that messenger rude hands to reach.
 Effoones the Gard, which on his State did wait,
 Atracht that sator false, and bound him strait:
 Who, seeming sorely chaffed at his band,
 As chained Beare, whom cruell dogs doe bait,
 With idle force did faime them to withstand,
 And often semblance made to scape out of their hand.

36
 But they him laid full lowe in dungeon deepe,
 And bound him hand and foot with iron chaines.
 And with continuall watch did warly keepe;
 Who then would thinke, that by his subtilie traines
 He could escape soule death or deadly paines?
 Thus when that Princes wrath was pacified,
 He gan renew the late forbidden banes,
 And to the Knight his Daughter deare he tyde,
 With sacred rites and vowes for cuer to abide.

37
 His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,
 That none but death for cuer can diuide;
 His owne two hands, for such a turne most fit,
 The housling fire did kinde and prouide,
 And holy water thereon sprinkled wide;
 At which, a bushy Teade a groomme did light,
 And sacred lampe in secret chamber hide,
 Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
 For feare of euill fates, but burnen euer bright.

38
 Then gan they sprinkle all the posts with wine,
 And made great feast, to solemnize that day;
 They all perfumde with Frankensence diuine,
 And precious odours fetcht from farre away,
 That all the house did sweat with great array:
 And all the while sweet Musick did apply
 Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
 To driue away the dull Melancholy;
 The whiles one fung a song of loue and iollity.

39
 During the which, there was an heavenly noise
 Heard found through all the Palace pleasantly,
 Like as it had been many an Angels voice,
 Singing before th'eternall Muicities,
 In their trinall triplicities on hie;
 Yet wist no creature, whence that heavenly sweet
 Proceeded: yet each one felt secretly
 Himselfe thereby rest of his senses meet,
 And rauished with rare impression in his spire.

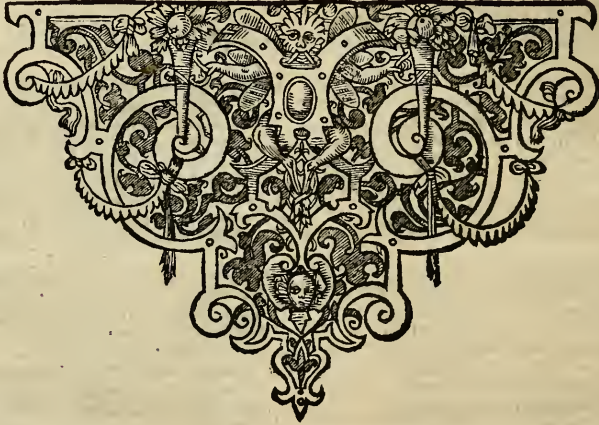
40
 Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
 And solemne feast proclaimed throughout the Land,
 That their exceeding mirth may not be told:
 Suffice it, here by signes to vnderstand
 The vsual ioyes at knitting of loues band.
 Thrise happy man the Knight himselfe did hold,
 Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand;
 And euer, when his eye did her behold,
 Her hart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

41
 Her ioyous presence and sweet company
 In full content he there did long enjoy,
 Ne wicked envie, nor vile ieaalousie
 His deare delights were able to annoy:
 Yet swimming in that sea of blisfull ioy,
 He nought forgot, how he whilome had sworne,
 In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
 Vnto his Faery Queene back to returne:
 The which he shortly did, and *Fna* left to mourne.

Now strike your sailes yee iolly Mariners :
 For we be come vnto a quiet rode,
 Where we must land some of our passengers,
 And light this wearie vessell of her lode.

Heere she awhile may make her safe aboade,
 Till she repaired haue her tackles spent,
 And wants supplide. And then againe abroad
 On the long voyage whereto she is bent:
 Well may shee speed, and fairely finisht her intent.

The end of the first Booke.



THE



THE
SECOND BOOKE
OF THE FAERIE
QVEENE:

CONTAINING
THE LEGENDE OF SIR GUYON.
OR
Of Temperaunce.

Right well I wote, most mighty Soueraigne,
That all this famous antique history,
Of some, th'abundance of an idle braine
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,

Rather then matter of iust memory;
Sith none that breatheth lining aire, does knowe,
Where is that happy Land of Faery,
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where showe,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can knowe.

But let that man with better sense aduise,
That of the world least part to vs is read:
And daily how through hardy enterprife,
Many great Regions are discovered,
Which to late age were neuer mentioned.
Who euer heard of th'Indian *Peru*?
Or who in venturous yessell measured
The *Amazons* huge riuer now found true?
Or fruitfullest *Virginia* who did euer view?

Yet all these were, when no man did them knowe;
Yet haue from wisest ages hidden beene:
And later times things more vnknowne shall showe.
Why then should wiselike man so much misweene

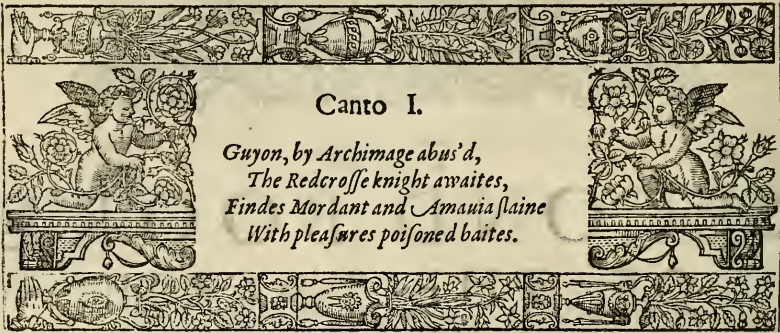
That nothing is, but that which he hath seene?
What if within the Moones faire shining spheare,
What if in euery other starre vnfene
Of other worlds he happily should heare?
He wonder would much more: yet such to some appeare.

Of Faery lond yet if he more inquire,
By certaine signes heere set in sundry place
He may it find; ne let him then admire,
But yield his sense to be too blunt and base,
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
And thou, ô fairest Princeesse vnder sky,
In this faire Mirror maist behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
And in this antique Image thy great auncestry.

The which, ô pardon me thus to enfold
In couert veile, and wrap in shadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which else could not endure those beames bright,
But would be dazled with exceeding light.
O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient care
The braue adventures of this Faery Knight,
The good Sir *Guyon*, graciously to heare,
In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth appeare:

F.

Cant.



That cunning Architeft of cankred guile,
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,
For falsed Letters and suborned wile,
Soone as the Redcrosse knight he vnderstands,
To beene departed out of Eden lands,
To serue againe his soueraigne Elfin Queene,
His artes he moues, and out of caytiue hands
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes vsence;
His shackles emptic left, himselfe escaped cleene.

And forth he fares, full of malicious mind,
To worken mischief and auenging woe,
Where euer he that godly knight may find,
His onely hart sore, and his onely foe,
Sith *Vna* now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious hands did earst restore
To natiues crowne and kingdome late ygoe:
Where she enioyes sure peace for euermore,
As weather-beaten ship arriu'd on happy shore.

Him therefore now the object of his spight
And deadly feude he makes: him to offend
By forged treason, or by open fight
He seeks, of all his drift the aymed end:
Thereto his subtil engins he does bend,
His practick wit, and his faire filed tongue,
With thousand other sleights: for, well he kend,
His credit now in doubtfull ballance hong;
For, hardly could he hurt, who was already stong.

Still as he went, he traffic shales did lay,
With cunning traines him to entrap vnwares,
And priuie spials plac't in all his way,
To weet what course he takes, and how he fares;
To ketch him at auantage in his snares.
By triall of his former harmes and cares,
But now to wile and warie was the knight,
That he desferide, and shunned still his flight:
The fish, that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.

Nath'lesse, th'Enchaunter would not spare his paine,
In hope to win occasion to his will;
Which when he long awaited had in vaine,
He chang'd his mind from one to other ill:
For, to all good he enemy was still.
Vpon the way him fortun'd to meet
(Faite marching vnderneath a shady hill)
A goodly knight, all arm'd in harnesse meet,
That from his head no place appeared to his feet.

His carriage was full comely and vpright,
His countenance demure and temperate;
But yet so sterne and terrible in fight,
That cheard his friends, and did his foes amate:
He was an Elfin borne of noble state,
And mickle worship in his natiue land:
Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,
And knighthood tooke of good Sir *Huons* hand,
When with king *Oberon* he came to *Faerie Land*.

Him als accompanid vpon the way
A comely Palmer, clad in black attire,
Of ripest yeeres, and haire all hoarie gray,
That with a staffe his feeble steps did sure,
Least his long way his aged limbes should tire:
And, if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He seem'd to be a sage and sober fire,
And euer with slowe pace the knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling steed with equal steps to tread.

Such when as *Archimago* them did view,
He weened well to worke some vnchout wile;
Eftsoones vntwisting his deceitfull clew,
He gan to weaue a web of wicked guile,
And with faire countenance and flattering stile
To them approaching, thus the Knight bespake:
Faire soune of *Mars*, that seeke with warlike spoile,
And great atchieu'ments, great your selfe to make,
Vouchsafe to stay your feed for humble misers like.

9
He staid his steed for humble misers sake,
And bade tell on the tenor of his plaint;
Who, feigning then in curvy limbe to quake,
Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faint,
With pittious mone his peering speech gan paint;
Deare Lady, how shall I declare thy safe,
Whom late I left in langourous constraint!
Would God thy selfe now present were in place,
To tell this ruefull tale; thy fight could win thee grace.

10
Or rather would, ô would it so had chaunc't,
That you, most noble Sir, had present bene,
When that lewd ribauld (with vile lust aduanc't)
Laid first his filidly hands on virgin cleene,
To spoile her daintie corse fo faire and sheene,
As on the earth (great mother of vs all)
With liuing eye more faire was neuer seene,
Of chastitie and honour virginall:
Witnesse ye heauens, whom slic in vaine to helpe did call.

11
How may it be (said then the knight halfe wroth)
That knight should knight-hood euer so haue shent?
None but that faw (quoth he) would weene for troth,
How shamefully that Maid he did torment.
Her looser golden locks he rudely rent,
And drew her on the ground, and his sharp sword,
Against her (snowy breast he fiercely bent,
And threatned death with many a bloody word;
Tongue hates to tell the rest, that eye to see abhor'd.

12
There-with, amooued from his sober mood,
And liues he yet (said he) that wrought this act,
And doen the heauens affoord him vitall food?
He liues (quoth he) and boasteth of the fact,
Ne yet hath any Knight his courage crackt.
Where may that treachour then (said he) be found,
Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?
That shall I shew (said he) as sure, as hound
The stricken Deare doth challenge by the bleeding wound.

13
He staid not lenger talke, but with fierce ire,
And zealous haste, away is quickly gone
To seeke that Knight, where him that crafty Squire
Suppos'd to be. They doe arrive anone,
Where fate a gentle Lady all alone,
With garments rent, and haire discheueled,
Wringing her hands, and making pittious mone;
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face, with teares was fouly blubbered.

14
The Knight, approaching nigh, thus to her said,
Faiee Ladie, through foule sorrow ill bedight,
Great pity is to see you thus dismayd,
And marre the blossome of your beauty bright:
For thy, appease your grieft and heauy plight,
And tell the cause of your conceited paine.
For, if the liue that hath you doen despight;
He shall you doe due recompence againe,
Or else his wrong with greater puilliance maintaine.

15
Which when shee heard, as in despightfull wise,
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offered hope of comfort did despise:
Her golden locks most cruelly she rent,
And scratcht her face with gaffly dremment;
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,
Bathid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grieuous shame, or for great teene;
As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed bene;

16
Till her that Squire bespake, Madame, my liefe,
For Gods deare loue be not to wilfull bent,
But doe vouchsafe now to receiue reliefe,
The which good fortune doth to you present.
For, what boots it to weepe and to wayment
When ill is chaunc't, but doth the ill increase;
And the weake mind with double woe torment?
When shee her Squire heard speake, shee gan appeare
Her voluntarie paine, and fessele some secret ease.

17
Eftsoone she said, Ah gentle trustie Squire,
What comfort can I wofull wretch conceale,
Or why should euer I henceforth desire,
To see faire heauens face, and life not leaue,
Sith that false Traytor did my honour reauē?
False Traytour certes (said the Faerie knight)
I read the man, that euer would deceaue
A gentle Ladie, or her wrong through might:
Death were too little paine for such a foule despight.

18
But now, faire Lady, comfort to you make,
And read who hath ye wrought this shamefull plight;
That short reuenge the man may ouertake,
Where fo he be, and soone vpon him light.
Certes (said she) I wote not how he light;
But vnder him a gray steed did he wield,
Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight;
Vpright he rode, and in his siluer shield
He bore a bloody Crosse, that quartred all the field.

19
Now by my head (said Guyon) much I muse
How that same Knight should doe so foule amiss,
Or euer gentle Damzell so abuse:
For, may I boldly say, hee surely is
A right good Knight, and true of word ywis:
I present was, and can it witnesse well,
When armes he swore, and straight did enterpris
Th'adventure of the *Errant damozell*,
In which he hath great glorie wonne, as I heare tell.

20
Nathlesse, he shortly shall againe be tryde,
And fairly quite him of the imputed blame:
Else be ye sure, he dearely shall abide,
Or make you good amendment for the same:
All wrongs haue mends, but no amends of shame.
Now therefore Ladie, rise out of your paine,
And see the saluing of your blotted name.
Full loath theese seemd thereto, but yet did faine;
For, shee was indly glad her purpose fo to gaue.

21
Her purpose was not such, as she did faine,
Neyer her person such, as it was seene;
But vnder simple shewe, and semblant plaine
Lurkt false *Duessa*, secretly vnseene,
As a chaste virgin that had wronged beene:
So had false *Archimago* her disguis'd,
To cloake her guile with sorrow and sad teene;
And eke himselfe had craftily deuis'd
To be her Squire, and doe her seruice well aguis'd.

22
Her, late forlorne and naked, he had found,
Where she did wander in waste Wildernesse,
Lurking in Rocks and Caues farre vnder ground,
And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse,
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse;
Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud ornaments
And borrow'd beauty spoyld. Her nathelcffe
Th'enchauter finding fit for his intents,
Did thus reuert, and deckt with due habiliments.

23
For, all he did, was to deceiue good Knights,
And drawe them from pursuit of praise and fame,
To slug in sloth and sensuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowmed shame.
And now exceeding griefe him overcame
To see the *Redcrosse* thus advanced hie;
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Against his praise to stirre vp enmitie
Of such, as vertues like mote vnto him alie.

24
So now he *Guyon* guides an vncouth way,
Through woods & mountaines, till they came at last
Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay
Betwixt two hills, whose high heads overlac't,
The valley did with coole shade overcast;
Through midst thereof a little riuer rold,
By which there fate a knight with helme vnlac't,
Himselfe refreshing with the hquid cold,
After his trauaile long, and labours manifold.

25
Loe, yonder hee (cryde *Archimago* aloud)
That wrought the shamefull fact, which I did shew;
And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
To flie the vengeance for his outrage dew;
But vaine: for, ye shall dearely doe him rew,
So God yee speed, and send you good successe;
Which we farre off will here abide to view.
So they him left, inflam'd with wrathfulnessse,
That straight against that knight his speare he did adresse.

26
Who, seeing him from farre so fierce to prick,
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
And in the rest his ready speare did stick:
Tho when as still he saw him towards past,
He gan r'encounter him in equall race.
They beene ymet, both ready to asray,
When suddainly that warrior gan abate
His threatend speare, as if some new mishap
Had him betidde, or hidden danger did entrap

27
And cryde, Mercie Sir Knight, and mercy Lord,
For mine offence and heedlesse hardiment,
That had almost committed crime abhord,
And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent,
Whiles curld Steele against that badge I bent,
The sacred badge of my Redeemers death,
Which on your shield is set for ornament:
But his fierce foe his steed could stay vneath,
Who (prickt with courage keene) did cruell bartell breath.

28
But, when he heard him speake, straight way he knew
His error, and (himselfe inclining) said;
Ah! deare Sir *Guyon*, well becometh you;
But me behoueth rather to vprayd,
Whose halste hand so farre from reason straid,
That almost it did haynous violence
On that faire Image of that heavenly Maid,
That decks and armes your shield with faire defence:
Your courte fe takes on you anothers due offence.

29
So been they both atone, and doen vpreare
Their beuers bright, each other for to greet;
Goodly comportance each to other beare,
And entertaine themselves with cour'ties meet.
Then said the *Redcrosse* Knight, Now mote I weete,
Sir *Guyon*, why with so fierce saliance,
And fell intent ye did at earst me meet:
For, sith I know your goodly gouernaunce,
Great cause (I ween) you guided, or some vncouth chauce.

30
Certes (said he) well mote I shame to tell
The fond encheate that me hither led.
A false infamous faitour late befell
Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,
And plained of grievous outrage, which he red
A Knight had wrought against a Ladie gent:
Which to avenge, he to this place me led,
Where you he made the marke of his intent,
And now is fled; foule shame him follow, where hee went.

31
So can he turne his earnest vnto game,
Through goodly handling and wise temperaunce.
By this, his aged guide in presence came;
Who, soone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,
Eftsoones of him had perfect cognizance,
Sith him in Faerie Court he late auiz'd;
And said, Faire forme, God giue you happy chauce,
And that deare Crosse vpon your shield deuiz'd,
Where-with about all knights ye goodly seeme aguid.

32
Ioy may you haue, and euerlasting fame,
Of late most hard atchieu'ment by you donne,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heavenly Registers about the Sunne,
Where you a Saint, with Saints your seat haue wonne:
But, wretched we, where ye haue left your marke,
Must now anew begin, like race to runne,
God guide thee, *Guyon*, well to end thy warke,
And to the wished haven bring thy warie burke.

33
Palmer, (him answered the Redcrosse Knight)
His be the praise, that this atchieu'ment wrought,
Who made my hand the organ of his might;
More then good-will to me attribute nought:
For, all I did, I did but as I ought.
But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next ensewes,
Well mote yee seee, as well can with your thought.
That home ye may report these happy newes;
For, well yee worthy beene for worth and gentle thiewes.

34
So, courteous conge both did giue and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
Then *Guyon* forward gan his voyage make,
With his black Palmer, that him guided still.
Still he him guided ouer dale and hill,
And with his steadie staffe did point his way:
His race with reason, and with words his will,
From foule intemperance he oft did stay,
And suffred not in wrath his hastic steps to stray.

35
In this faire wise they traucild long yfere,
Through many hard affaies, which did betide;
Of which he honour fill away did beare,
And spred his glory through all Countries wide.
At last, as chaunc't them by a Forrest side
To passe (for succour from the scorching ray)
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearly cride
With peacing shriekes, and many a dofull lay;
Which to attend, awhile their forward steps they stay.

36
But, if that carelesse heauens (quothe she) despise
The doome of iust reuenge, and take delight
To seee sad pageants of mens mileries,
As bound by them to liue in lifes despight;
Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.
Come then, come soone, come sweetest death to mee.
And take away this long lent loathed light:
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines bee,
That long captiued soules from wearie thraldome freee.

37
But thou, sweet Babe, whom frowning froward fate
Hath made sad witoesse of thy fathers fall,
Sith heauen thee deignes to hold in liuing state,
Long maist thou liue, and better thrive withall,
Then to thy lucklesse Parents did befall:
Liue thou, and to thy mother dead attest,
That cleare she did from blemish criminall;
Thy little hands embred in bleeding breast,
Loe, I for pledges leaue. So giue me leaue to rest.

38
With that, a deadly shriek the forth did thine,
That through the wood reechoed againe:
And after, gaue a groane so deepe and lowe,
That seem'd her tender hart was rent in twaine,
Or thrid with point of thorough-pearing paine;
As gentle Hind, whose sides with cruell Steele
Through launced, forth her bleeding life does raine,
Whiles the sad pang approaching she does feele,
Brayes out her latest breath, and vp her eyes doth feele.

39
Which when that warrior heard, dismounting strait
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,
And soone arriued, where that sad pourtraict
Of death and labour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick,
In whose white alabaster breast did stick
A cruell knife, that made a grieuful wound,
From which forth gusht a streame of gore-bloud thick,
That all her goodly garments stand around,
And into a deepe sanguine did the grassie ground.

40
Pittfull spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubbling fountaine lowe she lay,
Which she increated with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waues with purple gold did ray;
Als in her lap a little babe did play
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
For, in her streaming bloud he did embay
His litle hands, and tender ioynts embrew;
Pittfull spectacle, as euery eye did view.

41
Besides them both, vpon the soiled grafs
The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
Whose armour all with bloud besprinkled was;
His ruddie lips did smile, and rosie red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yet being ded:
Seem'd to haue beene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest floure of lustyhed,
Fit to inflame faire Lady with loues rage,
But that fierce fate did crop the blossom of his age.

42
Whom, when the good Sir *Guyon* did behold,
His hart gan wax as starke as Marble Stone,
And his fresh bloud did frize with fearefull cold,
That all his senses seem'd bereft attone:
At last, his mightie ghost gan deepe to grone,
As Lyon grudging in his great disdain,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone;
Till ruth and fraile affection did constrain
His courage stout to stoupe, and flew his inward paine.

43
Out of her gored wound the cruell Steele
He lightly snatcht, and did the floud-gate stop
With his faire garment: then gan softly feele
Her feeble pulse, to proue if any drop
Of liuing bloud yet in her veines did hop;
Which when he felt to moue, he hoped faire
To call back life to her forsaken shop;
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
That at the last she gan to breathe out liuing aire.

44
Which he perceiving, greatly gan reioyce,
And goodly counsell (that for wounded hart
Is meekest med'cine) tempered with sweet voice;
Ay me! deare Lady, which the Image art
Of ruefull pittie, and impatient smart,
What direfull chance, arm'd with reuenging fate,
Or cursed haad hath plaid this cruell part,
Thus soule to hasten your vntimely date?
Speake, ô deare Lady speake; help neuer comes too late.

There-with her dim eye-bids she vp gan reare,
 On which the dreary death did sit, as sad
 As lump of lead, and made darke cloudes appeare;
 But when as him (all in bright armour clad)
 Before her standing thee espied had,
 As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
 She weakly started, yet she nothing drad:
 Straight downe againe her selfe in great despight,
 She groueling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

The gentle knight, her foone with carefull paine
 Vplifted light, and softly did vphold:
 Thrice he her reard, and thrice she sunke againe,
 Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
 And to her said; Yet if the stony cold
 Hauē not all seized on your frozen hart,
 Let one word fall that may your griefe vnfold,
 And tell the secret of your mortall smart;
 He oft findes present help, who does his griefe impart.

Then casting vp a deadly looke, full lowe
 She sigh't, from bottom of her wounded brest,
 And after, many bitter throbs did throwe,
 With lips full pale, and soltring tongue opprest,
 These words she breathed forth from riuen chest;
 Leauē, ah leauē off, what euer wight thou bee,
 To let a weary wretch from her due rest,
 And trouble dying soules tranquillitee.

Take not away now got, which none would giue to mee.

Ah! farre be it (said he) Deare dame fro mee,
 To hinder soule from her desired rest,
 Or hold sad life in long captiuitie:
 For, all I seeke, is but to haue redrest
 The bitter pangs, that doth your hart infect.
 Tell then (ô Lady) tell what fatall priefe
 Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest?
 That I may cast to compass your reliefe,
 Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your griefe.

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hie,
 As heauen accusing guiltie of her death,
 And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
 In these sad words she spent her vtmost breath:
 Hearē then (ô man) the sorrowes that vneath
 My tongue can tell, so farre all sense they pass:
 Lo, this dead corpe, that lyes here vnderneath,
 The gentlest knight, that euer on greene gras
 Gay steed with spurs did prick, the good Sir *Mordant* was:

Was (ay the while, that he is not so now!)
 My Lord, my loue; my deare Lord, my deare loue,
 So long as heauens iust with equall brow
 Vouchsafed to behold vs from aboue,
 One day when him high courage did emmoue,
 (As wont ye knights to seeke adventures wild)
 Hee pricked forth, his puissant force to proue,
 Me then he left enwombed of this child,
 This lucklesse child, whom thus yee see with blood defil'd.

Him fortun'd (hard fortune ye may ghesse)
 To come where vile *Acraffa* does wonne,
Acraffa, a false Enchaunterelle,
 That many errant knights hath foule fordonne:
 Within a wandring Island, that doth ronne
 And stray in perillous gulfe, her dwelling is;
 Faire Sir, if euer there ye trauell, shonne
 The cursed land where many wend amiss,
 And knoweit by the name; it hight the *Bowre of blis*.

Her blisse is all in pleasure and delight,
 Where-with shee makes her louers drunken mad;
 And then, with words and weeds of wondrous might,
 On them she works her will to vses bad:
 My lifeft Lord she thus beguiled had;
 For, he was flesh: (all flesh doth fraitletie breed.)
 Whom, when I heard to been so ill betrad,
 (Weake wretch) I wrapt my selfe in Palmers weed,
 And cast to seek him forth through danger & great dread.

Now had faire *Cynthia* by euen tournes
 Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
 And thrice threetimes had fill'd her crooked homes,
 When as my wombe her burdein would forbear,
 And bade me call *Lucina* to me reare.
Lucina came: a man-child forth I brought: (were)
 The woods, the Nymphes, my bowres, my Midwiues
 Hard help at need. So deare thee babe I bought;
 Yet nought too deare I deem'd, while so my dear I sought.

Him so I sought, and so at last I found,
 Where him that Witch had thrall'd to her will,
 In chaines of lust and lewd desires ybound,
 And so transformed from his former skill,
 That me he knew not, neither his owne ill;
 Till through wise handling and faire gouernance,
 I him recured to a better will,
 Purged from drugs offoule intemperance:
 Then meanes I gan deuise for his deliuerance.

Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiu'd,
 How that my Lord from her I would reprice,
 With cup thus charm'd, him parting the deceiu'd;
Sad verse, giue death to him that death does giue,
And losse of loue, to her that loues to liue,
So soone as Bacchus with the Nympe does linke:
 So parted we, and on our iourney driue,
 Till comming to this Well, he stoupt to drinke:
 The charme fullhid, dead suddenly he downe did sinke.

Which, when I wretch. Not one word more she said,
 But breaking off the end for want of breath,
 And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe her laid,
 And ended all her woe in quiet death.
 That seeing good Sir *Guyon*, could vneath
 From teares abstaine; for griefe his hart did grate,
 And from so heauie sight his head did wreath,
 Accusing Fortune, and too cruell fate,
 Which plunged had faire Lady in so wretched state.

Then

57
Then turning to the Palmer, said, Old fire,
Behold the Image of mortalitie,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tire,
When raging passion with fierce tyrannic
Robs reason of her due regalitic,
And makes it seruau't to her basest part:
The strong, it weakens with infirmitie,
And with bold furie armes the weakest hart;
The strong, through pleasure sooneft falls, the weak

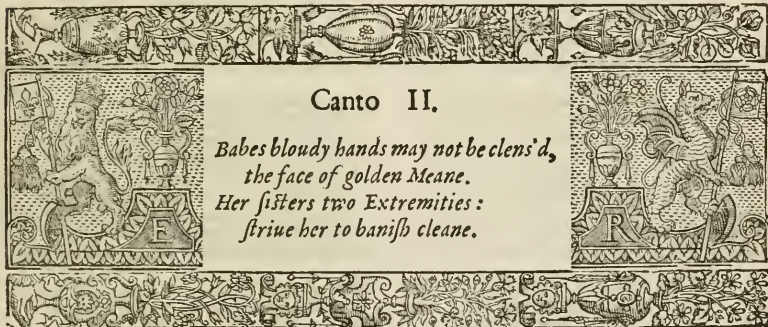
58 (through smart.
But temperance (said he) with golden squire
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
Neither to melt in pleasures hot desire,
Nor fry in hartlesse griefe and dolefull teene.
Thrice happy man, who fares them both atweene:
But, sith this wretched woman overcome
Of anguish, rather then of crime hath benee,
Relieve her cause to her eternall doome;
And in the meane, vouchsafe her honorable toombe.

59
Palmer (quoth he) death is an euill doome
To good and bad, the common Inne of rest;
But, after death, the tryall is to come,
When best shall be to them that liued best:

But, both alike, when death hath both suppress,
Religious reuerence doth buriall teene,
Which whoso wants, wants so much of his rest:
For, all so great shame after death I weene,
As selfe to dyen bad, vnburied bad to beene.

60
So, both agree their bodies to engraue;
The great earths wombe they open to the sky,
And with sad Cypresse seemely it embraue;
Then couering with a clod their closed eye,
They lay therein those corfes tenderly,
And bid them sleepe in euerlasting peace.
But, ere they did their vtmost obsequy,
Sir Guyon, more affection to increafe,
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should aye releafe.

61
The dead Knights sword out of his sheath he drew,
With which he cut a lock of all their haire,
Which meddling with their bloud an d earth, he threw
Into the Graue, and gan denoutly sweare;
Such and such euill God on Guyon reare,
And worse and worse young Orphane be thy paine,
If I, or thou, due vengeance doe forbear,
Till guiltie blond her gurdon doe obtaine:
So, shedding many teares, they clos'd the earth againe.



1
Hus when Sir Guyon with his faithfull guide
Had with due rites and dolorous lament
The end of their sad Tragedie vpride,
The litle babe vp in his armes he hent;
Who with sweet pleafance & bold blandish-
gan smile on them, that rather ought to weep, (ment
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
Of that was done, that ruth emperced deep
In that Knights hart, & words with bitter teares did steep.

2
Ah! lucklesse babe, borne vnder cruell star,
And in dead Parents balefull ashes bred,
Fnnl litle wentst thou, what sorrowes are
Left thee for portion of thy liuelihed,

Poore Orphane, in the wide world scattered,
As budding branch rent from the native tree,
And thrown forth, till it be withered:
Such is the state of men: thus enter wee
Into this life with woe, and end with miseree.

3
Then soft himselfe inclining on his knee
Downe to that Well, did in the water weene
(So lone does loath disdainfull nicitee)
His guilty hands from bloudie gore to cleene.
He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
(For all his washing) cleaner. Still he stroue,
Yet still the litle hands were bloudie feene;
The which him into great amazment droue,
And into diuers doubt his wauering wonder cloue.

4
He wist not whether blot of foule offence
Might not be purg'd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To shew how sore blood-guiltinesse he hat'th;
Or that the charme and venom, which they drunk,
Their blood with secret filth infected hath,
Beeing diffused through the senselesse trunk,
That through the great contagion direfull deadly stunk.

5
Whom thus at gaze, the Palmer gan to bord
With goodly reason, and thus faire bespake;
Ye been right hard amated, gracious Lord,
And of your ignorance great maruell make,
Whiles cause not well conceiued ye mistake.
But knowe, that secret vertues are infus'd
In euery Fountaine, and in euery Lake,
Which who hath skil them rightly to haue chus'd,
To prooue of passing wonders hath full often vs'd.

6
Of those, some were so from their soure indewd
By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
Their Well-heads spring, and are with moisture dewd;
Which feedes each liuing plant with liquid sap,
And filles with flowres faire *Floraes* painted lap:
But other some, by gift of later grace,
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had vertue pourd into their waters base, (place.
And thence-forth were renouw'd, & fought from place to

7
Such is this Well, wrought by occasion strange,
Which to her Nymph befell. Vpon a day,
As shee the woods with bowe and shafts did raunge,
The hartlesse Hind and Robucke to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunc't to meet her by the way,
And kindling fire at her faire burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
And chaced her, that fast from him did fly;
As Hind from her, so she fled from her enemy.

8
At last, when failing breath began to faint,
And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affraid,
She sate her downe to weepe for sore constraint,
And to *Diana* calling loud for aide,
Her deare besought, to let her die a maid,
The Goddesse heard, and suddaine where she sate,
Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismayd
With stonie feare of that rude rustick mate,
Transform'd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

9
Lo, now she is that stone; from those two heads
(As from two weeping eyes) fresh streames doe flowe,
Yet cold through feare, and old conceiued dreads;
And yet the stone her semblance seemes to shoue,
Shap't like a maid, that such ye may her knowe;
And yet her vertues in her water bide:
For, it is chaste and pure, as purest snoue,
Ne lets her waues with any filth be dide,
But euer (like her selfe) vnstain'd hath been tride.

10
From thence it comes, that this babes bloody hand
May not be cleas'd with water of this Well:
Ne certes Sir striue you it to withstand,
But let them still be bloody, as befell,
That they his mothers innocence may tell,
As she bequeath'd in her last testament;
That as a sacred Symbole it may dwell
In her sonnes flesh, to minde reuengement,
And be for all chaste Dames an endlesse monument.

11
Hee harkned to his reason, and the child
Vptaking, to the Palmer gaue to beare;
But his sad fathers armes with blood defild,
An heauie load himselfe did lightly reare,
And turning to that place, in which whileare
He left his lofty steed with golden sell,
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not there.
By other accident that earst befell,
He is conuaide; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

12
Which when Sir *Guyon* saw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appeafe,
And fairly fare on foote; how euer loth;
His double burden did him sore disafe.
So long they trauailed with litle ease,
Till that at last they to a Castle came,
BUILT on a rock adioyning to the seas;
It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
And wondrous strong by nature, and by skilfull frame.

13
Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one fire by mothers three;
Who dying whylome did diuide this Fort
To them by equal shares in equal fee:
But strifefull mind, and diuers qualitee
Drew them in parts, and each made others foe:
Still did they strive, and dailie disagree;
The eldest did against the youngest goe,
And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

14
Where, when the Knight arriu'd, he was right well
Receiu'd, as knight of so much worth became,
Of second sister, who did far excell
The other two; *Medina* was her name,
A sober sad, and comely curteous Dame;
Who rich arrayd, and yet in modest guise,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Faire marching forth in honourable wize,
Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprize.

15
She led him vp into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie;
Ne in her speech, ne in her hauour,
Was lightnesse feene, or loofer vanitie,
But gracious womanhood, and grauitie,
About the reason of her youthly yeares:
Her golden locks she roundly did vptie
In brayded tramels, that no loofer heares
Did out of order stray about her dainty eares.

16
Whilſt ſhe her ſelfe thus buſſily did frame,
Seemly to entertaine her new-come gueſt,
Newes heereof to her other ſiſters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton reſt,
Accounting each her friend with lauiſh feaſt:
They were two knights of peerleſſe puiſſance,
And famous farre abroad for warlike geſt,
Which to theſe Ladies loue did countenance,
And to his Miſtreſſe each himſelfe ſtrou to aduance.

17
He that made loue vnto the eldeſt Dame,
Was hight Sir *Huddibras*, an hardy man;
Yet not lo good of deeds, as great of Name,
Which he by many raſh adventures wan,
Since errant armes to ſew he firſt began;
More huge in ſtrength, then wiſe in workes he was,
And realon with foole-hardize over-ran;
Sterne melancholy did his courage paſſe,
And was (for terror more) all arm'd in ſhining braſe.

18
But he that lov'd the youngeſt, was *Sans-loy*,
He that faire *Vna* late ſoule outraged,
The moſt vnruely and the boldeſt boy
That euer warlike weapons menaged,
And to all lawleſſe luſt encouraged,
Through ſtrong opinion of his matchleſſe might:
Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereau'd of right.
He now this Ladies champion choſe for loue to fight.

19
Theſe two gay knights, yew'd to ſo diuers loues,
Each other does envie with deadly hate,
And daily warre againſt his foeman moutes,
In hope to win more fauour with his mate,
And th'others pleaſing ſeruiſe to abate,
To magnifie his owne. But when they heard,
How in that place ſtrange knight arriued late,
Both knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fiercely vnto battell ſerne themſelues prepar'd.

20
But ere they could proceed vnto the place
Where he abode, themſelues at diſcord fell,
And cruell combat ioyn'd in middle ſpace:
With horrible aſſault, and furie fell,
They heapt huge ſtroakes, the ſcorned liſe to quell,
That all on vprore from her ſetled ſeat,
The houſe was raiſ'd, and all that in did dwell;
Seem'd that loud thunder with amazement great,
Did rend the ratling ſkies with flames of ſouldring heat.

21
The noyſe thereof calth forth that ſtranger Knight,
To weet what dreadfull thing was there in bond;
Where, when as two braue knights in bloody fight
With deadly rancour he enrauged fond,
His ſunbroad ſhield about his wreſt he bond,
And ſhyning blade vnſheath'd, with which he ran
Vnto that ſtead, their ſtrife to vnderſtand;
And, at his firſt arriual, them began
With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

22
But they him ſpying, both with greedy force
Attonce vpon him ran, and him beſet
With ſtroakes of mortall ſteele without remorſe,
And on his ſhield like iron ſledges bet:
As when a Beare and Tigre, being met
In cruell fight on lybicke Ocean wide,
Eſpy a traualer with feet ſurbet,
Whom they in equally prey hope to diuide,
They ſtint their ſtrife, and him aſſaile on euery ſide.

23
But he, not like a wearie traualere,
Their ſharp aſſault right boldly did rebut,
And ſuffred not their blowes to bite him nere,
But with redoubled buſſes them back did put:
Whoſe grieued mindes, which choler did englut,
Againſt themſelues turning their wrathfull ſpight,
Gan with new rage their ſhields to hew and cut;
But ſtill when *Guyon* came to part their fight,
With heaue load on him they freſhly gan to ſmight.

24
As a tall ſhip toſſed in troublous ſeas,
Whom raging winds threatening to make the pray
Of the rough rocks, do diuerſly diſcaſe,
Meets two contrary billowes by the way,
That her on either ſide do ſore aſſay,
And boaſt to ſwallow her in greedy Graue;
She, ſcorniſng both their ſpights, does make wide way,
And with her breaſt breaking the fomy waue,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire her ſelfe doth ſaue:

25
So boldly he him beares, and ruſteth forth
Betwene them both, by conduct of his blade.
Won'rous great prowelle and herōick worth
He ſlew'd that day, and rare enſample made,
When two ſo mighty warriors he diſmade:
Attonce he wards and ſtrikes, he takes and payes,
Now forc'to yield, now forcing to invade,
Before, behind, and round about him layes:
So double was his paines, ſo double be his praiſe.

26
Strange ſort of fight, three valiant knights to ſee
Three combats ioyned in one, and to darraine
A triple warre with triple enmittee,
All for their Ladies froward loue to gaine,
Which gotten was but hate. So loue does raue
In ſtouteſt mindes, and maketh monſtrous warre;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yet his peace is but continuall ſarre:
O miſerable men, that to him ſubiect are!

27
While thus they mingled were in furious armes,
The faire *Medina* with her trefles tome,
And naked breſt (in pity of their harmes)
Emongſt them ran, and falling them beſorne,
Beſought them by the wombe which them had borne,
And by the loues, which were to them moſt deare,
And by the knight hood, to which they ſure had ſworne,
Their deadly cruell diſcord to forbear,
And to her iuſt conditions of faire peace to heare.

But

28
But her two other sisters, standing by,
Her loud gainesaid, and both their Champion bad
Pursue the end of their strong enmity,
As euer of their loues they would be glad.
Yet she, with pittie words and counsell sad,
Still strove their stubborn rages to reuoke;
That, at the last, suppressing fury mad,
They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
And harken to the sober speeches which she spoke.

29
Ah! pusillaynt Lords, what cursed euill Spright,
Or fell *Erinnyis*, in your noble hearts
Her hellish brood hath kindled with despright,
And thrd you vp to worke your wilfull smarts?
Is this the ioy of armes? be these the parts
Of glorious knight-hood, after bloud to thurst,
And not regard due right and iust desarts?
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory vniust,
That more to mighty hands, then rightful cause doth trust.

30
And, were there rightfull cause of difference,
Yet were not better, faire it to accord,
Then with bloud-guiltines to heape offence,
And mortall vengeance ioyne to crime abhord?
O! fly from wrath: fly, O my leifest Lord.
Sad be the sights, and bitter fruites of warre,
And thousand Furies wait on wrathfull sword:
Ne ought the praise of prowesse nor doth marre,
Then foule reuenging rage, and base contentious iarre.

31
But louely concord, and most sacred peace,
Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds;
Weake she makes strong, & strong thing does increase,
Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds:
Braue be her warres, and honourable deeds,
By which she triumphs ouer ire and pride,
And winnes an Oliue girlond for her meeds:
Be therefore, O my deare Lords, pacifide,
And this misseeming discord meekly lay aside.

32
Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
And sunke so deepe into their boyling breasts,
That downe they let their cruell weapons fall,
And lowely did abate their losstie crests
To her faire presence, and discrete behests.
Then she began a treatie to procure,
And stablish termes betwix both their requests,
That as a lawe for euer should endure;
Which to obserue, in word of knights they did assure.

33
Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
After their wearie sweat and bloudy toile,
She them besought, during their quiet treague,
Into her lodging to repaire awhile,
To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
They soone consent: so forth with her they fare,
Where they are well receiued, and made to spoile
Themselves of soiled armes, and to prepare
Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to dainty fare.

34
And those two froward sisters (their faire loues)
Came with them eke (all were they wondrous loth)
And fained chere, as for the time behoues;
But could not colour yet so well the troth,
But that their natures bad appeared in both:
For, both did at their second sister grutch,
And inly grieue, as doth an hidden moth
The inner garment fret, not th'vnter touch; (much)
One thought their chear too little, th'other thought too

35
Elissa (so the eldest high) did decree
Such entertainment base, ne ought would ear,
Ne ought would speake, but euenmore did see
As discontent for want of mirth or meat;
No solace could her Paramour intreat
Her once to shewe, ne court, nor dalliance:
But with bent loving browes, as the would threat,
She scould, and froward with froward countenance,
Vnworthy of faire Ladies comely gouernance.

36
But young *Perissa* was of other mind,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sisters kind;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight;
In wine and meats she flow'd about the bank,
And in excess shee exceed her owne might;
In sumptuous tire she ioy'd her selfe to prank;
But of her loue too lauish (little haue she thank).

37
First, by her side did sit the bold *Sansloy*,
Fit mate for such a mincing mineon,
Who in her loosenesse toke exceeding ioy;
Might not be found a franker franion,
Of her lewd parts to make companion;
But *Huddibras*, more like a Malecontent,
Did see an d griue at his bold fashion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
Yet still he sat, and inly did him selfe torment.

38
Betwix them both, the faire *Medina late*,
With sober grace, and goodly cariage:
With equal measure shee did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage;
That forward paire shee euer would aswage,
When they would strine due reason to exceed;
But that same froward twaine would encourage,
And of her plenty adde vnto their need:
So kept shee them in order, and herselfe in heed.

39
Thus fairely shee attemper'd her feast,
And plead them all with meet civilitie:
At last, when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,
Shee *Gnyon* deare besought of curtesie,
To tell from whence he came through icopardie,
And whither now on new adventure bound,
Who, with bold grace, and comely grauity
Drawing to him the eyes of all around,
From lofty siege began these words aloud to sound.

40

This thy demand, ô Lady, doth reuiue
 Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,
 Great and most glorious virgin Queene aliae,
 That with her soueraigne powre, and scepter shene,
 All Faerie Lond doth peaceable susteine.
 In widest Ocean she her throne doth reare,
 That ouer all the earth it may be seene;
 As morning sunne her beames dispredden cleare:
 And in her face, faire peace and mercy doth appeare.

41

In her, the riches of all heauenly grace
 In chiefe degree are heaped vp on hie:
 And all, that else this worlds enclosure base
 Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
 Adornes the person of her Maiestie;
 That men beholding so great excellence,
 And rare perfection in mortalitie,
 Doe her adore with sacred reuerence,
 As th' Idole of her Makers great magnificence.

42

To her, I homage and my seruice owe,
 In number of the noblest knights on ground,
 Amongst whom, on me she deigned to bestowe
 Order of *Maydenhead*, the most renownd,
 That may this day in all the world be found:
 An yearely solemne feast she wonts to make
 The day that first doth lead the yeare around;
 To which all Knights of worth and courage bold
 Resort, to heare of strange adventures to be told.

43

There this old Palmer shewed himselfe that day,
 And to that mighty Princeesse did complaine
 Of grieuous mischietes, which a wicked Fay
 Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,

Whercoot he crav'd redresse. My Soueraigne,
 Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
 Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
 Ets' soones deuis'd redresse for such annoyes;
 Mee (all vsit for so great purpose) the employes.

44

Now hath faire *Phæbe* with her silver face
 Thrice seene the shadowes of the neather world,
 Sith last I left that honourable place,
 In which her royall presence is introld;
 Ne euer shall I rest in house nor hold,
 Till I that false *Acrasia* haue wonne;
 Of whose foule deeds (too hideous to be told)
 I winesse am, and this their wretched sonne,
 Whose wofull Parents she hath wickedly fordonne.

45

Tell on, faire Sir, said she, that dolefull tale,
 From which sad ruth does seeme you to restrain,
 That we may pity such vnhappy bale,
 And learne from pleasures poyton to abstaine:
 Ill, by ensample, good doth often gaine.
 Then forward he his purpose gan pursue,
 And told the storie of the mortall paine,
 Which *Mordant* and *Amavia* did reu;
 As with lamenting eyes himselfe did lately view.

46

Night was farre spent, and now in *Ocean* deepe
Orion, flying fast from hissing Snake,
 His flaming head did hasten for to sleepe,
 When of his pittious tale he end did make;
 Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake,
 Those guests beguiled, did beguile their eyes
 Of kindly sleepe, that did them ouertake.
 At last, when they had markt the changed skyes,
 They wist their houre was spent; then each to rest him hies.



Canto III.

*Vaine Braggadecchio, getting Guyons
 horse, is made the scorn
 Of knight hood true, and is of faire
 Belphebe foule forlorne.*



I

Soone as the morrow faire with purple beames
 Dispersit the shadowes of the mistie night,
 And *Titan* playing on the Easterne streames,
 Gan cleare the dewy aere with springing light,

Sir *Guyon*, mindfull of his vow yplight,
 Vprose from drowfie couch, and him addrest
 Vnto the iourney which he had behight:
 His puffant armes about his noble brest,
 And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

Then

Then, taking *Congé* of that virgio pure,
 The bloudy-handed babe vnto her truh
 Did earnestly commit, and her coniuere,
 In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
 And all that gentle nouriture enſu'th:
 And, that ſo loone as riper yeares he raught,
 He might for memory of that daies ruth,
 Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,
 T' avenge his Parents death, on them that had it wrought.

So forth he ſar'd, as now beſell, on foot,
 Sith his good ſteed is lately from him gone:
 Patience perforce; helpeleſſe what may it boot
 To fret for anger, or for grieſe to mone?
 His Palmer now ſhall foot no more alone:
 So fortune wrought, as vnder greene woods ſide
 He lately heard that dying Lady grone,
 He left his ſteed without, and ſpeare beſide,
 And ruſhed in on foote, to ayde her ere ſhe dide.

The whiles, a loſell wandring by the way,
 One that to bounty neuer caſt his mind,
 Ne thought of honour euer did aſſay
 His baſer beſt, but in his keſtrell kind
 A pleaſing veine of glory vaine did find,
 To which his flowing tongue, and troublous ſpright
 Gaue him great ayde, and made him more inclin'd:
 He, that braue ſteed there finding ready dight,
 Purloynd both ſteed and ſpeare, and ran away full light.

Now gan his hart all ſwell in iollitie,
 And of himſelfe great hope and helpe conceiu'd,
 That puff'd vp with ſmoake of vanitie,
 And with ſelfe-loued perſonage deceiu'd,
 He gan to hope, of men to be receiu'd
 For ſuch, as he him thought, or ſaine would bee:
 But, for in court gay portance he perceiu'd,
 And gallant ſhew to be in greateſt gree,
 Effſoones to Court he caſt' auance his firſt degree.

And by the way he chaunced to eſpy
 One ſitting idle on a ſunny banke,
 To whom auanting in great brauery,
 As Peacock, that his painted plumes doth pranke,
 He ſmote his courſer in the trembling flank,
 And to him threatned his hart-thrilling ſpeare:
 The ſeely man, ſeeing him ride ſo rank,
 And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
 And crying Mercy loud, his pittious hands gan reare.

Thereat the Scarcrow wexed wondrous proud,
 Through fortune of his firſt adventure faire,
 And with big thundring voyce reuil'd him loud;
 Vile Caytiue, vaſſall of dread and deſpaire,
 Vnworthy of the common breathed aire,
 Why liueſt thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
 And dooſt not vnto death thy ſelfe prepare?
 Die, or thy ſelfe my captiue yield for ay;
 Great fauour I thee grant, for aunſwere thus to ſay.

Hold, ô deare Lord, hold your dead-dooing hand,
 Then loud he cride, I am your humble thrall.
 Ah wretch (quoth he) thy deſtinies withſtand
 My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
 I giue thee life: therefore proſtrated fall
 And kiſſe my ſtirrup; that thy homage bee.
 The Miſer threwe himſelfe as an Offſall,
 Straight at his foote in baſe humilitee,
 And cleaped him his Liege, to hold of him in Fee.

So, happy peace they made and faire accord:
 Effſoones this liege-man gan to wax more bold,
 And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
 In his owne kind he gan himſelfe vnfold:
 For, he was wylie witted, and growne old
 In cunning ſleights and practick knauery.
 From that day forth he caſt for to vphold
 His idle humour with fine flattery,
 And blowe the bellowes to his ſwelling vanitie.

Trompart, fit man for *Braggadocio*,
 To ſerue at Court in view of vaunting eye;
 Vaine-glorious man, when ſtutting wind does blowe
 In his light wings, is liſted vp to ſky:
 The ſcoorne of knight-hood and true cheualric,
 To thinke without deſert of gentle deed,
 And noble worth, to be advanced hie:
 Such prayſe is ſhame; but honour, vertues meed,
 Doth beare the faireſt floure in honourable ſeed.

So, forth they paſſe (a well comforted paire)
 Till that at length with *Archmage* they meet:
 Who ſeeing one that ſhone in armour faire,
 On goodly courſer, thundring with his feet,
 Effſoones ſuppoſed him a perſon meet,
 Of his revenge to make the instrument:
 For, ſince the *Redcroſſe* knight he earſt did meet,
 To becn with *Guyon* knit in one conſent,
 The ill, which earſt to him, he now to *Guyon* meant.

And comming cloſe to *Trompart*, gan inquire
 Of him, what mighty warriour that mote bee,
 That rode in golden ſell with ſingle ſpeare,
 But wanted ſword to wreake his enmittee.
 He is a great adventurer (ſaid hee)
 That hath his ſword through hard aſſay forgone,
 And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee
 Of that deſpight, neuer to wearen none;
 That ſpeare is him enough to docn a thouſand grone.

Th' enchanter greatly ioyed in the vaent,
 And weened well ere long his will to win,
 And both his foe with equall foyle to daunt.
 Tho, to him louing lowely, did begin
 To plaine of wrongs, which had committed bin
 By *Guyon*, and by that falſe *Redcroſſe* knight;
 Which two, through treaſon and deceitfull gin,
 Had ſlune Sir *Mordant*, and his Lady bright:
 That mote him honour win, to wreake ſo ſoule deſpight.

14
There-with all suddainly he seem'd enraged,
And threatend death with dreadfull countenance,
As if their liues had in his hand been gaged;
And with stiffe force shaking his mortall lance,
To let him weet his doghtrie valiance,
Thus said; Old man, great fire shall be thy meed,
If where those knights for feare of dew vengeance
Doe lurke, thou certainly to me eed,
That I may wreake on them their hainous hatefull deed.

15
Certes, my Lord (said he) that shall I soone,
And giue you eke good help to their decay:
But mote I wisely you aduise to doon;
Giue no ods to your foes, but doe puruay
Your selfe of sword before that bloody day:
For, they be two the prowett knights on ground,
And oft approu'd in many hard atlay;
And eke of surest steele, that may be found,
Do arme your selfe againt that day, them to confound.

16
Dotard (said he) let be thy deepe aduise;
Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise;
Else neuer should thy iudgement be so fraile,
To measure manhood by the sword or maile.
Is not enough foure quarters of a man,
Withouten sword or shield, an host to quail?
Thou little worst, what this right hand can:
Speake they, which haue beheld the battailes which it wan.

17
The man was much abashed at his boast;
Yet well he wist, that who so would contend
With either of those Knights on euen coast,
Should need of all his armes, him to defend;
Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend,
When *Braggadocchio* said, Once I did sweare,
When with one sword seu'n knights I brought to end,
Thence-forth in battaile neuer sword to beare,
But it were that, which noblest knight on earth doth weare.

18
Perdie, Sir Knight, said then th'enchauter bliue;
That shall I shortly purchase to your hond:
For, now the best and noblest knight aliuie
Prince *Arthur* is, that vponnes in Faerie lond;
He hath a sword that flames like burning brood.
The fame (by my aduise) I undertake
Shall by to morrow by thy side be found.
At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
And wondered in his mind, what mote that monster make.

19
He staid not for more bidding, but away
Was suddaine vanished out of his sight:
The Northerne wind his wings did broad display
At his commaund, and reared him vp light
From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
They lookt about, but no where could espy
Track of his foote: then dead through great affright
They both nigh were, and each bad other flie:
Both fled at once, ne euer backe returned eye:

20
Till that they come vnto a Forest greene,
In which they strowd themselves from causelesse feare;
Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene.
Each trembling leafe, and whirling wind they heare,
As gantly bug their haire on end does reare:
Yet both doe striue their fearefulnesse to saine.
At last, they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare
Throughout the wood, that echoed againe,
And made the forest ring, as it would riuie in twaine.

21
Est through the thick they heard one rudely rush;
With noyse whereof he from his lofty steed
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
To hide his coward head from dying dread.
But *Trompart* stoutly staid to taken heed
Of what might hap. Est'ooke there stepped forth
A goodly Lady, clad in hunters weed,
That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance, borne of heauenly birth.

22
Her face so faire as flesh it seemed not,
But heauenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,
Cleare as the skie, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheekes the vermeil red did thew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,
Able to heale the sicke, and to reuue the ded.

23
In her faire eyes two liuing lamps did flame,
Kindled about at th'heauenly makers light,
And darted fire beames out of the same,
So passing peareant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereau'd the rash beholders sight:
In them the blinded god his lustfull fire
To kindle of assayd, but had no might;
For, with drad Maieftie, and awfull ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

24
Her Iuorie forehead, full of bountie braue,
Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
For Loue his lustie triumphs to engraued,
And wrote the battels of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red:
For there their dwelling was. And when shee spake,
Sweet words, like dropping honny shee did shed,
And twixt the pearles and rubins sofly brake
A silver sound, that heauenly musicke seem'd to make.

25
Vpon her eye-lids many Graces fate,
Vnder the shadow of her euen browes,
Working belgards, and amorous retrate,
And euery one her with a grace endowes:
And euery one with meekenesse to her bowes.
So glorious mirroure of celestiall grace,
And soueraine monument of mortall vovoes,
How thall fraile pen describee her heauenly face,
For feare through want of skill her beautie to disgrace?

26
So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire
She seem'd, when she presented was to sight,
And was yclad (for heat of scorching aire)
All in a silken Camus, lilly white,
Purled vpon with many a folded plight,
Which all about besprinkled was throughout,
With golden aygulets, that glistred bright,
Like twinkling starrs, and all the skirt about
Was hemd with golden fringe

27
Below her ham her weede did some-what traine,
And her streight legs most brauely were embayld
In gilden buskins of costly Cordwaine,
All bard with golden bendes, which were entaild
With curious anicks, and full faire aumald:
Before, they fastned were vnder her knee
In a rich Iewell, and therein entraild
The end of all their knots, that none might see,
How they within their foulings close enwraped bee.

28
Like two faire Marble pillours they were seene,
Which doe the temple of the Gods support,
Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
And honour in their festiuall resort;
Those same with stately grace, and princely port
She taught to tread, when she her selfe would grace:
But with the woody Nymphes when she did play,
Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,
She could them nimble moue, and after she apace.

29
And in her hand a sharp bore-speare she held,
And at her backe a bowe and quiner gay,
Stuff with stele-headed darts, where-with she queld
The saluage beasts in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldrick, which forelay
Athwart her snowy breast, and did diuide
Her dainty paps; which like young fruit in May
Now little gan to swell, and beeing tide,
Through her thin weed their places onely signified.

30
Her yellowe locks crisped, like golden wire,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the wind amongst them did inspire,
They waued like a penon wide disspred,
And lowe behinde her backe were scattered:
And whether art it were, or heedlesse hap,
As through the flowing Forrest fall she fled,
In her rude haire sweet flowres themselues did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaues and blossoms did enwrap.

31
Such as *Diana* by the sandy shore
Of swift *Euratas*, or on *Cynthus* greene,
Where all the Nymphes haue her viuares forlore,
Wand'reth alone with bowe and arrowes keene,
To seeke her game: Or as that famous *Queene*
Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrrhus* did destroy,
The day that first of *Triame* she was seene,
Did shew her selfe in great triumphant ioy,
To succour the weake state of sad afflicted *Troy*.

32
Such when as hartlesse *Trompart* her did view,
He was dismayed in his coward mind,
And donbted, whether he him selfe should shew,
Or fly away, or bide alone behind:
Both feare and hope he in her face did find,
When she at last him spying, thus bespake:
Haile *Gro* me; didst not thou see a bleeding Hind,
Whose right haunch erst my stedfast arrowe strake?
If thou didst, tell mee, that I may her ouertake.

33
Where-with reuiu'd, this answere forth he threw;
O Goddesse (for such I thee take to bee)
For, neither doth thy face terrestrial shew,
Nor voyce sound mortall; I avow to thee,
Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
Sith erst into this Forrest wild I came.
But more thy goodlyhed forgieue it mee,
To weet which of the Gods I shall thee name,
That vnto thee due worship I may rightly frame.

34
To whom she thus; but ere her words enfewed,
Vnto the bush her eye did suddaine glance,
In which vaine *Bragegadochio* was mewed,
And saw it stirre: she left her peacing lance,
And towards gan a deadly shaft aduance,
In mind to marke the beast. At which sad stowre,
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chance,
Out-crying, O what euer heavenly powre,
Or earthly wight thou be, with-hold this deadly howre.

35
O stay thy hand: for, yonder is no game
For thy fierce arrowes, them to exercise;
Lut lo, my Lord, my liege, whose warlike name,
Is farre renown'd through many bold emprise;
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies,
She staid: with that, he crauld out of his nest,
Forth creeping on his caitiue hands and thies,
And standing stoutly vp, his lostie crest
Did fiercely shake, and rowze, as coming late from rest.

36
As fearefull fowle, that long in secret Caue
For dread of soaring hauke her selfe hath hid,
Not caring how, her silly life to saue,
She her gay painted plumes disorderid,
Seeing at last her selfe from danger rid,
Peepes forth, and soone renews her natuiue pride;
She gins her feathers foule disfigured
Proudly to prune, and set on euery side,
So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide:

37
So when her goodly visage he beheld,
He gan him selfe to vaunt: but when he viewed
Those deadly tooles, which in her hand she held,
Soone into other fits he was transmewed,
Till shue to him her gracious speech renewed;
All haile, Sir knight, and well may thee befall,
As all the like, which honour haue pursued
Through deeds of armes and prowesse Martiall;
All vertue merits praise: but such the most of all.

To whom he thus: ³⁸ ô fairest vnder skie,
 True be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
 That warlike feates doost highest glorie,
 Therein haue I spent all my youthly daies,
 And many battales fought, and many fraies
 Throughout the world, wherso they might bee found,
 Endeououring my dreaded name to raise
 About the Moone, that fame may it refound
 In her eternall trompe, with laurell girland croud.

But, what art thou (ô Lady) which doost range
 In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
 And doost not it for ioyous Court exchange,
 Emongst thine equall Peeres, where happy blifs
 And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
 There thou maist loue, and dearly loued bee,
 And swim in pleasure, which thou heere doost mis;
 There maist thou best be seene, and best maist see:
 The wood is fit for beasts; the Court is fit for thee.

Whoso in pompe of proud estate (quoth shee)
 Docs swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blifs,
 Does waste his daies in darke obscuritee,
 And in obliuion cuer buried is:
 Where ease abounds, yr' eath to doe amifs;
 But who his limbs with lab'ours, and his mind
 Behaues with cares, cannot so easie mis
 Abroad in armes, at home in studious kind
 Who seekes with painfull toyle, shall honour soonest find.

In woods, in waues, in warres she wons to dwell,
 And will be found with perill and with paine;
 Ne can the man that moulds in idle Cell,
 Vnto her happy mansion attaine:
 Before her gate high God did Sweat ordaine,
 And wakefull Watches euer to abide:
 But easie is the way, and passage plaine
 To Pleasures palce; it may loone be spide,
 And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

In Princes Court, The rest she would haue said,
 But that the foolish man (lild with delight
 Of her sweet words, that all his sense dismayd,
 And with her wondrous beauty rausht quight)

Gan burne in filthy lust, and leaping light,
 Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.
 With that, she swaruing backe, her Iaceln bright
 Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:
 So, turned her about, and fled away apace.

Which when the Peasant saw, amaz'd hee stood,
 And grieued at her sight; yet durst he not
 Pursue her steps, through wild vnknown wood;
 Besides, he feard her wrath, and threatend shor
 Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgot:
 Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vaine;
 But turning, said to *Trompart*, What foule blot
 Is this to knight, that Lady should againe
 Depart to woods vntoucht, and leaue so proud disdain?

Perdie (said *Trompart*) let her passe at will,
 Least by her presence danger mote befall.
 For, who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)
 But that she is some powre celesthall?
 For, whiles she spake, her great words did appall
 My feeble courage, and my hart oppresse,
 That yet I quake and tremble ouer all.
 And I (said *Bragzadocchio*) thought no lesse,
 When first I heard her horne found with such gaitlineesse.

For, from my mothers wombe this grace I haue
 Me given by eternall destinie,
 That earthly thing may not my courage braue
 Dismay with feare, or cause one foot to flie,
 But either hellish fiends, or powes on hie:
 Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard,
 Weening it had beene thunder in the sky,
 I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard;
 But when I other knew, my selfe I boldly reard.

But now, for feate of worfe that may betide,
 Let vs soone hence depart. They soone agree;
 So to his steed he got, and gan to ride
 As one vnfit therefore, that all might see
 He had not trained been in cheualree.
 Which well that valiant courser did discern;
 For, he despis'd to tread in dew degree,
 But chaufft and fom'd, with courage fierce and sterne,
 And to be eas'd of that base burden stild did yerne.





Canto IIII.

*Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
and stops Occasion:
Delivers Phedon, and therefore
by Strife is rayld vpon.*



¹
IN braue pursuit of honourable deed,
There is I knowe not what great difference
Betwene the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which vnto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by natie influence;

As, featcs of armes, and loue to entertaine:
But chiefly skill to ride, steemes a science
Proper to gentle blood; some others faine
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

²
But he (the rightfull owner of that steed)
Who well could menage and subdue his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,
With that black Palmer, his most trustie guide;
Who suffred not his wandring feet to slide.
But when strong passion, or weake fleshlinesse
Would from the right way fecke to draw him wide,
He would through temperance and stedfastnesse,
Teach him the weak to strengthen, & the strong suppressse.

³
It fortun'd forth faring on his way,
He saw from farre, or seemed for to see
Some troublous vprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in haste it to agree.
A mad man, or that fained mad to bee,
Drew by the haire along vpon the ground,
A handsome stripling with great crucialtee,
Whom sore he bet, and god'd with many a wound,
That cheeks with teares, & fides with blood did all abound.

⁴
And him behind, a wicked Hag did stalke,
In ragged robes, and filthy disarray,
Her other leg was lame, that she no't walke,
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay;
Her locks, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosely hung vnrold,
But all behind was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could euer taken hold,
And eke her face ill fauour'd, full of wrinkles old.

⁵
And euer as shee went, her tongue did walke
In foule reproche, and tearmes of vile despight,
Prouoking him by her outrageous talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight;
Sometimes she raught him stones, wherewith to smite,
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which she could not goe vpright;
Ne any euill meanes she did forbear,
That might him moue to wrath, and indignation reare.

⁶
The noble *Guyon* mou'd with great remorse,
Approching, first the Hag did thrust away;
And after, adding more impetuous force,
His mightie hands did on the mad man lay,
And pluckt him back; who, all on fire straight way,
Against him turning all his fell intent,
With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
And smot, and bit, and kickt, and seratcht, and rent,
And did he wist not what in his auengement.

⁷
And sure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had gouernance, it well to guide:
But when the frantick fit inflam'd his spright,
His force was vaine, and strooke more often wide,
Then at the ayred marke, which he had eyde:
And oft himselfe he chaunc't to hurt vnwares,
Whilst reason blent through passion, nought descride,
But as a blindfold Bull at randon fares, (nought cares.
And where he hits, nought knowes, and whom hee hurts,

⁸
His rude assault and rugged handling,
Strange seemed to the Knight, that aye with foe
In faire defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to fight: yet nathemoe
Was he abashed now not fighting fo;
But more enfierced through his curriish play,
Him sternely gryp't, and haling to and fro,
To overthrowe him strongly did assay,
But overthrew himselfe vnwares, and lower lay.

And

9
And beeing downe the villaine fore did beate,
And bruze with clownish fits his manly face:
And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat,
Still cald vpon to kill lum in the place.
With whole reproche and odious menace
The Knight enboying in his haughty hart,
Knit all his forces, and gan soone vnbrace
His grasping hold: so lightly did vpstart,
And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his part.

10
Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
Not so, o *Guyon*, neuer thinke that fo
That Monster can be mistred or destroyed:
He is no, ah, he is not such a foe,
As steele can wound, or strength can overthrow.
That same is *Furor*, cursed cruell wight,
That vnto knighthood works much shame and woe;
And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion, the root of all wrath and despight.

11
With her, whofo will raging *Furor* tame,
Must first begin, and well her amenance:
First her restrain from her reprochefull blame,
And cuill meane, with which she doth enrage
Her frantick sonne, and kindles his courage:
Then when she is withdrawen, or strong withstood,
It's eath his idle fure to aswage,
And calme the tempest of his passion wood;
The banks are ouerflown, when stopped is the flood.

12
There-with Sir *Guyon* left his first emprise,
And turning to that woman, fast her hent
By the hoare locks, that hung before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stent
Her bitter rayling and foule reuilement,
But still prouok't her sonne to wreake her wrong;
But nathelless he did her still torment,
And catching hold of her vngracious tongue,
Thereon an iron lock did fasten firme and strong.

13
Then when as vse of speech was from her rest,
With her two crooked hands she signes did make,
And beckned him, the last help she had left:
But he, that last left help away did take,
And both her hands fast bound vnto a stake,
That she no'te stirre. Then gan her sonne to stie
Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;
But *Guyon* after him in haste did hie,
And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitie.

14
In his strong armes he stiffely him embract,
Who him gaincetrining, nought at all preuaild:
For, all his powre was vtterly defact,
And furious sits at earth quite wrenes quaild:
Ofte he r'enfore't, and oft his forces fauld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour slack.
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely haild,
And both his hands fast bound behind his back,
And both his feet in fetters to an iron rack.

15
With hundred iron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots that did him sore constraîne:
Yet his great iron teeth he still did grind,
And grimly gnash, threatening reuenge in vaine:
His burning eyes, whom bloudie strakes did staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire,
And more for ranke despight, then for great paine,
Shak't his long locks, colourd like copper-wire,
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

16
Thus when as *Guyon*, *Furor* had captiu'd,
Turning about, he saw that wretched Squire,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late depriu'd,
Lying on ground, all soyl'd with bloud and mire:
Whom, when as he perceiued to respire,
He gan to comfort, and his wounds to dresse.
Beeing at last recur'd, he gan inquire,
What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
And made that caritiues thrall, the thrall of wretchednesse.

17
With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
Faite Sir, quoth he, what man can shun the hap,
That hidden lyes vnwares him to surprize?
Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
The man most warie, in her whelming lap.
So me weake wretch, of many weakest one,
Vnweeting, and vnware of such mishap,
She brought to mischief through occasion,
Where this same wicked villaine did me light vpon.

18
It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the fourfe
Of all my sorrow, and of thesc sad teares,
With whom from tender dug of common nourfe,
Attonce I was vpbrought; and est when yeeres
More ripe vs reason lent to chuse our Peares,
Our felus in league of vowed loue we knit:
In which we long time, without iealous feares,
Our faultie thoughts continewd, as was fit;
And for my part (I vow) dissembled not a whit.

19
It was my fortune common to that age,
To loue a Ladie faire of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And set in highett seat of dignitee,
Yet seem'd no lesse to loue, then lov'd to bee:
Long I her seru'd, and found her faithfull still,
Ne euer thing could cause vs diligrce:
Loue that two harts makes one, makes eke one will:
Each stroue to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

20
My friend, hight *Philemon*, I did partake
Of all my loue and all my priuie;
Who greatly ioyous seemed for my sake,
And gracious to that Ladie, as to mee,
Ne euer wight that more so welcome bee,
As he to her, withouten blot or blame,
Ne euer thing, that shee could thinke or see,
But vnto him she would impart the same:
O wretched man! that would abuse so gentle Dame.

21
At last, such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
That I that Lady to my Spouse had wonne;
Accord of friends, consent of parents fought,
Affiance made, my happinesse begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
Which marriage make; that day too farre did seeme:
Most ioyous man, on whom the shining Sunne
Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,
And that my falser friend did no lesse ioyous deeme.

22
But ere that wished day his beame disclosd,
He, either envying my toward good,
Or of himselfe to treason ill disposd,
One day vnto me came in friendly mood,
And told (for secret) how he vnderstood,
That Lady whom I had to me affin'd,
Had both distand her honourable blood,
And eke the faith, which she to me did bind;
And therefore wisht me stay, till I more truth should find.

23
The gnawing anguish and sharpe ieaalousie,
Which his sad speech infixid in my brest,
Rankled so fore, and festred inwurdly,
That my engriued mind could find no rest,
Till that the truth thereof I did outwrest,
And him besought by that same sacred band
Betwix vs both, to counsell me the best.
He then with solemne oath and plighted hand
Assur'd, ere long the truth to let me vnderstand.

24
Ere long, with like againe he boorded mee,
Saying, he now had boulted all the flour,
And that it was a groomme of base degree,
Which of my loue was partner Paramour:
Who vsed in a darkesome inner bowre
Her oft to meet: which better to approue,
He promised to bring me at that howre,
When I should see that would me neerer moue,
And driue me to with-draw my blind abused loue.

25
This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmaid of my Lady deare,
Who glad t' embosome his affection vile,
Did all she might, more pleasing to appeare.
One day to worke her to his will more neare,
He woo'd her thus: *Pryene* (so shee hight)
What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,
Thus lowely to abuse thy beauty bright,
That it should not deface all others lesser light?

26
But if she had her least help to thee lent,
T' adorne thy forme according thy defart,
Their blazing pride thou wouldst soone haue blent,
And staid their praises with thy least good part;
Ne should faire *Claribell* with all her art
(Though the thy Lady be) approche thee neare:
For prooffe thereof, this euening, as thou art,
Array thy selfe in her most gorgeous gear,
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

27
The Maiden, proud through praise, & mad through loue,
Him harkned to, and soone her selfe arraid,
The whiles to me the treachour did remoue
His craftie engin, and as he had said,
Me leading, in a secret corner laid,
The sad spectator of my Tragedie;
Where left, he went, and his owne false part plaid,
Disguised like that groomme of base degree,
Whom he had feind th' abuser of my loue to bee.

28
Effsoones he came vnto th' appointed place,
And with him brought *Pryene*, rich arrayd,
In *Claribell*'s clothes. Her proper face
I not discerned in that darksome shade,
But weend it was my loue, with whom he plaid.
Ah God! what horrour and tormenting griefe,
My hart, my hands, mine eyes, and all assaid!
Me lieter were ten thousand deathes griefe,
Then wound of ieaalous worme, & shame of such reproofe.

29
I home returning, fraught with foule despight,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
Soone as my loathed loue appeared in sight,
With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent;
That after soone I dearly did lament:
For, when the cause of that outrageous deed
Demanded, I made plaine and euident,
Her faultie Handmaid, which that bale did breed,
Confest, how *Philemon* her wrought to change her weed.

30
Which when I heard, with horrible affright
And hellish fury all enrag'd, I fought
Vpon my selfe that vengeable despight
To punish: yet it better first I thought,
To wreake my wrath on him, that first it wrought.
To *Philemon*, false faytour *Philemon*,
I cast to pay that I so dearly bought;
Of deadly drugs I gaue him drinke anon,
And wast away his guilt with guiltie potion.

31
Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,
To losse of loue adioyning losse of friend,
I meant to purge both, with a third mischief,
And in my wocs beginner it to end:
That was *Pryene*; the did first offend,
She last should smart: with which cruell intent,
When I at her my murderous blade did bend,
She fled away with gastly dreriment,
And I pursuing my fell purpose, after went.

32
Feare gaue her wings, and rage enforc't my flight;
Through Woods and Plaines, so long I did her chase,
Till this mad man (whom your victorious might
Hath now fast bound) me met in middle space;
As I her, so he me pursfewd apace,
And shortly overooke: I, breathing ire,
Sore chauffed at my stay in such a case,
And with my heate, kindled his cruell fire;
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inspire.

Betwix

33
Betwixt them both, they haue me doen to die,
Through wounds, and strokes, & stubborne handling,
That death were better then such agony,
As griefe and furie vnto me did bring;
Of which in me yet sticks the mortall sting,
That during life will neuer be appeald.
When he thus ended had his forlorning,
Said *Guyon*, Squire, for haue ye bene diseald;
But all your hurts may soone through temperance be cald.

34
Then gan the Palmer thus, Most wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend;
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But soone through suffrance growe to fearefull end;
Whiles they are weake, betimes with them contend:
For, when they once to perfect strength doe growe,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battay bend
Ganst fort of Reason, it to overthrowe:
Wrath, ialousie, griefe, loue, this Squire haue laid thus lowe.

35
Wrath, ialousie, griefe, loue, doe thus expell:
Wrath is a fire, and ialousie a weede,
Creese is a flood, and loue a monster fell;
The fire of sparks, the weed of litle seede,
The flood of drops, the Monster filth did breed:
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth doe thus delay;
The sparks soone quench, the springing seed outweed,
The drops dry vp, and filth wipe cleane away:
So shall wrath, ialousie, griefe, loue, die and decay.

36
Vnlucky Squire (said *Guyon*) sith thou hast
Falne into mischief through intemperance,
Henceforth take heed of that thou now hast past,
And guide thy waies with warie gouernance,
Least worse betide thee by some later chance.
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.
Phedon I hight (quoth he) and doe aduance
Mine anceltry from famous *Coradin*,
Who first to raise our house to honour did begin.

37
Thus as he spake, lo, farre away they spide
A varlet running towards hastily,
Whose flying feet so fast their way applide,
That round about a cloud of dust did flie,
Which mingled all with sweat, did dim his eye.
He soone approached, panting, breathlesse, hot,
And all so soyl'd, that none could him defery:
His countenance was bold, and bashed not
For *Guyons* lookes, but scornfull eyglaunce at him shot.

38
Behind his backe he bore a brazen shield,
On which was drawn faire, in colours fit,
A flaming fire in midst of bloudie field,
And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I doe burne. Right well becomed it,
To be the shield of some redoubted knight;
And in his hand two darts exceeding fit,
And deadly sharpe he held, whose heads were dight
In payson and in bloud of malice and despight.

39
When hee in presence came, to *Guyon* first
He boldly spake, Sir knight, if knight thou bee,
Abandon this forfealled place at erit,
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,
Or bide the chance at thine owne iocoperdie.
The Knight at his great boldnesse wondered,
And though he scorn'd his idle vramie,
Yet mildly him to purpose answered;
For, not to growe of nought he it coniectured.

40
Varlet, this place most due to me I deeme,
Yielded by him that held it forcibly. (seeme
But, whence should come that harme, which thou doost
To threat to him, that minds his chance t'aby?
Perdy (said he) here comes, and is hard by
A knight of wondrous powre, and great assay,
That neuer yet encountered enemy,
But did him deadly daunt, or foule dismay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay.

41
How hight he then (said *Guyon*) and from whence?
Pyrrhocles is his name, renowned farre
For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
Full oft approu'd in many a cruell warre,
The brother of *Cymochles*, both which arre
The sonnes of old *Acrates* and *Despight*;
Acrates, sonne of *Phlegeton* and *Iarre*:
But *Phlegeton* is sonne of *Heribus* and *Night*:
But *Heribus* sonne of *Aeternitie* is hight.

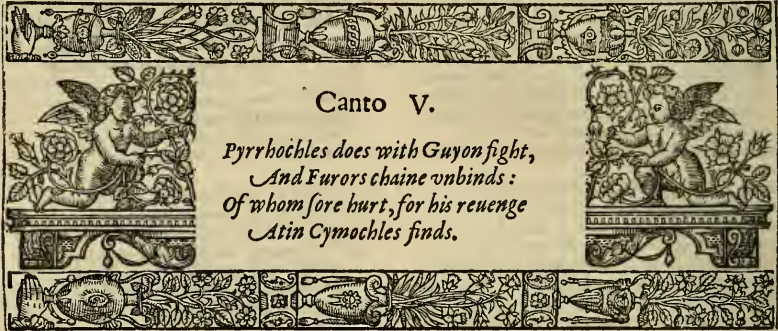
42
So from immortall race he does proceed,
That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
Dread for his derring doe, and bloudy deed;
For, all in bloud and spoile is his delight.
His am I *Astin*, his in wrong and right,
That matter make for him to worke vpon,
And stirre him vp to strife and cruell fight.
Fly therefore, sith this fearefull stead anon,
Least thy foole-hardize worke thy sad confusion.

43
His be that care, whom most it doth concerne
(Said he): but whither with such hastie flight
Art thou now bound? for, well mote I discern
Great cause, that carries thee so swift and light.
My Lord (quoth he) me sent, and straight behight
To seeke *Occasion*, wherof hee bee:
For, he is all dispos'd to bloudy fight,
And breathes out wrath and haunous crueltie;
Hard is his hap, that first falls in his icopardie.

44
Mad man (said then the Palmer) that does seeke
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife;
She comes vnsought: and thunned, followes eke.
Happy, who can abstaine, when Rincour rife
Kindles Reuenge, and threats his rustie knife;
Woe neuer wants, where eucry cause is caught,
And rash *Occasion* makes vnquiet life.
Then lo, where eound the fits, whom thou hast sought,
(Said *Guyon*) let that message to thy Lord be brought.

That, when the varlet heard and saw, straight way
 He waxed wondrous wroth, and said, Vile knight,
 That knights & knighthood doost with shame vpray,
 And shew'st th'ensample of thy childish might,
 With silly weake old woman thus to fight;
 Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou got,
 And stoutly prov'd thy puissaunce here in fight;
 That shall *Pyrrhocles* well requite, I wot,
 And with thy bloud abolish so reprochfull blot.

With that, one of his thrillant darts he threw,
 Headed with ire and vengeable despyght;
 The quiering steele his ayred end well knew,
 And to his breast it selfe intended right:
 But he was warie, and ere it empight
 In the meane marke, advaunc't his shield atwene;
 On which it feizing, no way enter might,
 Bur backe rebounding, left the fork-head keene;
 Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be seene.



Canto V.

*Pyrrhocles does with Guyon fight,
 And Furors chaine vnbinds:
 Of whom sore hurt, for his reuenge
 Atin Cymoehles finds.*

WHo-euer doth to temperaunce apply
 His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
 Trust me, shall find no greater enemy,
 Then stubbornne perturbation, to the same;
 To which right well the wise doe giue that name,
 For, it the goodly peace of stayed mindes
 Does overthrowe, and troublous warre proclame:
 His owne woes author, whofo bound it findes,
 As did *Pyrrhocles*, and it wilfully vnbindes.

After that varlets flight, it was not long,
 Ere on the Plane fast pricking *Guyon* spide
 One in bright armes embattailed full strong,
 That as the Sunny beames doe glauce and glide
 Vpon the trembling waue, so shined bright,
 And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
 That seem'd him to enflame on euery side:
 His steed was bloody red, and fomed ire,
 When with the maistring spur he did him roughly stire.

Approching nigh, he neuer stayd to greet,
 Ne chaffer words, proud courage to prouoke,
 But prickt so fierce, that vnderneath his feet
 The smouldring dust did round about him smoke,
 Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
 And fairely couching his steele-headed speare,
 Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke;
 It booted nought Sir *Guyon* comming neare
 To thinke, such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare.

But lightly shunned it, and passing by
 With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
 That the sharpe steele arriuing forcibly
 On his broad shield, bit not, but glancing fell
 On his horse neck before the quilted fell,
 And from the head the body fundred quight:
 So him dismounted lowe, he did compell
 On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
 The trunked beast fast bleeding, did him foully dight.

Sore bruized with the fall, he slowe vprose,
 And all enraged, thus him loudly shent;
 Disceall knight, whose coward courage chose
 To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,
 And shund the marke, at which it should be ment,
 Thereby thine armes leeme strong, but manhood fraile;
 So hast thou oft with guile thine honour blent;
 But little may such guile thee now auale,
 If wonted force and fortune doe not much me faile.

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
 At him so fiercely, that the vpper marge
 Of his seuenfolded shield away it tooke,
 And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
 And open gash therein: were not his targe,
 That broke the violence of his intent,
 The weary soule from thence it would discharge;
 Nathelless, so fore a buffe to him it lent,
 That made him reele, and to his breast his beuer bent.

Exceeding

7
Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blowe,
And much aham'd, that stroake of liuing arme
Should him dismay, and make him stoupe so lowe,
Though otherwise it did him little harme:
Tho hurling high his iron braed arme,
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
That all his left side it did quite disarme;
Yet there the Steele staid not, but inly bare
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red flood-gate.

8
Deadly dismayd, with horror of that dint,
Pyrrhachles was, and grieued eke entre;
Yet nathemore did it his furie stint,
But added flame vnto his former fire,
That wel-nigh melt his hart in raging ire:
Ne thence-forth his approued skill, to ward,
Or strike, or hurlen round in warlike gyre,
Remembered he, ne car'd for his sauegard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell Tigre fur'd.

9
He hewed, and lasht, and foynd, and thundred blowes,
And euery way did seeke into his life:
Ne plate, ne male could ward so mighty throwes,
But yielded passage to his cruell knife.
But *Guyon*, in the heate of all his strife,
Was warie wise, and closely did await
Avantage, whil't his foe did rage most rife;
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strooke him frait,
And falsed oft his blowes, t'illude him with such bait.

10
Like as a Lion, whose imperial powre
A proud rebellious Vnicorne defies,
T'auoyd the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
Of his fierce foe, him to a tree applies,
And when him running in full course he spies,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious home, sought of his enemies,
Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty Victor yields a bountious feast:

11
With such faire slight him *Guyon* often saild,
Till at the last, all breathlesse, wearie, faint
Him spying, with fresh onset he assaild,
And kindling new his courage (seeming quaint)
Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint
He made him stoupe perforce vnto his knee,
And doe vnwilling worship to the Saint,
That on his shield depainted he did see;
Such homage til that instant neuer learned hee.

12
Whom *Guyon* seeing stoupe, perswaded fast
The present offer of faire victorie,
And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
Where-with he smote his haughty crest so hie,
That straight on ground made him full lowe to lie;
Then on his breast his victour foot he thrust:
With that he cride, Mercy, doe me not die,
Ne deeme thy force by Fortunes doome vniust,
That hath (maugre her spight) thus lowe me laid in dust.

13
Eftsoones his cruell hand Sir *Guyon* staid,
Tempering the passion with aduisement slowe,
And mairing might on enemy dismayd:
For, th'equall dye of warre he well did knowe;
Then to him said, Liue, and allegiance owe
To him that giues thee life and libertie:
And henceforth, by this daies ensample trowe,
That haste wroth, and heedlesse hazardry,
Doe breede repentance late, and lasting infamy.

14
So, yf he let him rise: who with grim looke
And count'naunce sterne vpstanding, gan to grind
His grated teeth for great disdain, and shooke
His landie locks, long hanging downe behind,
Knotted in bloud and dust, for griefe of mind,
That he in ods of armes was conquered;
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
That him so noble Knight had mastered,
Whose bounty more then might, yet both he wondered.

15
Which *Guyon* marking said, Be nought agriued,
Sir Knight, that thus ye now subdued are:
Was neuer man, who most conquests atchieu'd
But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,
Yet shortly gaind, that losse exceeded farre:
Losse is no shame, nor to be lesse then foe;
But to be lesse, then himselfe, doth marre
Both loofers lot, and victors prouise also.
Vaine others overthrowes, whose selfe doth overthrowe.

16
Fly, ô *Pyrrhachles*, fie the dreadfull warre,
That in thy selfe thy lesse parts doe moue:
Outragious anger, and woe-working iarre,
Direfull impatience, and hart-murding loue;
Those, those thy foes, those warriors farr remove,
Which thee to endlesse bale captiued lead,
But sit in might thou didst my mercy proude,
Of curtesie to me the cause arad,
That thee against me drew with too impetuous dread.

17
Dreadlesse, said he, that shall I soone declare:
It was complaind, that thou hadst done great tort
Vnto an aged woman, poore and bare,
And thralld her in chaines with strong effort,
Void of all succour and needfull comfort:
That ill becemes thee, such as I thee see,
To worke such shame. Therefore I thee exhort
To change thy will, and set *Occasion* free,
And to her captiue sonne yield his first libertee.

18
Thereat Sir *Guyon* smil'd: And is that all
Said he, that thee so sore displeas'd hath?
Great mercy sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
Whose freedom shall thee turne to greattest feath.
Nath'lesse, now quench thy hot emboyling wrath:
Loe, there they be: to thee I yield them free.
Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
And gan to breake the bands of their captiuittee.

19
 Soone as *Occasion* felt her selfe vntide,
 Before her sonne could well assoiled bee,
 She to her vte returned, and straight desire
 Both *Guyon* and *Pyrrhobles*: th'one (said she)
 Because he wonne; the other, because hee
 Was wonne: so matter did she make of nought,
 To stirre vp strife, and doe them disagree:
 But soone as *Furor* was enlarg'd, she fought
 To kindle his queucht fire, and thousand causes wrought.

20
 It was not long, ere she inflam'd him so,
 That he would algates with *Pyrrhobles* fight,
 And his redeemer chaleng'd for his foe,
 Because he had not well maintaine his right,
 But yielded had to that same stranger knight:
 Now gan *Pyrrhobles* wax as wood as hee,
 And him affronted with impatient might:
 So both together fierce engrasped bee,
 Whiles *Guyon* standing by, their vncouth strife does see.

21
 Him all that while *Occasion* did prouoke
 Against *Pyrrhobles*, and new matter fram'd
 Vpon the old, him stirring to be wroke
 Of his late wrongs, in which she oft him blam'd
 For suffering such abuse, as knighthood sham'd,
 And him disabled quite. But he was wise,
 Ne would with vaine occasion be inflam'd;
 Yet others the more vrgent did deuise:
 Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

22
 Their fell contention full increased more,
 And more thereby increased *Furors* might,
 That he his foe has hurt, and wounded fore,
 And him in blood and durt deformed quight.
 His mother eke (more to augment his spright)
 Now brought to him a flaming fier brond,
 Which she in *Stygian* lake (ay burning bright)
 Had kindled: that she gaue into his hond,
 That arm'd with fire, more hardly he more him withstond.

22
 Tho gan the villaine wax so fierce and strong,
 That nothing might sustaine his furious force;
 He cast him downe to ground, and all along
 Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
 And foully batter'd his comely corse,
 That *Guyon* much disdain'd so loathly fight.
 At last, he was compeld to cry perforce,
 Helpe (ô Sir *Guyon*) help most noble knight,
 To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish wight.

24
 The knight was greatly moued at his plaint,
 And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
 Till that the Palmer, by his graue restraint,
 Him staid from yielding pittifull redresse;
 And said, Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth repress,
 Ne let thy stout hart melt in pity vaine:
 He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
 And his foe fettered would release againe,
 Deserues to taste his follies fruit, repented paine.

25
Guyon obaid; So him away he drew
 From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
 Already fought, his voyage to perlew.
 But rash *Pyrrhobles* varlet, *Atin* hight,
 When late he saw his Lord in heauie plight,
 Vnder Sir *Guyons* puissaunt stroke to fall,
 Him deeming dead, as then he seem'd in sight,
 Fled fast away, to tell his funeral
 Vnto his brother, whom *Cymochles* men did call.

26
 He was a man of rare redoubted might,
 Famous throughout the world for warlike praise,
 And glorious spoiles, purchast in perillous fight:
 Full many doughty knights he in his daies
 Had doen to death, subdew'd in equall frayes;
 VWhole carcasses, for terrour of his name,
 Offowles and beasts he made the pittious prayes,
 And hung their conquered armes for more deafe
 On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

27
 His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,
 The vile *Acraffa*, that with vaine delights,
 And idle pleasures in her *Bowre of Blisse*,
 Does charme her louers, and the feeble sprights
 Can call out of the bodies of fraile wights:
 Whom then she does transforme to monstrous hewes,
 And horribly mishapes with vgly fights,
 Captiv'd eternally in iron mewes;
 And darksome dens, where *Titan* his face neuer shewes.

28
 There *Atin* found *Cymochles* sojourning,
 To serue his Lemans loue: for he, by kind,
 Was giuen all to lust and loose liuing;
 When euer his fierce hands he free mote find:
 And now he has pourd out his idle mind
 In daintie delices, and lamsh ioyes,
 Hauing his warlike weapons cast behind,
 And floues in pleasures, and vaine pleasing toyes,
 Mingled amongst loose Ladies and lasciuious boyes.

29
 And ouer him, Art struing to compare
 With Nature, did an Arbour Greene disspred,
 Framed of wanton Ivic, flowing faire,
 Through which the fragrant Eglantine did spred
 His pricking armes, entrayld with roses red,
 Which dainty odours round about them threw,
 And all within with floures was garnished,
 That when mild *Zephyrus* amongst them blew,
 Did breathe out bountious finels, & painted colours shew.

30
 And fast beside, there trickled softly downe
 A gentle streame, whose murmuring waue did play
 Amongst the puny stones, and made a sowne,
 To lull him soft asleepe, that by it lay;
 The wearie Trauciler, wandring that way,
 Therein did often quench his thirstie heat,
 And then by it his wearie limbes display,
 Whiles creeping slumber made him to forget
 His former paine, and wip't away his toylsome sweat.

31
 And on the other side a pleasaunt Groue
 Was shot vp high, full of the stately tree,
 That dedicated is t' *Olympick Ioue*,
 And to his sonne *Alcides*, when as hee
 Gain'd in *Nemea* goodly victoree;
 Therein the merry birds, of euery sort,
 Chaunted aloud their chearefull harmonie:
 And made amongst themselues a sweet consort,
 That quickned the dull spirit with muscally comfort.

32
 There he him found all carelesly displaid,
 In secret shadowe from the sunny ray,
 On a sweet bed of Lillies softly laid,
 Amidst a flock of Damzels fresh and gay,
 That round about him dissolute did play
 Their wanton follies, and light meriment;
 Euery of which did loofely disaray
 Her vpper parts of meet habiliments,
 And shewed them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

33
 And euery of them stroue, with most delights,
 Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew;
 Some fram'd faire lookes, glancing like euening lights;
 Others, sweet words, dropping like honny dew;
 Some, bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
 The sugred liquor through his melting lips:
 One boasts her beauty, and does yeeld to view
 Her dainty limbes about her tender hips;
 Another, her out-boasts, and all for tryall strips.

34
 Hee, like an Adder, lurking in the weeds,
 His wan tring thought in deepe desire does steepe,
 And his fraile eye with spoile of beutie feedes;
 Sometimes, he falsly faines himselfe to sleepe,
 Whiles through their lids his wanton eyes doe peepe,
 To steale a snatch of amorous conceit,
 Whereby close fire into his hart does creepe:
 So, them deceines, deceiv'd in his deceit,
 Made drunke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

35
Atin arriuing there, when him he spide,
 Thus in still waues of deepe delight to wade,
 Fiercely approaching, to him loudly cride,
Cymochles, oh no, but *Cymochles* ihade,
 In which that manly perlon late did fade,
 What is become of great *Acrates* sonne?
 Or where hath he hung vp his mortall blade,
 That hath so many haughty conquests wonne?
 Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

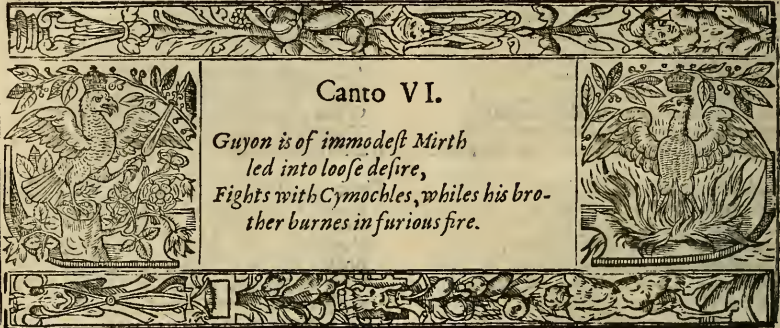
36
 Then pricking him with his sharpe-pointed dart,
 He said; Vp, vp, thou womanish weake knight,
 That here in Ladies lap entomb'd art,
 Vnmindfull of thy praise and prowess might,
 And weeleesse eke of lately wrought desight,
 Whiles sad *Pyrrochles* lyes on senselesse ground,
 And groweth out his vtmost grudging spright,
 Through many a stroake, & many a streaming wound,
 Calling thy helpe in vaine, that heere in ioyes art drown'd.

37
 Suddainly out of his delightful dreame
 The man awoke, and would haue question'd more;
 But he would not endure that wofull theame
 For to dilate at large, but vrged sore
 With piercing words, and pittifull implore,
 Him haste to arise. As one affright
 With hellish fiends, or *Furies* mad vprore,
 He then vprose, inflam'd with fell despight,
 And called for his armes; for he would al gates fight.

38
 They been ybrought; he quickly does him dight,
 And lightly mounted, passeth on his way:
 Ne Ladies loues, ne sweet entreaties might
 Appease his heate, or haste passage stay;
 For, he has vow'd to been aveng'd that day
 (That day it selfe him seem'd all too long:)
 On him, that did *Pyrrochles* deare dismay:
 So, proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
 And *Atin* aye him pricks with spurs of shame and wrong.

Canto





Canto VI.

*Guyon is of immodest Mirth
led into loose desire,
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his bro-
ther burnes in furious fire.*

A Harder lesson, to learne Contineuce
In ioyous pleasure, then in grieuous paine:
For, sweetnes doth allure the weaker sense
So strongly, that vneathes it can restraine
From that, which feeble nature couets faire;
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies,
And foes of life, the better can restraine;
Yet vertue vaunts in both their victories,
And *Guyon* in them all shewes goodly maiesties.

Whom bold *Cymochles* trauieling to find,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath, which *Atin* kindle in his mind,
Came to a riuer, by whose vtmost brim
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glance of eye,
A little Gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a little forest seemed outwardly.

And therein fate a Lady fresh and faire,
Making sweet solace to herselfe alone;
Sometimes she sung, as loud as Larke in aire,
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was gone,
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That might to her moue cause of merriment:
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none
She could deuise, and thousand waies invent
To feed her foolish humour, and vaine iolliment.

Which when farre off *Chymochles* heard, and saw,
He loudly cald to such as were aboard,
The little barke vnto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry ouer that deepe ford:
The merry Marriner vnto his word
Soone harkned, and her painted boat straight way
Turnd to the shore, where that fame warlike Lord
She in receiue'd; but *Atin* by no way
Shewould admit, albe the Knight her much did pray.

Estfoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift then Swallow sheres the liquid skie,
Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canuas with the wind to fire;
Onely she turn'd a pin, and by and by
It cut away vpon the yeelding waue,
Ne cared shee her course for to applie:
For, it was taught the way, which the would haue,
And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely faue:

And all the way, the wanton Damzell found
New mirth, her passenger to entertaine:
For, she in pleasant purpose did abound,
And greatly ioyed merry tales to faune,
Of which a store-houle did with her remaine:
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became;
For, all her words she drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in vttering of the same,
That turned all her pleasure to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would deuise,
As her fantastick wit did most delight:
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguise
With gaudie girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
About her neck, or rings of rushes plight;
Sometimes to doe him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaues light,
Or to behold the water worke, and play
About her little frigot, therein making way.

Her light behaviour, and loose dalliance
Gaued wondrous great contentment to the Knight,
That of his way he had no souenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd reuenge, and cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yeeld his Martiall might.
So easie was to quench his flamed mind
With one sweet drop of sensuall delight:
So easie is, to appeare the stormie wind
Of malice in the calme of pleasant womankind.

9

Diuerſe diſcourſes in their way they ſpent,
 Mongſt which *Cymochles* of her queſtioned,
 Both what ſhe was, and what that viſage ment,
 Which in her cot ſhe dailie practiſed.

Vaine man, ſayd ſhe, that would't be reckoned
 A ſtranger in thy home, and ignorant
 Of *Phedria* (for to my name is red)
 Of *Phedria*, thine owne fellow ſeruaunt;
 For, thou to ſerue *Acraſta* thy ſelfe dooſt vaunt.

10

Io this wide Inland ſea, that hight by name
 The *Ydle lake*, my wandring ſhip I rowe,
 That knowes het Port, and thither ſailes by ayme,
 Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind doe blowe,
 Or whether ſwift I wend, or whether ſlowe:
 Both ſlowe and ſwift alike doe ſerue my tourne,
 Ne ſwelling *Neptune*, ne loud thundring *Ioue*
 Can change my cheare, or make me euer mourne;
 My little boat can ſafely paſſe this perilous bourne.

11

Whiles thus ſhe talked, and whiles thus ſhe toyd,
 They were faire paſt the paſſage which he ſpake,
 And come vnto an Iſland waſte and voyd,
 That floted in the miſt of that great lake,
 There her ſmall Gondelay her Port did make,
 And that gay payre iſſuing on the ſhore
 Diſburnded her. Their way they forward take
 Into the Land that lay them faire before,
 Whoſe pleaſance ſhe him ſhew'd, and plentiful great ſtore.

12

It was a choſen plot of fertile land,
 Emongſt wide waues ſit like a little neſt,
 As if it had by Natures cunning hand,
 Beene choicely picked out from all the reſt,
 And layd forth for enſample of the beſt:
 No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on ground,
 No arboret with painted bloſſoms dreſt,
 And ſmelling ſweets, but there it might be found
 To bud out fayre, and her ſweet ſmelcs throwe all around.

13

No tree, whoſe branches did not brauely ſpring;
 No branch, whereon a fine bird did not ſit:
 No bird, but did her ſhrill notes ſweetly ſing;
 No ſong but did containe a louely dit:
 Trees, branches, birds, and ſongs were framed fit
 For to allure frayle mind to careleſſe caſe.
 Careleſſe the man ſoone wox, and his weakē wit
 Was overcome of thung, that did him pleaſe;
 So pleaſed, did his wrauthfull purpoſe faire appeaſe.

14

Thus when ſhee had his eyes and ſenſes ſed
 With falſe delights, and filld with pleaſures vaine,
 Into a ſhady dale ſhe ſoſt him led,
 And layd him downe vpon a graſſie Plaine;
 And her ſweet ſelſe, without dread or diſdaine
 She ſet beſide, laying his head diſarm'd
 In her looſe lap, it ſoſtly to ſuſtaine,
 Where ſoone he ſlumberd, fearing not be harm'd,
 The whiles with a loud lay ſhe thus him ſweetly charm'd.

15

Behold, ſ man, that toyle ſome paines dooſt take,
 The flowres, the fields, and all that pleaſant growes,
 How they themſelues doe thine enſample make,
 Whiles nothing enuious Nature them forth throwes
 Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,
 They ſpring, they bud, they bloſſome freſh & faire,
 And deck the world with their rich pompous ſhowes;
 Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
 Yet no man to them can his careful paines compare.

16

The Lilly, Lady of the flowing field,
 The Flowre-deluce, her louely Labouroure,
 Bid thee to them thy fruitleſſe labours yield,
 And ſoone leaue off this toyleſome wearie ſtoure;
 Lo, lo, how braue ſhe decks her bountious bourne,
 VVith ſilken curtens and gold couerlets,
 Therein to throwd her ſumptuous Belamour,
 Yet neither ſpinnes nor cardes, ne cares nor frets,
 But to her mother Nature all her care ſhe lets.

17

Why then dooſt thou, ſ man, that of them all
 Art Lord, and cke of nature Soueraigne,
 Wilfully make thy ſelſe a wretched thrall,
 And waſte thy ioyous houres in needleſſe paine,
 Seeking for danger and adventures vaine?
 What bootes it all to haue, and nothing vſe?
 Who ſhall him rew, that ſwimming in the maine,
 Will die for thirſt, and water doth reſuſe?
 Reſuſe ſuch fruitleſſe toyle, and preſent pleaſures chuſe.

18

By this, ſhe had him lulled faſt aſleepe,
 That of no worldly thing he care did take;
 Then ſhe with liquors ſtrong his eyes did ſteepe,
 That nothing ſhould him haſtily awake:
 So ſhe him leit, and did her ſelſe betake
 Vnto her boat againe, with which the cleſt
 The ſlothfull waues of that great gneſſie lake;
 Soone ſhe the Iſland farre behind her leit,
 And now is come to that faire place, where firſt ſhe weſt.

19

By this time, was the worthy *Guyon* brought
 Vnto the other ſide of that wide ſtrong,
 VVhere ſhe was rowing, and for paſſage ſought:
 Him needed not long call, ſhe ſoone to hand
 Her ferry brought, where him ſhe byding fond,
 With his ſad guide; himſelſe ſhe tooke aboard,
 But the *Black Palmer* ſuffred ſtill to ſtand,
 Ne would for price, or prayers once aſoord,
 To ferry that old man ouer the perulous foord.

20

Guyon was loath to leaue his guide behind,
 Yet beeing entred, might not back retire;
 For, the ſit barke, obeying to her miſd,
 Forth launch'd quickly, as ſhe did deſire,
 Ne gaue him leaue to bid that aged Sire
 Adieu, but nimble ran her wonted courſe
 Through the dull billowes thick as trouble mire,
 Whom neither wind out of their feat could force,
 Nor timely tides did driue out of their ſluggiſh courſe.

H.

And

21

And by the way, as was her wonted guise,
Her merry fit she freshly gan to reare,
And did of ioy and iollitie deuise,
Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare:
The Knight was courteous, and did not forbear
Her honest mirth and pleasure to partake;
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
And passe the bounds of modest merimake,
Her dalliance he despis'd, and follies did forsake.

22

Yet she still followed her former stile,
And sayd and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arrived in that pleasant Ile,
Where sleeping late she left her other knight.
But, when as *Guyon* of that land had sight,
He wist himselfe amiss, and angry sayd;
Ah Dame, perdy ye haue not doen me right,
Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obayd:
Me little needed from my right way to haue strayd.

23

Fayre Sir, quoth she, be not displeas'd at all;
Who fares on sea, may not commaund his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call;
The sea is wide, and easie for to stray;
The wind vnstable, and doth neuer stay.
But heere awhile ye may in safetie rest,
Till season serue new passage to affay;
Better safe Port, then be in seas distrest.
There-with she laught, and did her earnest end in iest.

24

But he, halfe discontent, mote nathelasse
Himselfe appeale, and issued forth on shore:
The ioyes whereof, and happy fruitfulness,
Such as he saw she gan him lay before,
And all though pleasant, yet she made much more:
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
The trees did bud, and earely blossoms bore,
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

25

And shee, more sweet then any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes amongst them beare a part,
And strue to passe (as shee could well enough)
Their natue musick by her skillfull art:
So did she all, that might his constant hart
With-draw from thought of warlike enterprise,
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
Where noyse of armes, or view of Martiall guise
Might not reuiue desire of knightly exercise.

26

But hee was wise, and wary of her will,
And euer held his hand vpon his hart:
Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
As to despise so courteous seeming part,
That gentle Lady did to him impart;
But sayrely tempring, fond desire subdewd,
And euer her desired to depart.
She list not heare, but her disports pursfwd,
And euer bade him stay, till time the tide renewd.

27

And now by this, *Cymochles* howre was spent,
That he awoke out of his idle dreame,
And shaking off his drowfie dremint,
Gan him awize, how ill did him beferme,
In slothfull sleepe his molten hart to sterne,
And quench the brood of his conceiued ire,
Tho vp he started, fird with shame extreme,
Ne stayed for his Damselfe to inquire,
But marched to the stonde, there passage to require.

28

And in the way, he with Sir *Guyon* met,
Accompanyde with *Phadria* the faire:
Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly fret,
Crying, Let be that Lady debonaire,
Thou recreant knight, and loone thy selfe prepare
To battaile, if thou meane her loue to gaine:
Lo, lo already, how the fowles in aire
Doc flock, awayting shortly to obtaine
Thy carcasse for their prey, the guerdon of thy paine.

29

And there-withall he fiercely at him flew,
And with important outrage him assayld:
Who, soone prepar'd to field, his sword forth drew,
And him with equall valour countervayld:
Their mighty stroakes their habierions dismayld,
And naked made each others manly spalles;
The mortall steele despiteouly entayld
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the iron walles,
That a large purple streame adowne their giambeux falles.

30

Cymochles, that had neuer met before
So puissant foe, with envious despight
His proud presumed force increased more,
Disdeigning to be held so long in fight;
Sir *Guyon* grudging not so much his might,
As those vnknightly raylings, which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his courage kindled bright,
Thereof deuising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres, redoubled euery stroke.

31

Both of them high atonce their hands enhaunst,
And both atonce their huge blowes downe did sway;
Cymochles sword on *Guyons* shield yelaunc't,
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away;
But *Guyons* angry blade so fierce did play
On th' others helmet, which as *Titan* shone,
That quite it cloue his plumed crest in tway,
And bared all his head vnto the bone;
Where-with astonisht, still he stood as senselesse stone.

32

Still as he stood, faire *Phadria*, that beheld
That deadly danger, soone atweene them ran;
And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,
Crying with pittious voyce, and count'nance wan;
Ah, weal-away! most noble Lords, how can
Your cruell eyes endure so pittious sight,
To shed your liues on ground? wo worth the man,
That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
In his owne flesh, and make way to the liuing spright.

If euer loue of Ladie did emperce
 Your yron breastes, or pittie could finde place,
 Withhold your bloudie hands from battell fierce;
 And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
 Both yeeld, to stay your deadly strife a space.
 They stayd a while: and forth the ga proceed:
 Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
 That am the author of this haunous deed, (breed.
 And cause of death betwene two doughtie knights doe

But if for me ye fight, or me will serue,
 Nor this rude kind of battell, nor these armes
 Arc meet, the which doe men in bale to sterue,
 And dolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes:
 Such cruell game my fearmoges disarmes:
 Another warre, and other weapons I
 Doe loue, where loue does giue his sweet alarmes,
 Without bloodshed, and where the enemy
 Does yeeld vnto his foe a pleasant victorie.

Debatefull strife, and cruell enmitie
 The famous name of knight hood sowlly shend;
 But louely peace, and gentle amitie,
 And in Amours the passing houres to spend,
 The mightie Martiall hands doe most commend;
 Of loue they euer greater glorie bore,
 Then of their armes: *Mars* is *Cupidoes* friend,
 And is for *Venus* loues renowned more
 Then all his warre and spoyles, the which he did of yore.

Therewith the sweetly stmyl'd. They, though full bent
 To proue extremities of bloudie fight,
 Yet at her speach their rages ga relent,
 And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight:
 Such powre haue pleasing words: such is the might
 Of courteous clemencie in gentle hart.
 Now after all was ceast, the Faerie knight
 Befought that *Damzell* suffer him depart,
 And yeeld him readie passage to that other part.

She no lesse glad, then he desirous was
 Of his departure thence; for of her ioy
 And vaine delight the saw he light did pass,
 A foe of folly and immodest toy,
 Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy;
 Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
 That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
 Troubled with terror and vnquietturre,
 That she well pleased was thence to amoue him farre.

Tho, him she brought aboard, and her swift bote
 Forthwith directed to that further strand;
 The which on the dull waues did lightly flote,
 And soone arrived on the shallow land,
 Where glad some *Guyon* sailed forth to land,
 And to that *Damzell* thanks gaue for reward.
 Vpon that shore he spied *Atin* stand,
 There by his maister left, when late he sar'd
 In *Phadrius* fleet barke ouer that perous shard.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
 He with *Pyrrhocles* sharpe debatement made;
 Streight ga he him reuile, and bitter rate,
 As shepherds curre, that in darke euenings shade
 Hath trauced forth some saluage beaitez trade;
 Vile Miscreant (said he) wither dost thou sit
 The shame and death, which will thee soone inuade?
 What coward hand shall doe thee next to die,
 That art thus foully fled from famous enemy?

With that, he stiffely shooke his steel-head hart:
 But sober *Guyon*, hearing him so rail,
 Though somewhat moued in his mightie hart,
 Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,
 And passed fairely forth. He turning taile,
 Backe to the frond retr'y'd and there still stayd,
 Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;
 The whiles *Cynochles* with that wanton mayd
 The lustie heat of his auow'd reuenge delayd.

Whiles there the varlet stood, he saw from farre
 An armed knight, that towards him fast ran:
 He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
 His forlorne steed from him the victour wan;
 Hee seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan,
 And all his armour sprinkled was with blood,
 And soyl'd with durtie gore, that no man can
 Discerne the hew thereof. He neuer stood,
 But bent his hastie course towards the idle flood.

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came,
 How without stop or stay he fiercely lept,
 And deepe himselfe be ducked in the same,
 That in the lake his losseie crest was stept,
 Ne of his faticie seemed care he kept;
 But with his raging armes hee rudely flast,
 The waues about, and all his armour swept,
 That all the blood and filth away was walst,
 Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dast.

Atin drew nigh, to weet what it mote be;
 For much he wondred at that vnouth sight;
 Whom should hee, but his owne deare Lord, there see?
 His owne deare Lord *Pyrrhocles*, in sad plight,
 Readie to drowne himselfe for fell despight.
 Harrow now out, and weal-away, he cryde,
 What disdainfull day hath lent this cursed sight,
 To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde?
Pyrrhocles, & *Pyrrhocles*, what is thee betyde?

I burne, I burne, I burne, then loud he cryde,
 O how I burne with implacable fire!
 Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde
 Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of mire,
 Nothing but death can doe me to respire.
 Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrrhocles* farre
 After persewing death once to require,
 Or thinke, that ought those puissant hands may marre
 Death is for wretched borne vnder vnhappy starre.

45
 Perdie, then it is fit for me (said he)
 That am, I weene, most wretched man aliue:
 Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
 And dying daily, daily yet reuiue:
 O *Atin*, helpe to me last death to giue.
 The varlet at his plaint was grieu'd so fore,
 That his deepe wounded hart in two did riue,
 And his owne health remembering now no more,
 Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

46
 Into the lake he lept, his Lord to ayd,
 (So loue the dread of daunger dorth despise)
 And of him catching hold, him strongly stayd
 From drowning. But more happie he, then wife
 Of that seas nature did him not auise.
 The waues thereof so slowe and sluggish were,
 Engroft with mud, which did them foule agrife,
 That euerie weightie thing they did vpbear,
 Ne ought mote euer sinke downe to the bottome there.

47
 Whiles thus they struggled in that idle waue,
 And stroue in vaine, the one himselte to drowne,
 The other both from drowning for to saue;
 Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
 Whose hoarie locks great grauitie did crowne,
 Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
 By fortune came, led with the troublous sowne
 Where drenched deepe he found in that dull ford
 The carefull seruant, struing with his raging Lord.

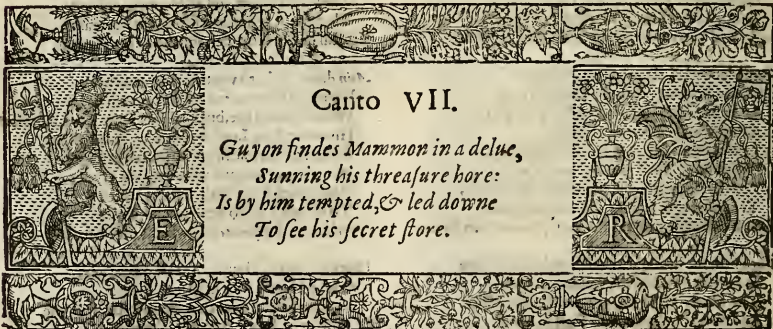
48
 Him *Atin* spying, knewe right well of yore,
 And loudly cald, Helpe helpe, O *Archimago*;
 To saue my Lord, in wretched plight for ore;
 Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsaile sage.

Weake hands, but counsell is most strong in age.
 Him when the old man saw, he wondred sore,
 To see *Pyrrhocles* there so rudely rage:
 Yet fishens helpe, he saw, he needed more
 Then pittie, he in haste approached to the shore.

49
 And cald; *Pyrrhocles*, what is this, I see?
 What hellish Furie hath at earst thee hent?
 Furious euer I thee knew to bee,
 Yet neuer in this straunge astonishment.
 These flames, these flames (he cryde) do me torment.
 What flames (quoth he) when I thee present see,
 In danger rather to be drent, then brent?
 Harrow, the flames, which me consume (said hee)
 Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowels bee.

50
 That cursed man, that cruell feend of hell,
Furor, oh *Furor*, hath me thus bedight:
 His deadly wounds within my luer swell,
 And his hot fire burnes in mine entrails bright,
 Kindled through his infernall brood of spight,
 Sith late with him I batteil vain would bolste;
 That now I weene *Jones* dreaded thunder light
 Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned ghoste
 In flaming *Phlegeton* does not so felly roste.

51
 Which when as *Archimago* heard, his grieft
 He knew right well, and hum attonce disarmd:
 Then searcht his secret wounds, and made a prieste
 Of euerie place, that was with brusing harmd,
 Or with the hidden fire too inly warnd.
 Which done, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
 And euermore with mightie spels them charmd,
 That in short space he has them qualifyde,
 And him restor'd to health, that would haue algates dyde.



Canto VII.

*Guyon findes Mammon in a delue,
 Sunning his threasure hore:
 Is by him tempted, & led downe
 To see his secret store.*

S Pilot well expert in perilous waue,
 That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
 When foggy mistes, or clouddie tempests haue
 The faithfull light of that faire lampe ybent,

And couer'd heauen with hideous dreriment,
 Vpon his card and compass firmes his eye,
 The maisters of his long experiment,
 And to them does the steady helme apply,
 Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly:

So *Guyon* hauing lost his trustie guide,
 Late left beyond that *Ydle lake*, proceedes
 Yet on his way, of none accompanie;
 And euermore himselfe with comfort feedes,
 Of his owne vertues, and prayfe-worthy deedes.
 So long he yode, yet no adventure found,
 Which Fame of her shrill trumpet worthy reedes :
 For, still he trauiild through wide wastefull ground,
 That nought but desert wildernesse shew'd all around.

At last, he came vnto a gloomie glade,
 Couer'd with boughes & shrubs from heauens light,
 VVhere-as he sitting found, in secret shade,
 An vncouth, saluage, and vnciuill wight,
 Of grisly hew, and foule ill fauour'd sight ;
 His face with smoake was tand, and eyes were beard,
 His head and beard with sote were ill bedight,
 His coale-black hands did seeme to haue been feard
 In Smithes fire-spetting forge, & nailes like clawes appeard.

His iron coate all ouergrowne with rust,
 Was vnderneath enuveloped with gold,
 Whose glistering glosse darkned with filthy dust,
 Well it appeared to haue been of old
 A worke of rich entaile, and curious mold,
 VVouen with anticks and wild Imagery :
 And in his lap a mass of coyne he told,
 And turned vp side downe, to feed his eye
 And couctious desire with his huge threatury.

And round about him lay on euery side
 Great heapes of gold that neuer could be spent :
 Of which, some were rude ower, not purfide
 Of *Mulchers* deuouring element ;
 Some others were new driuen, and distent
 Into great Ingoes, and to wedges square ;
 Some in round plates withouten moniment ;
 But most were stampt, and in their metall bare
 The antique shapcs of Kings and Kefars strange & rare.

Soone as he *Guyon* saw, in great affright
 And haste he rose, for to remoue aside
 Those pretious hills from strangers enuious sight,
 And downe them poured through an hole full wide,
 Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.
 But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, stayd
 His hand, that trembled, as one terrifide ;
 And, though himselfe were at the sight dismayd,
 Yet him perforce restrain'd, and to him doubtfull said.

What art thou man (if man at all thou art)
 That heere in desert hast thine habitance,
 And these rich heapes of wealth doost hide apart
 From the worlds eye, and from her right vfaunce ?
 Thereat, with staring eyes fixed asfaunce,
 In great disdain, hee answerd ; Hardy Elfe,
 That darest view my direfull countenance,
 I read thee rash, and heedlesse of thy selfe,
 To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

God of the world and worldlings I me call,
 Great *Mammon*, greatest god belowe the sky,
 That of my plentie poure out vnto all,
 And vnto none my graces doe envie :
 Riches, renowne, and principallitie,
 Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
 For which men swink and sweat incessantly,
 Fro me doe flowe into an ample flood,
 And in the hollow earth haue their eternal brood.

Wherefore if me thou deigne to serue and few,
 At thy commaund loe all these mountaines bee ;
 Orist to thy great mind, or greedy view,
 All these may not suffice, there shall to thee
 Tenne times so much be numbred franke and free.
Mammon, said hee, thy godheads vaunt is vaine,
 And idle offers of thy golden fee ;
 To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine,
 Proffer thy gifts, and fitter seruauents entertaine.

Me ill befits, that in der-doued armes,
 And honours suit my vowed dayes doe spend,
 Vnto thy bountious baytes, and pleasing charmes,
 With which weakc men thou witchest, to attend :
 Regard of worldly muck doth foully blend
 And lowe abase the high heroick spright,
 That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend ;
 Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes bee my delight ;
 Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight.

Vaine-glorious Elfe, said he, doost not thou weet,
 That money can thy wants at will supply ?
 Shields, steeds, and armes, and all things for thee meet
 It can puruay in twinkling of an eye ;
 And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
 Doe not I Kings create, & throwe the crowne
 Sometimes to him, that lowe in dust doth ly ?
 And him that raignd, into his roome thrust downe,
 And whom I lust, doe heape with glory and renowne ?

All otherwise, said he, I riches read,
 And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse ;
 First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,
 And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
 Leaving behind them griefe and heauinesse.
 Infinite mischiefes of them doe arise ;
 Strife, and debate, bloudshed, and bitternesse,
 Outragious wrong, and hellish couctise,
 That noble hart (as great dishonour) doth despise.

Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine ;
 But realmes and rulers thou doost both confound,
 And loyall truth to treason doost incline ;
 Witnesse the guiltlesse bloud pour'd oft on ground,
 The crowned often slaine, the slayer crown'd,
 The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
 And purple robe gored with many a wound ;
 Castles surpriz'd, great Cities sackt and brent :
 So mak't thou kings, & gainest wrongfull gouernment.

14
 Long were to tell the troublous stormes, that tosse
 The priuate state, and make the life vnswete :
 Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
 And in fraile wood on *Adrian* gulfe doth fleet,
 Doth not (I weene) so many euils meet.
 Then *Mammon* waxing wroth, And why then, said,
 Are mortall men so fond and vndiscreit,
 So euill thing to seeke vnto their ayd,
 And hauing not complaine, and hauing it vpbrayd ?

15
 Indeed, quoth he, through foule intemperance,
 Fraile men are oft captiu'd to couetise :
 But would they thinke, with how small allowance
 Vntroubled Nature doth her selfe suffice,
 Such superfluities they would despise,
 Which with sad cares empeach our natie ioyes :
 At the Well head the purest streames arise :
 But mucky filth his branching armes annoyes,
 And with vncomely weeds the gentle waue accloyes.

16
 The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
 Found no defect in his Creators grace;
 But with glad thanks, and vnreproued truth,
 The gifts of foueraigne bountie did embrace :
 Like Angels life was then mens happy cafe;
 But later ages pride (like corne-fed steed)
 Abus'd her plenty, and fat swolne encrease
 To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
 The measure of her meane, and naturall first need.

17
 Then gan a curfed hand the quiet wombe
 Of his great Grandmother with Steele to wound,
 And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe,
 With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he found
 Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,
 Of which the matter of his huge desire
 And pompous pride estioones he did compound ;
 Then avarice gan through his veines inspire
 His greedy flames, and kindled life-deuouring fire.

18
 Sonne, said he then, let be thy bitter scorne,
 And leaue the rudenesse of that antique age
 To them, that liu'd therein in state forlorne ;
 Thou that doost liue in later times, must wage
 Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage.
 If then thee list my offered grace to vse,
 Take what thou please of all this surplusage ;
 If thee list not, leaue haue thou to refuse :
 But thing refused, doe not afterward accuse.

19
 Me list not, said the Elfin knight, receaue
 Thing offered, till I knowe it well be got:
 Ne wote I, but thou didst these goods receate
 From rightfull owner by vnrighteous lot,
 Or that blood-guiltinesse or guile them blot.
 Perdy, quoth he, yet neuer eye did view
 Ne tongue did tell, ne hand these handled not,
 But safe I haue them kept in secret mew,
 From heauens sight, and powte of all which them persfew.

20
 What secret place, quoth he, can safely hold
 So huge a mass, and hide from heauens eye ?
 Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
 Thou canst preferue from wrong and robbery ?
 Come thou, quoth he, and see. So, by and by
 Through that thicke covert he him led, and found
 A darkesome way, which no man could descry,
 That deepe descended through the hollow ground,
 And was with dread and horrour compassed around.

21
 At length they came into a larger space,
 That stretcht it selfe into an ample Plain,
 Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
 That straight did lead to *Plutoes* grieufully raigne :
 By that wayes side, there sat infernall Paine,
 And fast beside him fate tumultuous strife :
 The one, in hand an iron whip did straine;
 The other brandish'd a bloody knife,
 And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

22
 On th'other side, in one confort there fate
 Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
 Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate :
 But gnawing Iealousie, out of their sight
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
 And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
 And found no place, where safe he shroud him might,
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darknesse lye,
 And Shame his vgly face did hide from liuing eye.

23
 And over them sad Horrour with grim hew,
 Did alwaies fore, beating his iron wings;
 And after him, Owles and Night-ravens flew,
 The hatefull messengers of heauy things,
 Of death and dolour telling sad tidings ;
 Whiles sad *Celeno*, sitting on a clift,
 A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
 That hart of flint asunder could haue rift :
 Which hauing ended, after him the flych swift.

24
 All these before the gates of *Pluto* lay,
 By whom they passing, spake vnto them nought.
 But th'Elfin knight with wonder all the way
 Did feede his eyes, and filld his inner thought.
 At last, him to a little dore he brought,
 That to the gate of Hell, which gap'd wide,
 Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought :
 Betwixt them both was but a little stride,
 That did the house of Riches from hell-mouth diuide.

25
 Before the dore fate selfe-consuming Care,
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
 For feare least Force or Fraud should vnaware
 Breake in, and spoyle the treasure there in gard :
 Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward
 Approche, albe his drowfie den were next ;
 For, next to death is Sleepe to be compar'd :
 Therefore his house is vnto his annex ;
 Here Sleep, there Riches, & Hel-gate them both betwixt.

26
So soone as *Mammon* there arriu'd, the dore
To him did open, and afforded way;
Him followed eke Sir *Guyon* euermore,
Ne darkeneffe him, ne danger might dismay.
Soone as he eured was, the dore straight way
Did shut, and from behind it forth there leapt
An vgly fiend, more foule then dismal day,
The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
And euer as he went, due watch vpon him kept.

27
Well hoped he, ere long that hardie guest,
If euer couetous hand, or lustfull eye,
O't lips he layd on thing, that lik't him best,
Or euer sleepe his eye-strings did vntie,
Should be his prey. And therefore still on hie
He ouer him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him die,
And rend in peeces with his rauenous pawes,
If euer he transgrest the fatall *Strygian* lawes.

28
That houses forme within was rude and strong,
Like an huge Cae, hewne out of rocky chert,
From whole rough vault the ragged breaches hong,
Emboss't with massy gold of glorious gift,
And with rich metall loaded euery rift.
That heauy ruine they did seeme to threat;
And ouer them *Arachne* high did lift
Her cunning web, and spred her subtil net,
Enwrapped in soule smoak & cloudes more black then let.

29
Both rooffe, and floore, and wals were all of gold,
But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkeneffe, that none could behold
The hew thereof: for, view of chearefull day
Did neuer in that house it selfe display,
But a fuint shadow of vncertaine light;
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away:
Or as the Moone cloathed with cloudy night,
Does shew to him, that walkes in feare and sad affright.

30
In all that roome was nothing to be seene,
But huge great iron chests and coffers strong,
All bard with double bends, that none could weene
Them to efforce by violence or wrong;
On euery side they placed were along.
But all the ground with sculs was scattered,
And dead mens bones, which round about were srong,
Whose lues (it seemed) whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left vnburied.

31
They forward passe, ne *Guyon* yet spake word,
Till that they came vnto an iron dore,
Which to them opened of it owne accord,
And shew'd of riches such exceeding store,
As eye of man did neuer see before;
Ne euer could within one place be found,
Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
Could gathered be through all the world around,
And that about were added to that vnder ground.

32
The charge theteof vnto a couetous Spright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other couetous fiends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ranfack did intend.
Then *Mammon*, turning to that warrior, said;
Loe, heere the worldez blis: loe, heere the end,
To which all men doe ayme, rich to be made:
Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

33
Certes, said he, I n'll thine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy do intend:
Another blis before mine eyes I place,
Another happineffe, another end.
To them, that list, these base regards I lend:
But I in armes, and in atchieuements braue,
Doe rather choose my fitting houres to spend,
And to be Lord of those, that riches haue,
Then them to haue my selfe, and be their seruile slaue.

34
Therewith the fiend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And gren'd, so long to lacke his greedy prey;
For, well he weened, that so glorious bayt
Would tempt his guest, to take thereof assay:
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
More light then Culver in the Faulcons fist.
(Eternall God thee saue from such decay.)
But when—as *Mammon* saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap viuares another way he mist.

35
Thence, forward he him led, and shortly brought
Vnto another roome, whose dore forthright
To him did open, as it had been taught:
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred fornaes all burning bright;
By euery fornae many fiends did bide,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
And euery fiend his busie paines applide,
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tride.

36
One with great bellowes gathered filling aire,
And with fore't wind the fuell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repaire
With iron tongs, and sprinkled oft the same
With liquid wanes, fierce *Vulcans* rage to tame,
Who maistring them, renew'd his former heat:
Some feumd the droffe that from the metall came;
Some stir'd the molten owre with ladles great;
And euery one did swink, and euery one did sweat.

37
But when as earthly wight they present saw,
Glistring in armes and battalious array,
From their hot worke they did themselves withdraw
To wonder at the sight: for, till that day,
They neuer creature saw, that came that way.
Their staring eyes sparkling with feruent fire,
And vgly shap'es did nigh the man dismay,
That were it not for shame, he would retire,
Till that him thus bespake their soueraigne Lord and fire:
Behold,

38
Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
That liuing eye before did neuer see :
The thing that thou didst craue so earnestly
(To weet, whence all the wealth late hew'd by mee,
Proceeded) lo, now is revealed to thee.
Heere is the fountaine of the worldes good :
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched be,
Avise thee well, and change thy willfull mood,
Least thou perhaps heereafter wish, and be withstood.

39
Suffice it then, thou Money-God, quoth hee,
That all thine idle offers I refuse.
All that I need I haue; what needeth mee
To covet more then I haue cause to see ?
With such vaine shewes thy worldlings vile abuse :
But giue me leaue to followe mine emprise.
Mammon was much displeas'd, yet no'te he chuse
But beare the rigour of his bold misprise,
And thence him forward led, him further to entise.

40
He brought him through a darksome narrow strait,
To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold :
The gate was open, but therein did wait
A sturdy villaine, striding stiffe and bold,
As if the highest God desie he would ;
In his right hand an iron club he held,
But he himselfe was all of golden mold,
Yet had both life and sense, and well could wield
That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

41
Disdaine he called was, and did disdaine
To be so cold, and who so did him call :
Sterne was to looke, and full of stomack vaine,
His portance terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th' height of men terrestiall ;
Like an huge Giant of the *Titans* race,
That made him seeme all creatures great and small,
And with his pride all others powre deface :
More fit amongst black fiends, then men to haue his place.

42
Soone as those glitterand armes he did espy,
That with their brightnesse made that darknesse light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hie,
And threaten battell to the Faerie knight ;
Who likewise gan himselfe to battaile dight,
Till *Mammon* did his hastie hand with-hold,
And counsell'd him abstaine from perillous fight :
For, nothing might abash the villaine bold,
Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreat mold.

43
So, hauing him with reason pacifide,
And the fierce Carle commaunding to forbear,
He brought him in. The roome was large and wide,
As if some Gyeld or solemne Temple were :
Many great golden pillours did vpbeare
The massy roofe, and riches huge sustaine :
And euery pillour decked was full deare
With crownes and Diadems, & titles vaine, (raigne.
VVhich mortall Princes wore, whiles they on earth did

44
A rout of people there assembled were,
Of euery sort and nation vnder aky,
Which with great vpror preaced to draw neare
To th' vpper part, where was aduanced hie
A stately siege of soueraigne maiestie ;
And thereon fate a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royaltie,
That neuer earthly Prince in fusch array
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pride display.

45
Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beame great brightnesse threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see :
Yet was not that fame her owne natue hew,
But wrought by art and counterfitted shew,
Thereby more louers vnto her to call ;
Nath'lesse, most heavenly faire in deed and view
She by creation was, till she did fall ; (all.
Thenceforth she fought for helps to cloke her crime with-

46
There, as in glistering glory she did sit,
She held a great gold chaine ylinked well,
Whose vpper end to highest heauen was knit,
And lower part did reach to lowest hell ;
And all that preace did round about her swell,
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell :
That was *Ambition*, rash desire to stie,
And euery linke thereof a step of dignitie.

47
Some thought to raise themselues to high degree ;
By riches and vnrighteous reward,
Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree ;
Others through friends, others for base regard ;
And all, by wrong wayes, for themselues prepar'd.
Those that were vp themselues, kept others lowe,
Those that were lowe themselues, held others hard,
Ne suffred them to rise or greater growe,
But euery one did striue his fall downe to throwe.

48
Which, when as *Guyon* saw, he gan enquire,
What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,
And what she was that did so high aspire.
Him *Mammon* answered ; That goodly one,
Whom all that folke with such contention
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is ;
Honour and dignitie from her alone,
Deriued are, and all this worldes blis
For which ye men doe striue : few get, but many mis.

49
And faire *Philotimé* shee rightly hight,
The fairest wight that wonneth vnder sky,
But that this darksome neather world her light
Doth dim with horroure and deformitie,
VVorthy of heauen and high felicitie,
From whence the gods haue her for envie thrust :
But sith thou hast found fauour in mine eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
That she may thee aduance for works and merites iust.

50
Gramercy *Mammon*, said the gentle knight,
For so great grace and offered high citate;
But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
Vnworthy match for such immortal mate
My selfe well wote, and mine vnequall fate;
And were I not, yet is my trouphlyght,
And loue auowd to other Lady late,
That to remoue the fame I haue no might:
To chaunge loue causelesse, is reproche to warlike knight.

51
Mammon enmoued was with inward wrath;
Yet forcing it to fane, him forth thence led
Through grieffly shadowes by a beaten path,
Into a garden goodly garnished
With heards and fruits, whose kinds mote not be red:
Not such, as earth out of her fruitfull wombe
Throwes foorth to men, sweet and well fauoured,
But direfull deadly blacke both leafe and bloom,
Fitto adorne the dead, and decke the dreary toombe.

52
There mournfull *Cypresse* grew in greatest store,
And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* sad,
Dead sleeping *Poppie*, and blacke *Hellebore*,
Cold *Caloquinida*, and *Terra* mad,
Mortall *Sammitis*, and *Ciruta* bad,
Which—with th' vnjust *Atheniens* made to dy
Wife *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad
Poured out his life, and last *Philosophy*
To the faire *Critias* his dearest Belame.

53
The *Gardin* of *Proserpina* thus hight;
And in the midst thereof a siluer feat,
With a thicke *Arbour* goodly oueright,
In which she often vs'd from open heat
Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.
Next therunto did growe a goodly tree,
With branches broad dispred, and body great,
Clothed with leaues, that none the wood mote see
And loaden all with fruit as thicke as it might bee.

54
Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
That goodly was their glorie to behold,
On earth like neuer grew, ne liuing wight
Like euer saw, but they from hence were sold;
For those, which *Hercules* with conquest bold
Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,
And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold;
And those with which th' *Eubzan* young man wan,
Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out-ran.

55
Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which *Acontius* got his louer trew,
Whom he had long time fought with fruitlesse suit:
Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
The which amongst the gods false *Ate* threw;
For which th' *Idean* Ladies disagreed,
Till partiall *Paris* dempt it *Venus* dew,
And had (of her) faire *Helen* for his meed,
That many noble *Greekes* and *Troians* made to bleed.

56
The warlike *Elfe* much wondred at this tree,
So faire and great, that shadowed all the ground,
And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
Of this great garden, compass with a mound,
Which ouer-hanging, they themselves did steepe,
In a blacke flood which flow'd about it round;
That is the riuert of *Cocytus* deepe,
In which full many soules do endlesse waile and weepe.

57
Which to behold, he clomb vp to the banke,
And looking downe, saw many damned wights,
In those sad waues; which direfull deadly stanke,
Plonged continually of cruell Sprights,
That with their pittious cries, and yelling shrighs,
They made the further shorer founden wide:
Emongst the rest of those same ruefull fights,
One cursed creature he by chance espide,
That drenched lay full deepe, vnder the Garden side.

58
Deepe was he drenched to the vpmost chin,
Yet gaped still, as coueting to drinke
Of the cold liquor, which he waded in,
And stretching forth his hand, did often thinke
To reach the fruit, which grew vpon the brinke:
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth
Did flie abacke, and made him vainely swinke:
The whiles he steru'd with hunger and with drouth
He daily dyde, yet neuer throughly dyen couth.

59
The knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,
Askt who he was, and what he meant thereby:
Who, growng deepe, thus answered him againe;
Most cruel of all creatures vnder skye,
Lo, *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye:
Of whom high *Ioue* wont whylome feasted bee,
Lo here I now for want of food doe dye:
But if that thou be such, as I thee see,
Of grace I pray thee, giue to eate and drinke to mee.

60
Nay, nay, thou greedie *Tantalus* (quoth he)
Abide the fortune of thy present fate;
And vnto all that liue in high degree,
Ensampe be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to vse their present state.
Then gan the cursed wretch aloud to cry,
Accusing highest *Ioue* and gods ingrate,
And eke blaspheming heauen bitterly,
As authour of vniustice, there to let him dye.

61
Hee lookt a little further, and espyde
Another wretch, whose carcasse deepe was drent
Within the riuier, which the same did hyde:
But both his hands, most filthy feculent,
About the water were on high extent,
And saynd to wash themselves incessantly;
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fowler seemed to the eye;
So lost his labour vaine and idle industrie.

62
 The knight him calling, asked who he was,
 Who lifting vp his head, him answered thus :
 I *Pilate* am, the falsest Iudge, alas,
 And most vniust, that by vnrighteous
 And wicked doome, to Iewes despituous
 Deliuered vp the Lord of life to die,
 And did acquite a murderer felonous ;
 The whiles my hands I wash in puritie,
 The whiles my soule was foyle with foule iniquitie.

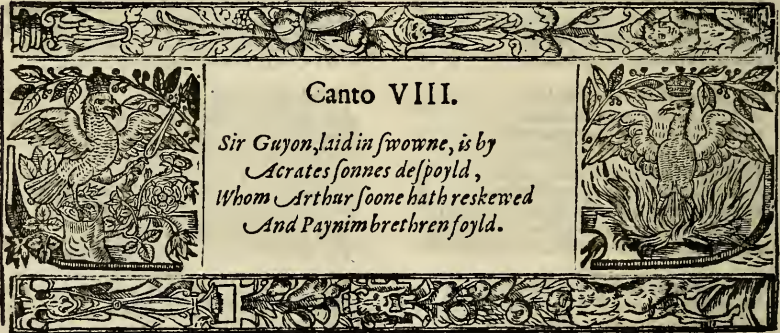
63
 Infinite moe, tormented in like paine
 He there beheld, too long here to be told :
 Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remaine,
 For terror of the tortures manifold,
 In which the damned soules he did behold,
 But roughly him bespake. Thou fearefull foole,
 Why takest not of that same fruit of gold,
 Ne sittest downe on that same siluer stoole,
 To rest thy wearie person, in the shadow coole?

64
 All which he did, to doe him deadly fall
 In frayle intemperance through sinfull bayt:
 To which if he inclined had at all,
 That dreadfull feend, which did behind him wayt,

Would him haue rent in thousand peeces strays :
 But he was warie wife in all his way,
 And well perceiued his deceitfull sleight,
 Ne suffered lust his fastenie to betray :
 So goodly did he giue the Guyler of the pray.

65
 And now he has so long remained there,
 That vitall powres gan wexe both weak and wan,
 For want of food, and sleepe; which two vpbear,
 Like mightie pillours, this fraile life of man,
 That none without the same endure can.
 For, now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
 Since he this hardy enterprize began :
 For thy great *Mammon* fairely he belougt,
 Into the world to guide him backe, as he him brought.

66
 The God, though loth, yet was constraind t'obay :
 For longer time, then that, no liuing wight,
 Belowe the earth, might suffred be to stay :
 So backe againe, him brought to liuing light.
 But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
 Gan sucke this vitall aire into his brest,
 As ouer come with too exceeding might,
 The life did flit away out of her nest,
 And all his senses were with deadly fit opprest.



1
And is there care in heauen? and is there loue
 In heauenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their euils moue?
 Ther is: else much more wretched were the case
 Of men, then beasts. But o' th' exceeding grace
 Of highest God: that loues his creatures so,
 And all his workes with mercie doth embrace,
 That blessed Angels, he sends to and fro,
 To serue to wicked man, to serue his wicked foe.

2
 How oft do they, their siluer bowers leaue,
 To come to succour vs, that succour want?
 How oft do they, with golden pineons, cleaue
 The sitting skyes, like flying Pursiuant,

Against foule feends to aide vs militant?
 They for vs fight, they watch and dewly ward,
 And their bright Squadrons round about vs plant,
 And all for loue, and nothing for reward :
 O why should heauenly God to men haue such regard?

3
 During the while that *Guyon* did abide
 In *Mammons* house, the *Palmer*, whom whylere
 That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,
 By further search had passage found elsewhere:
 And being on his way, approached neare,
 Where *Guyon* lay in trauce, when suddenly
 He heard a voice, that called loud and cleare,
 Come hither, hither, o come hastily :
 That all the fields resounded with the rucfull cry,

4
The Palmer lent his eare vnto the noyfe,
To weet who called so importunely:
Againe, he heard a more enforced voyce,
That bade him come in haste. He by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shady delue him brought at last,
Where *Mammon* carst did fenne his threasurey:
There the good *Guyon* he found slumbring fast
In senselesse dreame; which sight at first him fore agast.

5
Beside his head there fate a faire young man,
Of wondrous beautie, and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossom new began,
And flourish faire about his equall pearces;
His snowy front curled with golden haire,
Like *Phœbus* face adorn'd with sunny rayes,
Divinely shone, and two sharp winged sheares,
Decked with diuerse plumes, like painted Iayes,
Were fixed at his backe, to cut his ayerie wayes.

6
Like as *Cupido* on *Idean* hill,
VWhen hauning laid his cruell bowe away,
And mortall arrowes, where-with he doth fill
The world with murderous spoyles and bloudie pray,
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, *Graces* three;
The Goddesse pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguill'd to bee,
The whiles the other Ladies mind their merry glee.

7
Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
Through feare and wonder, that he nought could say,
Till him the child bespake, Long lackt, alas,
Hath been thy faithfull ayde in hard assay,
Whiles deadly fit thy pupill doth dismay;
Behold this heauy sight, thou reuerend Sire,
But dread of death and dolour doe away;
For, life ere long shall to her home retire,
And hee that breathlesse seemes, shall courage bold respire.

8
The charge which God doth vnto me arret,
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forget
The care thereof (my selfe) vnto the end,
But euermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine: watch thou I pray;
For, euill is at hand him to offend.
So hauing said, estoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

9
The Palmer seeing his left empty place,
And his slowe eyes beguiled of their sight,
Woxe fore afraid, and standing still a space,
Gaz'd after him, as fowle etcap't by sight;
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulle gan try;
VWhere finding life not yet dislodged quight,
He much reioyc't, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

10
At last, he spyde where towards him did fafe
Two Paynim knights, all arm'd as bright as sky,
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
And fare before a light-foot Page did fly,
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie;
Those were the two sonnes of *Acraates* old,
Who meeting carst with *Archimago* fly,
Foreby that idle froind, of him were told,
That he, which carst them combatted, was *Guyon* bold.

11
Which to avenge on him they dearely vow'd,
Where-er that on ground they mote him find;
Falsc *Archimago* prouokt their courage proud,
And strife-full *Arim* in their stubborne mind
Coales of contention and hot vengeance tind.
Now been they come whereas the Palmer fate,
Keeping that slumbred corse to him assignd;
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.

12
Whom when *Pyrhocles* saw, inflam'd with rage,
That sire he foule bespake, Thou dotard vile,
That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age,
Abandone soone, I read, the caitiue spoile
Of that fame outcast carcasse, that erwhile
Made it selfe famous through falsc trechery,
And crowd his coward creit with knightry stule;
Loc where he now inglorious doth lye,
To proue hee liued ill, that did thus fouly dye.

13
To whom the Palmer feareles answered;
Certes, Sir Knight, ye been too much to blame,
Thus for to blot the honour of the dead,
And with foule cowardize his carcasle shame,
Whose liuing hands immortaliz'd his name.
Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
And couy base, to barke at sleeping fame:
Was neuer wight, that treason of him tolde;
Your selfe his prowels prov'd & found him fierce & bold.

14
Then sayd *Cymochles*; Palmer thou doest dote,
Ne canst of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,
Sawe as thou seest or hear'st: But, well I wote,
That of his pusillance tryall made extreme;
Yet gold all is not, that doth golden seeme,
Ne all good knights, that shake well speare and shield;
The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
And then due praise, or due reproche them yield;
Bad therefore I him deem, that thus lies dead on field.

15
Good or bad (gan his brother fierce reply)
What doe I recke, sith that he dyde entire?
Or what doth his bad death now iustifie
The greedy hunger of reuenging ire,
Sith wrathfull hand wrought nother owne desire?
Yet sith no way is left to wreake my spight,
I will him reauce of armes, the victors hire,
And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?

Faire

16

Faire Sir, said then the Palmer suppliant,
For knightoods loue doe not so foule a deed,
Ne blame your honour with so shamefull vaunt
Of vile revenge. To spoyle the dead of weed
Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed;
But leaue these reliques of his liuing might,
To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-black steed.
What herce or steed (said he) should he haue dight,
But be enombred in the rauon or the knight?

17

With that, rude hand vpon his shield he laid,
And th'other brother gan his helme vnlace,
Both fiercely bent to haue him disarraid;
Till that they spyde, where towards them did passe
An armed knight, of bold and bountious grace,
Whose Squire bore after him an heben launce,
And couerd shield. VVell kend him so farr space
Th'enchauter by his armes and amenaunce,
When vnder him he saw his Lybian steed to prauence!

18

And to those brethren said, Rise, rise by liue,
And vnto battaile doe your selues adresse;
For, yonder comes the prowest knight aliue,
Prince *Arthur*, flowre of grace and nobilesse,
That hath to Paynim knights wrought great distresse,
And thousand Sar'zins foully donne to dye.
That word so deepe did in their harts impresse,
That both estfoones vpstart furiously,
And gan the selues prepare to battell greedily.

19

But fierce *Pyrrhochles*, lacking his owne sword,
The want thereof now greatly gan to claime,
And *Archimage* belought, him that accord,
Which he had t'rought for *Braggadocchio* vaine.
So would I, sayd th'enchauter, glad and faine
Beteeke to you his sword, you to defend,
Or ought that else your honour might maintaine,
But that this weapons powre I well haue kend,
To be contrary to the worke which yee intend.

20

For, that same knights owne sword this is of yore,
Which *Merlin* made by his almighty art
For that his nourling, when he knighthood swore,
There-with to doen his foes eternall smart.
The metall first he mixt with *Medewart*,
That no enchantment from his dint might saue;
Then it in flames of *Aetna* wrought apart,
And seauen times dipped in the bitter waue
Of hellish *Styx*, which hidden vertue to it gaue.

21

The vertue is, that neither Steele nor stone,
The stroake thereof from entrance may defend;
Ne euer may be vsed by his fone,
Ne forc't his rightfull owner to offend,
Ne euer will it breake, ne euer bend.
Wherefore *Mordaise* it rightfully is hight,
In vaine therefore, *Pyrrhochles*, should I lend
The same to thee, against his Lord to fight.
For, sure it would deceiue thy labour, and thy might.

22

Foolish old man, sayd then the Pagan wroth,
That wecest words or charmes may force withstand:
Soone shalt thou see, and then belieue for truth,
That I can carue with this enchanted brood
His Lords owne flesh. There-with out of his bond
That vertuous Steele he rudely snatcht away,
And *Guyons* shield about his wrist he bond;
So, ready dight fierce battaile to assay,
And match his brother proud in battailous array.

23

By this, that stranger knight in presence came,
And goodly salued them: who nought againe
Him answered, as courtesie became;
But with sterne lookes, and stomachous disdain,
Gaue signes of grudge and discontentment vaine.
Then, turning to the Palmer, hee gan spy
Where, at his feet, with sorrowfull demaine
And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
In whose dead face he read great magnanimity.

24

Said he then to the Palmer, Reuerend syre,
What great misfortune hath betid this knight?
Or did his life her fatal date expyre,
Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?
How-euer, sure I rew his pitious plight.
Not one, nor other, sayd the Palmer graue,
Hath him befalse, but cloudes of deadly night
Awhile his heauy eylds couer'd haue,
And all his senses drowned in deepe senselesse waue.

25

Which, those same foes that doen awaite hereby,
Making advantage, to revenge their spight,
VVould him disarm, and treaten shamefully;
(Vnworthy vface of redoubted knight.)
But you, sayre Sir, whose honourable sight
Doth promise hope of help, and timely grace,
Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
And by your powre protect his feeble case.
First praye of knighthood is, foule outrage to deface.

26

Palmer, sayd he, no knight so rude (I weene)
As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost:
Ne was there euer noble courage leene,
That in advantage would his puissance boft:
Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.
May be, that better reason will allowe
The rash revengers heat. VVords well dispoft
Haue secret powre, t'appease inflamed rage:
If not, leaue vnto me thy knights last patronage.

27

Tho, turning to those brethren, thus bespoke;
Yee warlike payre, whose valorous great might,
It seemes, iult wrongs to vengeance doth prouoke,
To wreake your wrath on this dead-seeming knight,
Mote ought allay the forme of your despight,
And settle patience in so furious heat?
Not to debate the challenge of your right,
But for this caraffe pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath already layd in lowest seat.

28

To whom *Cymochles* said; For what art thou,
That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong
The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me now
On this vile body from to wreake my wrong,
And make his carcasse as the outcast dong?
Why should not that dead carrion satisfie
The guilt, which if he liued had thus long,
His life for due reuenge should deare abide?
The trespassse still doth lue, albe the person die.

29

Indeede, then said the Prince, the euill donne
Dies not, when breath the body first doth leaue;
But from the grandfire to the Nephewes sonne,
And all his seed the curse doth often cleaue,
Till vengeance vterly the guilt bercaue:
So frightly God doth iudge. But gentle knight,
That doth againt the dead his hand vpreare,
His honour staines with rancour and despight,
And great disparagement makes to his former might.

30

Pyrrhobles gan reply the second time,
And to him said, Now felon sure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his crime:
Therefore by *Termagant* thou shalt be dead.
With that, his hand (more sad then lump of lead)
Vplifting high, he weened with *Mordure*,
His owne good sword *Mordure*, to cleaue his head.
The faithfull Steele such treason no'uld endure,
But swarting from the marke, his Lords life did assure.

31

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
That horse and man it made to reele aside:
Nath lesse the Prince would not forsake his fell
(For, well of yore he learned had to ride)
But full of anger fiercely to him cride;
False traytour, miscreint, thou broken hast
The law of armes, to strike foe vndefide:
But thou thy treasons fruit (I hope) shalt taste
Right fowre, and feele the law, the which thou hast defact.

32

With that, his balefull speare he fiercely bent
Againt the Pagans breast, and there-with thought
His curisd life out of her lodge haue rent:
But ere the point arriued where it ought,
That seauen-fold shield, which he from *Guzen* brought
He cast-betweene, to ward the bitter found:
Through all those folds the steel-head passage wrought,
And through his shoulder pearc't; wher-with to ground
He groueling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

33

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great griefe
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
And foully said, By *Malsuine*, cursed thiefe,
That direfull stroake thou dearely shalt aby.
Then hurling vp his harmefull blade on hie,
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,
That from his saddle forced him to fly:
Else mote it needs downe to his manly breast
Hauc cleft his head in twaine, and life thence disposselt.

34

Now was the Prince in dangerous distresse,
Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight:
His single speare could doe him small redresse,
Againt two foes of so exceeding might,
The least of which was match for any knight.
And now the other, whom he erst did daunt,
Had reard himselfe againe to cruell fight,
Three times more furious, and more puissant,
Vnmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignorant.

35

So, both atonce him charge on either side,
With hideous stroakes, and importable powre,
That forced him his ground to traueserf wide,
And wisely watch to ward that deadly strove.
For, on his shield, as thicke as stormie showre
Their stroakes did raine: yet did he neuer quaille,
Ne backward shrinke; but as a stedfast towre,
Whom foe with double batty doth assaile,
Them on her bulwarke beares, & bids them nought auaille:

36

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay,
Till that at last, when he advantage spide,
His poynant speare he thrust with puissant sway
At proud *Cymochles*, whiles his shield was wide,
That through his thigh the mortall Steele did gride:
He, swearing with the force, within his flesh
Did breake the lance, and let the head abide:
Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,
That vnderneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

37

Horribly then he gan to rage, and raile,
Cursing his gods, and himselfe damning deepe:
Als when his brother saw the red blood traile
Adowne to fast, and all his armour steepe,
For very felnesse loud he gan to weepe,
And said, Caytiue, curse on thy cruell hond,
That twice hath sped; yet shall it not thee keepe
From the third brunt of this my fatall bond:
Lo, where the dreadfull Death behind thy back doth stond.

38

With that hee strooke, and th'other strooke withall,
That nothing seem'd mote beare so monstrous might:
The one vpon his couer'd shield did fall,
And glancing downe, would not his owner bite:
But th'other did vpon his troncheon smite;
Which hewing quite asunder, further way
It made, and on his haquetton did lide,
The which diuiding with impotence sway,
It seiz'd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

39

Wide was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
Red as the Rose, thence gushed grievously:
That when the Paynim spide the streaming blood,
Gauc him great hart, and hope of victorie.
On th'other side, in huge perplexitie,
The Prince now stood, hauing his weapon broke;
Nought could he hurt, but still at ward did lie:
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymochles twice, that twice him forc't his foote reuoke.

I.

Whom,

Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,
 Sir *Guyons* sword he lightly to him raught,
 And said: Faire soone, great God thy right hand bleffe,
 To vse that sword so wisely as it aught.
 Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage fraught,
 When as againe he armed felt his hond;
 Then like a Lion, which hath long time sought
 His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
 Emongst the Shepheard swaines, th' wexeth wood & yond:

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
 On either side, that neither maile could hold,
 Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:
 Now to *Pyrrhachles* many strokes he told;
 Eft to *Cymachles* twice so many fold:
 Then backe againe turning his buffe hond,
 Them both atonce compeld with courage bold,
 To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond:
 And though they both stood stiff, yet could not both
 (withstond.)

As salvage Bull, whom two fierce maisties bayt,
 VWhen rancour doth with rage him once engore,
 Forgets with warie ward them to awair,
 But with his dreadfull hornes then driues afore,
 Or flings aloft, or trends downe in the flore,
 Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdain,
 That all the forest quakes to heare him rore:
 So rag'd Prince *Arthur* twixt his foemen twaine,
 That neither could his mighty puissance sustaine.

But euer at *Pyrrhachles* when he smit
 (Who *Guyons* shield cast euer him before,
 Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtraict was writ)
 His hart relented, and the stroke forbore,
 And his deare hart the picture gan adore:
 VWhich oft the Paynim saw'd from deadly stowre.
 But him hence-forth the same can saue no more;
 For, now arriv'd is his fatal howre,
 That not'e avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

For, when *Cymachles* saw the foule reproche,
 Which them appeach'd; prickt with guilty shame,
 And inward griefe, he fiercely gan approche,
 Resolv'd to put-away that loathly blame,
 Or die with honour and desert of fame;
 And on the hauberk strooke the Prince so fore,
 That quite disparted all the linked frame,
 And peared to the skin, but bit no more,
 Yet made him twice to reele, that neuer moov'd afore.

Whereat renierc't with wrath and sharp regret,
 Hee strooke so hugely with his borrow'd blade,
 That it emperc't the Pagans burgonet,
 And cleaving the hard steele, did deepe invade
 Into his head, and cruell passage made (ground,
 Quite through his braine. Hee tumbling downe on
 Breath'd out his ghost; which to th' infernall shade
 Fast flying, there eternall torment found,
 For all the finnes, where-with his lewd life did abound.

Which when his german saw, the stony feare
 Ran to his hart, and all his sense dismayd,
 Ne thenceforth life ne courage did appeare;
 But, as a man whom hellish fiends haue frayd,
 Long trembling still he stood: at last thus said;
 Traytour what hast thou doen? how euer may
 Thy cursed hand so cruelly haue swayd
 Against that knight: Harrow and weal-away!
 After so wicked deed why liv'st thou lenger day!

VVith that all desperat, as loathing light,
 And with revenge desiring soone to die,
 Assembling all his force and vtmost might,
 With his owne sword he fierce at him did fly,
 And strooke, and foyn'd, and last outragiously,
 Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
 The Prince, with patience and suffrance fly
 So hastie heat soone cooled to subdue:
 Tho, when this breathlesse woxe, that battaile gan renewe.

As when a windie tempest bloweth hie,
 That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
 The cloudes (as things afraid) before him fly;
 But all so soone as his outrageous powre
 Is layd, they fiercely then begin to shoure,
 And as in scoome of his spent stormy sight,
 Now all atonce their malice forth doe poure;
 So did Prince *Arthur* beare himselfe in fight,
 And suffred rash *Pyrrhachles* waste his idle might.

At last, when as the Sarazin perceiv'd,
 How that strangeford refus'd to serue his need,
 But when he strooke most strong, the dint deceiv'd,
 Hee slong it from him, and devoyd of dread,
 Vpon him lightly leaping without heed,
 Twixt his two mighty armes engraped fast,
 Thinking to overthrow, and downe him tread:
 But him in strength and skill the Prince surpast,
 And through his nimble sleight did vnder him downe cast.

Nought booted it the Paynim then to striue;
 For, as a Bittur in the Eagles claw,
 That may not hope by flight to scape aliu,
 Still waites for death with dread and trembling awe;
 So he, now subiect to the Victors law,
 Did not once moue, nor vpward cast his eye,
 For vile disdain and rancour, which did gnaw
 His hart in twaine with sad melancholy,
 As one that loathed life, and yet despis'd to die.

But full of Princely bountie and great mind,
 The Conquerour nought cared him to slay,
 But casting wrongs and all reuenge behind,
 More glory thought to giue life, then decay,
 And said, Paynim, this is thy dismall day;
 Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreance,
 And my true liegeman yield thy selfe for ay,
 Life will I graunt thee for thy valiance,
 And all thy wrongs will wipe out of my souenaunce.

52

Foole, said the Pagan, I thy gift desie ;
 But vse thy fortune, as it doth befall,
 And say, that I not overcome doe die,
 But in despight of life, for death doe call.
 Wroth was the Prince, and fory yet withall
 That he so willfully refused grace ;
 Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
 His shining helmet he gan soone vnlace,
 And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

53

By this, Sir *Guyon* from his trance awak't,
 Life hauing maistered her senselesse foe ;
 And looking vp, when his shield he lackt,
 And sword law not, he wexed wondrous woe :
 But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
 Had lost, he by him spide, right glad he grew,
 And said, Deare sir, whom wandring to and fro
 I long haue lackt, I toy thy face to view ;
 Firme is thy faith, whom danger neuer for me drew.

54

But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
 Of my good sword and shield? The Palmer glad,
 With so fresh hew vprising him to see,
 Him answered; Faire sonne, be no whit sad

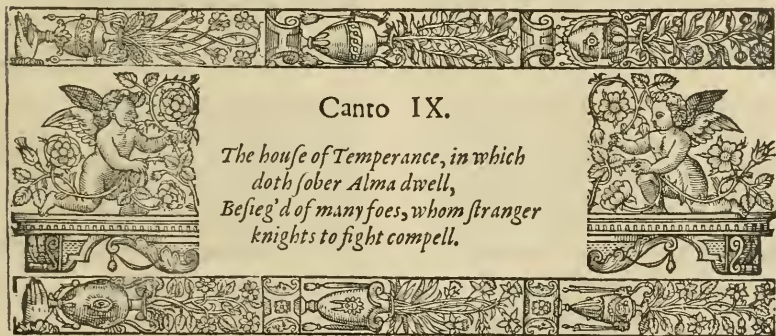
For want of weapons : they shall soone be had.
 So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
 Which that strange knight for him sustained had,
 And those two Sarazins confounded late,
 Whose carcasses on ground were hornibly prostrate.

55

Which when he heard, and law the tokens true,
 His hart with great affection was embayd,
 And to the Prince with bowing reuerence due,
 As to the Patrone of his life, thus said ;
 My Lord, my hege, by whose moit gracious ayd
 I lue this day, and see my foes subdewd,
 What may suffice, to be for meede repayd
 Of so great graces, as ye haue me shewd,
 But to be euer bound

56

To whom the Infant thus ; Faire Sir, what need
 Good turnes be counted, as a sterile bond,
 To bind their doers to receive their meed ?
 Are not all Knights by oath bound, to withstond
 Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond ?
 Suffice, that I haue done my due in place.
 So, goodly purpose they together fond,
 Of kindnesse and of courteous agrace ;
 The whiles false *Archimage* and *Atin* fled apace.



Canto IX.

*The house of Temperance, in which
 doth sober Alma dwell,
 Besieg'd of many foes, whom stranger
 knights to fight compell.*

1

OF all Gods works, which do this world adorn,
 There is no one more faire and excellent,
 Then is mans body both for powre & form,
 Whiles it is kept in sober government ;
 But none then it more foule and indecent,
 Distempred through misrule and passions base :
 It growes a Monster, and incontinent
 Doth lose his dignitie and natue grace.
 Behold (who list) both one and other in this place.

2

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
 The Briton Prince recov'ring his stolne sword,
 And *Guyon* his lost shield, they both yfere
 Forth passed on their way in faire accord,

Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord ;
 Sir Knight, mote I of you this curt'sie read,
 To weet why on your shield (so goodly scord)
 Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head ?
 Full liuely is the semblaunt, though the substance dead.

3

Faire Sir, said he, if in that picture dead
 Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,
 What mote ye weene, if the true liuely-head
 Of that most glorious visage ye did view ?
 But if the beautie of her mind ye knew,
 That is, her bountie, and imperiall powre,
 Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew,
 O how great wonder would your thoughts deuoure,
 And infinite desire into your spirit poure !

4
 Shee is the mighty *Queene of Faerie*,
 Whose faire retreat I in my shield doe beare;
 She is the floure of grace and chastitie,
 Throughout the world renowned farre and neare,
 My hefe, my liege, my Soueraigne, my deare,
 Whose glory thunch as the morning starre,
 And with her light the earth enlumines faire;
 Farre reach her mercies, and her praises farre,
 As well in state of peace, as in puiffance in warre.

5
 Thrice happy man, said then the *Briton* knight,
 Whom gracious lot, and thy great valiaunce
 Hauē made a fouldier of that *Princede* bright,
 Which with her bounty and glad countenance
 Doth bleffe her seruants; and them high aduance:
 How may strange knight hope euer to aspire,
 By faithfull seruice, and meet amēnaunce
 Vnto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
 For losse of thousand liues, to die at her desire.

6
 Said *Guyon*, Noble Lord, what meed so great,
 Or grace of earthly Prince to loueraigne,
 But by your wondrous labour and warlike feat
 Ye well may hope, and easily attaine?
 But were your will, her sold to entertaine,
 And numbred be amongst knights of *Maidenhead*,
 Great guerdon (well I wote) should you remaine,
 And in her fauour high be reckoned,
 As *Arthegall*, and *Sophy* now beēne honoured.

7
 Certes, then said the Prince, I God avow,
 That since I armes and knighthood first did plight,
 My whole desire hath beēne, and yet is now,
 To serue that *Queene* with all my powre and might.
 Now hath the Sunne with his lamp-burning light,
 Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,
 Since of that *Goddesse* I haue fought the sight,
 Yet no where can her find: such happinelle
 Heauen doth to me enuy, and fortune fauourlesse.

8
 Fortune (the foe of famous cheuisance)
 Sildome (said *Guyon*) yields to vertue ayde,
 But in her way throwes mischief and mischaunce,
 Whereby her course is stopt, and passage staid.
 But you, faire Sir, be not here-with dismayd;
 But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;
 Which were it not, that I am else delaid
 With hard adventure, which I haue in hand,
 I labour would to guide you through all *Faerie Land*.

9
 Gramercie Sir, said he; but mote I wote,
 What strange adventure doe ye now pursue?
 Perhaps my succour, or aduizement meet,
 Mote stead you much your purpose to subdue.
 Then gan Sir *Guyon* all the story shew
 Of false *Acrassa*, and her wicked wiles,
 Which to auenge, the *Palmer* him forth drew
 From *Faerie court*. So talked they, the whiles
 They wasted had much way, and measured many miles.

10
 And now faire *Phabus* gan decline in haste
 His wearie wagon to the Westerne vale,
 When-as they spide a goodly Cattle, plac't
 Foreby a ruier in a pleasant dale;
 Which choosing for that euening's hospitale,
 They thither march: but when they came in sight,
 And from their sweaty countners did auale,
 They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
 And euery loup fast lockt, as farring looke despight.

11
 Which when they saw, they weened soule reproche
 Was to them doen, their entrance to forfall,
 Till that the *Squire* gan nigher to appoche;
 And wind his horn vnder the castle wall,
 That with the noise it shooke, as it would fall:
 Eftsoones foorth looked from the highest spire
 The watch, and loud vnto the knights did call,
 To weet what they so rudely did require.
 Who gently answered, They entrance did desire.

12
 Fly fly, good knights, said he, fly fast away
 If that your liues ye loue, as meet ye should;
 Fly fast, and saue your selues from neere decay,
 Here may ye not haue entrance, though we would:
 We would and would againe, if that we could;
 But thousand enemies about vs rae,
 And with long siege vs in this castle hold:
 Seauen yeares this wize they vs besieged haue,
 And many good knights slaine, that haue vs fought to saue.

13
 Thus as he spake, loe, with outrageous cry
 A thousand villaines round about them swarm'd
 Out of the rocks and caues adioyning nie,
 Vile caitiue wretches, rugged, rude, deform'd,
 All threatening death, all in strange manner arm'd,
 Some with vnweldy clubs, some with long speares,
 Some rustie knives, some staues in fir worm'd,
 Sterne was their looke, like willd amazed Steares,
 Staring with hollow eyes, and stiffe vpstanding heares.

14
 Fiercely at first those knights they Taille,
 And droue them to recoile: but when againe
 They gaue fresh charge, their forces gan to faile,
 Vnable their encounter to sustaine;
 For, with such puiffance and impetuous maine
 Those Champions broke on them, that fore't them fly;
 Like scattered Sheepe, when as the Shepherds swaine
 A Lyon and a Tigre doth spy,
 With greedy pale forth rushing from the forest nie.

15
 Awhile they fled, but soone returned againe
 VVith greater fury then before was found;
 And euermore their cruell *Capitaine*
 Sought with his rascall routs t'enclose them round,
 And (ouer-runne) to tread them to the ground.
 But soone the Knights with their bright-burning blades
 Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confound,
 Hewing and flashing at their idle shades; (fades.
 For, though they bodies seeme, yet substance from them
 As

16

As when a swarme of Gnats at euentide
 Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
 Their murmuring finall trumpets founden wide,
 Whiles in the ayre their clustring armie flies,
 That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;
 Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast,
 For their sharpe wounds, and noyous iniuries,
 Till the fierce Northerne wind with blustering blast
 Doth blowe them quite away, and in the *Ocean* cast.

17

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
 Vnto the Castle gate they come againe,
 And entraunce crav'd, which was denied crft.
 Now, when report of that their perilous paine,
 And combrous conflict which they did sustaine,
 Came to the Ladies eare which there did dwell,
 She forth issued with a goodly traine
 Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
 And entertained them right fairly, as befell.

18

Alma she called was, a virgin bright;
 That had not yet felt *Cupid's* wanton rage,
 Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle Knight,
 And many a Lord of noble parentage,
 That fought with her to linke in marriage:
 For, she was faire, as faire mote euer bee,
 And in the flowre now of her freshest age;
 Yet full of grace and goodly modestie,
 That euen heauen reioyced her sweet face to see.

19

In robe of lilly white she was arrayd,
 That from her shoulder to her heele downe taught,
 The traine whereof loofe far behind her strayd,
 Branched with gold and pearle, most richly wrought,
 And borne of two faire Damfels, which were taught
 That seruice well. Her yellow golden haire
 Was trimly wouen, and in tresses wrought,
 Ne other tyre she on her head did weare,
 But crowned with a garland of sweet *Rosiere*.

20

Goodly she entertaind those noble knights,
 And brought them vp into her castle hall;
 Where, gentle court and gracious delight
 She to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
 Shewing herselfe both wife and liberall:
 There when they rested had a season dew,
 They her besought of fauour speciall,
 Of that faire Castle to afford them view;
 She graunted, and them leading forth, the same did shew.

21

First, she them led vp to the Castle wall,
 That was so high, as foe might not it clime,
 And all so faire, and sensible withall,
 Not built of brick, ne yet of stone and lime,
 But of thing like to that *Egyptian* slime,
 Whereof king *Nine* whilome built *Babell* towre;
 For a great pittie, that no longer time
 So gently workmanship should not endure:
 Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

22

The frame thereof seem'd partly circulare,
 And part triangulare: o worke diuine!
 Those two the first and last proportions are,
 The one imperfect, mortall, feminine;
 Th' other immortal, perfect, masculine;
 And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
 Proportioned equally by seuen and nine;
 Nine was the circle set in heauens place,
 All which compacted, made a goodly *Dyapase*.

23

Therein two gates were placed seemly well:
 The one before, by which all in did passe,
 Did th' other far in workmanship excell;
 For, not of wood, nor of enduring brasse,
 But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;
 Doubly disparred, it did locke and close,
 That when it locked, none might thorough passe,
 And when it opened, no man might it close,
 Still open to their friends, and closed to their foes.

24

Of hewen stone the porch was fairly wrought,
 Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,
 Then Iet or Marble farre from Ireland brought;
 Over the which was cast a wandring Vine,
 Enchaced with a wanton Iuie twine.
 And over it a faire *Porteullis* hong,
 Which to the gate directly did incline,
 With comely compasse, and compasture strong,
 Neither vnseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

25

Within the Barbican a Porter sat,
 Day and night dulcely keeping watch and ward,
 Nor wight, nor word mote passe out of the gate,
 But in good order, and with due regard;
 Vtters of secrets he from thence debar'd,
 Bibblers of folly, and blazers of crime.
 His larum-bell might loud and wide be heard
 When cause requir'd, but neuer out of time;
 Earely and late it rong, at euening and at prime.

26

And round about the porch on euery side
 Twice sixteene warders sat, all armed bright
 In glistering steele, and strongly fortifide:
 Tall yeomen seemed they, and of great might,
 And were enraged ready still for fight.
 By them as *Alma* passed with her guests,
 They did obey saunce, as becomed right,
 And then againe returned to their rests:
 The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gests.

27

Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,
 Wherein were many tables faire dispred,
 And ready dight with drapets feastuall,
 Against the viands should be ministr'd.
 At th' upper end there sat, yelad in red
 Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
 That in his hand a white rod menaged:
 He Steward was, hight *Dier*; ripe of age,
 And in demaunce sober, and in counsell sage.

28

And through the Hall there walked to and fro
A iolly yeoman, Marshall of the same,
Whose name was *Appetite*; he did bestowe
Both guests and meat, when euer in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the Steward bade. They both atone
Did dutie to their Lady, as became;
Who passing by, forth led her guests anone
Into the kitchin roome, ne spar'd for niceness none.

29

It was a vault ybuilt for great dispence,
With many raunges reard along the wall;
And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence,
The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall,
Vpon a mighty furnace, burning hot,
More hot, then *Aetn'* or flaming *Montyball*:
For, day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
So long as any thing it in the caudron got.

30

But to delay the heat, least by mischance
It might breake out, and set the whole on fire,
There added was by goodly ordinance,
An huge great paire of bellows, which did stire
Continually, and cooling breath inspire.
About the caudron many Cookes accoyld,
With hookes and ladles, as nee'd did require;
The whiles the viands in the vessell boyld
They did about their businesse sweate, and forely toyld.

31

The maister Cooke was call'd *Concoction*,
A carefull man, and full of comely guise:
The kitchin Clerke, that hight *Digestion*,
Did order all the cates in seemely wise,
And set them forth, as well he could deuise.
The rest had severall offices assign'd:
Some to remoue the fume as it did rise;
Others to beare the same away did mind;
And others it to vse according to his kind.

32

But all the liquor, which was foule and waste,
Not good nor scrueiceable else for ought,
They in another great round vessell plac't,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought:
And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,
By secret wayes that none might it espy,
Was close conuaid, and to the back-gate brought,
That cleped was *Port Esquiline*, whereby
It was avoided quite, and throwe out priuily.

33

Which goodly order, and great workmans skill
When as those Knights beheld, with rare delight
And gazing wonder they their minds did fill;
For, neuer had they seeme so strange a sight.
Thence backe againe faire *Alma* led them right,
And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,
That was with royall Arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrahed, nor wrought,
Not wrought, nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought.

34

And in the midst thereof vpon the floure,
A louely beuy of faire Ladies fate,
Courtred of many a iolly Paramoure,
The which them did in modest wise amate,
And each one sought his Lady to aggrate:
And eke amongst them little *Cupid* plaid
His wanton sports, being returned late
From his fierce warres, and hauing from him layd
His cruell bowe, where-with he thousands hath dismayd.

35

Diuerse delights they found themselves to please:
Some sung in sweet consort, some laught for ioy,
Some plaid with strawes, some idle fate at ease;
But other some could not abide to toy,
All pleasure was to them griefe and annoy:
This found, that was found, the third for shame did blush;
Another seem'd enuious, or coy,
Another in her teeth did gnaw a ruff:
But at these strangers presence euery one did hush.

36

Soone as the gracious *Alma* came in place,
They all attence out of their seats arose,
And to her homage made, with humble grace:
Whom, when the Knights beheld, they gan dispose
Themselues to court, and each a Damzell chose:
The Prince (by chance) did on a Lady light,
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
But some-what sad, and solemne eke in sight,
As if some pensue thought constraind her gentle spright.

37

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
Was fretted all about, she was arrayd;
And in her hand a Poplar branch did hold:
To whom the Prince in curteous manner said;
Gentle Madame, why been ye thus dismayd,
And your faire beantie doe with sadnesse spill?
Lues any, that you hath thus ill apaid?
Or doen you loue, or doen you lacke your will?
What-auer be the cause, it sure becomes you ill.

38

Faire Sir, said she (halfe in disdainfull wise)
How is it that this word in me ye blame,
And in your selfe doe not the same aduise?
Him ill be seemes, anothers fault to name,
That may vnwares be blotted with the same:
Pensue I yield I am, and sad in mind,
Through great desire of glory and of fame;
Ne ought (I weene) are ye therein behind, (find.)
That haue twelue months fought one, yet no where can her

39

The Prince was inly moued at her speech,
Well weeting true, what she had rashly told:
Yet with faire semblant fought to hide the breach,
Which change of colour did perforce vnfold,
Now seeming flaming hot, now stony cold.
Tho, turning soft aside, he did inquire,
What wight she was, that Poplar branch did hold:
It answered was, her name was *Praise-desire*,
That by well dooing fought to honour to aspire.

The

The whiles, the *Faerie* knight did entertaine
 Another Damsell of that gentle crew,
 That was right faire, and modest of demaine,
 But that too oft she chang'd her native hew:
 Strange was her ture, and all her garment blew,
 Close round about her tuckt with many a plight:
 Vpon her fist, the bird which shunneth view,
 And keeps in courtets close from liuing wight,
 Did sit, as yet ashamed, how rude *Pan* did her sight.

So long as *Guyon* with her communed,
 Vnto the ground she cast her modest eye,
 And cuer and anone with rosie red
 The bashfull bloud her snowy cheekes did die,
 That her became, as polish't Ivory,
 Which cunning Craftsmans hand hath overlaid
 With faire Vermilion or pure lastery.
 Great wonder had the knight to see the maid
 So strangely passion'd, and to her gently said,

Faire Damsell, seemeth by your troubled cheare,
 That either me too bold yee weene, thus wife
 You to molest, or other ill to feare
 That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
 From whence it doth, as cloud from sea arise.
 If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
 But if ought else that I mote not devise,
 I will (if please you it discourse) say
 To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

She answered nought, but more abasht for shame,
 Held downe her head, the whiles her loudly face
 The flashing bloud with blushing did inflame,
 And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
 That *Guyon* meruaill'd at her vncouth case:
 Till *Alma* him bespake, Why wonder yee
 Faire Sir at that, which yee so much embrace?
 She is the fountaine of your modestie;
 You shamefac't are, but *Shamefastnesse* it selfe is fluee.

Thereat the *Elfe* did blush in priuete,
 And turnd his face away; but she the same
 Dissembled faire, and faind to ouertee.
 Thus they awhile with court and goodly game,
 Themselues did solace each one with his Dame,
 Till that great Ladie thence away them sought,
 To view her Castles other wondrous fram.
 Vp to a stately Turret the them brought,
 Ascending by ten steps of Alablaster wrought.

That Turrets frame most admirable was,
 Like highest heauen compass'd around,
 And lifted high about this earthly mass,
 Which it surview'd, as hills doen lower ground;
 But not on ground mote like to this be found,
 Nor that which antique *Cadmus* whilome built
 In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound;
 Nor that proud towre of *Troy*, though richly gilt,
 Fro' which young *Hectors* bloud by cruell *Greeks* was spilt.

The rooffe hereof was arched ouer head,
 And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
 Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stead,
 Therein gaue light, and flam'd continually:
 For, they of liuing fire most subtilly
 Were made, and let in silver sockets bright,
 Couer'd with lids devis'd of substance fly,
 That readily they shut and open might.
 O, who can tell the prayles of that makers might!

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
 This parts great workmanship, and wondrous powre,
 That all this other worlds worke doth excell,
 And likest it vnto that heauenly towre,
 That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
 Therein were diuerse roomes, and diuerse stages,
 But three the chiefest, and of greatest powre,
 In which there dwelt three honourable sages,
 The wisest men (I weene) that liued in their ages,

Not he, whom *Greece* (the Nurse of all good Arts)
 By *Phæbus* doome, the wisest thought aliuie,
 Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
 Nor that sage *Pylion* sire, which did suruiue
 Three ages, such as mortall men contriue,
 By whose aduise old *Prims* citie fell,
 With these in praise of policie mote striue.
 These three in these three roomes did sundry dwell,
 And counsell'd faire *Alma*, how to gouerne well.

The first of them could things to come fore-see:
 The next, could of things present best aduise;
 The third, things past could keepe in memorie:
 So that no time, nor reason could arise,
 But that the same could one of these comprize.
 For thy, the first did in the fore-part sit,
 That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize:
 He had a sharpe fore-sight, and working wit,
 That neuer idle was, ne once could rest a whit.

His chamber was dispaunted all within,
 With sundry colours, in the which were writ
 Infinite shapes of things disperfed thin;
 Some such as in the world were neuer yet,
 Ne can deuise'd be of mortall wit;
 Some daily seene, and known by their names,
 Such as in idle fantasies doe sit:
 Infernall Hags, *Centaur*s, *Scends*, *Hippodames*,
 Apes, Lyons, Eagles, Owles, fooles, louers, children,
 (Dames,

And all the chamber filled was with flies,
 Which buzzed all about, and made such found,
 That they encombr'd all mens eares and eyes,
 Like many swames of Bees assembled round,
 After their hieues with honny doe abound:
 All thoes were idle thoughts and fantasies,
 Deuices, dreames, opinions vnfound,
 Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophecies;
 And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

52
 Amongst them all fate he which wonned there,
 That hight *Phantasies* by his nature trew;
 A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere,
 Offwarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,
 That him full of melancholy did shew;
 Bent hollow beetle brows, sharp staring eyes,
 That mad or foolish seem'd: one by his view
 Mote deeme him borne with ill disposed skyes,
 When oblique *Saturne* fate in th'houe of agonies.

53
 Whom *Alma* hauing shewed to her guesstes,
 Thence brought them to the second roome, whose wals
 Were painted faire with memorable gesses
 Of famous Wisards, and with picturals
 Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
 Of common wealthes, of states, of policie,
 Of lawes, of iudgements, and of decretals;
 All Artes, all Science, all Philosophy,
 And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

54
 Of those that roome was full: and them among
 There fate a man of ripe and perfect age,
 Who did them meditate all his life long,
 That through continuall practise and vsage,
 He now was growne right wise, and wondrous sage.
 Great pleasure had those stranger Knights, to see
 His goodly reason, and graue personage,
 That his disciples both desir'd to bee;
 But *Alma* thence them led to th'hindmost roome of three.

55
 That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
 And therefore was remoued farre behind,
 Yet were the wals, that did the same vphold,
 Right firme and strong, though somewhat they declin'd;
 And therein fate an old old man, halfe blind,
 And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
 Yet liuely vigour rested in his mind,
 And recompenc't him with a better corse:
 Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled force.

56
 This man of infinite remembrance was,
 And things foregone through many ages held,
 Which he recorded still as they did pass,
 Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,

As all things else, the which this world doth weld,
 But laid them vp in his immortal serine,
 Where they for euer incorrupted dweld;
 The warres he well remembred of king *Nine*,
 Of old *Assaracus*, and *Imachus* diuine.

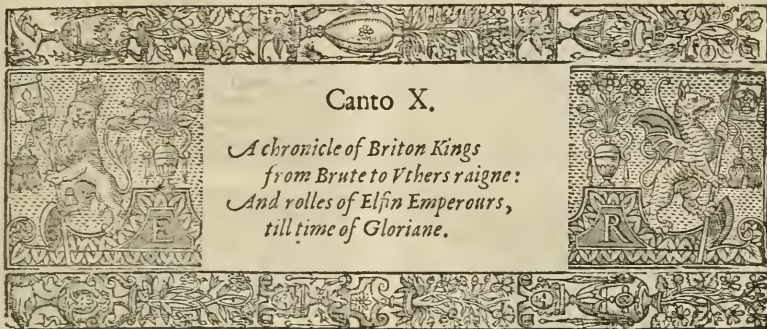
57
 The yeares of *Nestor* nothing were to his,
 Ne yet *Matinsalem*, though longest lyu'd;
 For, he remembred both their infancies:
 Ne wonder then, if that he were depriv'd
 Of natie strength now, that he them surui'd.
 His chamber all was hangd about with rolles,
 And old records from auncient times deriu'd,
 Some made in bookes, some in long parchment scrolls;
 That were all worrne-eaten, and full of canker holes.

58
 Amidst them all he in a chaire was set,
 Tossing and turning them withouten end;
 But for he was vnable them to set,
 A little boy did on him still attend
 To reach, when euer he for ought did send;
 And oft when things were lost, or laid amiss,
 That boy them sought, and vnto him did lend.
 Therefore he *Anamnestes* cleped is,
 And that old man *Eumnestes*, by their proprietis.

59
 The Knights, there entring, did him reuerence dew,
 And wondred at his endlesse exercise,
 Then as they gan his Librarie to view,
 And antique Registers for to auise,
 There chaunced to the Princes hand to rise
 An auncient booke, hight *Briton monuments*,
 That of this lands first conquest did deuiſe,
 And old diuision into Regiments,
 Till it reduced was to one mans governments.

60
 Sir *Guyon* chaunc't eke on another booke,
 That hight *Antiquitie of Faerie lond*.
 In which when as he greedily did looke;
 Th'off-spring of Elves and Faries there he fond,
 As it deliuer'd was from hond to hond:
 Whereat they burning both with feruent fire
 Their countries auncetury to vnderfond,
 Crav'd leaue of *Alma*, and that aged fire,
 To read those bookes; who gladly graunted their desire.





Canto X.

*A chronicle of Briton Kings
from Brute to Vthers raigne:
And rolles of Elfin Emperours,
till time of Gloriane.*

W Ho now shall giue vnto me words and sound,
Equall vnto this haughtie enterprise?
O: who shall lend me wings, with which from
My lowly verse may loftly arise, (ground
And lift it selfe vnto the highest skies?
More ample spirit then hitherto was wount,
Heere needes me, whiles the famous auncestries
Of my most dreaded Soueraigne I recount,
By which all earthly Princes the doth farre furlmount.

Ne vnder Sunne, that shines so wide and faire,
Whence all that liues, does borrow life and light,
Liues ought, that to her linage may compare,
Which though from earth it be deriued right,
Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to heuens light,
And all the world with wonder ouerspred;
A labour huge, exceeding farre my might:
How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,
Conceiue such fouertagne glory, and great bountied?

Argument worthy of *Mæonian* quill,
Or rather worthy of great *Phæbus* note,
VWhereon the ruines of great *Ossa* hill,
And triumphes of *Philegean* Ioue he wrote,
That all the Gods admir'd his lostie note.
But if some child of that heauenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report,
To decke my song withall, I would aslay,
Thy name, ô soueraigne Queene, to blazon fare away.

Thy name, ô soueraigne Queene, thy realme and race,
From this renowned Prince deriued are,
Who mightily vpheld that royall mace,
Which now thou bearest, to thee descended farre
From mighty Kings, and Conquerours in warre,
Thy Fathers and great Grand-fathers of old,
Whose noble deeds about the Northern starre
Immortall fame for euer hath enrold;
As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

The land, which warlike Britons now possesse,
And therein haue their mightie Empire rayd,
In antique times was salvage wildernesse,
Vnpeopled, vnmanur'd, vnprov'd, vnprayd;
Ne was it Island then, ne was it payd
Amid the *Ocean* waues, ne was it sought
Of Marchants farre, for profits therein prayd,
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to haue been from the *Celticke* main-land brought.

Ne did it then deserue a name to haue,
Till that the venturous Mariner that way
Learning his ship from those white rocks to saue,
VWhich all along the Southerne sea-coast lay,
Threatning vnheedie wreck and rash decay,
For safeties sake that same his sea-marke made,
And num'd it *Albion*. But later day
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
Gan more the fame frequent, and further to invade.

But farre in land a saluage nation dwelt,
Of hideous Giants, and halfe beastly men,
That neuer tasted grace, nor goodnesse felt,
But like wild beasts lurking in loathsome den,
And flying fast as Roebuck through the fen,
All naked without shame, or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoyling liued then;
Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,
That sonnes of men amaz'd their sternnesse to behold.

But whence they sprong, or how they were begor,
Vneath is to assure; vneath to weene
That monstrous error which doth some asstot,
That *Dioclesians* fittie daughters shene
Into this land by chaunce haue driuen beene,
Where, compaigning with fiends and filthy Sprights,
Through vaine illusion of their lust vncleene,
They brought forth Giants and such dreadfull wights,
As farre exceeded men in their immanur'd might.

They

9
They held this Land, and with their filthinesse
Polluted this same gentle foyle long time:
That their owne mother loath'd their beastlinesse,
And gan abhorre her broods vnkindly crime,
All were they borne of her owne natiue slime;
Vntill that *Brutus* anciently deru'd
From royall stock of old *Assaras* line,
Driuen by fatal error, heere arriu'd,
And them of their vniust possession depriu'd.

10
But ere he had established his throne,
And spred his Empire to the vtmost shore,
He fought great battailes with his saluage fone;
In which he them defeated euermore,
And many Giants left on groning flore;
That well can witnesse yet vnto this day
The westerne Hogh, besprinkled with the gore
Of mighty *Goëmor*, whom in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

11
And eke that ample Pit, yet farre renownd,
For the large leape, which *Debon* did compell
Coulin to make, beeing eight lugs of ground;
Into the which returning back, he fell:
But those three monstrous stones doe most excell,
Which that huge sonne of hideous *Albion*,
Whose father, *Hercules* in Fraunce did quell,
Great *Godmer* threw, in fierce contention,
At bold *Canutus*; but of him was slaine anon.

12
In meed of these great conquests by them got,
Corineus had the Prouince vtmost west,
To him assigned for his worthy lot,
Which of his name and memorable gest
He called *Cornewaile*, yet so called best:
And *Debons* shaire was, that is *Deuonshire*:
But *Canute* had his portion from the rest,
The which he calld *Canutium*, for his hire:
Now *Cantium*, which *Kent* we commonly inquire.

13
Thus *Brute* this Realme vnto his rule subdewd,
And raigned long in great felicitie,
Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes eschewd,
He left three sonnes (his famous progeny)
Borne of faire *Inogene* of *Italy*;
Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,
And *Lochrine* left chiefe Lord of *Britany*.
At last, ripe age bad him surrender late
His life, and long good fortune, vnto finall fate.

14
Lochrine was left the soueraigne Lord of all;
But *Albanact* had all the Northrene part,
Which of himselfe *Albania* he did call;
And *Camber* did possesse the Westerne quart,
Which *Seuerne* now from *Lochris* doth depart:
And each his portion peaceably enioyd,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
That once their quiet government annoyd,
But each his paines to others profit still employd.

15
Vntill a Nation strange, with visage swart,
And courage fierce, that all men did affray,
Which through the world then swarmd in eury part,
And overflow'd all countries farre away,
Like *Neyes* great flood, with their importune sway,
This Land invaded with like violence,
And did themselves through all the North display:
Vntill that *Lochrine* for his Realmes defence,
Did head against them make, and strong munificence.

16
Hee them encountred (a confus'd rout)
Foreby the Riuier, that whilome was hight
The auncient *Abus*, where with courage stout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chac't so fiercely after fearefull flight,
That forc't their Chieftaine, for his safeties sake
(Their Chieftaine *Humber* named was aright)
Vnto the mightie streame him to betake,
Where he an end of battell, and of life did make.

17
The King returned proud of victorie,
And insolent wox through vnwardly ease,
That shortly he forgot the iopardie,
Which in his land he lately did appease,
And fell to vaine voluptuous discaie:
He lov'd faire Ladie *Esfrild*, lewdly lov'd,
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
That quite his hart from *Guendolene* remov'd,
From *Guendolene* his wife, though alwaies faithful prov'd.

18
The noble daughter of *Corineus*,
Would not endure to be so vile disdaind;
But gathering force, and courage valorous,
Encountred him in battaile well ordaind,
In which him vanquish't she to fly constraind:
But she so fast purfewd, that him she tooke,
And threw in bands, where he till death remaind;
Als his faire Leman, flying through a brooke,
Shee overhent, nought moued with her pitious looke.

19
But both her selfe, and eke her daughter deare,
Begotten by her kingly Paramoure,
The faire *Sabrina* almost dead with feare,
Shee there attached, farre from all succoure;
The one she slew in that impatient stoure:
But the sad virgin innocent of all,
Adowne the rolling riuier she did poure,
Which of her name now *Seuerne* men do call:
Such was the end that to disloyall loue did fall.

20
Then for her sonne, which she to *Lochrine* bore
(*Madan* was young, vnmeet the rule of sway)
In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
Till ripper yeeres he raught, and stronger stay:
During which time, her powre she did display
Through all this Realme (the glory of her sex)
And first taught men a woman to obey:
But when her sonne to mans estate did wax,
Shee it surrendred, ne herselfe would lenger wax.

21

Tho *Madan* rain'd, vnworthy of his race:
 For, with all shame that sacred throne he fill'd:
 Next, *Memprife*, as vnworthy of that place,
 In which being comforted with *Mamild*,
 For thirst of single kingdome him he killd.
 But *Ebranck* lauded both their infamies
 With noble deedes, and vsuried on *Brunchild*
 In *Henault*, where yet of his victories
 Braue monuments remaine, which yet that land enuies.

22

An happy man in his first dayes he was,
 And happy father of faire progeny:
 For, all so many weekes as the yeere has,
 So many children he did multiply:
 Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply
 Their minds to praise, and chevalrous desire:
 Those germans did subdew all Germany,
 Of whom it high; but in the end their Sire,
 With foule repulic, from Fraunce was forced to retire.

23

Which blot, his sonne succeeding in his feat,
 The second *Brute* (the second both in name
 And eke in semblance of his puissance great)
 Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
 With recompence of euertlasting fame.
 Hee with his victour sword first opened
 The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,
 And taught her first how to be conquered:
 Since which, with sundry spoiles she hath been ranfacked.

24

Let *Scaldin* tell, and let tell *Hania*,
 And let the marsh of *Esfham* bragges tell,
 What colour were their waters that same day,
 And all the moore twixt *Elversham* and *Dell*,
 With blond of *Henalois*, which therein fell.
 How oft that day did sad *Brunchildis* see
 The greene shield dyde in dolorous vermill?
 That not *Scauth quirdis* it mote seeme to bee;
 But rather y *Scuth gogis*, signe of sad crueltee.

25

His sonne king *Leill*, by fathers labour long,
 Enioyd an heritage of lasting peace,
 And built *Cairleill*, and built *Cairleon* strong,
 Next, *Huddibras* his realme did not encreate,
 But taught the land from wearie warres to cease.
 Whose footsteps *Bladud* following, in arts
 Excel'd at *Athens* all the learned peace,
 From where he brought them to these salvage parts,
 And with sweet science mollifd their stubborne harts.

26

Ensample of his wondrous faculty,
 Behold the boyling Bathes at *Cairbadon*,
 Which seeth with lecret fire eternally,
 And in their entrailes, full of quick Brimston,
 Nourish the flames, which they are warm'd vpon,
 That to her people wealth they forth doe well,
 And health to euery forraine nation:
 Yet he at last, contending to excell
 The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief fell.

27

Next him, king *Leyr* in happy peace long raignd,
 But had no issue male him to succeed,
 But three faire daughters, which were well vpraind,
 In all that seem'd fit for kingly feed:
 Mongt whom his realme he equally decreed
 To haue diuided. Tho, when feeble age
 Nigh to his vtmost date he saw proceed,
 Hee cald his daughters; and with speeches sage
 Inquir'd, which of them most did loue her parentage.

28

The eldest, *Gonorill*, gan to protest,
 That she much more then her owne life him lov'd:
 And *Regan* greater loue to him profest,
 Then all the world, when euer it were prou'd:
 But *Cordeill* said the lov'd him, as behoou'd:
 Whose simple answer, wanting colours faire
 To paint it forth, him to displeasance moou'd,
 That in his crowne he counted her no heire,
 But twixt the other twaine his kingdome whole did shaire.

29

So, wedded th'one to *Maglau* king of Scots,
 And th'other to the king of *Cambria*,
 And twixt them shaird his realme by equal lots:
 But without dowre the wife *Cordelia*
 Was sent to *Agamp* of *Celtica*.
 Their aged Syre, thus eafed of his crowne,
 A private life led in *Albania*,
 With *Gonorill*, long had in great renowne,
 That nought him grieu'd to been frō rule depofed downe.

30

But true it is, that when the oyle is spent,
 The light goes out, and wike is throwne away;
 So, when he had resign'd his regiment,
 His daughter gan despise his drouping day,
 And wearie wox of his continuall stay.
 Tho to his daughter *Rigan* he repaird,
 V Who him at first well vied euery way:
 But when of his departure she despar'd,
 Her bounty she abated, and his cheare empair'd.

31

The wretched man gan then auise too late,
 That loue is not, where most it is profest;
 Too truly ryde in his extremest state:
 At last, resolv'd likewise to proue the rest,
 He to *Cordelia* himselfe adrest,
 Who with entire affection him receau'd,
 As for her Syre and king her seem'd best:
 And after all, an army strong she leau'd,
 To war on those, which him had of his realme bereau'd.

32

So to his crowne she him restor'd againe,
 In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
 And after will'd it should to her remaine:
 Who peaceably the same long time did weld:
 And all mens harts in dew obedieoce held:
 Till that her sisters children, woxen strong,
 Through proud ambition against her rebeld,
 And ouercommen kept in prison long,
 Till wearie of that wretched life, her selfe she hong.

Then gan the bloudie brethren both to raigne :
 But fierce *Cundab* gan shortly to envie
 His brother *Morgan*, prickt with proud disdain
 To haue a Peere in part of fountaine,
 And kindling coales of cruell enmitie,
 Rais'd warre, and him in battaile overthrew :
 Whence as he to thofe wooddie hills did flie,
 Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him flew :
 Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew.

His sonne *Rivall* his dead roome did fupply,
 In whose sad time bloud did from heauen raine :
 Next, great *Gurgusius*, then faire *Cacily*
 In constant peace their kingdomes did containe ;
 After whom, *Lago*, and *Kimrark* did raigne,
 And *Gorbogud*, till farr in yeeres he grew ;
 When his ambitious sonnes vnto them twaine,
 Arraught the rule, and from their father drew ;
 Stout *Ferrex* and sterne *Porrex* him in prison threw.

But ô ! the greedy thirst of royall crowne,
 That knows no kinned, nor regards no right,
 Sturd *Porrex* vp to put his brother downe ;
 Who, vnto him assembling forraine might,
 Made warre on him, and fell himselfe in fight :
 Whose death t'auenge, his mother mercilesse
 (Most mercilesse of women, *Wyden* hight)
 Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
 And with most cruell hand him murdered pitulesse.

Here ended *Brutus* sacred progenie,
 Which had seauen hundred yeeres this scepter borne,
 With high renowne, and great felicitie.
 The noble branch from th' antique stock was torne
 Through discord, and the royall throne forlorne :
 Thence-forth this Realme was into factions rent,
 Whil'ft each of *Brutus* boasted to be borne,
 That in the end was left no monument
 Of *Brutus*, nor of Britons glory auncient.

Then vp arose a man of matchlesse might,
 And wondrous wit to menage high affaires,
 Who stird with pity of the stressed plight
 Of this sad Realme, cut into sundry shaires
 By such, as claim'd themselves *Brutes* rightfull heires,
 Gathered the Princes of the people loose,
 To taken counsell of their common cares ;
 Who, with his wisdom won, him straight did choofe
 Their King, and swore him fealty to win or loose.

Then made he head against his enemies,
 And *Ymmer* flew, or *Logris* miscerate ;
 Then *Ruddoc* and proud *Stater*, both allies,
 This of *Albanie* newly nominate,
 And that of *Cambry* king confirmed late,
 He overthrew through his owne valiaunce ;
 Whose countries he reduc't to quiet state,
 And shortly brought to ciuill gouernaunce,
 Now one, which earst were many made through variaunce.

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say
 Were vnto him reveal'd in vision,
 By which he freed the Trauailers high way,
 The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,
 Restraining stealth, and strong extortion ;
 The gracious *Nyma* of great *Eritannie* ;
 For, till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
 By strength was wielded without policie ;
 Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignitie.

Donwallo dide (for, what may liue for ay ?)
 And left two sonnes, of peerelesse prowesse both ;
 That sacked *Rome* too dearely did assay,
 The recompence of their periured oath,
 And ranfack't *Greece* well tryde, when they were wroth ;
 Besides subiect'd *Fraunce*, and *Germany*,
 Which yet their prayes speake, all be they loth,
 And inly tremble at the memory
 Of *Brennus* and *Bellinus*, Kings of Britanny.

Next then, did *Gurgunt*, great *Bellinus* sonne,
 In rule succeed, and eke in fathers praise ;
 He Easterland subdew'd, and Danmarke wonne,
 And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
 The which was due in his dead fathers dayes :
 He also gaue to fugitiues of *Spayne*
 (Whom he at sea found wandering from their wayes,
 A feate in *Ireland* safely to remaine,
 Which they should hold of him, as subiect to *Eritaine*.)

After him reigned *Guthiline* his heyre
 (The iustest man and truest in his dayes)
 Wh o had to wife Dame *Mertia* the fayre,
 A woman worthy of immortal prayse,
 Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,
 And wholesome Statutes to her husband brought ;
 Her many deem'd to haue benee of the *Fayes*,
 As was *Agerié*, that *Nyma* taught ;
 Thofe yet of her be *Mertian* lawes both nam'd & thought.

Her sonnes *Sifillus* after her did raigne,
 And then *Kimarus*, and then *Danius* ;
 Next whom *Morindus* did the crowne sustaine :
 Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,
 And cruell rancour dimm'd his valorous
 And mighty deeds, should matched haue the best :
 As well in that same field victorious
 Against the forraine *Morands* he exprest ;
 Yet lues his memory, though carcase sleepe in rest.

Fiue sonnes he left begotten of one wife,
 All which successfully by turnes did raigne ;
 First, *Gorboman*, a man of vertuous life ;
 Next, *Archigald*, who for his proud disdain,
 Deposed was from Princedome foueraine,
 And pittious *Elidure* put in his sted ;
 Who shortly it to him restor'd againe,
 Till by his death he it recour'd ;
 But *Peridure* and *Vigent* him dithroned.

45
In wretched prison long he did remaine,
Till they outraign'd had their vtmost date,
And then therein reſeiz'd was againe,
And ruled long with honorable ſtate,
Till he ſurrender'd realme and life to fate.
Then all the ſonnes of theſe ſiue brethren raignd
By due ſucceſſe, and all their Nephewes late,
Euen thſe eleuen deſcendants the crowne retaynd,
Till aged *Hely* by dew heritage it gaynd.

46
He had two ſonnes, whoſe eldeſt called *Lud*
Left of his life moſt famous memory,
And endleſſe monuments of his great good:
The ruin'd wals he did reare diſie
Of *Troy nouant*, gainſt force of enemy,
And built that gate, which of his name is hight,
By which he lycs entomb'd ſolemiy.
He left two ſonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and *Tenantius*, pictures of his might.

47
Whilſt they were young, *Caiſſiballane* their Emē
Was by the people choſen in their ſted,
Who on him tooke the royall Diademe,
And goodly well long time it gouerned,
Till the proude *Romanes* him diſquieted,
And warlike *Ceſar*, tempted with the name
Of this ſweet ſlind, neuer conquer'd,
And enuying the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hither came.

48
Yet wiſe they were repulſed backe againe,
And wiſer enforc't, backe to their ſhips to fly,
The whiles with blood they all the ſhore did ſtaine.
And the gray *Ocean* into purple dy:
Ne had they footing found at laſt perdie,
Had not *Androgeus*, falſe to natie ſoyle,
And enuious of Vncles ſoueraintie,
Betraid his cuntry vnto forreine ſpoile:
Nought elle, but treaſon, from the firſt this land did foile.

49
So by him *Ceſar* got the victory,
Through great blouſhed, and many a ſad aſſay,
In which himſelfe was charged heauily
Of hardy *Nemus*, whom he yet did ſlay,
But loſt his ſword, yet to be ſcene this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
T'ambitious *Rome*, and did their rule obey,
Till *Arthur* all that reckoning did deſtray;
Yet oft the Briton kings againſt them ſtrongly ſwayd.

50
Next him *Tenantius* taignd, then *Kimbeline*,
What time th'eternall Lord in fleſhly ſlime
Enwomb'd was, from wretched *Adams* line
To purge away the guilt of ſinfull crime:
O ioyous memory of happy time,
That heauenly grace ſo plentifully diſplaid!
O too high dirty for my ſimple rime!
Soone after this, the *Romanes* him warrayd;
For that their tribute here ſuſ'd to let be payd.

51
Good *Claudius*, that next was Emperour,
An army brought, and with him battell fought,
In which the king was by a Treachetour
Diſguiſed ſlaine, ere any there of thought:
Yet ceaſed not the bloudie fight for ought;
For *Arurage* his brothers place ſupplide,
In armes, and eke in crowne; and by that draught
Did driue the *Romanes* to the weaker ſide,
That they to peace agreed. So all was paciſide.

52
Was neuer king more highly magnifide,
Nor drad of *Romanes*, then was *Aurage*,
For which the Emperour to him allide
His daughter *Geniſſi*'s in marriage:
Yet ſhortly he renounc'd the vaſſallage
Of *Rome* againe, who hither haſt'ly ſent
Veſpaſian, that with great ſpoyle and rage
Forwaſted all, till *Geniſſage*nt
Perlwaded him to ceaſe, and her Lord to relent.

53
He dyde: and him ſucceeded *Marius*,
Who ioy'd his dayes with great tranquillity:
Then *Coyll*, and after him good *Lucius*,
That firſt recciued Chriſtianity,
The ſacred pledge of Chriſts Euangely:
Yet true it is, that long before that daie,
Hither came *Joſeph* of *Arimathy*,
Who brought with him the holy grayle (they ſay)
And preach't the truth; but ſince it greatly did decay.

54
This good king ſhortly without iſſew dide,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
That did her ſelic in ſundry parts diuide,
And with her powre her owne ſelfe ouerthrew,
Whil'ſt *Romanes* daily did the weakē ſubdew:
Which ſeeing ſtout *Eundica* vp aroſe,
And taking armes, the *Britons* to her drew;
With whom ſhe march'd ſtraight againſt her foes,
And their vnwares beſides the *Suerne* did encloſe.

55
There ſhe with them a tuell battell tride,
Not with ſo good ſucceſſe, as ſhe deſeru'd;
By reaſon that the Captaines, on her ſide,
Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her ſwera'd;
Yet ſuch, as were through former fight preferu'd,
Gathering againe, her Hoſt ſhe did renew,
And with freſh courage on the victour ſeru'd:
But being all defeated late a few,
Rather then fly, or be captu'd, her ſelfe ſhe ſlew.

56
O famous moniment of womens praife,
Matchable eicher to *Semiramis*,
Whom antique hiſtory ſo high doth raiſe,
Or to *Hyſſipul*' or to *Thomiris*:
Her Hoſt two hundred thouſand numbred is;
Who, whiles good fortune fauoured her might,
Triumphed oft againſt her enimis;
And yet though ouercome in hapleſſe fight,
She triumphed on death, in enemies deſpight.

K

Her

57
Her reliques *Fulgent* hauing gathered,
Fought with *Seuerus* and him ourcthrew;
Yet in the chace was flaine of them, that fled;
So made them victours, whom he did subdew.
Then gan *Carauusius* tyrannice anew,
And gainst the *Romanes* bent their proper powie,
But him *Allectus* treacherously flew,
And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure:
Nah't lesse the same enioyed but short happy howre:

58
Bor *Aselepiodate* him ouercame,
And left inglorious on the vanquish Playne,
Without or robe, or rag, to hide his shame.
Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne;
But shortly was by *Coyll* in battell slaine:
Who after long debate, since *Lucies* time,
Was of the *Britons* first crownd Soueraigne:
Then gan this Realme renew her passed prime:
He of his name *Coylcheffer* built of stone and lime.

59
Which when the *Romanes* heard, they hither sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whom king *Coyll* made an agreement,
And to him gawe for wife his daughter bright,
Faire *Helena*, the fairest liuing wight;
Who in all godly tiwes, and goodly praife
Did far excell, but was most famous hight
For skill in Musicke of all in her dayes,
Aswell in curious instruments, as cunning layes.

60
Of whom he did great *Constantine* beget,
Who afterward was Emperour of *Rome*;
To which whiles absent he his mind did set,
Ostacius here lepto into his roome,
And it vsurped by vnrighteous doome:
But he his title iustifide by might,
Slaying *Traberne*, and hauing ouercome
The *Romane* legion in dreadfull fight:
So settled he his kingdome, and confirm'd his right.

61
But wanting issew male, his daughter deare
He gawe in wedlocke to *Maximian*,
And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,
Till murdered by the friends of *Gratian*;
Then gan the Hunnes and Picts inuade this land,
During the raigne of *Maximian*;
Who dying left none heire them to withstand,
But that they ouerraan all parts with easie hand.

62
The weary *Britons*, whose war-hable youth
Was by *Maximian* lately led away,
With wretched miseries, and woeful ruth,
Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
And dayly spectacle of sad decay: (yeares,
Whom *Romane* warres, which now foure hundred
And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;
Till by consent of Commons and of Peares,
They crownd the second *Constantine* with ioyous teares:

63
Who hauing oft in battell vanquished
Those spoylfull Picts, and iwarming Easterlings,
Long time in peace his Realme established,
Yet oft annoyd with sundry bordragings
Of neighbour Scots, and forcin Scatterlings,
With which the world did in those dayes abound:
Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
From sea to sea he heapt a mightie mound,
Which from *Alcluid* to *Panwell* did that border bound.

64
Three sonnes he dying left, all vnder age;
By meanes whereof, their vncle *Vortigere*
Vsurpt the crowne, during their pupillage;
Which th' Infants tutors gathering to feare,
Them closely into *Armorick* did beare:
For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,
Hefent to *Germanie*, strange aide to reare,
From whence eftsouones arriued here three hoyes
Of *Saxons*, whom he for his safetie employes.

65
Two brethren were their Capitaines, which hight
Hengist and *Horsus*, well approv'd in warre,
And both of them men of renowned might;
Who making vantage of their civill iare,
And of those forreiners, which came from farre,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the Realme ere long they stronger arte,
Then they which sought at first their helping hand,
And *Vortiger* enforc't the kingdome to aband.

66
But by the helpe of *Vortimere* his sonne,
He is againe vnto his rule restor'd,
And *Hengist* seeming sad, for that was donne,
Receiued is to grace and new accord,
Through his iure daughters face, & flattering word;
Soone after which, three hundred Lords he flew
Of British bloud, all sitting at his bord;
Whose dolefull monuments who list to rew,
Th' eternall marks of treason may at *Stonheng* view.

67
By this, the sonnes of *Constantine*, which fled,
Ambriſe and *Vther* did ripe yeares attaine,
And here arriuing, strongly challenged
The crowne, which *Vortiger* did long detain:
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slaine,
And *Hengist* eke soone brought to shamefull death.
Thenceforth *Aurelius* peaceably did raigne,
Till that through poylon stopped was his breath;
So now entomb'd lyes at *Stonheng* by the heath.

68
After him *Vther*, which *Pendragon* hight,
Succeeding There abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other Cefure right,
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
Or th' Authour selfe could not at least attend
To finish it: that so vnimely breach
The Prince himselfe halfe seemeth to offend,
Yet secret pleasure did offence impeach,
And wonder of antiquitie long stop't his speech.

69
At last, quite raiſht with delight; to heare
The royall Oſpring of his native land,
Cride out, Deare country, ô how dearely deare
Ought thy remembrance, and perpetuall band
Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand
Did common breath and nouriture receaue!
How brutish is it, not to vnderſtand
How much to her we owe, that all vs gauce,
That gauce vnto vs all, what euer good we haue!

70
But *Guyon* all this while his booke did read,
Ne yet has ended: for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leaſure, ſo long leaues here to exceed:
It told, how firſt *Prometheus* did create
A man, of many parts from beaſts deriued,
And then ſtole fire from heauen, to animate
His worke, for which he was by *Ioue* deprived
Of life himſelfe, and hart-ſtrings of an *Ægle* riued.

71
That man ſo made, he called *Elſe*, to weſt,
Quick, the firſt authour of all Elſin kind:
Who, wandering through the world with wearie feet,
Did in the gardens of *Adonis* find
A goodly creature, whom he deem'd in mind
To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,
Or Angell, th'authour of all woman-kind;
Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
Of whom all *Fayeries* ſpring, and fetch their lignage right.

72
Of theſe a mighty people ſhortly grew,
And puſſant kings, which all the world warrayd,
And to themſelues all Nations did ſubdew:
The firſt and eldeſt, which that ſcepter ſwayd,
Was *Elſin*; him all *India* obeyd,
And all that now *America* men call:
Next him was noble *Elſinan*, who layd
Cleopolis foundation firſt of all:
But *Elſilme* encloſ'd it with a golden wall.

73
His ſonne was *Elſinel*, who ouercame
The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloudy field:
But *Elſant* was of moſt renowned fame,
Who all of Cryſtall did *Panthea* build:

Then *Elſar*, who two brethren gyants kild,
The one of which had two heads, th'other three:
Then *Elſinor*, who was in Magick ſkild;
He built by art vpon the glaſly See (bec.
A bridge of braſs, whoſe ſound heauens thunder ſeem'd to

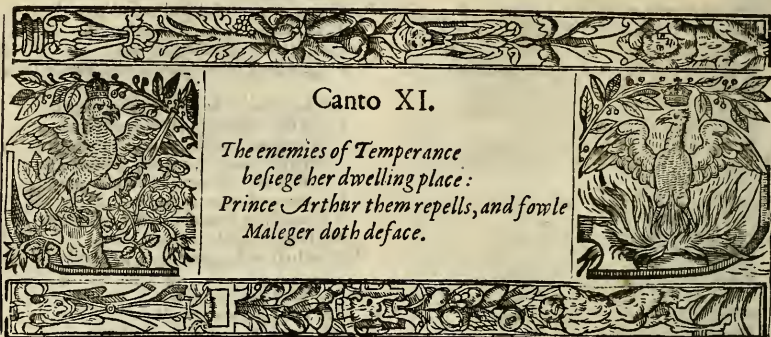
74
He left three ſonnes, the which in order raignd,
And all their Oſpring, in their dew deſcents,
Euen ſeuē hundred Princes, which maintaynd
With mightie deeds their fundry governmentes;
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiall:
Yet ſhould they be moſt famous monuments,
And braue enſample, both of Martiall
And ciuill rule to Kings and States imperiall.

75
After all theſe *Elſcleos* did raigne,
The wiſe *Elſcleos* in great Maieſtie,
Who mightily that ſcepter did ſuſtaine,
And with rich ſpoiles and famous victory,
Did high aduance the crowne of *Faery*:
He left two ſonnes, of which faire *Elſeron*
The eldeſt brother did vnnamely die:
Whoſe empty place the mightie *Oberon*
Doubly ſupplide, in ſpouſall and dominion.

76
Great was his power and glorie, ouer all
Which him before that ſacred ſeate did fill,
That yet remains his wide memoriall:
He dying left the faireſt *Tanaquill*,
Him to ſucceed therein, by his laſt will:
Fairer and nobler lueth none this howre.
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned ſkill;
Therefore they *Glorian* call that glorious flowre.
Long muſt thou *Glorian* liue, in glory and great powre.

77
Beguil'd thus with delight of nouelties,
And naturall deſire of countries ſtate,
So long they reid in thoſe antiquities,
That how the time was fled, they quite forgate,
Till gentle *Ama* ſeeing it ſo late,
Perforce their ſtudies broke, and them beſought
To thinke, how ſupper did them long awaite:
So, halfe vnwilling from their bookes them brought,
And fairely feaſted, as ſo noble knights ſhe ought.





Canto XI.

*The enemies of Temperance
besiege her dwelling place:
Prince Arthur them repells, and fowle
Maleger doth deface.*

WHat warre so cruell, or what sieg so sore,
As that, which strong affections do apply,
Against the fort of reason euenmore
To bring the soule into captiuitie!

Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Vpon the parts, brought into their bondage:
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull villenage.

But in a body, which doth freely yeeld
His parts to reasons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly gouernment
Is settled there in sure establishment;
There *Alma*, like a virgin Queen most bright,
Doth flourish in all beautie excellent;
And to her guesstes doth bountious banquet dight,
Attempted goodly well for health and for delight.

Early before the Morn with cremosin ray,
The windowes of bright heauen opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might look, that maketh euery creature glad,
Vpofe Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,
And to his purposd journey him prepar'd:
With him the Palmer eke in habite sad,
Himselfe address't to that aduenture hard:
So to the ruers side they both together far'd;

Where them awaited readie at the ford
The *Ferriman*, as *Alma* had beight,
With his well rigged boate: They goe aboard,
And he cftsoones gan launch his barke forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
And fast the land behind them fled away.
But let them pass, whiles wind and weather right
Do serue their turnes: here I awhile must stay,
To see a cruell fight doen by the Prince this day.

For, all so soone as *Guyon* thence was gon
Vpon his voyage with his trustie guide,
That wicked band of vilians fresh begon
That castle to assaile on euery side,
And lay strong sieg about it far and wide.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they vnder them did hide:
So fowle and vgly, that exceeding feare
Their visages impress't, when they approached neare.

Them in twelue troupes their Captain did dispart
And round about in fittest steads did place,
Where each might best offend his proper part,
And his contrary obiect most deface,
As euery one seem'd meetest in that case.
Scuen of the same against the Castle gate,
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
Which with incessant force and endlesse hate,
They battered day and night, and entrance did awate.

The other siue, siue sundry wayes he set,
Against the siue great Bulwarkes of that pile.
And vnto each a Bulwarke did arret,
T'assaile with open force or hidden guile,
In hope therof to win victorious spoyle.
They all that charge did feruently apply,
With greedy malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they daily made most dreadfull battery.

The first troupe was a monstrous rabblement
Of fowle mishapen wights, of which some were
Headed like Owles, with beakes vncomely bent,
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,
And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare,
And euery one of them had Lynxes eyes,
And euery one did boawe and arrowes beare
All those were lawelesse lusts, corrupt enuies,
And couetous aspectes, all cruell enemies.

Thofe

9
Those same against the Bulwarke of the *Sight*
Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,
Ne once did yield it respite day nor night,
But soone as *Titan* gan his head exault,
And soone againe as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engins they against it bent:
That is, each thing, by which the eyes may fault;
But two then all more huge and violent,
Beautie, and money, they that Bulwarke forly rent.

10
The second Bulwarke was the *Hearing sense*,
Gainst which the second troupe desfigment makes;
Deformed creatures, in strange difference,
Some hauing heads like *Harts*, some like to *Snakes*,
Some like wild *Bores* late row'd out of the brakes;
Slaundrous reproches, and foule infamies,
Leasings, backbitings, and vaine-glorious crakes,
Bad counsels, prayes, and false flatteries,
All those aganist that Fort did bend their batteries.

11
Likewise that same third Fort, that is the *Smell*,
Of that third troupe was cruelly assaid:
Whose hideous stapes were like to scends of hell,
Some like to *Hounds*, some like to *Apes* dismayd,
Some like to *Puttocks*, all in plumes arrayd:
All shap't according their conditions,
For, by those vgly formes weren pourtraid
Foolish delights and fond abusions,
Which do that sense besiege with light lussions.

12
And that fourth band, which cruell battery bent,
Aganist the fourth Bulwarke, that is the *Tast*,
Was as the rest, a gryse r.blement,
Some mouth'd like greedy *Oystriges*, some fact
Like loathly *Toades*, some fashioned in the waste
Like swine; for, so deformed is luxury,
Suffar, mildier, and vnchristie waste,
Vaine feasts, and idle superfluite:
All those this senses Fort assaile incessantly.

13
But the fift troupe most horrible of hew,
And fierce of force, was dreadfull to report:
For, some like *snayles*, some did like *spiders* shew,
And some like vgly *Vrchins* thicke and short:
They cruelly assayled that fift Fort,
Armed with darts of sensuall delight,
With stings of carnall lust, and strong effort
Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night
Aganist that same fift Bulwarke they continued fight.

14
Thus these twelue troupes with dreadfull puissance
Aganist that Castle restless siege did lay,
And euermore their hideous Ordinance
Vpon the Bulwarks cruelly did play;
That now it gan to threaten neere decay:
And euermore their wicked Capitaine
Prouoked them the breaches to assay,
Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope of gaine,
Which by the ransack of that peece they should attaine.

15
On th' other side, th' assieged Castles ward
Their steadfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
And many bold repulse, and manie hard
Atchivement wrought with perill and with paine,
That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine:
And those two brethren *Giants* did defend
The walles so stoutly with their sturdy maine,
That neuer entrance any durst pretend,
But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did send.

16
The noble *Virgin*, Lady of that place,
Was much dismayd with that dreadfull fight
(For, neuer was she in so euill case)
Till that the Prince seeing her wofull plight,
Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
Offering his seruice, and his dearest life
For her defence, aganist that *Carle* to fight,
Which was their chiefe and th' author of that strife:
She him remerced as the Patrone of her life.

17
Eftsoones himselfe in glitterand arms he dight,
And his well proued weapons to him hent;
So taking courteous conge he beight,
Those gates to be vnbar'd, and forth he went.
Faire mote he thee, the prouest and most gent,
That euer brandisht bright Steele on hie:
Whom soone as that vnuly rabblement,
With his gay *Squire* issuing did epy,
They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry.

18
And therewith all attanct at him let fly
Their flutting arrowes, thicke as flakes of snowe,
And round about him floodt impetuously,
Like a great water flood, that tumbling lowe
From the high mount.ous, threats to ouerflowe
With fuddein fury all the fertile Plaine,
And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throwe
Adowne the streame, and all his vowes make vaine,
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustaine:

19
Vpon his shield their heaped haile he bore,
And with his sword disperst the rascall flockes,
Which fled asunder, and hum fell before,
As withered leaues drop from their dried stockes,
When the wroth *Western* wind does reare their locks;
And vnderneath him his courageous steed,
The fierce *Spumador* trode them downe like docks,
The fierce *Spumador* borne of heavenly seed:
Such as *Lamedon* of *Phabus* race did breed.

20
Which fuddeine horror and confused cry,
When as their Captaine heard, in haste he yode
The cause to weet, and fault to remedy;
Vpon a *Tigre* swift and fierce he rode,
That as the winde ran vnderneath his lode,
While his long legs nigh rought vnto the ground;
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
But of such subtilc substance and vnfound, (bound.
That like a ghost he seem'd, whose Graue-clothes weren vn-
K 3 And

21
 And in his hand a bended boaw was seene,
 And many arrowes vnder his right side,
 All deadly dangerous, all cruell keene,
 Headed with flint, and feathers bloudy dide,
 Such as the *Indians* in their quyers hide;
 Those could he well direct and freight as line,
 And bid them strike the marke, which he had eydes;
 Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
 That mote recure their wounds: so inly they did tinc.

22
 As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,
 His body leane and meagre as a rake,
 And skin all withered like a dried rooke,
 Thereto as cold and drery as a Snake,
 That seem'd to tremble euermore, and quake:
 All in a canuas thin he was bedight,
 And girded with a belt of twifted baite,
 Vpon his head he wore an Helmet light,
 Made of a dead mans scull, that seem'd a gasty fight.

23
Maleger was his name, and after him
 There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,
 With hoarie lockes all loose, and visage grim;
 Their feet vnshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
 And both as swift on foot, as chafed Stags;
 And yet the one her other leg had lame,
 Which with a staffe, all full of little snags
 She did disport, and *Impotence* her name:
 But th'other was *Impatience*, arm'd with raging flame.

24
 Soone as the Carle from fare the Prince espide,
 Glistering in armes and warlike ornament,
 His beast he felly prickt on either side,
 And his mischieuous boaw full readie bent,
 With which at him a cruell shaft he sent:
 But he was warie, and itwarded well
 Vpon his shield, that it no further went,
 But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:
 Then he another and another did expell.

25
 Which to preuent, the Prince his mortall speare
 Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
 To be auenged of that shorwyleare:
 But he was not so hardy to abide
 That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside
 His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare:
 Whom to pursue, the Infant after hide,
 So fast as his good Courser could him beare,
 But labour lost it was, to weene approche him neare.

26
 For, as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
 That view of eye could scarie him ouertake,
 Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tread;
 Through hils and dales he speedie way did make,
 Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,
 And in his flight the villen turn'd his face
 (As wonts the *Tartar* by the *Caspian* lake,
 When as the *Russian* him in fight does chase)
 Vnto his Tygres talle, and shot at him apace.

27
 Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
 Still as the greedie knight nigh to him drew,
 And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
 That him his foe more fiercely should pursue:
 Who when his vnouth manner he did vew
 He gan auize to follow him no more,
 But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,
 Vntill he quite had spent his perious store,
 And then assaile him fresh, ere he could stuf for more.

28
 But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew
 His wicked arrowes gathered them againe,
 And to him brought, fresh battell to renew:
 Which he espying, cast her to restraîne
 From yielding succour to that cursed Swaine,
 And her attaching thought her hands to tie;
 But soone as him dismounted on the Plaine,
 That other Hag did far away espy
 Binding her sifter, she to him ran hastily.

29
 And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
 Him backward ouerthrow, and downe him stayd
 With their rude hands and grieufully grapplingment,
 Till that the villen comming to their ayd,
 Vpon him fell, and lode vpon him layd;
 Full little wanted, but he had him slaine,
 And of the battell balefull end had made,
 Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,
 And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter bane.

30
 So, greatest and most glorious thing on ground
 May often need the help of weaker hand;
 So feeble is mans stature, and life vnbound,
 That in assurance it may neuer stand,
 Till it dissolued be from earthly band.
 Prooue be thou Prince, the prowest man aliue,
 And noblest borne of all in *Briton* land;
 Yet thee fierce Fortune did so neuerly driue,
 That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldst not reuiue.

31
 The Squire arriuing, fiercely in his armes
 Snatcht first the one, and then the other Iade,
 His chiefeft lets and authors of his harmes,
 And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
 Least that his Lord they should behind inuade;
 The whiles the Prince prickt with reprocheful shame,
 As one awak't out of long slombing shade,
 Reuiuing thought of glorie and of fame,
 Vnited all his powres to purge himselfe from blame.

32
 Like as a fire, the which in hollow caue
 Hath long been vnder-kept, and downe suppress't,
 With murmurous disdainie doth inly rauce,
 And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,
 At last breakes forth with furious vnrest,
 And striues to mount vnto his natie feat;
 All that did earst it hinder and molest,
 It now deuoues with flames and scorching heat,
 And carries into smoake with rage and horror great:

33
So mightly the Briton Prince him rous'd
Out of his hold, and broke his captiue bands,
And as a Beare whom angry cures haue touz'd,
Hauing off-shak't them, and escap't their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
Treads downe and ouerthrowes. Now had the Carle
Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
Discharged of his boaw and deadly quar'le,
To seize vpon his foe flat lying on the marle.

34
Which now him tum'd to disauantage deare;
For, neither can he fly, nor other harme,
But trust vnto his strength and manhood meare,
Sith now he is farre from his monstrous swarme,
And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.
The knight yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
Fiercely aduau'nt his valorous right arme,
And him so fore smote with his iron mace,
That groweling to the ground he fell, and filld his place.

35
Well weened he, that field was then his owne,
And all his labour brought to happy end,
When sudden vp the villein ouerthrowne,
Out of his sworne arose, fresh to contend,
And gan himselfe to second battell bend,
As hurt he had not been. Thereby there lay
An huge great stone, which stood vpon one end,
And had not been remoued many a day,
Some land-marke seem'd to be, or signe of sundry waie.

36
The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
To shunne the engin of his meant decay;
It booted not to thinke that throwe to beare;
But ground he gaue, and lightly leapt areare:
Eft herce returning, as a Faulcon faire,
That once hath failed of her soule full neare,
Remounts againe into the open aire,
And vnto better fortune doth herselfe prepare:

37
So brauer returning, with his brandisht blade,
He to the Carle himselfe againe address't,
And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
An open passage through his riuen brest,
That halfe the steele behind his backe did rest;
Which drawing backe, he looked euermore
When the heart bloud should gush out of his chest,
Or his dead corse should fall vpon the flore;
But his dead corse vpon the flore fell nathemore:

38
Ne drop of bloud appeared fled to be,
All were the wounde so wide and wonderous,
That through his carcasse one might plainly see:
Halfe in a maze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,
Againe through both the sides he strooke him quight,
That made his spright to grone full pitious:
Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright;
But freshly, as at first, prepar'd himselfe to fight.

39
Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his heart appall:
Ne wist he, what to thinke of that same fight,
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all;
He doubted, least it were some magicall
Illusion, that did beguile his sense,
Or wandring ghost, that wanted funerall,
Or aerie spirit vnder false pretence,
Or hellish feend rays'd vp through diuinelish science.

40
His wonder farre exceeded reasons reach,
That he began to doubt his dazled sight,
And oft of error did himselfe appeach:
Flesh without bloud, a person without spright,
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
That could not die, yet seem'd a mortall wight,
That was most strong in most infirmitee;
Like did he neuer heare, like did he neuer see.

41
Awhile he stood in this astonishment;
Yet would he not for all his great dismay
Giue ouer to effect his first intent,
And th' utmost meanes of victorie assay,
Or th' utmost ille of his owne decay.
His owne good sword *Morddare*, that neuer fayld
At need, till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright shield, that nought him now auaild,
And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

42
Twixt his two mightie armes him vp he snatcht,
And crusht his carcasse so aganist his brest,
That the disdainfull soule he thence dispatcht,
And th' idle breath all vterly exprest:
There vpon he felt him dead, adowne he kest
The lumpish corse vnto the senselesse ground;
Adowne he kest it with so puissant writ,
That backe againe it did aloft rebound,
And gaue aganist his smother Earth a gronefull sound;

43
As when *Ioues* harnesse-bearing Bird from hie
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdain,
The stone-dead quarrye falls so forcibly,
That it rebounds aganist the lowhe Plaine,
A second fall redoubling backe againe.
Then thought the Prince all perill sure was past,
And that he victor onely did remaine;
No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast
Gan heape huge strokes on him, as ere he downe was cast.

44
Nigh his wits end then woxe th' amazed knight,
And thought his labour lost and travell vaine,
Aganist this lifelesse shadow so to fight:
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty maine,
That whiles he maruaild still, did fill him paine:
For thy he gan some other wayes aduize,
How to take life from that dead-liuing swaine,
Whom still he marked freshly to arise
From th' earth, and from her wombe new spirits to reprite.

45
He then remembred well, that had been sayd,
How th' Earth his mother was, and first him bore;
She eke, so often as his life decayd,
Did life with vsury to him restore,
And rayd him vp much stronger then before,
So soone as he vnto her wombe did cast;
Therefore to ground he would him cast no more,
Ne him commit to Graue terrestriall,
But beare him farre from hope of succour vsuall.

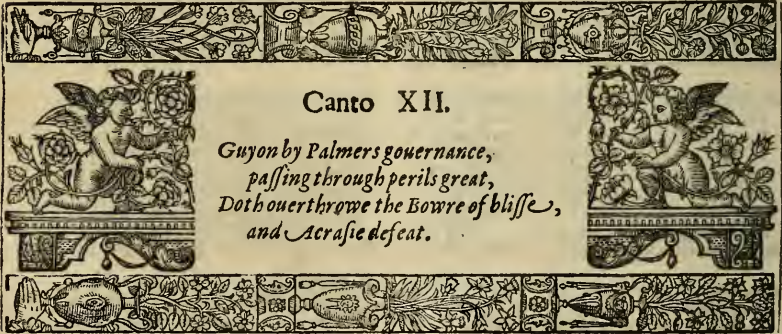
46
Tho, vp he caught him twixt his pissant hands,
And hauing scruz'd out of his carion corse
The lothfull life, now loofd from sinfull bands,
Vpon his shoulders carried him perforce
Above three furlongs, taking his full course,
Vntill he came vnto a standing lake;
Him therinto he threw without remorse,
Ne stir'd, till hope of life did him forsake; (make.
So, end of that Carles dayes, and his owne paines did

47
Which when those wicked Hags from farre did spie,
Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands,
And th' one of them with dreadfull yelling cry,
Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,

And hauing quencht her burning fier brands,
Hedlong her selfe did cast into that lake;
But *Impotenee*, with her owne wilfull hands,
One of *Malegers* curld darts did take,
So riv'd her trembling heart, and wicked end did make.

48
Thus now alone he conquerour remains;
Tho, comming to his Squire, that kept his steed,
Thought to haue mounted: but his feeble vames
Him faild thereto, and serued not his need, (bleed,
Through los of blood, which from his wounds did
That he began to faint, and life decay:
But his good Squire him helping vp with speed,
With stedfast hand vpon his horse did staie,
And led him to the Castle by the beaten waie;

49
Where many Groomes and Squiers readie were,
To take him from his steed full tenderly,
And eke the fairest *Alma* met him there
With balme and wine and costly spicerie,
To comfort him in his infirmiry;
Eftsoones her caus'd him vp to be conuaid.
But his armes depoyled casily,
In sumptuous bed she made him to be laid,
And all the while his wounds were dressing, by him stayd.



Canto XII.

*Guyon by Palmers gouernance,
passing through perils great,
Doth ouerthrowe the Bowre of blisse,
and Acrasie defeat.*

1
Ow gins this goodly frame of Temperance
Fairly to rise, and her adorned hed
To prick of highest praise forth to aduance,
Formerly grounded, and fast fetted
On firme foundation of true bountie;
And this brave knight, that for this vertue
Now comes to point of that same perilous sted, (fights,
Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
Mōst thousand dangers, & ten thousand magick mightes.

2
Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,
Ne euer land beheld, ne liuing wight,
Ne ought faue perill, still as he did pass:
Tho, when appeared the third *Morrow* bright

Vpon the waues to spred her trembling light,
An hideous roaring fier away they heard,
That all their senses filled with affright,
And straight they saw the raging surges reard
Vp to the skies, that them of drowning made afraid:

3
Sayd then the *Boateman*, Palmer steete aright,
And keep an euen course; for yonder way
We needs must pass (God do vs well acquight):
That is the *Gulfe of Greedinesse*, they say,
That deepe engorgeth all this worlds pray:
Which hauing swallowed vp excessiuely,
He soone in vomit vp againe doth lay,
And belcheth forth his superfluitie,
That all the seas for feare do seeme away to fly.

4
On th'other side an hideous Rock is pight,
Of mightie *Mazures* stone, whose craggie cliff
Depending from on high, dreadful to sight,
Ouer the wanes his rugged armes doth lift,
And threatneth down to throwe his ragged rift
On who so commeth nigh; yet nigh it drawes
All passengers, that none from it can shift:
For whiles they fly that Gulfes decouring iawes,
They on this rock are rent, and sunk in helpeles wawes.

5
Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
Vntill they nigh vnto that Gulfe arriue,
Where firme more violent and greedy growes:
Then he with all his puissance doth strue
To strike his owres, and mightily doth driue
The hollow vessell through the threatfull waues;
Which gaping wide, to swallow them aloue
In th' huge abyffe of his engulfing Graue,
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terror aue.

6
They passing by, that grieftly mouth did see,
Sucking the Seas into his entralles deepe,
That seem'd more horrible then hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of *Tartare* steepe,
Through which the damned ghosts doen often creepe
Backe to the world, bad liuers to torment:
But nought that falls into this dreffull deepe,
Ne that approacheth nigh the wide descent,
May backe returne, but is condemned to be drent.

7
On th'other side, they saw that perilous Rocke,
Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
On whose sharpe cliffs the ribs of vessells broke,
And shiuered ships, which had been wrecked late,
Yet stuck, with carcasses exanimate
Of such, as hauing all their substance spent
In wanton ioyes, and lustes intemperate,
Did afterwards make shipwacke violent
Both of their life, and fame for euer fowly blent.

8
For thy, this high *The Rocke of vile Reproche*,
A dangrous and detestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approche,
But yelling Meawes, with Seagalles hoarse and base,
And Cormoyrants, with birds of rauenuous race,
Which still late waiting on that wastfull cliff,
For spoile of wretches, whose vnhappy case,
After lost credite and consumed thrift,
At last them driuen hath to this despairfull drift.

9
The Palmer, seeing them in safetie past,
Thus said: Behold th'ensamples in our sights
Of lustfull luxury and thriftlesse waste:
Whar now is left of miserable wights,
Which spent their looser daies in lewd delights,
But shame and sad reproche, here to be red,
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plights?
Let all that live, hereby be counselled,
To stunne *Rocke of Reproche*, and it as death to dred.

10
So forth they rowed, and that *Ferryman*
With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubbles daunced all along,
Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.
At last, far off they many Islands spie,
On euery side floting the floods emong:
Then said the knight, Loe, I the land descrie;
Therefore old Syre thy course do thereunto apply.

11
That may not be, said then the *Ferryman*,
Least we vnweeting hap to be fordonne:
For those same Islands, seeming now and than,
Are not firme land, nor any certain wonne,
But straggling plots; which to and fro do runne
In the wide waters: therefore are they high
The *wandering Islands*. Therefore do them shonne;
For they haue oft drawne many a wandering wight
Into most deadly danger and distressed plight.

12
Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth vew,
Both faire and fruitfull, and the ground dispred
With grassie green of delectable hew,
And the tall trees with leaues appalled,
Are deckt with blossomes dyde in white and red,
That mote the passengers thereto allure;
But whofoeuer once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may neuer it recure,
But wandreth euermore vncertain and vsure.

13
As th' Isle of *Delos* whilome men report
Amid th' *Aegean* sea long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certaine port,
Till that *Latona* travelling that way,
Flying from *Lunoos* wrath and hard assay,
Ofer faire twins was there deliuered,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
Thenceforth it firmly was established,
And for *Apolloes* honour highly herried.

14
They to him hearken, as besecmeth meete,
And passe on forward: so their way does ly,
That one of those same Islands which doe fleet
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
Which seem'd so sweet and pleasant to the eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
Vpon the bank they sitting did espie
A daintie damzell, dressing of her heare,
By whom a lide skipper floting did appeare.

15
She, them espying, loud to them gan call,
Bidding them nigher drawe vnto the store;
For she had cause to busie them withall;
And therewith loudly laugh: But nathe more
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:
Which when the saw, she left her locks vndight,
And running to her boat withouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did driue with all her power and might.

Whom

16

Whom ouertaking, she in merry sort
Them gan to bord, and purpose diuersly,
Now faining dalliance and wanton sport,
Now throwing forth lewd words immodestly;
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke, for being loose and light:
Which not abiding, but more scornfully
Scoffing at him, that did her iustly wite,
She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

17

That was the wanton *Phædria*, which late
Did ferry him, ouer the *Tidlake*:
Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
And all her vaine allurements did forsake,
When them the wary Boateman thus bespake;
Here now behooueth vs well to auyfe,
And of our safetie good heed to take;
For here before a perious passage lyes,
Wheremany Mermayds haunt, making false melodies.

18

But by the way, there is a great Quicksand,
And a whirlepoole of hidden icopardie:
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keep an euen hand;
For twixt them both the narrow way doth lie.
Scarfe had he said, when hard at hand they spy
That quicksand nigh, with water couered;
But by the checked waue they did descric
It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:
It called was the quicksand of *Vnthristybed*.

19

They, passing by, a goodly Ship did see,
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And brauely furnished, as ship might be,
Which through great disaventure, or misprize,
Her selfe had runne into that hazardize;
Whose Mariners and Merchants with much toyle,
Labour'd in vaine to haue recur'd their prize,
And the rich wares to saue from pittious spoyle:
But neither toyle nor trauell might her backe recoyle.

20

On th'other side they see that perillous Poole,
That called was the *Whirlepoole of decay*,
In which full many had with haples doole
Beene funke, of whom no memory did stay:
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
Like ro a restless wheele, still running round,
Did couet, as they passed by that waie,
To draw the boat within the vtmost bound
Of his wide *Labyrinth*, and then to haue them dround.

21

But th'heedfull Boateman strongly foorth did stretch
His brawnie armes, and all his body straine,
That th'vtmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
Whiles the drad danger does behind remaine.
Suddaine they see, from midst of all the Maine,
The surging waters like a Mountaine rise,
And the great sea putt vp with proud disdain,
To swell about the measure of his guise,
As threatening to deuoure all, that his powre despise.

22

The waues come rolling, and the billowes rore
Outragiously, as they enraged were;
Or wrathfull *Neptune* did them driue before
His whirling charet, for exceeding feare:
For, not one puffe of wind there did appeare,
That all the three thereat woxe much affrayd,
Vnweeting what such horrou strange did reare.
Eftsoones they saw an hydeous host arrayd
Of huge Sea monsters, such as liuing (sense dismayd);

23

Molt vgly shapes, and horrible aspects,
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
Or shame, that euer should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escap'd be;
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
Spring-headed *Hydraes*, and sea-shouldring Whales,
Great whirlepooles, which all fishes make to flee,
Bright *Scolopendraes*, arm'd with siluer scales,
Mighty *Monoceros*, with immeasured tayles.

24

The dreadfull Fish, that hath deserv'd the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew,
The grieffly *Wasserman*, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnesse to pursue,
The horrible *Sea-Satyre*, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme,
Huge *Ziffus*, whom Mariners eschew
No lesse then rockes (as trauellers informe)
And greedy *Rosmarines* with vilages deforme;

25

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise, and hollow rombling rore,
Came rushing in the fomy waues enrold,
Which seem'd to fly for feare, them to behold:
Ne wonder, if these did the Knight appall;
For, all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
Be but as bugs to feareen babes withall,
Compared to the Creatures in the seas entrall.

26

Feare nought, then said the Palmer well auiz'd;
For, these same Monsters are not these in deed,
But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
By that same wicked witch, to worke vs deeed,
And drawe from on this iourney to proceed.
Tho, lifting vp his virtuous staffe on hye,
He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan flye
Into great *Tethys*; bofome, where they hidden lye.

27

Quit from that danger, forth their course they kept:
And as they went they heard a ruefull crie
Of one, that wayld and pitifully wept,
That through the sea resounding plaints did fly:
At last they in an Island did espy
A seemly Maiden, sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow, and sad agony,
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for succour called clamore.

Which

28
Which *Guyon* hearing, freight his *Palmer* bade
To steere the boate towards that dolefull Mayd,
That he might knowe, and ease her sorrow sad:
Who him auizing better, to him sayd;
Faire Sir, be not displeas'd, if disobayd:
For ill it were to hearken to her cry;
For she is inly nothing ill appryd,
But onely womanish sine forgerie,
Your lubborne heart c'affe't with fraile infirmitee.

29
To which when she your courage hath inclin'd
Through foolish pittie, then her guilefull bayt
She will embosome deceiver in your mind,
And for your ruine at the last awayt.
The knight was ruled, and the *Boateman* strayt
Held on his course with stayd steadfastnesse,
Ne euer shrunke, ne euer fought to bayt
His tired armes for toyllome wearin'sse,
But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernesse.

30
And now they nigh approached to the sted,
Where as those *Mermaids* dwell: it was a still
And calmy bay, on th'one side sheltered
With the broad shadow of an hoarie hill,
On th'other side an high rocke toured still,
That twixt them both a pleasant port they made,
And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill:
There those siue sisters had continuall trade,
And vs'd to bathe themselves in that deceitfull shade.

31
They were faire Ladies till they fondly striv'd
With th'*Heliconian* maides for mastery:
Of whom they ouercomen were depriv'd
Of their proud beautie, and th'one moiry
Transform'd to fish, for their bold surquedry:
But th'vpper halfe their hew retained still,
And their sweet skil in wanted melody;
Which euer after they abus'd to ill,
T'allure weake Traueliers, whom gotten they did kill.

32
So now to *Guyon*, as he pass'd by,
Their pleasant tunes they sweetly thus applide;
O thou faire sonne of gentle Faery,
That art in mighty armes most magnifide
Above all knights, that euer battell tride,
O turne thy rudder hitherward awhile:
Here may thy storne-bet vessell safely ride;
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worlds sweet In, from paine & wearisome turmoyle.

33
With that, the rolling sea reIounding soft,
In his big bafe them sily answered,
And on the rocke the waues breaking aloft,
A solemn Meane vnto them measured,
The whiles sweet *Zephyrus* lowd whistled
His trebble, a strange kind of harmonic;
Which *Guyons* senses softly ricked,
That he the *Boateman* bad rowe easily,
And let him heare some part of their rare melodie.

34
But him that *Palmer* from that vanitie,
With temperate aduise discoursefelled,
That they it past, and shortly gan desery
The land, to which their course they leueled;
When suddainly a grosse fog ouer-pret
With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And heauens cheatefull face enuopled,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great *Vniuers* seem'd one confus'd mass.

35
Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
How to direct their way in darknesse wide,
But feard to wander in that wastfull mist,
For tomling into mischief vnespide.
Worse is the danger hidden, then desferide.
Suddenly an innumerable sight
Of harmefull fowles, about them fluttering, cride,
And with their wicked wings them oft did limght,
And fore annoyed, groping in that grisly night.

36
Euen all the nation of vnfortunate
And fatall birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,
The ill-fac't Owle, deaths dreadfull messenger,
The hoarse Night-rauen, trump of dolefull dreere,
The lether-winged Bat, dayes enemy,
The rucfull Strich, still waiting on the bcre,
The Whistler shrill, that whole heares, doth dy;
The hellish Harpies, Prophets of sad destinie.

37
All those, and all that else does horrour breed,
About them flew, and filld their sayles with feare:
Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th'one did rowe, and th'other sturly steare;
Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
And the faire land it selfe did plainly showe.
Said then the *Palmer*, Lo where does appeare
The sacred soile, where all our penls growe;
Therefore, Sir knight, your ready armes about you throue.

38
He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
The whiles the nimble boate so well her sped,
That with her crooked keele the land she strooke,
Then forth the noble *Guyon* sallied,
And his sage *Palmer*, that him gouerned;
But th'other by his boate behind did stay.
They marched fairely forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmly arm'd for euery hard assay,
With constancie and care, gumst danger and dismay.

39
Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roarde outrageously,
As if that hungers point, or *Venus* sting
Had them enrag'd with fell surquedry;
Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
Vntill they came in view of those wilde beasts:
Who all at once, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their vpstart crests,
Ran towards, to deuoure those vnexpected guests.

But soone as they approach⁴⁰, with deadly threat
 The Palmer over them his staffe vpheld,
 His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:
 Eftsoones their stubborne courages were queld,
 And high advanced creits downe meekely feld:
 In stead of fraying, they themselves did feare,
 And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
 Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
 All monsters to subdue to him that did it beare.

Of that same wood it fram⁴¹d was cunningly
 Of which *Caduceus* wholme was made;
Caduceus, the rod of *Mercury*,
 With which he wouts the *Strygian* realmes invade,
 Through gastly horror, and eternall shade;
 Th' infernall fiends with it he can aswage,
 And *Orcus* tame, whom nothing can perswade,
 And rule the *Furies*, when they most doe rage:
 Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer lage.

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arriue,
 Whereas the *Bowre of Blisse* was situate;
 A place pickt out by choice of best abue,
 That *Natures* worke by art can imitate:
 In which what euer in this worldly state
 Is sweet, and pleasing vnto liuing sense,
 Or that may daintiest fantasie aggrate,
 Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
 And made there to abound with lauish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
 Aswell their entred guests to keepe within,
 As thole vnurly beasts to hold without;
 Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin:
 Nought feard their force, that fortilage to win,
 But wisdoms powre, and temperances might,
 By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
 And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,
 Rather for pleasure, then for batterry or fight.

It framed was of precious yuory,
 That seem'd a worke of admirable wit;
 And therein all the famous history
 Of *Iason* and *Medea* was ywrit;
 Her mighty charmes, her furious louing fit,
 His goodly conquest of the golden seece,
 His falsed futh, and loue too lightly fit,
 The wondrous *Argo*, which in vent'rous peece
 First through the *Euxine* seas bore all the flowr of *Greece*.

Ye might haue seene the frothy billowes fry
 Vnder the ship as thorough them she went,
 That seem'd the waues were into yuory,
 Or yuory into the waues were sent;
 And other where the snowy substance sprent,
 With vermell like the boyes blood therein shed,
 A pitious spectacle did represent,
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled;
 It seemd th' enchanted flame, which did *Cressis* wed.

All this, and more might in that goodly gate
 Be read; that euer open stood to all,
 Which thither came: but in the *Porch* there fate
 A comely personage of stature tall,
 And semblance pleasing, more then naturall,
 That *Travellers* to him seem'd to eniue;
 His looser garment to the ground did fall,
 And flew about his heeles in wanton wise,
 Not fit for speedy pale, or manly exercise.

They in that place him *Genius* did call:
 Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care
 Of life, and generation of all
 That liues, pertaines, in charge particular,
 Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
 And strange phantomes doth leaue vs oft foresee,
 And oft of secret ill bids vs beware:
 That is our Selfe; whom though we doe not see,
 Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceiue to bee.

Therefore a God him sage *Antiquity*
 Did wisely make, and good *Agdistes* call:
 But this same was to that quite contrary,
 The foe of life, that good enuyes to all,
 That secretly doth vs procure to fall,
 Through guilefull semblants, which he makes vs see.
 He of this *Gardin* had the gouernall,
 And Pleasures porter was deuiz'd to be,
 Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

With diuerse flowres he daintly was deckt,
 And strowed round about, and by his side
 A mighty *Mazer* bowle of wine was set,
 As if it had to him been sacrifice;
 Wherewith all new-come guests he gratifide:
 So did he eke Sir *Guyon* passing by:
 But he his idle curtesie deside,
 And ouerthrew his bowle disdainfully;
 And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants fly.

Thus being entred, they behold around
 A large and spacious plaine, on euery side
 Strowed with pleasure, whose faire grassie ground
 Mantled with Greene, and goodly beautifide
 With all the Ornaments of *Flores* pride,
 Wherewith her mother *Art*, as halfe in scorne
 Of niggard Nature, like a pompous Bride
 Did decke her, and too lauishly adorne, (more.)
 When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early

Thereto the Heauens alwaies Ioniall,
 Lookt on them louely, still in stedfast state,
 Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
 Ther tender buds or leaues to violate,
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate
 T' afflicte the creatures, which therein did dwell,
 But the milde aere with season moderate
 Gently attemptred, and dispos'd so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit & holtsome smell.
 More

52
More sweet and wholesome, then the pleasant hill
Of *Rhodopé*, on which the Nymph that bore
A giant babe, her selfe for grieke did kill;
Or the Theſſalian *Tempé*, where of yore
Faire *Daphné*, *Phæbus* hart with loue did gore;
Or *Ida*, where the Gods lov'd to repaire,
When-euer they their heauenly bowes forlore;
Or sweet *Parnasse*, the haunt of Muses faire;
Or *Eden*, if that ought with *Eden* mote compare.

53
Much wondred *Guyon* at the faire aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sinke into his sense, nor mind affect,
But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
Bridling his will, and maistering his might:
Till that he came vnto another gate,
No gate, but like one, beeing goodly dight
With boughes and branches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

54
So fashioned a Porch with rare deniſe,
Archd over head with an embracing Vine,
Whose bunches hanging downe, seem'd to entice
All passers by, to taste their lustuous wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freeke offering to be gathered:
Some deepe empurpled as the *Hycint*,
Some as the Rubine, laughing sweetly red,
Some like faire *Emeraudes*, not yet well ripened.

55
And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art, to beautifie the rest,
Which did themselves amongst the leaues enfold,
As lurking from the view of couctous guest,
That the weake boughes, with so rich load opprest,
Did bow adowne, as over-burdened.
Vnder that Porch a comely Dame did rest,
Clad in faire weedes, but foule disordered,
And garments loose, that seem'd vnmeet for womanhed.

56
In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor that with faulnesse sweld,
Into her cup she cruz'd, with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foule empeach,
That so fayre wine-presse made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she vs'd to gree to drinke to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise, all Strangers goodly to greet.

57
So shee to *Guyon* offered it to taste;
VWho taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peeces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond:
VWhereat *Exceſſe* exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffred him to passe, all were the loth:
Who, not regarding her displeasure, forward go'th.

58
There the most dainty Paradise on ground,
It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plentiouſly abound,
And none does others happinesse envy:
The painted flowres, the trees vpsprouting hie,
The dales for flude, the hills for breathing space,
The trembling groues, the Cryſtall running by;
And that, which all faire works doth most agrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

59
One would haue thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonnesse enſude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So struing each th'o'ber to vndermine,
Each did the others worke more beautifise;
So differing both in willes, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through sweet diuerſitie,
This Garden to adorne with all varietie.

60
And in the midst of all, a Fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
Through euery channell running one might see;
Most goodly it with pure imagerie
Was over-wrought, and shapen of naked boyes,
Of which some seem'd with luelly iollitie
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whil' it others did themselves embay in liquid ioyes.

61
And over all, of pureſt gold was spread
A trayle of Iuie in his native hew:
For, the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well auis'd it view,
Would luelly deeme it to be Iuie true:
Lowe his lasciuious armes adowne did creepe,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
Their fleecie flowres they tenderly did steepe,
Which drops of Cryſtall seem'd for wantonnesse to weepe.

62
Infinite streames continually did well
Out of this Fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample Laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seem'd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waues one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with laspur shining bright,
That seem'd the Fountaine in that Sea did sayle vpright.

63
And all the margent rond about was set,
With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames, which on the billowes bet,
And those which therein bathed, mote offend.
As *Guyon* hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing, seem'd to contend,
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hide
Their dainty parts from view of any which them cyde.

L.

Some

64
Some-times, the one would lift the other quight
About the waters, and then downe againe
Her plunge, as over-maistered by might,
Where both awhile would couered remaine,
And each the other from to rise refraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the Crystill waues appeared plaine:
Then suddainly both would themselues vnehe,
And th'amarous sweet spoyles to greedy eyes reuele.

65
As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
His dewy face out of the sea doth reare:
Or as the *Cyprian* Goddesse, newly borne
Of th' *Oceans* fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Crystillaine humour dropped downe apace.
Whom such when *Gayon* saw, he drew him neare,
And some-what gan relent his earnest pace,
His stubborne breast gan secreet pleasure to embrace.

66
The wanton Maidens him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his vnwonted guise;
Then th' one her selfe lowe ducked in the flood,
Abasht, that her a stranger did auise:
But th' other, rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all that might his melting hart entice
To her delights, the vnto him bewrayd:
The rest hid vnderneath, him more desirous made.

67
With that, the other likewise vp arose,
And her faire locks, which formerly were bound
Vp in one knot, she lowe adowne did lose:
Which, flowing long and thick, her cloth'd around,
And th' luotic in golden mantle gonnd:
So that faire spectacle from him was rest,
Yet that which rest it, no lesse faire was found:
So hid in locks and waues from lookers theft,
Nought but her lonely face she for his looking left.

68
Withall she laughed, and sweet blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gaue more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall:
Now when they spyde the knight to slack his pace,
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secret signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encrease,
And to him beckned, to approche more neare,
And shewd him many sights, that courage cold could reare.

69
On which when gazing him the *Palmer* saw,
He much rebuk't those wandring eyes of his,
And (counsell well) him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the *Bowre of blifs*
Of her fond favorites to nam'd amits:
When thus the *Palmer*: Now Sir, well auise:
For, heere the end of all our trauell is:
Heere wones *Acrasia*, whom we must surpris,
Else she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

70
Effsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty care,
Such as attence might not on luing ground,
Sate in this *Paradise*, be heard elſwhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read what manner musick that mote bee:
For, all that pleasing is to luing care,
Was there conformed in one harmonie,
Birds, voyces, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

71
The ioyous birds, shrouded in cheareful shade,
Their notes vnto the voyce attempted sweet;
Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments diuine reſpondence meet:
The siluer sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall:
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, vnto the wind did call:
The gentle warbling wind lowe answered to all.

72
There, whence that Musick seemed heard to bee,
Was the faire Witch, her selfe now solacing
With a new Louer, whom through forcerce
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither bring:
There she had him now layd aslumbring,
In secret shade, after long wanton ioyes:
Whil'ft round about them pleasantly did sing
Many faire Ladies, and lasciuious boyes,
That euer mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

73
And all the while, right over him she hong,
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine, whetoe she was stong,
Or greedily depaſturing delight:
And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did suck his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Wherewith she sighted soft, as if his case the rew'd.

74
The whiles, some one did chaunt this lovely lay;
Ah see, whoſo faire thing doost faime to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
Ah see the *Virgin Rose*, how sweetly seee
Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestee,
That fayer seemes, the lesse yee see her may;
Lo, see soone after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
Lo, see soone after, how she fades and falls away.

75
So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the lease, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a Lady, and many a *Paramoure*:
Gather therefore the *Rose*, whil'ft yet is prime,
For, soone comes age, that will her pride deflowre:
Gather the *Rose* of loue, whil'ft yet is time,
Whil'ft louing thou mayst loued be with equall crime.

He

See also in ... Cant. XII, 11

76
He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birds
Their diuerse notes t'attune vnto his lay,
As in approuance of his pleasing words.
The constant paire heard all that he did say,
Yet swarred not, but kept their forward way,
Through many couert groues, and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton Lacie, with her Louer lose,
V whose sleepey head she in her lap did soft dispose.

77
Vpon a bed of Roses she was layd,
As fuint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
And was arrayd, or rather dilarrayd,
All in a veile of silke and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alablaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
More subtile web *Arachne* cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we wouen see
Of scorched dew, doe not in th'aire more lightly flee.

78
Her snowy breast was bare to ready spoyle
O: hungry eyes, which n'ote there-with beild;
And yet through languour of her late sweet toyle,
Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth did filld,
That like pure Orient pearles adowne it trild:
And her fayre eyes sweet smyling in delight,
Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrild
Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light
Which sparkling on the silent waues, does seeme more
(bright)

79
The young man sleepeing by her, seem'd to bee
Some goodly swayne of honourable place,
That certes it great pity was to see
Him his nobilitie to soule deface;
A sweet regard, and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternesse did appeare
Yet sleepeing, in his well proportioned face,
And on his tender lips the downy haire
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms beare.

80
His warlike armes (the idle instruments
Of sleepeing praise) were hong vpon a tree,
And his braue shield (full of old monuments)
Was foully ras't, that none the signes might see;
Ne for them, ne for honour cared hee,
Ne ought that did to his advancement tend,
But in lewd loues, and wastefull luxurie,
His dayes, his goods, his body he did spend:
O horrible enchantment, that him so did bleed!

81
The noble Elfe, and carefull Palmer drew
So nigh them (minding nought but lustfull game)
That sudaine forth they on them rusht, and threw
A subtile net, which onely for the same
The skilfull Palmer formally did frame.
So held them vnder fast, the whiles the rest
Fled all away for feare of fouler shame.
The faire Enchauntresse, so vnwares opprest,
Tryde all her arts, and all her sleights, thence out to wrest.

82
And eke her Louer stroue: but all in vaine;
For, that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distraine.
They tooke them both, & both them strongly bound
In captiue bands, which there they ready found:
But her in chaires of Adamant he tyde;
For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound;
But *Perdant* (so he might) he soone vnryde,
And counsell gave in speed thereof to him applide.

83
But all those pleasant bowres, and Palace braue,
Guyon broke downe, with rigour pittlesse;
Ne ought their goodly workmanhip might saue
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse:
Their Groues he feld, their Gardens did deface,
Their Arbers spoild, their Cabinets suppress,
Their Banket-houses burne, their buildings race,
And of the fayrest late, now made the fouleest place.

84
Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:
The way they came, the same returnd they right,
Till they arriued where they lately had
Charm'd those wild-beasts, that rag'd with fury mad.
V which now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;
But them the Palmer soone did pacifie. (did lio.)
Then *Guyon* askt, what meant those beasts vvhich there

85
Said hee, These seeming beasts are men indeed,
Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed thus,
Whylome her Louers, which her lusts did feed,
Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their mindes like monstrous.
Sad end, quoth he, of life intemperate,
And mournefull meede of ioyes delicious:
But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returned be vnto their former state.

86
Straight-way he with his virtuous staffe them strooke,
And straight of beasts they comely men became;
Yet becing men, they did vnmanly looke,
And stared gawly, some for inward shame,
And some for wrath, to see their captiue Dame:
But one about the rest in speciall,
That had an hog been late (hight *Grille* by name)
Repined greatly, and did him mitcall,
That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

87
Said *Guyon*, See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soone forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth with vile difference,
To be a beast, and lacke intelligence.
To whom the Palmer thus, The dunghill kind
Delights in filth and foule incontinence:
Let *Grille* be *Grill*, and haue his hoggish mind,
But let vs hence depart, whil't weather seruets and wind.

Main body of text, consisting of several paragraphs of very faint, illegible text. The layout appears to be a standard page of prose or a list of entries.

lin.
on
now



THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING
THE LEGENDE OF BRITOMARTIS.
OR
Of Chastitie.



¹
T falles me heere to write of Chastitie,
That fairest vertue, farre aboue the rest;
For which what needs me fetch from *Faery*
Forraine ensamples, it to haue exprest?
Sith it is shrined in my Soueraignes brest,

And form'd so liuely in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies, which haue it profest,
Need but behold the pourtraict of her hart,
If pourtrayd it might be by any liuing art.

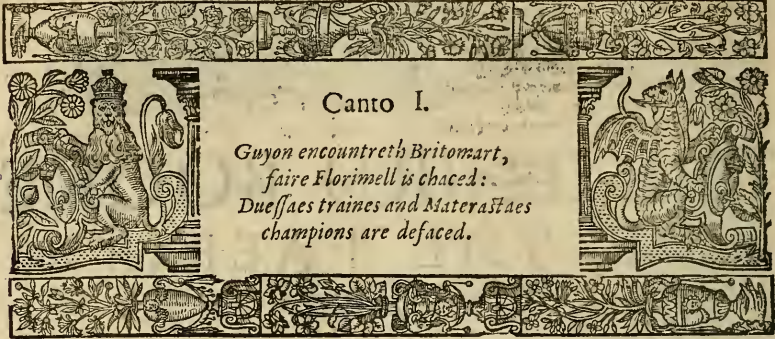
²
But liuing art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paint,
All were it *Zeuxis* or *Praxiteles*:
His *dædale* hand would faile, and greatly faint,
And her perfections with his error taint:
Ne Poets wit, that passeth Painter farre
In picturing the parts of beautie daint,
So hard a workmanship adventure darre,
For feare through want of words her excellence to marre.

³
How then shall I, Apprentice of the skill,
That whylome in diuine wits did raigne,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
Yet now my lucklesse lot doth me constrain

Heere-to perforce. But ô, drad Soueraigne,
Thus farre forth pardon, sith that choicest wit
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure plaine
That I in colourd shoves may shadow it,
And antique prayse vnto present persons fit.

⁴
But if in liuing colours, and right hew,
Your selfe you couer to see pictured,
Who can it doe more liuely, or more true,
Then that sweet verse, with *Nectar* sprinkled,
In which a gracious seruaunt pictured
His *Cynthia*, his heauens fairest light?
That with his melting sweetnesse rauished,
And with the wonder of her beamez bright,
My senses lulled are in slumber of delight.

⁵
But let that same delicious Poet lend
A little leaue vnto a rusticke Muse,
To sing his Mistresse praise; and let him mend,
If ought amis her liking may abuse:
Ne let his fayrest *Cynthia* refuse,
In mirrours more then one her selfe to see;
But eyther *Gloriana* let her chuse,
Or in *Belphebe* fashioned to bee:
In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chastitee.



Canto I.

*Guyon encountreth Britomart,
faire Florimell is chased:
Duesaes traines and Materastæes
champions are defaced.*

THe famous Briton Prince and Faery knight,
After long wayes & perillous paines endured,
Hauing their weary limbes to perfect plight
Restor'd, & fery wounds right well recured,
Of the faire *Alma* greatly were procured
To make there lenger sojourne and abode;
But when thereto they might not be allured,
From seeking praise, and deeds of armes abroad,
They courteous conge tooke, and forth together yode.

But the captiu'd *Acrassa* hee sent,
Because of trauell long, a nighter way,
With a fraung gard, all reskew to prevent,
And her to Faery-court safe to conuay,
That her for witness of his hard assay,
Vnto his Faery Queene he might present:
But he himselfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment,
And seeke adventures, as he with Prince *Arthur* went.

Long so they travelled through wastefull wayes,
Where dangers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,
To hunt for glorie and renowned praise;
Full many Countries they did over-runne,
From the vprising to the setting Sunne,
And many hard adventures did atchieue;
Of all the which they honour euer wonne,
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieue,
And to recouer right for such as wrong did grieue.

At last, as through an open Plaine they yode,
They spyde a knight, that towards pricked faire,
And him beside an aged Squire there rode,
That seem'd to couch vnder his shield three-square,
As if that age bade him that burden spare,
And yield it those, that stouter could it wield:
He them espying, gan himselfe prepare,
And on his arme addresse his goodly shield
That bore a Lyon passant in a golden field.

Which seeing good Sir *Guyon*, deare besought
The Prince of grace, to let him runne that turne.
He granted: then the Faery quickly raught
His poynant speare, and sharply gan to spurne
His forny steed, whose fiery fetes did burne
The verdant grasse, as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other backe his foote returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadfull speare against the others head.

They beene ymet, and both their poynts arriued,
But *Guyon* droue so furious and fell,
That seem'd both shield and plate it would haue riuied;
Nathelless, it bore his foe not from his fell,
But made him stagger, as he were not well:
But *Guyon* selfe, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell,
Yet in his fall so well himselfe he bare,
That mischieuous mischaunce his life & limbes did spare.

Great shame and sorrow of that fall hee tooke;
For neuer yet since warlike armes he bore,
And shiuering speare in bloudy field first hooke,
He found himselfe dishonoured so sore.
Ah gentlest knight that euer armour bore,
Let not thee grieue dismounted to haue beene,
And brought to ground, that neuer wast before;
For, not thy fault, but secret powre vnseene,
That speare enchaunted was, which laid thee on the Greene.

But weenedst thou what wight thee overthrew,
Much greater grieue and shamefuller regret
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
That of a single Damsell thou wert met
On equal Plaine, and there so hard beset;
Euen the famous *Britomart* it was,
Whom strange adventure did from *Britaine* fet,
To seeke her Louer (loue farre sought alas)
Whose image she had seene in *Pennis* looking glasse.

9
Full of disdainfull wrath, he fierce vp-rofe,
For to revenge that foule reprochefull shame,
And inatching his bright sword, began to clofe
With her on foote, and stoutly forward came;
Die rather would he then endure that fame.
Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to feare
His toward perill and yntoward blame,
Which by that new rencounter he should reare:
For, death late on the point of that enchanted speare.

10
And hasting towards him, gan faire perswade,
Not to prouoke misfortune, nor to weene
His speares default to mend with cruell blade:
For, by his mighty Science he had seene
The secret vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puissance more not withstond:
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene.
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
To lose long gotten honour with one euill hond.

11
By such good meanes he him discounfelled,
From prosecuting his reuenging rage;
And eke the Prince like treaty handled,
His wrathfull will with reason to asswage,
And laide the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his starting steed, that swar'd aside,
And to the ill purveyance of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmly tie:
So is his angry courage fauere pacified.

12
Thus reconciliation was betwene them knit,
Through goodly temperance, and affection chaste,
And either vow'd with all their powre and wit,
To let not others honour be defac't
Of friend or foe, who euer it embas't,
Ne armes to beare against the others side:
In which accord the Prince was also plac't,
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde.
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

13
O goodly visage of those antique times!
In which the sword was seruau't vnto right;
When not for malice and contentious crimes,
But all for praise, and prooffe of manly might,
The Martiall brood accustomed to fight:
Then honour was the meed of victorie,
And yet the vanquished had no despight:
Let later age that noble vse enie,
Vile rancour to avoyd, and cruell surquedry.

14
Long they thus traucell in friendly wise,
Through countries waste, and eke well edifyde,
Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
Their puissance, whylome full dernelly tryde:
At length they came into a Forrest wide,
Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sound
Full grieufully seem'd: Therein they long did ride,
Yet tract of liuing creatures none they found,
Sauc Beares, Lyons, & Bulls, which romed them around.

15
All suddenly out of the thickest brush,
Vpon a milke-white Palfrey all alone,
A goodly Lady did foreby them rush,
Whose face did seeme as cleare as Cryfall stone,
And eke (through feare) as white as Whales bone:
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her steed with tinself trappings shone,
Which fled so fast, that nothing mote him hold,
And scarce them leasure gaue, her passing to behold.

16
Still as she fled, her eye she backward threw,
As fearing euill, that pursu'd her fast;
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
Loosely disperst with puffe of euery blast:
All as a blazing starre doth farre out-cast
His haire beames, and flaming locks dispred,
At sight whereof the people stand aghast:
Were it the sage Wisard telles (as he has read)
That it importunes death, and dolefull drenchhead.

17
So, as they gazed after her avhille,
Lo, where a grisly Foster forth did rush,
Breathing out beastly lust her to defile:
His tyreling iade he fiercely forth did push,
Through thicke and thin, both over banke and bush,
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
That from his gorge sides the blood did gush:
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
And in his clownish hand a sharpe bore-speare he shoote.

18
Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,
Full of great enue and fell ieaalousie,
They stayd not to avise who first should bee,
But all spur'd after fast, as they mote fly,
To reskew her from shamefull villany.
The Prince and *Guyon* equally bylline
Her selfe pursu'd, in hope to win there by
Most goodly meed, the fayrest Dame aliu:
But after the foule Foster *Timias* did frue.

19
The whiles faire *Evitomar*, whose constant mind,
Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reekt of Ladies loue, did stay behind,
And them awaited there a certaine space,
To weet if they would turne backe to that place:
But when shee saw them gone, she forward went,
As lay her journey, through that perillous Pace,
With stedfast courage and stout hardiment;
Ne euill thing she fear'd, ne euill thing she ment.

20
At last, as nigh out of the wood she came,
A stately Castle farre away she spyde,
To which her steps directly shee did frame.
That Castle was most goodly edifyde,
And plac't for pleasure nigh that Forrest side:
But faire before the gate a spaciouse Plaine,
Mantled with greene, it selfe did spredde wide,
On which the law fixe knights, that did darraigne
Fierce battaile against one, with cruell might and maine.

21

Mainely they all attonce vpon him layd,
 And sore beset on euery side around,
 That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismayd,
 Ne euer to them yielded foot of ground
 All had he lost much bloud through many a wound,
 But stoutly dealt his blowes, and euery way
 To which he turned in his wrathfull ffound,
 Made them recoyle, and fly from drad decay,
 That none of all the fixe, before him durst assay :

22

Like dastard Curres, that hauing at a bay
 The saluage beast embost in wearie chace,
 Dure not adventure on the stubborne pray,
 Ne byte before, but rome from place to place,
 To get a snatch, when turned is his face.
 In such distresse and doubtfull icopardy,
 When *Britomart* him saw, shee ran apace
 Vnto his reskew, and with earnest cry,
 Bade those same fixe forbear that single enemy.

23

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,
 Ne ought the more their mighty stroakes surcease,
 But gathering him round about more neare,
 Their direfull rancour rather did encrease;
 Till that she rushing through the thickest preace,
 Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
 And soone compeld to harken vnto peace :
 Tho gan she mildly of them to inquire
 The cause of their dissension and outrageous ire.

24

VWhere-to that single knight did aunswere frame ;
 These fixe would me enforce by oddes of might,
 To change my liefte, and loue another Dame,
 That death me liefte were then such despight,
 So vnto wrong to yield my wrested right :
 For, I loue one, the truest one on ground,
 Ne list me change ; she th' *Errant Damsell* hight,
 For whose deare sake full many a bitter stound
 I haue endur'd, and tasted many a bloody wound.

25

Certes, said she, then been ye fixe to blame,
 To weene your wrong by force to iustifie :
 For, knight to leaue his Lady were great shame,
 That faithfull is, and better were to die.
 All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,
 Then losse of loue, to him that loues but one ;
 Ne may loue be compeld by maistry ;
 For, loone as maistry comes, sweet loue anone
 Taketh his nimble wings, and soone away is gone.

26

Then spake one of those fixe, There dwelleth here
 Within this Castle wall a Lady faire,
 Whose soueraine beautie hath no liuing peere ;
 There-to so bountious and so debonaire,
 That neuer any mote with her compare.
 She hath ordaind this lawe, which we approue,
 That euery knight, which doth this way repaire,
 In case he haue no Lady, nor no Loue,
 Shall doe vnto her seruice netter to remoue.

27

But, if he haue a Lady or a Loue,
 Then must he her forgoe with foule defame,
 Or else with vs by dint of sword approue,
 That she is fairer then our fairest Dame,
 As did this knight, before ye hither came.
 Perdie, said *Britomart*, that choice is hard :
 But what reward had he that ouercame ?
 He should advanced be to high regard
 Said they, and haue our Ladies loue for his reward.

28

Therefore are ad Sir, if thou haue a Loue.
 Loue haue I sure, quoth she, but Lady none ;
 Yet will I not fro mine owne Loue remoue,
 Ne to your Lady will I seruice done,
 But wreake your wrongs wrought to this knight alone,
 And proue his cause. With that, her mortall speare
 She mightily auented towards one,
 And downe him smote ere well aware he were,
 Then to the next he rode, and downe the next did beare.

29

Ne did she stay till three on ground she layd,
 That none of them himselfe could reare againe ;
 The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
 All were he wearie of his former paine,
 That now there doe but two of fixe remaine ;
 Which two did yield before shee did them smight.
 Ah, said she then, uow may ye all see plaine,
 That truth is strong, and true loue most of might,
 That for his trusty seruants doth so strongly fight.

30

Too well we see, said they, and proue too well
 Our faultie weakenesse, and your matchlesse might :
 For-thy faire Sir, yours be the *Damozell*,
 Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,
 And we your liege men faith vnto you plight,
 So vnderneath her feet their swords they thard,
 And after, her besought, well as they might,
 To enter in, and reape the due reward :
 Shee graunted, and then in they all together far'd.

31

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
 And stately port of *Castle Ioyeous*,
 (For, so that Castle hight by common name)
 Where they were entertaind with courteous
 And comely glee of many gracious
 Faire Ladies, and many a gentle knight,
 Who through a Chamber long and spacious,
 Eftsoones them brought vnto their Ladies fight.
 That of them cleeped was the *Lady of delight*.

32

But for to tell the sumptuous array
 Of that great chamber, should be labour lost :
 For, liuing wir (I weene) cannot display
 The royall riches and exceeding cost
 Of euery pillour and of euery post ;
 Which all of purest bullion framed were,
 And with great pearles and pretious stones embost,
 That the bright glister of their beamez cleare
 Did sparkle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.

These

33
These stranger knights through passing, forth were led
Into an inner roome, whole royaltie
And rich purveyance might vneath be read;
Mote Princes place beleeue fo deekt to bee.
Which statly manner when as they did see,
The image of superfluous riotize,
Exceeding much the state of meane degree,
They greatly wondred, whence fo sumptuous guife
Might be maintaind, and each gan diuerfly deuife.

34
The wals were round about appelled
With costly clothes of *Arras* and of *Touze*;
In which, with cunning hand was pourtrahed
The loue of *Venus* and her Paramour
The fayre *Adonis*, turned to a flowre,
A worke of rare deuife, and wondrous wit.
First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,
Which her assyld with many a feruent fit,
When first her tender hart was with his beauntie smit.

35
Then, with what sleights and sweet allurements she
Entic't the Boy (as well that art she knew)
And wooed him her Paramour to be;
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden locks with honour dew;
Now leading him into a seeret shade
From his Beaupetes, and from bright heaucens view,
Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
Or bathe him in a fontaine by some couert glade.

36
And whil'st he slept, she over him would spread
Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes;
And her soft arm lay vnderneath his head,
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
And whil'st he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes
She seeretly would search each dainty lim,
And throwe into the Well sweet *Rolemaries*,
And fragrant violets, and Pances trim,
And euer with sweet Nectar she did sprinkle him.

37
So did she steale his heedlesse hart away,
And ioy'd his loue in seeret vnespide.
But, for she saw him bent to cruell play,
To hunt the salvage beast in forest wide,
Dreadfull of danger, that mote him betide,
Shee oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine
From chase of greater beasts, whose brutist pride
Mote breed him feathe vnwares: but all in vaine;
For, who can shun the chauce that dest'ny doth ordaine?

38
Lo, where beyond he lyeth languishing,
Deadly engored of a great wilde Bore,
And by his side the Goddesse growling
Makes for him endlesse mone, and enermore
V With her soft garment wipes away the gore,
Which itaines his snowy skin with batefull hew:
But when she saw no helpe might him restore,
Him to a dainty flowre she did transfew,
V Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it liuely grew.

39
So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
And round about it many beds were dight,
As whylome was the antique worldz guize,
Some for vntimely ease, some for delight,
As pleased them to vse, that vse it might:
And all was full of Damzels, and of Squires,
Dauncing and reuelling both day and night,
And swimming deepe in fenisall desires,
And *Cupid* full amongst them kindled lustfull fires.

40
And all the while, sweet *Musick* did diuide
Her looser notes with *Lydian* harmony;
And all the while, sweet birds thereto applide
Their dainty layes and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of loue and iollitie,
That wonder was to heare their trim consort.
Which when those knights beheld, with scornfull eye,
They sdeigned such lasciuious disport,
And loath'd the loose demeaure of that wanton sort.

41
Thence they were brought to that great Ladies view,
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,
That glistred all with gold and glorious fiew,
As the proud *Persian* Queenes accustomed:
She seem'd a woman of great bountiued,
And of rare beautie, fauing that afaunce
Her waiton eyes, all signes of womanhed;
Did roll too lightly, and too often glauce,
Without regard of grace, or comely amenaunce.

42
Long worke it were, and needlesse to deuize
Their goodly entertainment and great glee:
She caused them be led in courteous wize
Into a bowre, disarmed for to bee,
And cheared well with wine and spicerie:
The *Redcrosse* Knight was soone disarmed there;
But the braue Mayd would not disarmed be,
But onely vented vp her vmbriere,
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

43
As when faire *Cynthia*, in darkesome night,
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
Where she may find the substance thin and light,
Breakes forth her siluer beames, and her bright head
Discouers to the world discomfited;
Of the poore traeller that went aitray,
With thousand blessings she is heried:
Such was the beauty and the shining ray,
With which faire *Briomart* gate light vnto the day.

44
And eke those sixe, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmed, and did them selues present
Vnto her view, and company vnought;
For they all seemed courteous and gent,
And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,
Which had them traynd in all ciuillitee,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;
Now were they liegement to this Lady free,
And her Knights-seruice ought, to hold of her in Fee.

45
 The first of them by name *Gardante* hight,
 A iolly person, and of comely view;
 The second was *Parlante*, a bold knight,
 And next to him *Tocante* did enfew;
Basciante did himselfe most courteous strew;
 But fierce *Bachante* seem'd too fell and keene;
 And yet in armes *Nelectante* greater grew:
 All were faire knights, and goodly well befene;
 But to faire *Britomart* they all but shadowes beene.

46
 For she was full of amiable grace,
 And manly terrour mixed there-withall,
 That as the one first vp affections base,
 So th'other did mens rash desires appall,
 And hold them backe, that would in error fall;
 As he that hath espyde a vermill Rose,
 To which sharpe thornes and briars the way forfall,
 Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose;
 But wishing it farre off, his idle wish doth lose.

47
 Whom when the Lady saw to faire a wight,
 All ignorant of her contrary sex,
 (For she her weend a fresh and lusty knight)
 She greatly gan enamoured to wax,
 And with vaine thoughts her falld fancy vex:
 Her fickle hart conceiued hastic fire,
 Like sparks of fire which fall in slender flex,
 That shortly brent into extreame desire,
 And ranfack't all her veines with passion entire.

48
 Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience,
 And into tearmes of open outrage burst,
 That plaine discouer'd her incontinence,
 Ne reekt she, who her meaning did mistrust;
 For, she was giuen all to fleshly lust,
 And poured forth in sensuall delight,
 That all regard of shame she had diuult,
 And meet respect of honour put to flight:
 So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathly sight.

49
 Faire Ladies, that to loue captiu'd arre,
 And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,
 Let not her fault your sweet affections marre,
 Ne blot the bounty of all womankind,
 Mongst thousands good, one wanton Dame to find:
 Emongst the Roses growe some wicked weeds;
 For, this was not to loue, but lust inclin'd;
 For, loue does alwaies bring forth bountious deeds,
 And in each gentle hart desire of honour breeds.

50
 Nought so of loue this looser Dame did skill,
 But as a coale to kindle fleshly flame,
 Giuing the bridle to her wanton will,
 And treading vnder foote her honest name:
 Such loue is hate, and such desire is shame.
 Still did she roue at her with crafty glance
 Of her false eyes, that at her hart did ayme;
 And told her meaning in her countenance;
 But *Britomart* dissembled it with ignorance.

51
 Supper was shortly dight, and downe they sat,
 Where they were seru'd with all sumptuous fare,
 VVhiles fruitfull *Ceres*, and *Lycas* fat
 Poured out their plenty, without spight or spare:
 Nought wanted there, that dainty was and rare;
 And aye the cups their banks did overflowe,
 And aye betweene the cups, she did prepare
 Way to her loue, and secret darts did throwe;
 But *Britomart* would not such guilefull message knowe.

52
 So when they flaked had the feruent heat
 Of appetite with meates of euery sort,
 The Lady did faire *Britomart* entreat,
 Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport
 To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort:
 But when she mote not there-vnto be wonne,
 (For, shee her sex vnder that strange purport
 Did vse to hide, and plaine appaurance shunne:)
 In plainer wise to tell her grieuance shee begunne;

53
 And all atonce discouered her desire
 With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, & pittious grieue,
 The outward sparkes of her in-burning fire;
 Which spent in vaine, at last shee told her briefe,
 That but if shee did lend her short reliefe,
 And doe her comfort, shee mote algates die.
 But the chaste *Damzell*, that had neuer prife
 Of such malengine and fine forgerie,
 Did easily believe her strong extremitie.

54
 Full easie was for her to haue beliefe,
 Who, by selfe-feeling of her feeble sex,
 And by long triall of the inward grieue,
 Where-with imperious loue her hart did vex,
 Could iudge what paines do louing harts perplex.
 Who meanes no guile, be' guiled soonest shall,
 And to faire semblance dorh light faith annex;
 The bird, that knowes not the false Fowlers call,
 Into his hidden net full easily doth fall.

55
 For-ty, she would not in discourteous wife,
 Scorne the faire offer of good will profess:
 For, great rebuke it is, loue to despise,
 Or rudely Idaigne a gentle harts request;
 But with faire countenance, as becomed best,
 Her entertain'd; nath'lesse, shee inly deem'd
 Her loue too light, to wooe a wandring guest:
 Which she misconstruing, thereby esteem'd
 That frō like inward fire that outward smoke had steem'd.

56
 There-with awhile she her fit fancie fed,
 Till she mote winne fit time for her desire:
 But yet her wound still inward freshly bled,
 And through her bones the false infall'd fire
 Did spread it selfe, and venime close inspire.
 Tho, were the tables taken all away,
 And euery Knight, and euery gentle Squire
 Gan choose his Dame with *Bascio mani* gay,
 With whom he meant to make his sport and courtly play.

57
Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,
Some to make loue, some to make meriment,
As diuerse wits to diuerse things apply;
And all the while faire *Malecasta* bent
Her crafty engins to her close intent.

By this th'eternaill lanpes, where-with high *Ioue*
Doth light the lower world, were halfe ypent,
And the moit daughters of huge *Atlas* troue
Into the *Ocean* deepe to driue their wearie droue.

58
High time it seemed then for euery wight
Them to betake vnto their kindly rest;
Eftsoones long waxen torches weren light,
Vnto their bowres to guiden euery guest:
Tho, when the Britonesse saw all the rest
Avoided quite, she gan her selfe despoile,
And safe commit to her soft feathered nest;
Where, through long watch, & late dayes weary toyle,
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite assoile.

59
Now, when-as all the world in silence deepe
Ythrowded was, and euery mortall wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,
Faire *Malecasta*, whose engrieded spright
Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
Lightly arose out of her weary bed,
And vnder the blacke veile of guilty Night,
Her with a fearlor mantle couered,
That was with gold and Ermines fayre enveloped.

60
Then panting soft, and trembling euery ioynt,
Her fearetull feet towards the bowre she moued;
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike mayd vnwitley loued,
And to her bed approaching, first she prooued,
Whether she slept or wak't, with her soft hand
She softly felt, if any member moued,
And lent her wary eare to vnderstand,
If any puffe of breath, or signe of sense she fand.

61
Which, when-as none she fond, with ease swift,
For feare least her vnwares she should abrayd,
Th'embroderd quilt she lightly vp did lift,
And by her side her selfe she softly layd,
Of euery finest fingers touch affrayd;
Ne any noyse she made, ne word she spake,
But inly sigh't. At last, the royall Mayd
Out of her quiet slumber did awake,
And chang'd her weary side, the better ease to take.

62
Where, feeling one close couched by her side,
She lightly leapt out of her filed bed,
And to her weapon ran, in mind to gride
The loathed leachour. But the Dame, halfe dead

Through suddaine feare and gasty driered,
Did strike aloud, that through the house it rong,
And the whole family there-with adred,
Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,
And at the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

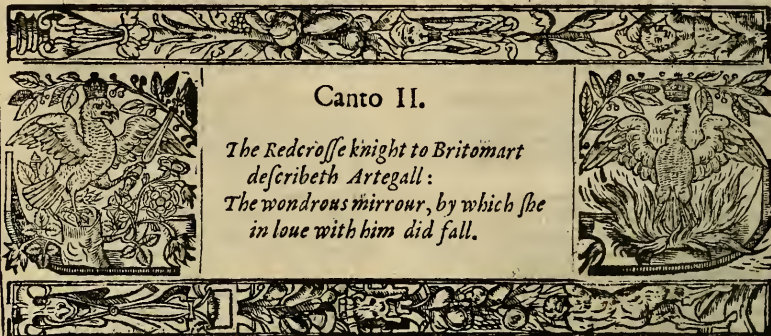
63
And those six Knights, that Ladies Champions,
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight ran to the stound,
Hilse arm'd and halfe vnarm'd, with them attons:
Where when confusedly they came, they found
Their Lady lying on the senselesse ground;
On th'other side, they saw the warlike Mayd
All in her snow-white smock, with locks vnbound,
Threatning the poynt of her auenging blade,
That with so troublous terrour they were all dismayd.

64
About their Lady first they flockt around:
Whom hauing layd in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frozen fbound;
And afterwards they gan with foule reproche
To stirre vp strife, and troublous contек broche:
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approche,
Ne in so glorious spoyle themselues embosse;
Her succour'd eke the Champion of the blondy Crosse.

65
But one of those sixe Knights, *Gardante* hight,
Drew out a deadly boawe and arrow keene,
Which forth he bent with felonous despight,
And fell intent against the Virgin shene:
The mortall steele staid not, till it was seene
To gore her side; yet was the wound not deepe,
But lightly rased her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple blood there-out did weepe,
Which did her lilly smock with stains of vermeil steepe.

66
Where-with enrag'd, shee fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her layd,
That none of them soule mischiefe could eschew,
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd:
Here, there, and euery where about her swayd
Her wrathfull steele, that none mote it abide;
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight gaue her good ayde,
Ay ioyning foot to foot, and side to side,
That in short space their foes they haue quite terrifide.

67
Tho, when-as all were put to shamefull flight,
The noble *Britomart* is her arrayd,
And her bright armes about her body dight:
For nothing would she lenger there be staid,
Where so loose life, and so vngentle trade
Was vs'd of Knights and Ladies seeming gent:
So carely, ere the grosse Earthes gryely shade,
Was all disperit out of the firmament,
They tooke their steeds, & forth vpon their iourney went.



Canto II.

*The Redcrosse knight to Britomart
describeth Artegall:
The wondrous mirrour, by which she
in loue with him did fall.*

Here haue I cause, in men iust blame to find,
That in their proper praise too partiall be,
And not indifferent to woman-kind,
To whom, no share in armes & cheualrie
They doe impart, ne maken memorie
Of their braue gestes & prowesse Martiall;
Scarce doe they spare to one, or two, or three,
Roome in their writs; yet the same writing small
Does all their deeds deface, and dims their glories all:

But by record of antique times I find,
That women wont in warres to beare most sway,
And to all great exploits themselves inclin'd:
Of which they still the girlond bore away,
Till envious Men (fearing their rules decay)
Gan coyn straight lawes to curb their liberty;
Yet fith they warlike armes haue layd away,
They haue exceld in artes and policie,
That now we foolish men that praise gincke t'eny.

Of warlike puissaunce in ages spent,
Bethou faire *Britomart*, whose praise I write,
But of all wisdome be thou precedent,
O *soveraigne Queene*, whose praise I would endite,
Endite I would as dutie doth excite;
But ah! my rimes too rude and rugged arre,
VWhen in so high an object they doe lighte,
And struing fit to make, I feare doe marre:
Thy selfe thy prayles tell, and make them knowen farre.

She, traouelling with *Guyon* by the way,
Of sundry things faire purpose gan to find,
T'abridge their iourney long, and lingring day;
Mongst which it fell into that *Faeries* mind,
To aske this *Briton Mayd*, what vncouth wind
Brought her into those parts, and what inquest
Made her dissemble her disguised kind:
Faire Lady she him seemd, like Lady drest:
But fayrest knight aliu, when armed was her best.

Thereat shee sighing softly, had no power
To speake awhile, ne ready answer make,
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,
As if she had a feuer fit, did quake,
And euery dainty limbe with horrour shake;
And euer and anone the rosy red
Flasht through her face, as it had bene a flake
Of lightning, through bright heauen fulmin'd;
At last, the passion past, she thus him answered.

Faire Sir, I let you weet, that from the howre
I taken was from *Nurses* tender pap,
I haue beene trained vp in warlike stowre,
To toffen speare and shield, and to affrap
The warlike rider to his most mishap;
Sithence I loathed haue my life to lead,
As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread;
Me leuer were with point of foe-mans speare be dead.

All my delight on deeds of armes is set,
To hunt out perils and adventures hard,
By sea, by land, where'elo they may be met,
Onely for honour and for high regard,
Without respect of riches or reward.
For such intent into these parts I came,
Withouten compasse, or withouten card,
Far from my native soyle, that is by name
The greater *Britaine*, heere to seeke for praise and fame.

Fame blazed hath, that heere in *Faery lond*
Doe many famous Knights and Ladies wonne,
And many strange adventures to be fond,
Of which great worth and worship may be wonne;
Which I to prou, this voyage haue begonne.
But mote I weet of you, right curteous knight,
Tydings of one, that hath vnto me donne
Late soule dishonour and reproche full spight,
The which I seeke to wreake, and *Artegall* he hight.

The word gone out, she backe againe would call,
 As her repenting so to haue mislayd,
 But that he it vp-taking ere the fall,
 Her shortly answered: Faire martiall Maid
 Certes ye misauised been, r'vpbraid
 A gentle knight with so vnknightly blame:
 For, weet ye well, of all that euer playd
 At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
 The noble *Arthegall* hath euer borne the name.

For-thy great wonder were it, if such shame
 Should euer enter in his bountious thought,
 Or euer do that mote deseruen blame:
 The noble courage neuer wenech ought,
 That may unworthy of it selfe be thought.
 Therefore, faire *Damzell*, be ye well aware,
 Least that too farre ye haue your sorrow fought:
 You and your country both I with welfare,
 And honour both; for each of other worthy are.

The royall Mayd woxeinly wondrous glad,
 To heare her loue so highly magnifide,
 And ioyd that euer she affixed had
 Her heart on knight so goodly glorifide,
 How euer finely she it found to hide:
 The louing mother, that nine moneths dia beare,
 In the deare closet of her painefull side,
 Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
 Doth not so much reioice, as the reioiced there.

But to occasion him to further talke,
 To feed her humour with his pleasing stile,
 Her list in strife-full tearmes with him to balke,
 And thus replide: How euer, Sir, ye file
 Your courteous tongue his praises to compile,
 It ill beleemes a knight of gentle sort,
 Such as ye haue him boasted, to beguile
 A simple mayd, and worke so haynous tort,
 In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

Let be therefore my vengeance to dissuade,
 And read, where I that faytour false may find.
 Ah, but if reason faire might you persuade,
 To slake your wrath, and mollifie your mind,
 Sayd he, perhaps ye should it better find:
 For, hardy thing it is, to weene by might,
 That man to hard conditions to bind,
 Or euer hope to match in equall fight;
 Whose prowesse paragon saw neuer liuing wight.

Ne soothlich is it easie for to read,
 Where now on earth, or how he may be found;
 For, he ne wonneth in one certaine stead,
 But restless walketh all the world around,
 Ay doing things, that to his fame redound,
 Defending Ladies cause, and Orphans right,
 Wherefo he heares, that any doth confound
 Them comfortlesse, through tyranny or might;
 So is his foueraine honour rais'd to heauens hight.

His feeling words her feeble sense much pleased,
 And softly sunke into her molten heart;
 Heart, that is inly hurt, is greatly eased
 With hope of thing, that may allegge his smart;
 For, pleasing words are like to Magick art,
 That doth the charmed Snake in slomber lay:
 Such secret ease felt gentle *Brutomart*,
 Yet list the same efforce with faund gainefay:
 (So, discord oft in Musick makes the sweeter lay.)

And sayd, Sir knight, these idle tearmes forbear,
 And sith it is vneath to finde his haunt,
 Tell me some markes, by which he may appeare,
 If chauce I him encounter parauaunt;
 For, perdy one shall other slay, or daunt: (sted,
 What shape, what shield, what arms, what steed, what
 And whatso else his person most may vaunt:
 All which the *Redcroffe* knight to point arced,
 And him in euery point before her fashioned.

Yet him in euery part before the knew,
 How-euer list her now her knowledge faine,
 Sith him whileome in *Britaine* she did view,
 To her reulead in a mirrour plaine:
 Whereof did growe her first engraffed paine;
 Whose root and stalke fo bitter yet did taste,
 That but the fruite more sweetnesse did containe,
 Her wretched dayes in dolour the mote waste,
 And yield the pray of loue to loathsome death at last.

By strange occasion she did him behold,
 And much more strangely gan to loue his sight,
 As it in bookes hath wntten been of old.
 In *Deheubarth* that now South-wales is hight,
 What time king *Ryence* reign'd, and dealed right,
 The great Magician *Merlin* had deuz'd,
 By his deepe science, and hell-dreaded might,
 A looking glats, right wondrously aguz'd,
 Whose vertues through the wide world soon were solem-
 (niz'd.

It vertue had, to shew in perfect sight,
 What-euer thing was in the world contain'd,
 Betwixt the lowest earth and heauens hight,
 So that it to the looker appertayn'd;
 What-euer foe had wrought or friend had fayn'd,
 Therein discouered was, ne ought mote pass,
 Ne ought in secret from the fameremayn'd;
 For-thy it round and hollow shapd was,
 Like to the world it selfe, and seem'd a world of glats.

Who wonders not, that reades so wondrous worke?
 But who does wonder that has red the Towre,
 Wherein th'*Ægyptian Phas* long did lurke
 From all mens view, that none might her discoure,
 Yet the might all men view out of her bowre?
 Great *Ptolomee* it for his lemans sake
 Ybuilded all of glats, by Magicke power,
 And also it impregnable did make;
 Yet when his loue was false, he with a peaze it brake.

21

Such was the glasse globe that *Merlin* made,
 And gaue vnto king *Rience* for his guard,
 That neuer foes his kingdome might inuade,
 But he it knew at home before he hard
 Tidings therof, and so them still debarde.
 It was a famous Present for a Prince,
 And worthy work of infinite reward,
 That treasons could bewray, and foes conuince:
 Happy this Realme, had it remained euer since.

22

One day it fortun'd, faire *Britomart*
 Into her fathers closet to repaire;
 For, nothing he from her referu'd apart,
 Being his onely daughter and his hayre:
 Where when she had epide that mirour faire,
 Her selfe while therein she view'd in vaine;
 Tho, her auizing of the vertues rare,
 Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
 Her to bethinke of that mote to her selfe pertaine.

23

But as it falleth in the gentlest hearts
 Imperious Loue hath highest set his throne,
 And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
 Of them, that to him buxome are and prone:
 So thought this Maid (as maidens vse to done)
 Whom fortune for her husband would allot,
 Not that she lusted after any one;
 For, she was pure from blame of sinfull blot,
 Yet wist her life at last must linke in that same knot.

24

Estfoones there was presented to her eye,
 A comely knight, all arm'd in complet wize,
 Through whose bright ventayle lifted vp on hie
 His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
 And friends to tearms of gentle truce entize
 Lookt forth, as *Phœbus* face out of the east
 Betwixt two shady mountaines doth arise;
 Portly his person was, and much increast
 Through his Heröicke grace, and honorable gest.

25

His crest was covered with a couchant Hound,
 And all his armour seem'd of antique mould,
 But wondrous massie and assured found,
 And round about yfretted all with gold,
 In which there written was with cyphers old,
Achilles armes which Arthegall did winne.
 And on his shield enuveloped sevenfold
 He bore a crowned little Ermilin,
 That deckt the azure field with her faire pouldred skin.

26

The Damzell well did view his personage,
 And lik'd well, he further fastned not,
 But went her way; ne her vnguiltly age
 Did weene, vnwares, that her vnluckie lot
 Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot;
 Of hurt vnwist most danger doth redound;
 But the false Archer, which that arrow shot
 So slyly, that she did not feele the wound,
 Did smile full smoothly at her weeteles wofull found.

27

Thenceforth the feather in her lofty crest,
 Ruff'd of loue, gan lowly to auale,
 And her proud portance, and her princely gest,
 With which she erst triumphed, now did quale:
 Sad, solemne, sowe, and full of fancies fraile
 She woxe; yet wist she neither how, nor why,
 She wist not, silly maid, what she did aile;
 Yet wist, she was not well at ease perdy,
 Yet thought it was not loue, but some melancholy.

28

So soone as night had with her pallid hew
 Defac't the beauty of the shining sky,
 And rest from men the worlds desired view,
 She with her Nourse adowne to sleepe did lie:
 But sleepe full farre away from her did flie:
 In stead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe
 Kept watch and ward about her warily.
 That nought she did but waile, and often steepe
 Her dainty couch with tears, which closely she did weepe.

29

And if that any drop of slombring rest
 Did chauce to fill into her weary spright,
 When feeble nature felt her selfe opprest;
 Straight-way with dreames, and with fantasticke sight
 Of dreadfull things the same was put to flight,
 That oft out of her bed she did astart,
 As one with view of ghastly feends affright:
 Tho, gan she to renew her former smart.
 And thinke of that faire visage written in her heart.

30

One night, when she was tost with such vnrest,
 Her aged Nurse, whose name was *Glauce* hight,
 Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,
 Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
 And downe againe in her warme bed her dight;
 Ah my deare daughter, ah my dearest dread,
 What vnouth fit, sayd she, what euill plight
 Hath thee opprest, and with sad dreary head
 Chaunged thy lively cheare, and liting made thee dead?

31

For, not of nought these suddaine ghastly feares
 All night afflict thy naturall repole:
 And all the day, when as thine equal Peares
 Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,
 Thou in dull corners dost thy selfe inclose,
 Ne tasteest Princes pleasures, ne doest spred
 Abroad thy fresh yowles fairest flouere, but lose
 Both lease and fruit, both too vntimely shed,
 As one in wilfull bale for euer buried.

32

The time, that mortall men their weary cares
 Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,
 And euery riuer eke his course forbeares,
 Tho doth this wicked euill thee inest,
 And riueth with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest;
 Like an huge *Aetn*' of deep engulfd griefe,
 Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest;
 Whence forth it breakes in sighes and anguish rise,
 As smoke and sulphure mingled with confuted stufe.

33
Aye me, how much I feare, least loue it bee;
But if that loue it be, as sure I read
By knowne signes and passions, which I see,
Be it worthy of thy race and royall seed,
Then I avow by this most sacred head
Of my deare fost'r child, to ease thy griefe,
And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread;
For, death not danger from thy dew reliefe
Shall me debarre; tell me therefore my liefest liefest.

34
So hauing said, her twixt her armes twaine
She straightly strayn'd, and colled tenderly,
And euery trembling ioynt, and euery vaine
She softly felt, and rubbed busily,
To doe the frozen colde awaie to flie;
And her faire deawy eyes with kisses deare
She oft did bathe, and oft againe did dry;
And euer her importun'd, not to feare
To let the secret of her heart to her appeare.

35
The Damzell paus'd, and then thus fearefully;
Ah Nurse! what needeth thee to eke my paine?
Is not enough, that I alone doe die,
But it must doubled be with death of twaine?
For, nought for me but death there doth remaine.
O daughter deare, said she, despaire no whit;
For, Neuer sore, but might a salue obtaine:
That blinded god, which hath ye blindly smit,
Another arrow hath your lours heart to hit.

36
But mine is not, quoth she, like others wound;
For which no reason can finde remedie.
Was neuer such, but mote the like be found,
Said she, and though no reason may apply
Salue to your sore, yet loue can higher stie,
Then reason reach, and oft hath wonders donne.
But neither god of loue, nor god of sky
Can doe (said she) that, which cannot be donne.
Things oft impossible (quoth she) seeme ere begonne.

37
These idle words, sayd she, doe nought asswage
My stubborne smart, but more annoyance breed,
For, no, no vsual fire, no vsual rage
It is, O Nurse, which on my life doth feed,
And suckes the blood, which from my heart doth bleed.
But since thy faithfull zeale lets me not hide
My crime (if crime it be) I will at need.
Nor Prince, nor pere it is, whose loue hath gryde
My feeble brest of late, and launced this wound wyde;

38
Nor man it is, nor other liuing wight:
For then some hope I might vnto me drawe;
But th'only shade and semblant of a knight,
Whose shape or person yet I neuer sawe,
Hath me subiected to lours cruell lawe:
The same one day, as me misfortunate led,
I in my fathers wondrous mirror sawe,
And pleased with that seeming goodly-hed,
Vnawares the hidden hooke with baire I swallowed.

39
Sithens it hath infix'd faster hold
Within my bleeding bowels, and so fore
Now rankleth in this fame fraile fleshy mould,
That all mine entrailes flowe with poysonous gore,
And th'vicer groweth dayly more and more;
Ne can my running fore finde remedie,
Other then my hard fortune to deplore,
And languish as the leafe fallne from the tree,
Till death make one end of my daies and miserie.

40
Daughter, sayd she, what need ye be dismayd,
Or why make ye such monst' of your mind?
Of much more vncouth thing I was affrayd;
Of filthy lust, contrary vnto kind:
But this affection nothing strange I find;
For, who with reason can you aye reprove,
To loue the semblant pleasing most your minde,
And yield your heart whence ye cannot remoue?
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of loue.

41
Not so th'Arabian Myrrh' did set her minde;
Nor so did *Biblis* spend her pining heart,
But lov'd their native flesh against all kind,
And to their purpose vied wicked art:
Yet playd *Pasiphaë* a more monstrous part,
That lov'd a Bull, and leard a beast to bee;
Such shamefull lusts who loaths not, which depart
From course of Nature and of modesty?
Sweet loue such lewdnes bands from his faire company.

42
But thine my Deare (welfare thy heart my Deare)
Though strange beginning had, yet fixed is
On one, that worthy may perhaps appeare;
And certes seems bestow'd not amiss:
Ioy thercof haue thou and eternall blis.
With that vpleasing on her elbowe weake,
Her labia after brest she oft did kiss,
Which all that while she felt to pant and quake,
As at an Earth-quake were; at last she thus bespake:

43
Beldame, your words do worke me little ease;
For, though my loue be not so lewdly bent,
As those ye blame, yet may it not appeare
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpless griefe augment.
For they, how euer shamefull and vnkinde,
Yet did possesse their horrible intent:
Short end of sorowes they thereby did finde; (minde.)
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their

44
But wicked fortune mine, though mine be good,
Can haue no end, nor hope of my desire,
But feed on shadowes, whiles I die for foode,
And like a shadow wexe, whiles with entire
Affection I doe languish and expire.
I fonder, then *Cephalus* foolish child,
Who hauing view'd in a fountaine there
His face, was with the loue thereof beguil'd;
I fonder loue a shade, the body farre exil'd.

Nought like, quoth she, ⁴⁵ for that same wretched boy
Was of himselfe the idle Paramoure;
Both loue and lower, without hope of ioy,
For which he faded to a watry flowre.
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
Which lov'ft the shadow of a warlike knight;
No shadow, but a body hath in powre:
That bodie, wherefoeuer that it light,
May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke might.

⁴⁶
But if thou may with reason yet repress
The growing euill, ere it strength haue got,
And thee abandon wholly do possesse,
Against it strongly strue, and yield thee not,
Till thou in open field adowne be smot.
But if the passion master thy fraile might,
So that needs loue or death must be thy lot,
Then I avow to thee by wrong or right
To compass thy desire, and find that loued knight.

⁴⁷
Her chearefull words much chear'd the feeble spright
Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd
In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might;
And the old-woman carefully displayd
The clothes about her round with busie ayd;
So that at last a little creeping sleepe
Surpris'd her sense: She, therewith well apayd,
The drunken lampe downe in the oyle did steepe,
And set her by to watch, and set her by to weepe.

⁴⁸
Earely the morrow next, before that day
His ioyous face did to the world reueale,
They both vprose and tooke their readie way
Vnto the Church their prayers to appeale,
With great deuotion, and with little zeale:
For, the faire Damzell from the holy herse
Her loue-sicke heart to other thoughts did steale;
And that old Dame sayd many an idle verse,
Out of her daughters heart fond fancies to reuerse.

⁴⁹
Returned home, the royall Infant fell
Into her former fit; for why, no powre
Nor guidance of her selfe in her did dwell.
But th'aged Nurse, her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered Rew, and Saune, and the flowre
Of Camphara, and Calamint, and Dill,
All which she in an earthen pot did poure,
And to the brim with Colt wood did it fill,
And many drops of milke and bloud through it did spill.

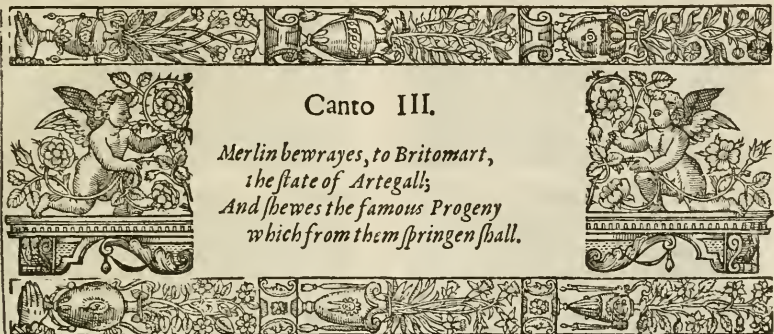
⁵⁰
Then taking thrice three haire from off her head,
Them trebly braided in a threefold lace,
And round about the pois mouth, bound the thread,
And after hauing whipterped a space
Certaine sad words, with hollow voice and base,
She to the virgin said, thrice sayd she it;
Come daughter come, come; spit vpon my face,
Spit thrice vpon me, thrice vpon me spit;
Th'vncen number for this businesse is most fit.

⁵¹
That sayd, her round about she from her turnd,
She turnd her contrary to the Sunne,
Thrite she her turn'd contrary, and return'd,
All contrary; for she the right did sunne,
And euer what she did, was freight vndonne:
So thought she to vndoe her daughters loue:
But loue, that is in gentle brest begonne,
No idle charmes so lightly may remouue;
That well can witness, who by triall it does prouue.

⁵²
Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd auail,
Ne slake the furie of her cruell flame,
But that she full did waste, and still did wayle,
That through long langour, and heart-burning brame
She shortly like a pynded ghost became,
Which long hath wayted by the Stygian strond.
That when old Glauce saw, for feare least blame
Of her mis carriage should in her be fond
She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to withstand.

Canto





Canto III.

*Merlin bewrayes, to Britomart,
the state of Artegall;
And shewes the famous Progeny
which from them springen shall.*

H sacred fire, that burnest mightily
In liuing breſts, ykindled firſt aboue,
Emongſt th' eternall ſpheres & lamping ſky,
And thece pourd into men, which me cal loue;
Not that fame, which doth baſe affections
In brutiſh minds, & filthy luſt inflame; (moue
But that ſweet ſit, that doth true beauty loue,
And choſeth vertue for his deareſt Dame,
Whence ſpring all noble deeds and neuer dying fame;

Well did Antiquitie a God thee deeme,
That ouer mortall minds haſt fo great might,
To order them, as beſt to thee doth ſeeme,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatall purpoſe of diuine foreſight
Thou doeſt effect in deſtined deſcents,
Through deepe impreſſion of thy ſecret might,
And ſtirreſt vp th' Herodes high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous monuments.

But thy drad darts in none do triumph more,
Ne braver prooſe in any, of thy powre
Shew'ſt thou, then in this royall Maide of yore,
Making her ſecke an vnknowne Paramoure,
From the worlds end, through many a bitter ſtowre:
From whoſe two loynes thou afterwards did raiſe
Moſt famous fruits of matrimoniall bowre,
Which through the earth haue ſpred their liuing prayſe,
That fame in trompe of gold eternally diſplays.

Begin then, o my deareſt ſacred Dame,
Daughter of *Phabus* and of *Memorie*,
That doeſt ennoble with immortal name
The warlike Worthies, from antiquitie,
In thy great volume of Eternity:
Begin, o *Clin*, and recount from hence
My glorious Soueraignes goodly aunceſtry,
Till that by dew degrees and long pretence,
Thou haue it laſtly brought vnto her Excellence.

Full many waies within her troubled minde,
Glauce caſt, to cure this Ladies grieſe:
Full many waies ſhe fought, but none could finde,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counſell, that is chief
And choiſeſt medicine for ſicke hearts reliefe:
For-thy great care ſhe tooke, and greater feare,
Leaſt that it ſhould her turne to foule reſprieſe,
And ſore reproche, when ſo her father deare
Should of his deareſt daughters hard miſfortune heare.

At laſt, ſhe her aduiſ'd, that he, which made
That mirour, wherein the ſicke *Damocell*
So ſtrangely viewed her ſtrange louers ſhade,
To weet, the learned *Merlin*, well could tell,
Vnder what coaſt of heauen the man did dwell,
And by what means his loue might beſt be wrought:
For, though beyond the *Aſſrick Iſmaell*,
Or th' Indian *Peru* he were, the thought
Him forth through infinite endeavour to haue fought.

Forthwith themſelues diſguiſing both in ſtrange
And baſe atyre, that none might them bewray,
To *Maridunum*, that is now by chaunge
Of name *Cayr-Merlin* calld, they tooke their way:
There the wiſe *Merlin* whylome wont, they lay,
To make his wonne, lowe vnderneath the ground,
In a deepe delue, farre from the view of day,
That of no liuing wight he mote be found,
When ſo he counſeld with his ſprights encompass round.

And if thou euer happen that ſame way
To trauell, goe to ſee that dreadfull place:
It is an hideous hollow cave, they ſay,
Vnder a rocke that lies a little ſpace
From the ſwift *Earry*, tomling downe apace,
Emongſt the woody hills of *Dyncowtre*:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any caſe,
To enter into that ſame balefull bowre,
For feare the cruel Feends ſhould thee vnauare deuoire.

8

But standing high aloft, lowe lay thine care,
 And there such ghastly noise of yron chaines,
 And brazen Caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,
 Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines
 Doe tosse, that it will stonne thy feeble braines,
 And oftentimes great groones, and grievous founds,
 When too huge toile and labour them constraines :
 And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing founds
 From vnder that deepe Rocke most horribly rebounds.

9

The cause some say is this : A litle while
 Before that *Merlin* dyde, he did intend,
 A brazen wall in compas to compile
 About *Cairmardin*, and did it commend
 Vnto these Sprights, to bring to perfect end.
 During which worke, the Lady of the Lake,
 Whom long he lov'd, for him in haste did send,
 Who thereby forc't his workemen to forsake,
 Them bound till his returne, their labour not to flake.

10

In the meane time, through that false Ladies traîne,
 He was surpris'd, and buried vnder bere,
 Ne ever to his work returnd againe :
 Nath'lesse those feends may not their work forbear,
 So greatly his commandement they feare,
 But there doe toyle and travell day and night,
 Vntill that brazen wall they vp do reare :
 For, *Merlin* had in Magicke more insight,
 Then cuer him before or after liuing wight.

11

For, he by words could call out of the skie
 Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obay :
 The land to sea, and sea to maine-land dry,
 And darke some night he eke could turne to daie :
 Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,
 And hostes of men of meane things could frame,
 When-so him list his enemies to fray :
 That to this day, for terror of his fame,
 The feends do quake, when any him to them does name.

12

And, sooth, men say that he was not the sonne
 Of mortall Syre, or other liuing wight,
 But wondrously begotten, and begunne
 By false illusion of a guilefull Spright,
 On a faire Lady Nonue, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to *Pubidius*,
 Who was the Lord of *Marthrauall* by right,
 And coosen vnto king *Ambrosius* :
 Whence he indued was with skill so maruelous.

13

They here arising, stayd awhile without,
 Ne durst aduenture rashly in to wend,
 But of their first intent gan make new doubt
 For dread of danger, which it might portend :
 Vntill the hardy Mayd (with loue to friend)
 First entering, the dreadfull Mage there found
 Deep buied 'bout worke of wondrous end,
 And writing strange characters in the ground,
 With which the stubborn feends he to his seruice bound.

14

He nought was moued at their entrance bold :
 For, of their comming well he wist afore ;
 Yet list them bid their businesse vnfold,
 As if ought in this world in secret store
 Were from him hidden, or vnknownen of yore.
 Then *Glauce* thus, Let not it thee offend,
 That we thus rashly through thy darke some dore,
 Vnwares haue prest : for, either fatall end,
 Or other mighty cause, vs two did hither send.

15

He bade tell on : And then she thus began:
 Now haue three Moones with borrow'd brothers light,
 Thrice shined faire, and thrice seem'd dim and wan,
 Sith a fore euill, which this virgin bright
 Tormenteth, and doth plunge in dolefull plight,
 First rooting took; but what thing it mote bee,
 Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright ;
 But this I read, that but if remedee,
 Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.

16

Therewith th'Enchanter softly gan to smyle
 At her smooth speeces, weening inly well,
 That she to him dissembled womanish guile,
 And to her sayd, Beldame, by that ye tell,
 More need of leach-craft hath your Damoszell,
 Then of my skill : who help may haue elsewhere,
 In vaine seekes wonders out of Magicke spell.
 Th'old woman wox half blank, those words to heare ;
 And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare.

17

And to him said, If any leaches skill,
 Or other learned meanes could haue redrest
 This my deare daughters deepe engraffed ill,
 Certes I should be loth thee to molest :
 But this sad euill, which doth her infest,
 Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,
 And hould is within her hollow breast,
 That eicher seemes some cursed witches deed,
 Or euill spright, that in her doth such torment breed.

18

The wisard could no longer beare her bord,
 But brusting forth in laughter, to her sayd ;
Glauce, what needs this colourable word,
 To cloke the cause, that hath it selfe bewrayd ?
 Ne ye faire *Britomartis*, thus arrayd,
 More hidden are, then Sunne in cloudy velle ;
 Whom thy good fortune, hauing fate obayd,
 Hath hither brought, for succour to appeale :
 The which the powres to these are pleased to reuale.

19

The doubtfull Mayd, seeing her selfe descryde,
 Was all abasht, and her pure ynor
 Into a cleare Carnation suddaine dyde ;
 As faire *Aurora*, rising hastily,
 Doth by her blushing tell, that she did ly
 All night in old *Tithonus* frozen bed,
 Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly.
 But her olde Nurse was nought dishartened,
 But vantage made of that, which *Merlin* had arced.

20
And sayd, Sith then thou knowest all our grieft,
(For what dost thou not know?) of grace I pray,
Pity our plaint, and yeeld vs meet reliefe.
With that, the Prophet still awhile did stay,
And then his spirit thus gan forth display;
Most noble Virgine, that by fatall lore
Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee dismay
The hard begin, that meets thee in the dore;
And with sharpe firs thy tender heart oppresseth fore.

21
For, so must all things excellent begin,
And eke enrooted deepe must be that Tree,
Whose big embodied branches shall not lin,
Till they to heavens hight forth stretched bee.
For, from thy wombe a famous Progenie
Shall spring, out of the ancient *Troian* blood,
Which shall revive the sleeping memory
Of those same antique Peers, the heavens brood,
Which *Greece* and *Asian* rivers stayned which their blood.

22
Renowned kings, and sacred Emperours,
Thy fruitfull Ospring, shall from thee descend;
Brave Captaines, and most mighty Warriours,
That shall their conquests through all lands extend,
And their decayed kingdoms shall amend:
The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
They shall vpreare, and mightily defend
Against their son on foe, that comes from farre,
Till vniuersall peace compound all ciuill iarre.

23
It was not, *Britomart*, thy wandering eye,
Glauncing vnares in charmed looking glasse,
But the straight course of heavenly destiny,
Led with Eternall prouidence, that has
Guided thy glance, to bring his will to pass:
Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To lone the prouest knight, that euer was.
Therefore submit thy wies vnto his will,
And do by all dew means thy destiny fulfill.

24
But read (said *Glauce*) thou Magician
What means shall she out-seek, or what waies take?
How shall she knowe, how shall she find the man?
Or what needs her to toyle, sith fates can make
Way for the mselues, their purpose to partake?
Then *Merlin* thus; Indeed the fates are firme,
And may not shrink, though all the world do shake:
Yet ought mens good endeouers them confirme,
And guide the heavenly causes to their constant terme.

25
The man, whom heuens haue ordayn'd to bee
The spouse of *Britomart*, is *Arthegall*:
He wonneth in the land of *Fayeree*,
Yet is no *Fary* borne, ne sib at all
To Elfes, but sprong of seed terrestrial,
And whilome by false *Faries* stolne away,
Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a *Fay*.

26
But sooth he is the sonne of *Gorbis*,
And brother vnto *Cador* Cornish king,
And for his warlike feates renowned is,
From where the Day out of the sea doth spring,
Vntill the closure of the Euening.
From thence, him firmly bound with faithfull band,
To this his natue foyle thou backe shalt bring,
Strongly to ayde his country, to withstand
The powre of forreign Paynims, which inuade thy land.

27
Great ayd thereto his mighty puiffance,
And dreaded name, shall giue in that sad day:
Where also prooffe of thy prow valiaunce
Thou then shalt make, t'increafe thy louers pray:
Long time ye both in armes shall beare great way,
Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
And his last fate him from thee take away,
Too rathe cut off by practice criminall
Of secret foes, that him shall make in mischief fall.

28
Where thee yet shall he leaue, for memorie
Of his late puiffance, his Image dead,
That lining him in all actiuitie
To thee shall represent. He from the head
Of his coosin *Constantius* without dread
Shall take the crowne, that was his fathers right,
And therewith crowne himselfe in th'others stead:
Then shall he islew forth with dreadfull night,
Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

29
Like as a Lyon, that in drowie caue
Hath long tyme slept, himselfe so shall he shake;
And coming forth, shall spread his banner braue
Ouer the troubled South, that it shall make
The warlike *Mertians* for feare to quake:
Thrice shall he fight with them, and twice shall win,
But the third time shall faire accordance make:
And if he then with victorie can lin,
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly In.

30
His sonne, hight *Portipore*, shall him succede
In kingdom, but no in felicitie:
Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,
And with great honour many battels try:
But at the last to th'impertunity
Of froward fortune shall be forc't to yeeld.
But his sonne *Malgo* shall full mightily
Avenge his fathers losse, with speare and shield,
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

31
Behold the man, and tell me *Britomart*,
If ay more goodly creature thou didst see;
How like a Giant in each manly part
Beares he himselfe with portly maifestee,
That one of th'old *Heröes* seemes to bee:
He the six Ilands promprounciall
In ancient times vnto great Britannee,
Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
Their sundry kings to do their homage securall.

32
 All which his sonne *Careticus* awhile
 Shall well defend, and *Saxons* powre suppress,
 Vntill a stranger king from vnknowne soyle
 Arriuing, lum with multitude oppresse;
 Great *Gormond*, hauing with huge mightinesse
 Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
 Like a swift Otter, fell through emptinesse,
 Shall ouerwim the Sea with many one
 Of his *Norueyses*, to assult the Britons sone.

33
 He in his fury all shall ouerrunne,
 And holy Church with faithles hands deface,
 That thy lid people vterly fordonne,
 Shal to the vtmost mountaines fly apace:
 Was neuer so great waste in any place,
 Nor so foul outrage doen by liuing men;
 For, all thy Citties they shall sacke and rafe,
 And the green grasse, that groweth, they shall bren,
 That cuen the wild beast shall die in starued den.

34
 Whiles thus the Britons do in languour pine,
 Proud *Etheldred* shall from the North arise,
 Seruing th'ambitious will of *Augustine*;
 And passing *Dee* with hardy enterprife,
 Shall backe repulle the valiant *Brockwell* twife,
 And *Bangor* with massacred Martyrs fill;
 But the third time shall reu his foolhardife:
 For, *Cadwan*, pitying his peoples ill,
 Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand *Saxons* kill.

35
 But after him, *Cadwallin* mightily
 On his sonne *Edwin* all those wrongs shall wreake;
 Ne shall auail the wicked sorcerie
 Of false *Pellite*, his purposes to breake,
 But him shall slay, and on a gallowes bleake
 Shall giue th'enchaunter his vnhappy hire:
 Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,
 From their long vassalage gin to respire,
 And on their *Paynim* foes auenge their rankled ire.

36
 Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
 Till both the sonnes of *Edwin* he haue slaine,
Offricke and *Osfricke*, twinnes vnfortunate,
 Both slaine in battell vpon *Layburne* Plaine,
 Together with the King of *Louthiane*,
 Hight *Adin*, and the King of *Orkeny*,
 Both ioynt partakers of the fatal paine:
 But *Penda*, fearefull of like destiny,
 Shall yield himselfe his liegeman, and swear fealty.

37
 Him shall he make his fatal Instrument,
 T'afflict the other *Saxons* vnsubdewd;
 He marching forth with fury insolent
 Against the good king *Oswald*, who indewd
 With heauenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,
 All holding crosses in their hands on hie
 Shall him defeat withouten bloud imbrowd:
 Of which, that field for endlesse memory,
 Shall *Heuenfeld* be cald to all posterity.

38
 Whereat *Cadwallin* wroth, shall forth issew,
 And an huge hoste into *Norhumber* lead,
 With which he godly *Oswald* shall subdew,
 And crowne with Martyrdome his sacred head.
 Whose brother *Oswin*, daunted with like drede,
 With price of siluer shall his kingdome buy;
 And *Penda*, seeking him adowne to tread,
 Shall tread adowne, and do him fowly die,
 But shall with gifts his Lord *Cadwallin* pacifie.

39
 Then shall *Cadwallin* dye, and then theraigne
 Of *Britons* eke with him attonce shall die;
 Ne shall the good *Cadwallader* with paine,
 Or powre, be bable it to remedy,
 When the full time prefixt by destiny,
 Shal be expir'd of *Britons* regiment.
 For, heauen it selfe shall their success enuie,
 And them with plagues and murrins pestilent
 Consume, till all their warlike puiffance be spent.

40
 Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills
 Of dying people, during eight yeeres space,
Cadwallader not yielding to hisills,
 From *Armoricke*, where long in wretched case
 He liv'd, returning to his nauie place,
 Shal be by vision stayd from his intent:
 For, th'heavens haue decreed, to displace
 The *Britons*, for their sinnes dew punishment,
 And to the *Saxons* ouer-giue their gouernment.

41
 Then woe, and woe, and euerlasting woe,
 Be to the Briton babe that shal be borne,
 To liue in thraldome of his fathers foe;
 Late King, now captiue, late Lord, now forlorne,
 The worlds reproche, the cruell victours scorne,
 Banisht from Princely bowie to wastfull wood:
 O who shall help me to lament, and mourne
 The royall seed, the antique *Troian* blood!
 Whose Empire longer here then euer any stood.

42
 The Darnzell was full deepe compassioned,
 Both for his grieffe, and for her peoples sake,
 Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned,
 And sighing sore, at length him thus bespake:
 Ah! but will heaueus fury neuer slake,
 Nor vengeance huge relent it selfe at last?
 Will not long misery late mercy make,
 But shall their name for euer be defact,
 And quite from th'earth their memory be ras't?

43
 Nay but the tearme (sayd he) is limited,
 That in this thraldome *Britons* shall abide,
 And the iust reuolution measured,
 That they as Strangers shall be notified.
 For twife foure hundredth shall be full supplide,
 Ere they to former rulerstor'd shall be,
 And their importune fates all satisfide:
 Yet during this their most obscuritee, (may see.
 Their beames shall off breake forth, that men them faire
 For

44
For *Rodericke*, whose surname shall be Great,
Small of himselfe a braue ensample shew,
That Saxon kings his friendship shall inreat;
And *Howell Dha* shall goodly well inuew
The saluage minds with skill of iust and trew;
Then *Griffyth Conan* also shall vp-reare
His dreaded head, and th'olde sparkes renew
Of natue courage, that his foes shall feare, (beare.
Least backe againe the kingdome he from them should

45
Ne shall the Saxons selues all peaceably
Enjoy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne
First ill, and after ruled wickedly:
For, ere two hundred yeres be full outrunne,
There shall a Raven faire from rising Sonne,
With his wide wings vpon them fiercely fly,
And bid his fathellic chickens occurrunne
The fruitfull Plains, and with fell cruelty,
In their auenge, tread downe the victours surquedry.

46
Yet shall a third both these, and thine subdew;
There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood
Of *Newstria* come roring, with a crew
Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
Whose claws were newly dipt in cuddy blood,
That from the Daniske Tyrants head shall rend
Th'vsurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
And the spoyle of the countrey conquered
Emongst his young ones shall diuide with bountyhed.

47
Tho, when the terme is full accomplish'd,
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-while
Bene in his ashes raked vp and hid,
Be freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile
Of *Mona*, where it lurked in exile:
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the house that beares the stile
Of royall Maiesty and seucraigne name:
So shall the Briton bloud their crowne againe reclame.

48
Thenceforth eternall vnion shall be made
Betweene the Nations different afore,
And sacred Peace shall louingly perswade
The warlike minds, to learne her goodly lore,
And ciuile armes to exercise no more:
Then shall a royall virgin raigne, which shall
Stretch her white rod ouer the *Belgicke* shore,
And the great Castle might so sore withall,
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learne to fall.

49
But yet the end is nor. There *Merlin* stayd,
As ouercommen of the spirits powre,
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he saw, yet note discourse:
Which suddain fit, and halfe extaticke stoure
When the two fearefull women saw, they grew
Greatly confus'd in behauiour:
At last the fury past, to former hew
She turnd againe, and chearefull looks as earst did shew.

50
Then, when themselues they well instructed had
Of all, that needed them to be inquir'd,
They both conceiuing hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts vnto their home retr'd,
Where they in secret counsell close conspir'd
How to effect so hard an enterprize,
And to possesse the purpose they desir'd:
Now this, now that, twixt them they did deuise,
And diuerse plots did frame, to maske in strange devise.

51
At last the Nourse in her foolhardy wit
Conceiv'd a bold deuise, and thus bespake;
Daughter, I deeme that counsell aye most fit,
That of the time doth dew advantage take;
Yefee that good king *Vther* now doth make
Strong warre vpon the Paynim brethren, high
Olla and *Oza*, whom he lately brake
Beside *Cayr Perolame*, in victorious fight,
That now all *Britannie* doth burne in armes bright.

52
That therefore nought our passage may impeach,
Let vs in feined armes our selues disguise, (teach
And our weak hands, whom need new strength shall
The dreadfull speare and shield to exercise:
Ne certes daughter that same warlike wife,
I weene, would you misseeme: for ye been tall,
And large of limbe, r'atchieue an hard emprise,
Ne ought ye want, but skill, which practice small
Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd Martiall.

53
And sooth, it ought your courage much inflame,
To heare so often, in that royall house,
From whence to be none inferiour ye came:
Bards tell of many women valorous
Which haue full many feats aduenturous
Perform'd, in Paragone of proudest men:
The bold *Bunduca*, whose victorious
Exploits made *Rome* to quake, stout *Guendolen*,
Renowmed *Martia*, and redoubted *Emmilen*.

54
And that, which more then all the rest may sway,
Lite dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld,
In the last field before *Menevia*
Which *Vther* with those forein Pagans held,
I saw a Saxon virgin, the which feld
Great *Misfit* thrice vpon the bloudy Plaine,
And had not *Carados* her hand withheld
From rash reuenge, she had him surely flaine.
Yet *Carados* himselfe from her clasp't with paine.

55
Ah read; quoth *Britomart*, how is she hight?
Faire *Angela*; quoth she, men do her call,
No whit lesse faire, then terrible in sight:
She hath the leading of a Martiall
And mighty people, dreaded more then all
The other Saxons, which do for her sake
And loue, themselues of her name *Angles* call.
Therefore faire Infant her ensample make
Vnto thy selfe, and equall courage to thee take.

56

Her heartie words so deepe into the minde
Of the young Darnzell sunk, that great desire
Of warlike armies in her forthwith they riu'd,
And generous stout courage did inspire,
That she resolv'd, vnwetting to her Sire,
Aduent'rous knight hood on her selfe to don,
And counsell'd with her Nurse her mayds attire
To turne into a masse habergeon,
And bade her all things put in readinesse anon.

57

Th'old woman nought, that needed, did omit;
But all things did conveniently puruay:
It fortun'd (so time their turne did fit)
A band of Britons riding on forray
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods, emongst the which was seene
A goodly Armour, and full rich array,
Which long to *Angela*, the Saxon Queene,
All fretted round with gold, and goodly well becene.

58

The same, with all the other ornaments,
King *Ryence* caused to be hang'd hie
In his chiefe Church, for endlesse monuments
Of his successe and gladfull victory:
Of which her selfe arising readily,
In th' evening late old *Glauce* thither led
Faire *Britomart*, and that same Armory
Downe taking, her therein apparelled.
Well as she might, and with braue bauldrick garnished.

59

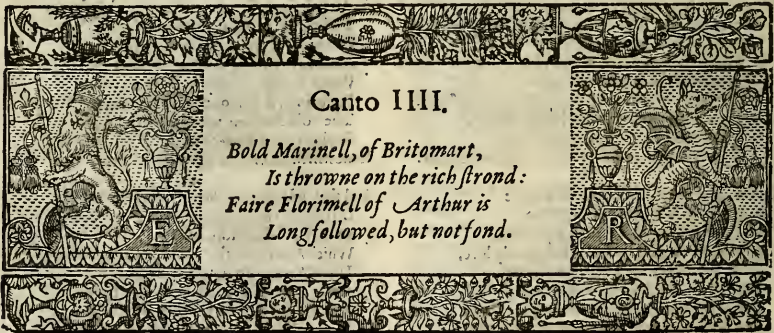
Beside those armes there stood a mighty speare,
Which *Bladud* made by Magicke art of yore,
And vs'd the same in battaile aye to beare:
Sith which it had beene here pr'cur'd in store,
For his great vertues proued long afore:
For neuer wight so fast in fell could fit,
But him perforce vnto the ground it bore:
Both speare she tooke, and shield, which hong by it;
Both speare & shield of great powre, for her purpose fit.

60

Thus when she had the virgin all arrayd,
Another harnesse, which did hang thereby,
About her selfe she dight, that the young Mayd
She might in equall armes accompanie,
And as her Squire attend her carefully:
Tho, to their readie Steeds they clombe full light,
And through back wayes, that none might them espie,
Covered with secret cloud of silent night,
Themselues they forth conuaid, & passed forward right.

62

Ne rested they, till that to *Faery* lond
They came, as *Merlin* them directed late:
Where meeting with this *Redrosse* knight, she fond
Of diuerse things discourtes to dilate,
But most of *Arthegall*, and his estate.
At last their waies to sell, that they mote part
Then each to other well affectionate,
Friendship profess'd with vnfeined heart,
The *Redrosse* knight duerst; but forth rode *Britomart*.



1

W Here is the antique glory now become,
That whilome wont in women to appeare?
Where be the braue archieuerments don by som?
Where be the battels, where the smeld & speare,
And all the conquests, which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous Poets verse,
And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?
Bene they all dead, and laid in dolefull herse?
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reuerse?

2

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore:
But if they sleepe, & let them soone awake:
For all too long I burne with enuy sore,
To heare the warlike feares, which *Homere* spake
Of bold *Pantehisile*, which made a lake
Of *Greeks* bloud so oft in *Troian* Plaine:
But when I read, how stout *Debora* strake
Proud *Sisera*, and how *Camill* hath slaine
The huge *Orflochus*, I twell with great disdain.

Yet these, and all that else had puissance,
 Cannot with noble *Britomart* compare,
 As well for glory of great valiance,
 As for pure chastitie and vertue rare;
 That all her goodly deeds do well declare.
 Well worthy stock, from which the branches sprong,
 That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,
 As thee, O *Queene*, the matter of my song,
 Whose lignage from this *Lady I* deriue along.

Who when through speeches with the *Redcrosse* knight,
 She learned had the estate of *Arthegall*,
 And in each point her selfe inform'd aright,
 A friendly league of loue perpetuall
 She with him bound, and *Conge* she withall.
 Then he forth on his journey did proceede,
 To seeke adventures, which mote him befall,
 And win him worlship through his warlike deed,
 Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefest need.

But *Britomart* kept on her former course,
 Ne euer dost her armes, but all the waie
 Grew pensiuethrough that amorous discourse,
 By which the *Redcrosse* knight did cast display
 Her louers shape, and chealrous array;
 A thousand thoughts the fashioned in her mind,
 And in her feining fancie did putray
 Him such, as fittest she for loue could finde,
 Wife, warlike, personable, courteous, and kande.

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she fed,
 And thought so to beguile her grieuous sinart;
 But so her smart was much more grieuous bred,
 And the deep wound more deep engor'd her heart,
 That nought but death her dolour mote depart,
 So forth she rode without repose or rest,
 Searching all lands and each remorest part,
 Following the guidance of her blinded guest,
 Till that to the sea-coast at length she had address.

There she alighted from her light-foot Beast,
 And sitting downe vpon therockie shore,
 Bade her olde Squire vnlace her lofty creast;
 Tho, hauing view'd awhile the farges hore,
 That gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,
 And in their raging iurquedry disdain'd,
 That the fast earth affronted them so fore,
 And their decouring couctize restrayn'd,
 Thereat she sigh'd deepe, and after thus complayn'd;

Huge sea of sorrowe, and tempestuous grieft,
 Wherein my feeble barke is toiled long,
 Far from the hoped Hauen of relieft,
 Who do thy cruell billowes beat so strong,
 And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,
 Threatning to swallow vp my fearefull life?
 O do thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong
 At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,
 Which in these troubled bowles reignes, & rageth rife.

For, else my feeble vessell craz'd, and crackt
 Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,
 Cannot endure, but needs it must be wrackt
 On the rough rockes, or on the sandy shallowes,
 The whiles that loue it steres, and fortune rowes;
 Loue my lewd Pilot hath a restlesse mind
 And fortune Boat-swaine no assurance knowes,
 But faile withouten starres, gainst tide and wind:
 How can they other do, sith both are bold and blind?

Thou God of winds, that reignest in the seas,
 That reignest also in the Continent,
 At last blowe vp some gentle gale of ease,
 The which may bring my Ship, ere it be rent,
 Vnto the gladfome port of her intent:
 Then when I shall my selfe in safety see,
 A table for eternal monument
 Of thy great grace, and my gratecopardee,
 Great *Neptune*, I avow to hallow vnto thee.

Then sighing softly fore, and inly deepe,
 She shut vp all her plaint in priuie grieft;
 For, her great courage would not let her weepe,
 Till that old *Glauce* gan with sharpe retriect
 Her to refraine, and giue her good relieft,
 Through hope of those, which *Merlin* had her tolde
 Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
 And fetch their being from the sacred mould
 Of her immortal wombe, to be in heauen enrol'd.

Thus as she her recomforted, the spyde,
 Wherefare away one all in armour bright,
 With halcy gallytowards her did ride;
 Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight
 Her helmet, to her Courser mounting light:
 Her former sorrowe into suddenn wrath,
 Both coolen passions of distroubled pright,
 Conuerting, forth she beates the dusty path;
 Loue and despight at once her courage kindled hath.

As when a foggy mist hath ouercast
 The face of heaven, and the cleare aire engroft,
 The world in darknesse dwels, till that at last
 The watry South-winde from the sea-bord coast
 Vpblowing, doth disperct the vapour lost,
 And poures it selfe forth in a stormy showr;
 So the faire *Britomart* hauing discloft
 Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,
 The mist of grieft dissolv'd, did into vengeance powre.

Estfoones her goodly shield addressing faire,
 That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
 And vnto battell did her selfe prepare.
 The knight, approaching, sternely her bespake;
 Sir knight, that dost thy voyage rashly make
 By this forbidden way in my despight,
 Ne dost by others death ensample take,
 I read thee soone retire, whiles thou hast might,
 Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

13

Y thridl with deepe disdainē of his proud threat,
 She shortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly:
 Words feare babes. I meane not thee cutreat
 To passe; but maugre thee will pass or die.
 Ne lenger stayd for th'other to reply,
 But with sharpe speare the rest made dearely knowne.
 Strongly the strange knight ran, and sturdily
 Strooke her full on the breast, that made her downe
 Decline her head, & touch her crouper with her crowne.

16

But she againe him in the shield did smite
 With so fierce fury and great puissance,
 That through his threequare scuchin pearing quite,
 And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce
 The wicked steele through his left side did glaunces
 Him so transfixed she before her bore
 Beyond his croupe, the length of all her lounce,
 Till fadly foucing on the sandy shore,
 He tumbled on an heape, and wallow'd in his gore.

17

Like as the sacred Oxe, that careles stands,
 With gilden hornes, and flowry girlonds crown'd,
 Proud of his dying honor and deare bands,
 Whiles th'altars fume with frankincense arownd,
 All suddenly with mortall stroke astown'd,
 Doth grouneling fall, and with his streaming gore
 Distaines the pillours, and the holy ground,
 And the faire flowres, that decked him afore;
 So fell proud *Marinell* vpon the pretuous shore.

18

The Martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,
 But forward rode, and kept her ready way
 Along the strand: which as the ower-went,
 She sawe bestrowed all with rich array
 Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
 And all the grauell mixt with golden owre;
 Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
 For gold, or pearles, or pretious stones an howre,
 But them despised all; for, all was in her powre.

19

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
 Tydings hereof came to his mothers care;
 His mother was the black-browd *Cymōent*,
 The daughter of great *Nerius*, which did beare
 This warlike sonne vnto an earthly peare,
 The famous *Dumaris*; who on a day
 Finding the Nymph asleepe in secret wheare,
 As he by chance did wander that same way,
 Was taken with her loue, and by her closely lay.

20

There he this knight of her begot; whom borne
 She of his father *Marinell* did name,
 And in a rocky caue as wight forlorne,
 Long time she fostred vp, till he became
 A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
 Did get through great adventures by him donne:
 For, neuer man he suffred by that fame
Richstrand to trauell, whereas he did wonne,
 But that he must do battell with the Sea-nymphes sonne.

21

An hundred knights of honorable name
 He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made,
 That through all Fary lond his noble fame
 Now blazed was, and feare did all inuade,
 That none durst passen through that perious glade
 Aud to aduance his name and glory more,
 Her Sea-god fyre she dearely did perfwade,
 T'endow her sonne, with threasure and rich store,
 Boue all the sonnes, that were of earthly wombes ybore.

22

The god did grant his daughters deare demaund,
 To doen his Nephew in all riches flowe;
 Effsoones his heaped waues he did commaund,
 Out of their hollowe boosome forth to throwe
 All the huge threasure, which the sea belowe
 Had in his greedy gulfe deuoured deepe,
 And him enriched through the ouerthrowe
 And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe
 And often waile their wealth, which he from them did keep.

23

Shortly vpon that shore there heaped was
 Exceeding riches and all precious things,
 The spoyle of all the world, that it did pass
 The wealth of th'East, and pompe of *Persian* kings;
 Gold, amber, yuorie, pearles, owches, rings,
 And all that elfe was pretious and deare,
 The sea vnto him voluntary brings,
 That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,
 As was in all the lond of Faery, or elsewhere.

24

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,
 Tryde often to the icathe of many deare,
 That none in equall armes him matchen might:
 The which his mother seeing, gan to feare
 Least his too haughty hardnes might reare
 Some hard mishap, in hazard of his life:
 For-thy she oft him counfeld to forbear
 The bloody battell, and to stirre vp strife,
 But after all his warre, to rest his weary knife.

25

And for his more assurance, she enquir'd
 One day of *Proteus* by his mighty spell
 (For *Proteus* was with prophetic inpir'd)
 Her deare sonnes destinie to her to tell,
 And the sad end of her sweet *Marinell*.
 Who, through foresight of his eternall skil,
 Bade her from woman-kind to keep him well:
 For, of a woman he should haue much ill,
 A virgin strange and stout him should dismay, or kill.

26

For-thy she gaue him warning euery day,
 The loue of women not to entertaine;
 A lesson too too hard for liuing clai,
 From loue in course of nature to refraine:
 Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
 And euer from faire Ladies loue did fie;
 Yet many Ladies faire did oft complaine,
 That they for loue of him would algates die:
 Dy, whoso list for him, he was loues enemy.

But sh, who can deceiue his destiny,
 Or weene by warming to auoyd his fate?
 That when he sleepe in most security,
 And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
 And findeth Jew effe & foone or late.
 So feeble is the powre of fleshly arme,
 His mother bade him womens loue to hate,
 For, she of womans force did feare no harme;
 So weening to haue arm'd him, she did quite disarme.

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,
 That *Proteus* propheted should him dismay,
 The which his mother vainely did expound,
 To be hart-wounding loue, which should assy
 To bring her sonne vnto his last decay.
 So tickle be the tearmes of mortall fate,
 And full of subtle sophisnes, which doe play
 With double senses, and with false debate,
 T' approue the vnknowne purpose of eternal fate.

Too true the famous *Marinell* it found,
 Who through late triall, on that wealthy Strond
 Inglorious now lies in senselesse swound,
 Through heauy stroke of *Britomartis* hond.
 Which when his mother deare did vnderstond,
 And heauy tydings heard, where-as she playd
 Amongst her watry sisters by a Pond,
 Gathering sweet *Daffadillies*, to haue made
 Gay girlonds, from the Sun their foreheads faire to shade;

Effsoones both flowres and girlonds farre away
 She song, and her faire deawie locks yrent,
 To sorrow huge these tumd her former play,
 And game some mirth to grieuous dreriment:
 Shee threw her selfe downe on the Continent,
 Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swouue,
 Whiles all her sisters did for her lament,
 With yelling out-cries, and with shrieking sowne;
 And euery one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

Soone as shee vp out of her deadly fit
 Arose, shee bade her charet to be brought,
 And all her sisters, that with her did sit,
 Bade eke attonce their charrets to be sought;
 T'bo, full of bitter griefe and pensiu thought,
 Shee to her wagon clombe; clombe all the rest,
 And fourth together went, with sorrow fraught.
 The waues, obedient to their behest,
 Them yielded ready passage, and their rage surceast.

Great *Neptune* stood amazed at their sight,
 Whiles on his broad round backe they softly slid,
 And eke himselfe mourn'd at their mournfull plight,
 Yet wist not what their wayling meant, yet did
 For great compassion of their sorrow, bid
 His mighty waters to them buxome bee:
 Effsoones the roaring billowes still abid,
 And all the grieuful Monsters of the See
 Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

A teme of Dolphins ranged in array,
 Drew the smooth charet of sad *Cymient*;
 They were all taught by *Triton*, to obey
 To the long traines, at her commandement:
 As swift as Swallows on the waues they went,
 That their broad flaggy finnes no forme did reare,
 Ne bubbling roundell they behind them sent;
 The rest, of other fishes drawn were,
 Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did sheare.

Soone as they beene arriu'd vpon the brim
 Of the *Rich strand*, their charets they forlore,
 And let their temed fishes softly swim
 Along the margent of the fomy shore,
 Least they their finnes should bruze, and surbate fore
 Their tender feet vpon the stony ground:
 And coming to the place, where all in gore
 And cruddy blood enwallowd they found
 The lucklesse *Marinell*, lying in deadly swound;

His mother swoundd thrice, and the third time
 Could feare recovered be out of her paine;
 Had shee not been deuoyd of mortall flime,
 She should not then haue been reliu'd againe:
 But soone as life recovered had the raine,
 Shee made fo pittious moane and deare wayment,
 That the hard rocks could feare from teares refrain,
 And all her sister Nymphes with one consent
 Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

Deare image of my selfe, she said, that is,
 The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
 Is this thine high advancement? O is this
 Th'immortall name, with which thee yet vborne
 Thy Grandfire *Xerxes* promist to adorne?
 Now yest thou of life and honour rest;
 Now yest thou a lumpe of earth forlorne,
 Ne of thy late life memory is left,
 Ne can thy irrevocable destiny be west.

Fond *Proteus*, father of false prophesis,
 And they more fond that credit to thee giue,
 Not this the worke of womans hand ywis, (driue)
 That so deepe wound through these deare members
 I feared lone: but they that loue doe liue;
 But they that die, doe neither loue nor hate.
 Nath'lesse, to thee thy folly I forgiue,
 And to my selfe, and to accursed fate
 The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wisdome bought too late.

O what auails it of immortal seed
 To beene ybred and neuer borne to die;
 Farre better I it deeme to die with speed,
 Then waste in woe and wailefull miserie.
 Who dyes, the vtmost dolour doth abie;
 But who that liues, is left to waile his losse:
 So life is losse, and death felicitie.
 Sad life worse then glad death: and greater crosse
 To see friends Graue, then dead the Grauelesse to engross.
 N. But

But if the heauens did his dayes envie,
 And my short blisse maligne, yet mote they well
 Thus much afford me, ere that he did die
 That the dim eyes of my deare *Marinell*
 I mote haue closed, and him bid farewell,
 Sith other offices for mother meet
 They would not graunt.
 Yet maulgre them, farewell my sweetest sweet;
 Farewell my sweetest sonne, sith we no more shall meet.

Thus when they all had forrowed their fill,
 They softly gan to search his grieufully wound:
 And that they might him handle more at will,
 They him disarm'd, and spreading on the ground
 Their watchet mantles fringed with siluer round,
 They softly wip't away the icily blood
 From th'orifice; which hauing well vp-bound,
 They pour'd-in soueraigne balme, and Nectar good,
 Good both for earthly med'cine, and for heauenly food.

Tho, when the lilly-handed *Liagore*
 (This *Liagore* whylome had learned skill
 In leaches craft, by great *Apolloes* lore,
 Sith her whylome vpon high *Pindus* hill,
 He loued, and at last her wombe did fill
 With heauenly seed, whereof wife *Paeon* sprong)
 Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staied still
 Some little life his feeble sprits emong;
 Which to his mother told, despaire she from her flong.

Tho, him vp-taking in their tender hands,
 They easily vnto her charer beare:
 Her to me at her commaundement quiet stands,
 Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
 And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare:
 Then all the rest into their coches clim,
 And through the brackish waues their passage shcare;
 Vpon great *Neptunes* necke they softly swim,
 And to her watry chamber twisfly carry him.

Deepe in the bottome of the Sea, her bowre
 Is built, of hollow billowes heaped hie,
 Like to thicke cloudes, that threat a stormy showre,
 And vaulted all within, like to the sky,
 In which the Gods do dwell eternally:
 There they him layd in easie couch well dight;
 And sent in haste for *Tryphon*, to apply
 Salues to his wounds, and medicines of might:
 For, *Tryphon* of Sea-gods the soueraigne leach is hight.

The whiles, the Nymphes sit all about him round,
 Lamenting his mishap and heauy plight;
 And oft his mother viewing his wide wound,
 Cursed the hand that did do deadly smight
 Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight.
 But none of all those curses oortooke
 The warlike Mayd, th'ensample of that might,
 But fairly well she thriu'd, and well did brooke
 Her noble decedes, ne her right course for ought forooke.

Yet did false *Archimage* her still pursue,
 To bring to passe his milchious intent,
 Now that he had her singled from the crew
 Of courteous knights, the Prince, and Faery gent,
 Whom late in chace of beaurie excellent
 She left, pursuing that same foster strong;
 Of whose foule outrage they impatient,
 And full of fiery zeale, him followed long,
 To reskew her from shame, and to reuenge her wrong.

Through thicke and thin, through mountaines & through
 Those two great champions did atonce pursue (plains,
 The fearefull Damzell, with incessant paines:
 Who from them fled, as light-foot Hare from view
 Of hunters swift, and sent of houndes trew.
 At last, they came vnto a double way,
 Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
 Themselues they did dispart, each to assay,
 Whether more happy were, to win so goodly pray.

But *Timias*, the Princes gentle Squire,
 That Ladies loue vnto his Lord forlent,
 And with proud envy and indignant ire,
 After that wicked foster fiercely went.
 So benee they three three sundry waies ybent.
 But fairest fortune to the Prince befall,
 Whose chauce it was, that soone he did repent
 To take that way, in which that Damozell
 Was fled afore, affraid of him, as fiend of hell.

At last, of her farre of hee gained view:
 Then gan he freshly pricke his somy steed,
 And euer as he nigher to her drew,
 So euermore he did increase his speed,
 And of each turning still kept wary heed:
 Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,
 To doe away vaine doubt, and needlesse dread:
 Full milde to her he spake, and oft let fall
 Many meecke words, to stay and comfort her withall.

But nothing might relent her hastic flight;
 So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine
 Was earst impressed in her gentle spright:
 Like as a fearefull Doue, which through the raine;
 Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
 Hauing farre off espyde a Tassell gent,
 Which after her his nimble wings doth straine,
 Doubleth her haste for feare to be fore-hent,
 And with her pineons cleaues the liquid firmament.

With no lesse haste, and eke with no lesse dread,
 That fearefull Lady fled from him, that ment
 To her no euill thought, nor euill deed:
 Yet former feare of beeing fouly shent,
 Carried her forward with her first intent:
 And though, oft looking backward, well she view'd,
 Her selfe freed from that foster insolent,
 And that it was a knight, which now her scwd,
 Yet she no lesse the knight feard, then that villaine rude.

51
His vncouth shield and strange armes her dismayd,
Whose like in Faery lond were sildome seene,
That fast she from him fled, no lesse affrayd
Then of wilde beafts if shee had chafed bene:
Yet he her follow'd still with courage keene,
So long, that now the golden *Hesperus*
Was mounted high in top of heauen sheene,
And ward his other brethern ioyeous,
To light their blessed lamps in *Joues* eternall hous.

52
All suddenly dim woxe the clampish ayre,
And grieſly shadows couered heauen bright,
That now with thousand starrs was decked faire;
Which when the Prince beheld (a lothfull sight)
And that perforce, for want of lenger light,
He mote surcease his suit, and lose the hope
Of his long labour, he gan foolishly wite
His wicked fortune, that had turn'd aslope,
And curld night, that rest from him to goodly scope.

53
Tho, when her waies he could no more descry,
But to and fro at disauenture strayd:
Like as a ship, whose Loud-star suddainly
Couered with cloudes, her Pilot hath dismayd;
His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,
And from his lofty steed dismounting lowe,
Did let him forage. Downe himselfe he layd
Vpon the grassie ground, to sleepe a throwe;
The cold earth was his couch, the hard Steele his pillowe.

54
But gentle Sleepe enuide him any rest;
In stead thereof sad sorrow, and disdain
Of his hard hap did vex his noble brest,
And thousand fancies bet his idle braine
With their light wings, the sights of semblants vaine:
Oft did he wish, that Lady faire mote bee
His Faery Queene, for whom he did complaine:
Or that his Faery Queene were such as thee:
And euer hastie Night he blamed bitterly.

55
Night, thou foule Mother of annoyance sad,
Sister of heauy Death, and nurse of Woe,
Which wast begot in Heauen, but for thy bad
And brutish shape, thrust downe to Hell belowe,
Where, by the grim floud of *Cocytus* slowe
Thy dwelling is, in *Herebus* black hous
(Blacke *Herebus* thy husband is the foe
Of all the Gods) where thou vngratious,
Halfe of thy daies doost lead in horror hideous.

56
What had th'eternall Maker need of thee,
The world in his continuall course to keepe,
That doost all things deface, no lestrer see
The beautie of his worke? Indeed in sleepe,

The slothfull body, that doth loue to sleepe
His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from *Stygian* deepe
Calls thee, his goddesse in his error blind,
And great Dame Natures hand-maid, chearing euery kind.

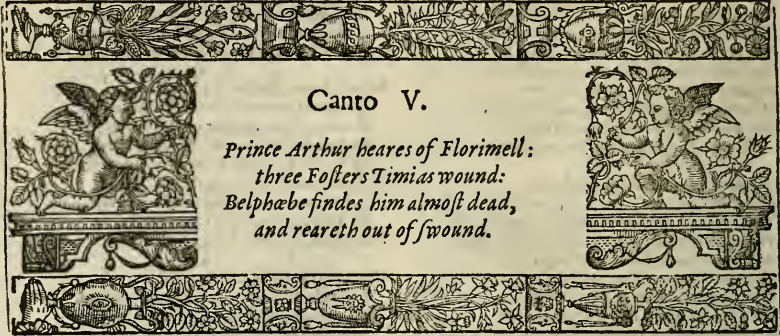
57
But well I wote, that to an heauy hart
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smart:
In stead of rest thou lendest rayling teares,
In stead of sleepe thou findest troublous feares,
And drearfull visions, in the which abuse
The drearie image of sad death appears:
So from the wearie spirit thou doost driue
Desired rest, and men of happinesse deptime.

58
Vnder thy mantle blacke there hidden lye,
Light-flunning theft, and trayerous intent,
Abhorred bloudshed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceipt, and danger imminent;
Foule horror, and eke hellich dremment:
All these (I wote) in thy protection bee,
And light doe shunne, for feare of beeing shent:
For, light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
And all that lewdnesse loue, doe hate the light to see.

59
For, day discouers all dishonest wayes,
And sheweth each thing as it is indeed:
The prayes of high God he faire displays,
And his large bounty rightly doth arced.
Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed,
Which darknesse shall subdew, and heauen win:
Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed,
Most sacred virgin, without spot of sin.
Our life is day: but death with darknesse doth begin.

60
O when will day then turne to mee againe,
And bring with him his long expected light?
O *Titan*, haste to reare thy ioyous waine:
Speed thee to spread abroad thy beamez bright,
And chase away this too long lingring night:
Chafe her away, from whence she came, to hell.
She, shee it is, that hath mee done despight:
There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
And yield her roome to day, that can it gouerne well.

61
Thus did the Prince that wearie night out-wear,
In restless anguish and vnquiet paine:
And carely, ere the morrow did vpeare
His dewy head out of the *Ocean* maine,
He vp arose, as halfe in great daine;
And clombe vnto his steed. So forth he went,
With heauy looke and lumpish pace, that plaine
In him bewayd great grudge and maltalent:
His steed eke seem'd t'apply his steps to his intent.



Canto V.

*Prince Arthur heares of Florimell:
three Fosters Timias wound:
Belphebe findes him almost dead,
and reareth out of swound.*

Wonder it is to see in diuerse minds,
How diuersly Loue doth his pageants play,
And shewes his powre in variable kinds:
The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleaue vnto the lowly clay,
It stirreth vp to sensuall desire,
And in lewd sloth to walle his carelesse day:
But in braue sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth it vncomely indelence,
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest:
Ne suffereth it thought of vngentelence,
Euer to creepe into his noble brest;
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it vp, that else would lowly fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:
It lets not scarce this Prince to breathe at all,
But to his first pursuit him forward shall doth call:

Who long time wandred through the forest wide,
To find some issue thence, till at the last
He met a Dwarfse, that seemed terrifide
With some late perill, which he hardly past,
Or other accident, which him agast;
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
And whither now he trauelled so fast.
For, sore he swat, and running through that same
Thicke forest, was beserchard, and both his feet nigh lame.

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
The Dwarfse him answerd, Sir, ill mote I stay
To tell the same. I lately did depart
From Faery-court, where I haue many a day
Serued a gentle Lady of great sway,
And high account through-out all Elfin land,
Who lately left the same, and tooke this way:
Her now I seeke, and if ye vnderstand
Which way shee fared hath, good Sir tell out of hand.

What mister wight, said he, and how arrayd?
Royally clad, quoth he, in cloth of gold,
As meetest may be seeme a noble mayd;
Her sayre locks in rich circler be enrold,
And fairer wight did neuer sunne behold,
And on a Palfrey rides more white then snowe,
Yet the hcr selfe is whiter manifold:
The surest signe whereby ye may her knowe,
Is, that shee is the fairest wight aliue, I trowe.

Now certes swaine, saide he, such one I weene,
Fast flying through this forest from her fo,
A soule ill fauoured foster, I haue seene;
Her selfe (well as I might) I reskaw'd tho,
But could not stay; so fast shee did fore-go,
Carried away with wings of speedy feare.
Ah dearest God, quoth he, that is great woe,
And wondrous ruth to all that shall it heare.
But can ye read, Sir, how I may her find, or where?

Perdy, me leier were to teeten that
Said he, then ranfome of the richest knight,
Or all the good that euer yet I gat:
But froward Fortune, and too forward Night
Such happinelle did (maulgre) to me spight,
And fro me rett both life and light atone.
But Dwarfse aread, what is that Lady bright,
That through this forest wandreth thus alone?
For, of her enrou strange I haue great ruth and mone.

That Lady is, quoth he, where-so shee bee,
The bountiest virgin, and most debonaire,
That euer liuing eye I weene did see;
Liues none this day, that may with her compare
In stedfast chastite and vertue rare,
The goodly ornaments of beauty bright;
And is ycleped Florimell the faire,
Faie Florimell, belov'd of many a knight;
Yet shee loues none but one, that *Marimell* is hight,

9
A Sea-nymphes sonne, that *Marinell* is hight,
Of my deare Dame is loued dearly well;
In other none, but him, she sets delight:
All her delight is set on *Marinell*;
But he sets nought at all by *Florimell*:
For, Ladies loue, his mother long ygoe
Did him (they say) forwarne through sacred spell.
But fame now flies, that of a forraime foe
Hee is y slain, which is the ground of all our woe.

10
Five dayes there be, since hee (they say) was slaine,
And foure since *Florimell* the Court for-went,
And vowed neuer to returne againe,
Till him alue or dead thee did invent.
Therefore, faire Sir, for loue of knighthood gent,
And honour of true Ladies, if ye may
By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,
Or succour her, or me direct the way;
Doe one, or other good, I you most humbly pray.

11
So may you gaine to you full great renomme,
Of all good Ladies through the world so wide;
And haply in her hart find highest roome
Of whom yee seeke to be most magnifide:
At least, eternall meede shall you abide.
To whom the Prince; Dwarfie, comfort to thee take,
For, till thou tydings learne what her betide,
I heere avow thee neuer to forsake.
Ill weares he armes, that ill them vie for Ladies sake.

12
So with the Dwarfie hee back return'd againe,
To seeke his Lady, where he mote her find;
But by the way, he greatly gan complaine
The want of his good Squire late left behind,
For whom he wondrous peniue grew in mind,
For doubt of danger which mote him betide;
For, him he loued about all man-kind,
Hauing him true and futhfull euer tride,
And bold, as euer Squire that wanted by knights side.

13
VWho, all this while, full hardly was assayd
Of deadly danger, which to him betid;
For, whiles his Lord pursued that noble Mayd,
After that Foster foule he fiercely rid,
To beene avenged of the shame he did
To that faire Damzell: Him he chased long
Through the thicke woods, wherein he would haue hid
His shamefull head from his avengement strong:
And oft him threatened death for his outrageous wrong.

14
Nath'lesse, the villaine sped himselfe so well,
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedy beaft,
Or knowledge of those woods, where he did dwell,
Th'it shortly be from danger was releaft,
And out of sight escaped at the least;
Yet not escaped from the due reward
Of his bad deeds, which daily hee increaft,
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard
The heauy plague; that for such leachours is prepar'd.

15
For, soone as hee was vanisht out of sight,
His coward courage gan emboldened bee,
And cast t'avenge him of that foule despight,
Which he had borne of his bold eneme.
Tho to his brethren came: for they were three
Vngratious children of one gracelesse Sir,
And vnto them complained, how that hee
Had vled beene of that foole-hardy Squire;
So them with bitter words he surd to bloudy ire.

16
Forth-with, themselues with their sad instruments
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme byliue,
And with him forth into the forest went,
To wreake the wrath, which he did cast reuiue
In their sterne breasts, on him which late did drieue
Their brother to reproche and shameful flight:
For, they had vow'd, that neuer he aliuie
Out of that forest should escape their might;
Vile rancour their rude harts had filld with such despight.

17
Within that wood there was a covert glade,
Fore-by a narrow foord (to them well knowne)
Through which it was weath for wight to wade;
And now by fortune it was overflowne:
By that same way, they knew that Squire vnknowne
Mote algates passe; for-thy themselues they set
There in await, with thicke woods over-growne,
And all the while their malice they did whet
With cruell threats, his passage through the ford to let.

18
It fortun'd, as they deuised had,
The gentle Squire came riding that same way,
Vnweeting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passen did assay;
But that fierce Foster which late fled away,
Stoutly forth stepping on the further shore,
Him boldly bade his passage there to stay,
Till he had made amends, and full restore
For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

19
With that, at him a quiri'ng dart he threw,
With so fell force and villanous despight,
That through his habereon the forkehead flew,
And through the linked mayles empearced quite,
But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite:
That stroke the hardy Squire did sore displeafe,
But more, that him he could not come to smite;
For, by no means the high banke he could seafe,
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine diseafe.

20
And still the Foster with his long bore-speare
Him kept from landing at his wished will;
Anone one sent out of the thicket neare
A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,
And feathered with an vn lucky quill;
The wicked feele stayd not, till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
Exceeding grieft that wound in him empight;
But more, that with his foes he could not come to fight.

21
At last (through wrath and vengeance making way)
Hee on the banke arriu'd with mickle paine,
Where the third brother him did fore assay,
And droue at him with all his might and maine
A Forrest-bill, which both his hands did fraine;
But warily he did avoyd the blowe,
And with his speare requested him againe,
That both his sides were thrilled with the throwe,
And a large streame of bloud out of the wound did flowe.

22
Hee, tumbling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite
The bitter earth, and bad to let him in
Into the balefull house of endlesse night,
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin.
Tho, gan the battell freshly to begin;
For, nathemore for that spectacle bad,
Did th'other two their cruell vengeance blin,
But both attonce on both sides him bestad,
And load vpon him layd, his life for to haue had.

23
Tho, when that villaine he aviz'd, which late
Affrighted had the fairest *Florimell*,
Full of fierce fury, and indignat hate,
To him he turned; and with rigour fell
Smote him so rudely on the Pannikell,
That to the chin he cleft his head in twaine:
Downe on the ground his carcasse groueling fell;
His sinfull soule, with deperate didaine,
Out of her fleshy ferme fled to the place of paine.

24
That seeing now the onely last of three,
Who with that wicked shaft him wounded had,
Trembling with horrour, as that did fore-see
The fearefull end of his avengement sad,
Through which he follow should his brethren bad,
His bootlesse boaw in feeble hand vpeaught,
And there-with shot an arrow at the lad;
Which faintly fluttring, scarce his helmet raught,
And glauncing, fell to ground, but him annoyed naught.

25
VVith that, he would haue fled into the wood;
But *Timias* him lightly overhent,
Right as hee entring was into the flood,
And strooke at him with force so violent,
That headlesse him into the ford he sent:
The carcasse with the streame was carried downe,
But th'head fell backward on the Continent.
So mischief fell vpon the meeners crowne; (nowne):
They three be dead with shame, the Squire liues with re-

26
Hee liues, but takes small ioy of his renowne;
For, of that cruell wound he bled so sore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne;
Yet still the bloud forth gusht in so great store,
That he lay wallow'd all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keep, thou gentlest Squire aliue:
Else shall thy louing Lord thee see no more;
But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,
And eke thy selfe of honour, which thou didst atchieue.

27
Providence heauenly passeth liuing thought,
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;
For, loe, great grace or fortune thither brought
Comfort to him, that comfortlesse now lay.
In thosc same woods, ye well remember may,
How that a noble huntresse did wonne,
Shee, that base *Braggadocchio* did affray,
And made him fast out of the forest ruone;
Belphebe was her name, as faire as *Phæbus* sunne.

28
Shee, on a day, as shee purfewd the chace
Of some wild beast, which with her arrowes keene
She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tract of bloud, which shee had freshly seene,
To haue besprinkled all the grassie Greene;
By the great perfur which shee there perceau'd,
Well hoped she the beast engor'd had beene,
And made more haste, the life to haue bereau'd:
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceau'd.

29
Shortly she came, whereas that wofull Squire
With bloud deformed lay in deadly f'wound:
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The crysfall humour stood congealed round;
His locks, like faded leaues fallen to ground,
Knotted with bloud, in bunches rudely ran,
And his sweet lips, on which before that stound
The bud of youth to blossom faire began,
Spoyld of their rosie red, were woxen pale and wan.

30
Saw neuer liuing eye more heauy fight,
That could haue made a rock of stone to rew,
Or riue in twaine: which when that Lady bight
(Besides all hope) with melting eyes did view,
All suddainly abasht, shee changed hew,
And with sterne horrour backward gan to start:
But, when shee better him beheld, shee grew
Full of soft passion and vnwounded smart:
The poynt of pity pearced through her tender hart.

31
Meekely she bowed downe, to weete if life
Yet in his frozen members did remaine;
And feeling by his pulses beating rife,
That the weake soule her seat did yet retaine,
Shee cast to comfort him with busse paine:
His double-folded necke shee rear'd vpright,
And rubd his temples, and each trembling vaine;
His mayled haberjeon shee did vndight,
And from his head his heauy burgance did light.

32
Into the woods thence-forth in haste shee went,
To seeke for hearbes, that mote him remedy;
For, shee of hearbes had great intendment,
Taught of the Nymph, which from her infancy
Her nursed had in true Nobility:
There, whether it diuine *Tobacco* wete,
Or *Panachæa*, or *Polygony*,
Shee found, and brought it to her Patient deare,
Who all this while lay bleeding out his hart-bloud neare.

33
The foueraigne weede betwixt two marbles plaine
She powdered small, and did in peeces bruze,
And then atweene her lilly handez twaine,
Into his wound the iuyce thereof did feruze,
And round about (as she could well it vze)
The flesh there-with shee suppled and did steepe,
T'abate all spafme, and toke the swelling bruze;
And after, hauing searcht the intuse deepe,
She with her scarfe did bind the wound fro cold to keepe.

34
By this, he had sweet life recur'd againe;
And groning inly deepe, at last his eyes,
His watry eyes, drizzling like dewy raine,
He vp gan lift toward the azure skyes,
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:
There-with he sigh't, and turning him aside,
The goodly Maid (full of diuinities,
And gifts of heavenly grace) he by him spide,
Her bow and gilden quier lying him beside.

35
Mercy deare Lord, said hee, what grace is this,
That thou hast shewed to mee sinfull wight,
To send thine Angell from her bowre of blis,
To comfort me in my distressed plight?
Angell, or Goddesse doe I call thee right?
What seruice may I doe vnto thee meet,
That hast from darknesse mee return'd to light,
And with thy heauenly salues and med'cines sweet,
Hast dress't my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy blessed feet.

36
Thereat the blassing said, Ah gentle Squire,
Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell, but the Mayd,
And daughter of a woody Nymph, desire
No seruice, but thy safety and ayde;
Which if thou gaine, I shall be well apayd.
Wee mortall wights, whose liues and fortunes bee
To common accidents still open layd,
Are bound with common bond of frailtee,
To succour wretched wights, whom we captiued see.

37
By this, her Damfels, which the former chace
Had vnderaken, after her arriu'd,
As did *Belphebe*, in the cloudy place,
And thereby deem'd the beast had been depriu'd
Of life, whom late their Ladies arrow riu'd:
For-thy, the bloudie tract they follow fast,
And euery one to runne the swiftest striv'd:
But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their Lady was, arriued at the last.

38
Where, when they saw that goodly boy, with blood
Defouled, and their Lady dresse his wound,
They wondred much, and shortly vnderstood,
How him in deadly case their Lady found,
And reskewed out of the heanie stound.
Estfoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
Farre in the woods, whiles that he lay in s'wound,
Shee made those Damfels search, which beeing stayd,
They did him set thereon, and forth with them conuayd.

39
Into that foreft farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,
With mountaines round about environed,
And mightie woods, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately Theatre it made,
Spreading it selfe into a spaciouse Plaine.
And in the midst a little riuier plaid
Emongst the pumy stones, which seem'd to plaine
With gentle murmure, that his course they did refraine.

40
Beside the fume, a dainty place there lay,
Planted with myrtle trees and laurels greene,
In which the birds sung many a louely lay
Of Gods high praise, and of their loues sweet teene,
As it an earthly Paradise had bene:
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A faire Pavilion, scarcely to be seene,
The which was all within most richly dight,
That greatest Princes liuing it more well delight.

41
Thither they brought that wounded Squire, and layd
In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest.
Hee rested him awhile, and then the Mayd
His ready wound with better salues new dress't;
Daily she dressed him, and did the best
His grieuous hurt to garish, that she might,
That shortly he his dolour hath redress't,
And his foule sore reduced to faire plight:
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

42
O foolish Physick, and vnfruitfull paine,
That heales vp one, and makes another wound:
She his hurt thigh to him recur'd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was found,
Through an vnwary dart, which did rebound
From her faire eyes and gracious countenance.
What bootes it him from death to be vnbound,
To be captiued in endlesse durance
Of sorrow and despair without allegeance?

33
Still as his wound did gather and growe whole,
So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd:
Madnesse to faue a part, and lose the whole.
Still when-as hee beheld the heavenly Mayd,
Whiles daily plaisters to his wound the layd,
Whiles his malady the more increast,
The whiles her matchlesse beauty him dismayd.
Ah God! what other could he doe at least,
But loue so faire a Lady, that his life releast?

44
Long while he stroue in his courageous brest,
With reason dew the passion to subdew,
And loue for to dislodge out of his nest:
Still when her excellencies he did view,
Her foueraigne bounty, and celestially hew,
The fame to loue he strongly was constraind:
But when his meane estate he did renew,
He from such hardy boldnesse was refrained,
And of his fickle lot and cruell loue thus plaind;

45
 Vnthankfull wretch, said he, is this the meed,
 With which her foueraigne mercy thou doost quight?
 Thy life the fauce by her gracious deede,
 But thou doost weene with villanous despight
 To blot her honour, and her heavenly light.
 Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally
 Deeme of her high desert, or seeme fo light:
 Faire death it is to shunne more shame, to die:
 Die rather, die, then euer loue disloyally.

46
 But if to loue disloyaltie it bee,
 Shall I then hate her, that from deathes dore
 Me brought? ah! farr be such reproche fro mee.
 What can I lesse do, then her loue therefore,
 Sith I her due reward cannot restore:
 Dye rather, die, and dying doe her serue,
 Dying her serue, and liuing her adore:
 Thy life shee gaue, thy life shee doth deserue:
 Dye rather, die, then euer from her seruice swerue.

47
 But foolish boy, what bootes thy seruice base
 To her, to whom the heauens doe serue and sew?
 Thou a meane Squire, of meeke and lowly place,
 Shee heavenly borne, and of celestiall hew.
 How then? of all, loue taketh equall view:
 And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
 The loue and serue of the basest crew?
 If shee will not, dye meekly for her sake;
 Dye rather, dye, then euer so faire loue forsake.

48
 Thus warreid hee long time against his will,
 Till that (through weakenesse) he was forc't at last
 To yield himselfe vnto the mighty ill:
 Which, as a Victor proud, gan ranfack fast
 His inward parts, and all his entrails waste,
 That neither bloud in face, nor life in hart
 It left, but both did quite dry vp, and blast;
 As pearcing leuin, which the inner part
 Of euery thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

49
 Which seeing, faire *Belphebe* gan to feare,
 Least that his wound wereinly well not healed,
 Or that the wicked steele empoysned were:
 Little shee weend, that loue hee close concealed;
 Yet still lie wasted, as the snowe congealed,
 When the bright sunne his beames thereon doth beat;
 Yet neuer hee his hart to her revealed,
 But rather chose to die for sorrow great,
 Then with dishonourable tearmes her to intreat.

50
 Shee (gracious Lady) yet no paines did spare
 To doe him ease, or doe him remedie:
 Many Restoratiues of vertues rare,
 And costly Cordialles shee did apply,

To mitigate his stubborne malady:
 But that sweet Cordiall, which can restore
 A loue-sicke hart, shee did to him enuy;
 To him and all th'vnworthy world forlore
 Shee did enuy that foueraigne salue, in secret store.

51
 That dainty Rose, the daughter of her Morne,
 More deare then life shee tendered, whole floure
 The girlond of her honour did adorne:
 Ne suffred shee the Middayes scorching powre,
 Ne the sharp Northerne wind thereon to shoure,
 But lapped vp her silken leaues most chaire,
 When-so the froward sky began to lowre:
 But soone as calmed was the Crystall ayre,
 Shee did it fare dispred, and let to flourish faire.

52
 Eternall God, in his almighty powre,
 To make ensample of his heauenly grace,
 In Paradise whylome did plant this floure;
 Whence hee it fetcht out of her natie place,
 And did in stock of earthly flesh enrace,
 That mortall men her glory should admire:
 In gentle Ladies brett, and bountious race
 Of woman-kind it fairest floure doth spire,
 And beareth fruite of honour and all chaste desire.

53
 Faire impes of beauty, whose bright shining beames
 Adorne the world with like to heauenly light,
 And to your willes both royalties and Realmes
 Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might,
 With this faire floure your goodly girlonds dight,
 Of chastic and vertue virginall,
 That shall embellish more your beautie bright,
 And crowne your heads with heauenly coronall,
 Such as the Angels wear before Gods tribunall.

54
 To your faire selues a faire ensample frame,
 Of this faire Virgin, this *Belphebe* faire;
 To whom, in perfect loue and spotlesse fame
 Of chastic, none liuing may compare:
 Ne poyinous Envy iustly can empare
 The prayse of her fresh flowing Maidenhead;
 For-ty shee standeth on the highest staire
 Of th' honourable stage of woman-head,
 That Ladies all may followe her ensample dead.

55
 In so great prayse of stedfast chastic,
 Nath'lesse, shee was so courteous and kind,
 Temperd with grace, and goodly modesty,
 That seemed those two vertues stroue to find
 The higher place in her Heröick mind:
 So struing each did other more augment,
 And both encreast the prayse of woman-kind,
 And both encreast her beauty excellent;
 So all did make in her a perfect complement.



Carto VI.

*The birth of faire Belphæbe, and
of Amoret is told.
The Gardens of Adonis, fraught
with pleasures manifold.*



Ell may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while
Ye wonder, how this noble Damozell
So great perfections did in her compile;
Sith that in saluage foreste she did dwell,
So farre from Court and royall Citadell,
The great schoolemistresse of all curtesy:
Seemeth that such wild woods should far expell
All ciuill vsage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

But to this fayre *Belphæbe* in her berth
The heaucens so laudourable were and free,
Looking with mild aspect vpon the earth,
In th' *Horoscope* of her nauitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plentious horne;
Ioue laught on *Venus* from his loueraigne see,
And *Phæbus* with faire beames did her adorne,
And all the *Graces* rockt her cradle beeing borne.

Her birth was of the wombe of Morning deive,
And her conception of the ioyous Prime,
And all her whole creation did her shewe
Pure and vnspotted from all loathly crime,
That is ingenerate in fleshy slime.
So was this Virgin borne, so was she bred,
So was shee trained vp from time to time,
In all chaste vertue, and true bountie-bed,
Till to her due perfection shee was ripened.

Her mother was the faire *Chrysogonee*,
The daughter of *Amphisia*, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degreee;
She bore *Belphæbe*, she bore in like case
Faire *Amoretta* in the second place:
These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did share
The heritage of all celestiall grace:
That all the rest it seem'd they robbed bare
Of bountie, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.

It were a goodly storie, to declare,
By what strange accident faire *Chrysogonee*
Conceiu'd these Infants, and how them she bare,
In this wilde forest wandring all alone,
After she had nine moneths fulfilled and gone:
For, not as other wemens common brood,
They were enwombed in the sacred throne
Of her chaste body; nor with common food,
As other wemens babes, they sucked vitall blood:

But wondrously they were begot, and bred
Through influence of th' heaucens fruitful ray,
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
It was vpon a Sommers shyny day
(When *Titan* fayre his hot beames did display)
In a fresh fountaine, faire from all mens view,
She bath'd her brest, the boyling heat r'allay;
She bath'd with roses red, and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowres, that in the forest grew;

Till faint through irksom wearineesse, adown
Vpon the grassie ground her selfe she layd
To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slumbering siuour
Vpon her fell all naked bare displayd;
The sunne-beames bright vpon her body playd,
Beeing through former bathing mollified,
And pearc't into her wombe, where they embayd
With so sweet sence and secret power vnspide,
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructified.

Miraculous may seeme to bin, that reades
So strange ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades
Of all things liuing, through inpression
Of the sun-beames in moyist complexion,
Doe life conceiue, and quickned are by kind:
So, after *Nilus* inundation,
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe find,
Informed in the mud, on which the Sunne hath shin'd.

Great father hee of generation
 Is rightly cald, th' author of life and light;
 And his faire sister for creation
 Minist'reth matter fit, which tempered right
 With heat and humour, breeds the liuing wight.
 So sprong the twaines in wombe of *Chryfogone*,
 Yet wist the nought thereof, but fore affright,
 Wondred to see her belly so vp-blowne,
 Which still increast, till the her terme had full out-gone.

Whereof conceiuing shame and foule disgrace,
 Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,
 She fled into the wildernesse a space,
 Till that vnweeldy burden she had reard,
 And shund dishonour, which as death she feard:
 Where wearie of long trauell, downe to rest
 Her selfe she set, and comfortably heard;
 There a sad cloud of sleepe her ouerkeft,
 And feazed euery sense with sorrow fore opprest.

It fortun'd, faire *Venus* hauing lost
 Her little sonne, the winged god of loue,
 Who for some light displeasure, which him crost,
 Was from her fled, as fit as ayery Done,
 And left her blisfull bowre of ioy aboue,
 (So from her often he had fled away,
 When she for ought him sharply did reprove,
 And wandred in the world in strange array, (wray.)
 Disfigur'd in thousand shapes, that none might him be-

Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous
 (The house of goodly formes and faire aspects,
 Whence all the world deriues the glorious
 Features of beauties, and all shapes select,
 With which high God his workmanship hath deckt)
 And searched euery way, through which his wings
 Had borne him, or us tract the mote detekt:
 She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things
 Vnto the man, that of him tydings to her brings.

First, shee him sought in Court, where most he vsed
 Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
 But many there she found, which fore accused
 His falshood, and with foule infamous blot
 His cruell deedes and wicked wiles did spot:
 Ladies and Lordes shee euery where mote heare
 Complaining, how with his empoynd shot
 Their wofull harts he wounded had whylcare,
 And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare.

She then the Cities sought, from gate to gate,
 And euery one did aske, did he him see;
 And euery one her answerd, that too late
 Hee had him seene, and felt the crucitie
 Of his sharp darts, and hot artillerie;
 And euery one threw forth reproches rife
 Of his mischieuous deedes, and said, That hee
 Was the disturber of all ciuill life,
 The enemy of peace, and author of all strife,

Then, in the Country she abroad him sought,
 And in the rurall cottages enquired;
 Where also, many plaints to her were brought,
 How hee their heedlesse harts with loue had fired,
 And his falle venim through their veines inspired;
 And eke the gentle shepheard (swaines, which sat
 Keeping their fleecie flocks, as they were hired,
 Shee sweetly heard complaine, both how and what
 Her sonne had to them doen; yet shee did smile thereat.

But when in none of all these shee him got,
 Shee gan awise where else he mote him hide:
 At last, she her be-thought, that shee had nor
 Yet fought the salvage woods and forests wide,
 In which full many lovely Nymphes abide,
 Mongt whom might be, that he did closely lye,
 Or that the loue of some of them him tyde:
 For-thy she thither cast her courset apply,
 To search the secret haunts of *Dianes* company.

Shortly, vnto the wastefull woods shee came,
 Where-as shee found the Goddesse with her crew,
 After late chace of their embrewed game,
 Sitting beside a fountaine in a rewe,
 Some of them washing with the liquid dewe
 From off their daintie limbes the dusty sweat,
 And soyle, which did deforme their luely heus;
 Other lay shaded from the scorching heat;
 The rest, vpon her person, gaue attendance great.

Shee, hauing hong vpon a bough on high
 Her bow and painted quier, had vnbrac't
 Her siluer buskins from her nimble thigh,
 And her lanke loynes vngrint, and breasts vnbrac't,
 After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
 Her golden locks, that late in yesses bright
 Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,
 Now loose about her shoulders hong vnight,
 And were with sweet *Ambrosia* all besprinkled light.

Soone as she *Venus* saw behind her back,
 Shee was asham'd to be so loose surpris'd;
 And woxe halfe wroth against her damfels slack,
 That had not her thereof before auis'd,
 But suffred her so carelesly disguis'd
 Be overtaken. Soone her garments loose
 Vpgathring, in her bosome she compris'd,
 Well as shee might, and to the Goddesse rose,
 Whilstt all her Nymphes did like a girlond her enclose.

Goodly shee gan fayre *Cytherea* greet,
 And shortly asked her what cause her brought
 Into that wildernesse (for her vnmeet)
 From her sweet bowres, & beds with pleasures fraught:
 That suddaine change she strange adventure thought
 To whom (halfe weeping) shee thus answerd,
 That shee her dearest sonne *Cupido* sought,
 Who in his frowardnesse from her was fled;
 That she repented sore, to haue him angered.

21

Thereat *Diana* gan to smile, in scorne
 Of her vaine plaint, and to her scoffing said;
 Great pittie sure, that ye be so forlorne
 Of your gay sonne, that giues ye so good ayd
 To your disports: ill mote yee been apayd.
 But shee was more engrieued, and replide;
 Faire sifter, ill becomes it to vpbraid
 A dolefull hart with so disdainfull pride;
 The like that mine, may be your paine another tide.

22

As you in woods and wanton wildernesse
 Your glory set, to chace the fildage beasts;
 So my delight is all in toyfulness,
 In beds, in bowres, in bankets, and in feasts:
 And ill becomes you with your loslie crests,
 To scorne the ioy that *Ioue* is glad to seeke;
 We both are bound to follow heauen's behests,
 And tend our charges with obediens mecke:
 Spare (gentle sifter) with reproche my paine to cecke;

23

And tell me, if that yee my soune haue heard,
 To lurke amongst your Nymphes in secretwize;
 Or keepe their cabins: much I am affraid,
 Least he like one of them himselfe disguise,
 And turne his arrowes to their exercize:
 So may hee long himselfe full easie hide:
 For, he is faire and fresh in face and guize,
 As any Nymph (let not it be enuide.)
 So saying, euery Nymph full narrowly she eyde.

24

But *Phæbe* there-with fore was angered,
 And sharply said; Goe Dame, goe seeke your boy,
 Where you him lately left, in *Atars* his bed;
 He comes not here, we scorne his foolish ioy,
 Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy:
 But if I catch him in this company,
 By *Stygian* lake I vow, whose sad annoy
 The Gods doe dread, he dearely shall aby:
 Ile clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall fly.

25

Whom when as *Venus* saw so sore displeas'd,
 She iuly sory was, and gan relent
 What shee had said: so her shee soone appeas'd,
 With sugred words and gentle blandishment,
 Which as a fountaine from her sweet lips went,
 And welled goodly forth, that in short space
 Shee was well pleas'd, and forth her damzels sent,
 Through all the woods, to search from place to place,
 If any tract of him or tydings they mote trace.

26

To search the God of Loue, her Nymphes she sent
 Throughout the wandring forest euery where:
 And after them her selfe eke with her went
 To seeke the fugiue, both farre and nere.
 So long they fought, till they arrived were
 In that lame shade covert, where-as lay
 Faire *Chrysoone* in slumby traunce whilere:
 Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
 Vnwares had borne two babes, as faire as springing day.

27

Vnwares she them conceiu'd, vnwares she bore:
 She bore withouten paine, that shee conceiu'd
 Withouten pleasure: ne her need implore
Lucinaes ayde: which when they both perceiu'd,
 They were through wonder nigh of sense bereau'd,
 And gazing each on other, nought bespake:
 At last, they both agreed, her (seeming grieu'd)
 Out of her heauy swoune not to awake,
 But from her louing side the tender babes to take.

28

Vp they them tooke; each once a babe vp-tooke,
 And with them carried, to be fostered.
 Dame *Phæbe* to a Nymph her babe betooke,
 To be brought vp in perfecte Maydenhed,
 And of her selfe, her name *Eelphæbe* red:
 But *Venus* hers hence farre away conuayd,
 To be vp-brought in goodlie womanhed,
 And in her little Loue's stead, which was fraid,
 Her *Amoretta* calld, to comfort her dismaid.

29

Shee brought her to her ioyous Paradise, (dwell.
 Where most the wonnes, when shee on earth does
 So faire a place, as Nature can deuise:
 Whether in *Paphos*, or *Cytheron* hill,
 Or it in *Gnidus* be, I wote not well;
 But well I wote by tryall, that this fame
 All other pleasant places doth excell,
 And called is by her lost Louers name,
 The Garden of *Adonis*, faire renown'd by fame.

30

In that fame Garden, all the goodly flowres
 Where-with dame Nature doth her beautifull,
 And decks the girlonds of her Paramoures,
 Are fetcht: there is the first feminarie
 Of all things, that are borne to liue and die,
 According to their kinds. Long worke it were,
 Heere to account the endless progenie
 Of all the weedes, that bud and blossome there;
 But so much as doth need, must needs be counted heere.

31

It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,
 And girt-in with two walles on either side;
 The one of iron, the other of bright gold,
 That none might thorough breake, nor over-stride:
 And double gates it had, which opened wide,
 By which both in and out men moten pass:
 Th'one faire and fresh, the other old and dride:
 Old *Genius* the Porter of them was,
 Old *Genius*, the which a double nature has.

32

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,
 All that to come into the world desire:
 A thousand thousand naked babes attend
 About him day and night, which doe require,
 That hee with fleshly weedes would them attire:
 Such as him list, such as eternall fate
 Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
 And sendeth forth to liue in mortall state,
 Till they againe returne backe by the lunder gate.

After

After that they againe returned beene,
 They in that Garden planted be againe;
 And growe afresh, as they had neuer seene
 Fleishly corruption, nor mortall paine.
 Some thousand yeares so doen they there remaine;
 And then of him are clad with other hew,
 Or sent into the changefull world againe,
 Till thither they returne, where first they grew:
 So like a wheele around they runne from old to new.

Ne needs there Gardiner to set, or sowe,
 To plant, or prune: for, of their owne accord,
 All things as they created were, doe growe,
 And yet remember well the mighty word,
 Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,
 That bade them to increase and multiply:
 Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
 Or of the cloudes, to moysten their rootes dry;
 For, in themselves, eternall moysture they imply.

Infinite shapcs of creatures there are bred,
 And vncouth formes, which none yet euer knew,
 And euery sort is in a sundry bed
 Set by it selfe, and rankt in comely row:
 Some fit for reasonable soules t'indew,
 Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare,
 And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
 In endlessse ranks along engranged were,
 That leem'd the Ocean could not containe them there.

Daily they growe, and daily forth are sent
 Into the world, it to replenish more;
 Yet is the stocke not lessened, nor spent,
 But still remaines in euerlasting store,
 As it at first created was of yore.
 For, in the wide wombe of the world, there lies
 In hatefull darknesse, and in deepe horror,
 An huge eternall Chaos, which supplies
 The substances of Natures fruitfull progenies.

All things from thence doe their first being fetch,
 And borrow matter, whereof they are made;
 Which, when as forme and feature it does ketch,
 Becomes a bodie, and doth then invade
 The state of life, out of the grieisly shade.
 That substance is eterne, and bideth so;
 Ne when the life decays, and forme does fade,
 Doth it consume, and into nothing go,
 But changed is, and often altr'd to and fro.

The substance is not chang'd, nor altered,
 But th'onely forme and outward fashion;
 For, euery substance is conditioned
 To change her hew, and sundry formes to don,
 Meect for her temper and complexion;
 For, formes are variable, and decay
 By course of kinde, and by occasion;
 And that faire floure of beauty fades away,
 As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest
 That in the Garden of *Adonis* springs,
 Is wicked *Time*; who, with his scythe addrest,
 Does mowe the flowering herbes and goodly things,
 And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
 Where they doe die with, and are foully mard:
 Hee flies about, and with his flaggy wings,
 Beates downe both leaues and buds without regard,
 Ne euer pittie may relent his malice hard.

Yet pittie often did the gods relent,
 To see so faire things mard, and spoyled quight:
 And their great mother *Venus* did lament
 The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight;
 Her hart was pearc't with pittie at the sight,
 When walking through the Garden, them she spyde,
 Yer not'e she find redresse for such despight.
 For, all that liues is subiect to that law:
 All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

But, were it not that *Time* their troubler is,
 All that in this delightfull Garden growes,
 Should happy be, and haue immortal blis:
 For, here all plenty, and all pleasure flowes,
 And sweet loue gentle sits emongst them throwes,
 Without fell rancour, or fondiealouise;
 Frankly each paramour his leman knowes,
 Each bird his mate, ne any does enuie
 Their goodly meriment, and gay felicitie.

There is continuall spring, and haruest there
 Continuall, both meeting at one time:
 For, both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,
 And with fresh colours deck the wanton Prime,
 And eke attonce the heavy trees they clime,
 Which seeme to labour vnder their fruites lode:
 The whiles the ioyous birds make their pastime
 Emongst the shady leaues, their sweet abode,
 And their true lousies without suspicion tell abroad.

Right in the midst of that Paradise,
 There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top
 A gloomy groue of myrtle-trees did rise,
 Whose shade boughes sharpe Steele did neuer lop,
 Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,
 But like a girlond compassed the hight,
 And from their fruitfull sides sweet gum did drop,
 That all the ground with precious dew bedight,
 Threw forth most dainty odours, & most sweet delight.

And, in the thickest couert of that shade,
 There was a pleasant Arbour, not by art,
 But of the trees owne inclination made,
 Which knitting their ranke branches part to part,
 With wanton Iue-twine entrayld athwart,
 And Eglantine, and Caprifole emong,
 Fashion'd aboue within their inmost part,
 That neither *Phæbus* beames could through the throng,
 Nor *Aeolus* sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

45
And all about grewe euery sort of flowre,
To which sad louers were transform'd of yore;
Fresh *Hyacinthus*, *Plœbus* paramour
And dearest loue,
Foolish *Narcisse*, that likes the watty shore,
Sad *Amaranthus*, made a flowre but late,
Sad *Amaranthus*, in whose purple gore
Me seemes I see *Amitus* wretched fate,
To whom sweet Poets verse hath giuen endlesse date.

46
There went faire *Venus* often to enioy
Her deare *Adonis* ioyous companie,
And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy;
There yet some say in secret he does ly,
Lapped in flowres and precious spycery,
By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of *Stygian* gods, which do her loue enuie;
But she her selfe, when euer that she will,
Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill.

47
And sooth, it seemes, they say: for he may not
For euer die, and euer buried bee
In balefull night, where all things are forgot;
All be he subiect to mortalitie,
Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
And by succession made perpetually,
Transformed oft, and changed diuersly:
For, him the Father of all formes they call:
Therefore needs mote he liue, that liuing giues to all.

48
There now he liueth in eternal blifs,
Ioying his goddesse, and of her enioyd:
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd;
For, that wilde Bore, the which him once annoyd,
She firmly hath emprisoned for aye
(That her sweet loue his malice mote auoyd)
In a strong rockie Cave, which is they say, (may.)
Hewen vaderneath that Mount, that none him loofen

49
There now he liues in euerlasting ioy,
With many of the gods in company,
Which thither haunt, and with the winged Boy
Sporting himselfe in safe felicitie:
Who, when he hath wish spoiles and cruelte
Ransackt the world, and in the wofull hearts
Of many wretches set his triumphes hie,
Thither resorts, and laying his sad darts
Aside, with faire *Adonis* playes his wanton parts.

50
And his true loue faire *Psyche* with him playes,
Faie *Psyche* to him lately reconcyl'd,
After long troubles and vnmeet vbrayes,
With which his mother *Venus* her reuyl'd,
And eke himselfe her cruelly exyl'd:
But now in stedfast loue and happy state
She with him liues, and hath him borne a child,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggregate,
Pleasure, the daughter of *Cupid* and *Psyche* late.

51
Hither great *Venus* brought this infant faie,
The younger daughter of *Chrysgonee*,
And vnto *Psyche* with great truit and care
Committed her, yfostered to bee,
And trained vp in true feminitie:
Who no lesse carefully her tendered,
Then her owne daughter *Pleasure*, to whom slicc
Made her companion, and her lessoned
In all the lore of loue, and goodly womanhead.

52
In which when she to perfect ripenesse grew,
Of grace and beauty noble Paragone,
She brought her forth into the worldes view,
To be th' ensample of true loue alone,
And Load-starre of all chaste affectione,
To all faie Ladies, that doe liue on ground.
To Faery court she came, where many one
Admyr'd her goodly haueour, and found
His feeble heart wide launced with louses cruell wound.

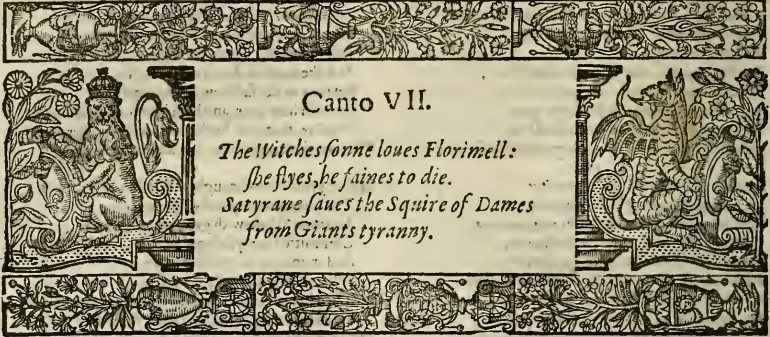
53
But she to none of them her loue did cast,
Sae to the noble knight Sir *Scudamore*,
To whom her louing heart she linked fast
In faithfull loue, t' abide for euer more,
And for his dearest sake endured tore,
Sore trouble of an hainous enemy;
Who her would forced haue to haue forlore
Her former loue and stedfast loialtie,
As ye may elsewhere reade that truefull history.

54
But well I weene, ye first desire to learne,
What end vnto that fearefull Damozell,
Which fled so fast from that same softer stearne,
Whom with his bretheren *Timias* slew, befell:
That was to weet, the goodly *Florimell*;
Who wandring for to seek her lover deare,
Her louer deare, her dearest *Marinell*,
Into misfortune fell; as ye did heare,
And from Prince *Arthur* Bed with wings of idle feare.

O

Canto





Canto VII.

*The Witches sonne loues Florimell:
she flies, he faines to die.
Satyrane saues the Squire of Dames
from Giants tyranny.*

LIke as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a rauenous beast,
Yet flies away of her owne feet affard,
And every leafe, that shaketh with the least
Murmure of winde, her terror hath increast;
So fled faire *Florimell* from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast:
Each shade she sawe, and each noise she did heare,
Did seeme to be the same, which she escap't whylear.

All that same euening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continued:
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
Nor wearinesse to slacke her haste, but fled
Euer alike, as if her former dread
Were hard behinde, her ready to arrest:
And her white Palfrey hauing conquered
The maistring raiues out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried, where-euer he thought best.

So long as breath, and habile puiſſaunce
Did natiue courage vnto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did aduance,
And carried her beyond all icopardy:
But nought that wanteth rest, can long aby-
He, hauing through incessant trauell spent
His force, at last perforce adown did ly,
Ne foot could further moue: The Lady
Thereat was suddain strook with great astonishment.

And forc't a light, on foot mote algates fare,
A trauellervn wonted to such waie:
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That fortune all in equall launce doth sway,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long she traueled, till at length she came
To an hilles side, which did to her bcwray
A little valley, subiect to the same,
All couerd with thick woods, that quite it ouercame.

Through th' tops of the high trees she did descry
A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light,
Reeking aloft, vpprolled to the sky:
Which checrefull signe did send vnto her sight,
That in the same did wonne some liuing wight.
Eftsoones her steps she therunto applide,
And came at last in weary wretched plight
Vnto the place, to which her hope did guide,
To finde some refuge there, and rett her weary side.

There, in a gloomy hollowe glen she found
A little cottage, built of sticke and reedes
In homely wize, and wall'd with sods around,
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes,
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needs;
So choosing solitary to abide,
Far from all neighbours, that her diuclish deeds
And hellish arts from people she might hide.
And hurt far off vnknowne, whom-euer she entide.

The Damzell there arriuing entred in;
Where siting on the floore the Hag she found;
Buse (as seem'd) about some wicked gin;
Who, soone as she beheld that suddain stound,
Lightly vpartaked from the dusty ground,
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
Ne had one word to speake, for great amaze;
But shew'd by outward signes, that dread her sense did

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,
She askt, what diuell had her thither brought,
And who she was, and what vnwonted path
Had guided her, vnwelcomed, vnsought:
To which the Damzell full of doubtfull thought,
Her mildly answer'd: Beldame, be not wroth
With silly Virgin by aduenture brought
Vnto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That craue but roome to rest, while tempest ouerblo'th.

8
With that, adowne out of her Cryfall eyne,
Few trickling teares the softly forth let fall,
That like two orient pearles, did purely shine
Vpon her swouie cheek: and therewithall
She sighed soft, that none so bestiall,
Nor salvage heart, but ruth of her sad plight
Would make to melt, or pitiously appall:
And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight
In mischief, was much moued at so pitious sigh t;

9
And gan recomfort her in her rude wifc,
With womanish compassion of her plaint,
Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
And bidding her sit downe, to rest her faint
And wearie limbs awhile. She nothing quaint
Nor s'daignfull of so homely fashion,
Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,
Sate downe vpon the dusty ground anon,
As glad of that small rest, as Bird of tempest gon.

10
Tho, gan she gather vp her garments rent,
And her loose lockes to dight in order dew,
With golden wreath, and gorgeous ornament;
Whom such when—as the wicked Hag did view,
She was astonisht at her heavenly hew,
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
But or some goddesse, or of *Dianes* crew,
And thought her to adore with humble spright;
T'adore thing so diuine as beauty, were but right.

11
This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
A laetic loord, for nothing good to donne,
But stretched forth in idlencel alwaies,
Ne euer cast his mind to couet praise,
Or ply himselfe to any honest trade;
But all the day before the sunny rayes
He vs'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade:
Such lasciuious both lewd and poore attonce him made.

12
He, comming home at vnder time, there found
The fairest creature that he euer saw,
Sitting beside his mother on the ground;
The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his base thought with terror and with awe
So inly smote, that as one which had gazed
On the bright Sunne vnwares, doth soone withdrawe
His feeble eyne, with too much brightnesse dazed;
So stared he ou her, and stood long while amazed.

13
Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
What mister wight that was, and whence derined,
That in so strange disguizement: there did maske,
And by what accident she there arriued:
But she, as one night of her wits deprived,
With nought but ghastly lookes him answered,
Like to a ghost, that lately is reuiued
From *Stygian* shores, where late it wandered;
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

14
But the faire Virgin was so meeke and milde,
That she to them vouchsafed to embafe
Her goodly port, and to their senses wild
Her gentle speach applide, that in short space
She grew familiar in that desert place.
During which time, the Chorle through her so kinde
And curteise vs concei'd affection base,
And cast to loue her in his brutish mind;
No loue, but brutish lust, that was so beaftly tin'd.

15
Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
And shortly grew into outrageous fire;
Yet had he not the heart, nor hardiment,
As vnto her to vter his desire;
His caitiue thought durst not so high aspire:
But with soft sighes, and louely semblances,
He ween'd that his affection entire
She should aread; many resemblances
To her he made, and many kind remembrances.

16
Of from the Forrest wildings he did bring,
Whose fides empurpled were with smiling red;
And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing
His mistresse praycs sweetly caroled,
Girllons of flowres sometimes for her faire head
He fine would dight; sometimes the Squirell wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow seruant wild;
All which she of him took with countenance meeke & mild.

17
But past awhile, when she fit season sawe,
To leaue that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wife her selfe thence to withdrawe,
For feare of mischief, which she did foresee
Might be the witch or that her sonne compact:
Her weary Palfrey, closely as the might,
Now well recovered after long repast,
In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
His late miswandred waies now to remedure right.

18
And early ere the dawning day appeard,
She forth issewed, and on her iourney went;
She went in perill, of each noise affeard,
And of each shade, that did it selfe present;
For, still she feared to be ouer-hent,
Of that vile Hag, or that vnciuile sonne:
Who, when too late awaking well they kent
That their faire guest was gone, they both begonne
To make exceeding mone, as they had been vdonne.

19
But that lewd louer did the most lament
For her depart, that euer man did heare;
He knockt his breast with desperate intent,
And seracht his face, and with his teeth did teare
His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare:
That his sad mother seeing his sore plight,
Was greatly woe-begonne, and gan to feare
Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,
And loue to frenzy turnd, sith loue is franticke hight.

20

All wayes she fought, him to restore to plight,
 With herbs, with charms, with counsell, and with teares:
 But teares, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell might
 Affwage the fury, which his entrailles teares:
 So strong is passion, that no reason heares.
 Tho, when all other helps she saw to faile,
 She turnd her selfe backe to her wicked leares,
 And by her diuclish arts thought to preuaile
 To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

21

Elfhoones out of her hidden caue she cald
 An hideous beast, of horrible aspect,
 That could the stoutest courage haue appald;
 Monstrous musshap't, and all his back was spect
 With thousand spots of colours quaint elect,
 Thereto so swift, that it all beasts did pass:
 Like neuer yet did lining eye detect;
 But likest it to an *Hyana* was,
 That feeds on womens flesh, as others feed on grasse.

22

It forth she cald, and gaue it streight in charge,
 Through thick and thin her to pursuee apace,
 Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
 Till her he had attaind, and brought in place,
 Or quite deuour'd her beauties scornfull grace.
 The Monster, swift as word that from her went,
 Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace
 So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent,
 And passing speed, that shortly he her ouer-hent.

23

Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh espide,
 No need to bid her fust away to flic;
 That vgly shape so for her terrifide,
 That it she shund no lesse, then dread to die:
 And her sit Palfrey did so well apply
 His numble feet to her conceiued feare,
 That whil't his breath did strength to him supply,
 From perill free hee her away did beare:
 But when his force gan faile, his pafe gan wax areare.

24

Which when as she perceiu'd, she was dismayd
 At that same last extremitie full fore,
 And of her safety greatly grew afraid:
 And now she gan approche to the sea fore,
 As it befell, that she could fly no more,
 But yield her selfe to spoile of greedinesse.
 Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,
 From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,
 And to her feet tooke her doubtfull sickernesse.

25

Nor halfe so fast the wicked *Myrrha* fled
 From dread of her reuenging fathers hond:
 Nor halfe so fast to saue her maidenhead,
 Fled fearefull *Daphne* on th' *Aegean* strand,
 As *Florimell* fled from the Monster yond,
 To reach the sea, ere she of him were rought:
 For, in the sea to drowne her selfe she fond,
 Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:
 Therto feare gaue her wings, & need her courage taught.

26

It fortun'd (high God did so ordaine)
 As she arriu'd on the roting shore,
 In minde to leape into the mighty Maine,
 A little boate lay houing her before,
 In which there slept a Fisher old and poore,
 The whiles his nets were drying on the sand:
 Into the same she leapt, and with the ore,
 Did thrust the shallow from the floating strand:
 So safety found at sea, which she found not at land.

27

The Monster, ready on the prey to seafe,
 Was of his forward hope deceiued quight;
 Ne durst assay to wade the perous seas,
 But greedily long gaping at the sight,
 At last in vaine was forc't to turne his flight,
 And tell the idle tydings to his Dame:
 Yet to auenge his diuclish despight,
 He fet vpon her Palfrey tired lame,
 And slew him cruelly ere any reskew came.

28

And after hauing him embowelled,
 To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunc't a knight
 To passe that way, as forth he trauelled;
 It was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,
 As euer man that bloody field did fight;
 But in vaine shewes, that wont young knights bewitch,
 And courtly seruices to oke no delight,
 But rather ioyd to be, then seemen sich:
 For, both to be and seeme to him was labour lich.

29

It was to weete, the good Sir *Satyrene*,
 That raung'd abroad, to seeke aduentures wilde,
 As was his wont in Forrest, and in Plaine;
 He was all arm'd in rugged steele vnfile,
 As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
 And in his scutchin bore a Satyres hed:
 He comming present, where the monster vilde
 Vpon that milke-white Palfreyes carkas fed,
 Vnto his reskew ran, and greedily him ped.

30

There well perceiu'd he, that it was the horse,
 Whereon faire *Florimell* was wont to ride,
 That of that feend was rent without remorse:
 Much feared he, least ought did ill betide
 To that faire Mayd, the floure of womens pride;
 For, her he dearely loued, and in all
 His famous conquests highly magnifide:
 Besides, her golden girdle, which did attend
 From her in sight, he found, that did him fore appall.

31

Full of sad feare, and doubtfull agony,
 Fiercely he flew vpon that wicked feend;
 And with huge strokes, and cruell battery
 Him forc't to leaue his prey, for to attend
 Himselfe from deadly danger to defend:
 Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
 He did engrauce, and muchell blood did spend,
 Yet might not doe him die; but aye more fresh
 And fierce he still appear'd, the more he did him thresh.

32
 Hewist not, how him to deſpoile of life,
 Ne how to win the wiſhed victory,
 Sith him he ſawe ſtill ſtronger growe through ſtriſe,
 And him ſelſe weaker through infirmity;
 Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
 Hurling his iword away, he lightly lept
 Vpon the Beaſt, that with great crueltie
 Rored, and rag'd to be vnder-kept:
 Yet he perforce him held, and ſtrokes vpon him hept.

33
 As he that ſtrives to ſtop a ſuddein flood,
 And in ſtrong bankes his violence encloſe,
 Forceth it ſwell about his wonted mood,
 And largely ouerflowe the fruitfull Plaine,
 That all the countrey ſeemes to be a Maine,
 And the rich furrowes ſtore, all quite fordonne;
 The woſull husbandman doth loſd compleine,
 To ſee his whole yeeres labour loſt ſo ſoone,
 For which to God he made for many an idle boone:

34
 So him he held, and did through might amate.
 So long he held him, and him bet ſo long,
 That at the laſt his fierceneſſe gan abate,
 And meekely ſtoop vnto the victour ſtrong:
 Who, to auenge the implacable wrong,
 Which he ſuppoſed donne to *Florimell*,
 Sought by all means his dolour to prolong,
 Sith dint of ſteel his carcaſs could not quell:
 His maker with her charmes had framed him ſo well.

35
 The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
 About her ſlender waite, he tooke in hand,
 And with it bound the Beaſt that loud did rore
 For great deſpight of that vnwonted band,
 Yet dared not his victour to withſtand,
 But trembled like a lambe, fled from the pray,
 And all the way him follow'd on the ſtrand,
 As he had long been learned to obay;
 Yet neuer learned he ſuch ſeruice, till that day.

36
 Thus as he led the Beaſt along the waie,
 He ſpide far off a mighty Gianteſſe,
 Faſt flying on a Courier dappled gray,
 From a bold knight, that with great hardineſſe
 Her hard purlew'd, and fought for to ſuppreſſe:
 She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,
 Lying athwart her horſe in great diſtreſſe,
 Faſt bounden hand and foot with cords of wire,
 Whom the did meane to make the thrall of her deſire.

37
 Which when as *Satyranne* beheld, in haſte
 He leſt his captive Beaſt at libertie,
 And croſt the neareſt way, by which he haft
 Her to encounter, ere ſhe paſſed by:
 But ſhe the way ſhunn'd nathemore for-ſhy,
 But forward gallopt faſt; which when he ſpide,
 His mighty ſpeare he couched warily,
 And at her ranne: ſhe, hauing him deſeride,
 Her ſelſe to flight addreſt, and threw her loſe aſide.

38
 Like as a Goshauke, that in foot doth beare
 A trembling Culuer, hauing ſpide on high
 An Ægle, that with plumy wings doth ſheare
 The ſubtile ayre, ſtouping with all his might,
 The quarry throwes to ground with fell deſpight,
 And to the battell doth her ſelſe prepare:
 So ran the Gianteſſe vnto the fight;
 Her ſiry eyes with furious ſparkes did ſtare,
 And with blaſphemous bannes high God in peeces tare.

39
 She caught in hand a huge great iron mace,
 Wherewith ſhe many had of life deſpried;
 But ere the ſtroke could ſeize his ayred place,
 His ſpeare amids her ſun-broad ſhield arried;
 Yet nathemore the ſteel aſunder ried,
 All were the beame in bigneſſe like a maſt,
 Ne her out of the ſtedfaſt ſaddle dried,
 But glancing on the tempered metal, braſt
 In thouſand ſhuiers, and ſo forth beſide her paſt.

40
 Her Steed did ſtagger with that puiſſant ſtroke;
 But ſhe no more was moued with that might,
 Then it had lighted on an aged Oke;
 Or on the marble Pillour, that is pight
 Vpon the top of Mount *Olympus* high,
 For the brave youthly Champions to aſſay,
 With burning charet wheeles eke nigh to ſnite:
 But who that limes it, marres his ioyous play,
 And is the ſpectacle of ruinous decay.

41
 Yet therewith ſore enrag'd, with ſternere regard
 Her dreadfull weapon ſhe to him addreſt,
 Which on his helmet martelled ſo hard,
 That made him lowe incline his loſty creſt,
 And bow'd his batted viſour to his breſt:
 Wherewith he was ſo ſtund, that he n'ot ride,
 But reeled to and fro from Eaſt to Weſt:
 Which when his cruell enemy ſpide,
 She lightly vnto him adioyned ſide to ſide;

42
 And on his collar laying puiſſant hand,
 Out of his wauering ſeate him pluckt perforce,
 Perforce him pluckt, vnable to withſtand,
 Or help himſelſe; and laying thwart her horſe,
 In loathly wiſe like to a carion corſe,
 She bore him faſt away. Which when the knight,
 That her purlew'd, ſaw, with great remorſe
 He neere was touched in his noble ſpight,
 And gan increaſe his ſpeed, as the increaſt her flight.

43
 Whom when as nigh approaching ſhe ſpide,
 She threw away her burden angrily;
 For, ſhe liſt not the battell to abide,
 But made her ſelſe more light away to fly:
 Yet her the hardy knight purlew'd ſo nie,
 That almoſt in the backe he oft her ſtrake:
 But ſtill when him at hand ſhe did eſpy,
 She turn'd, and ſemblance of faire fight did make;
 But when he ſtay'd, to flight againe ſhe did her take.

44
By this, good Sir *Satyran* gan awake
Out of his dream, that did him long entrance;
And seeing none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce,
Which rest him from so faire a cheuifance:
At length he spide, whereas that wofull Squire,
Whom he had reskewed from captiuaunce
Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the mire,
Vnable to arise, or foot or hand to stire.

45
To whom approaching, well he mote perceiue
In that foule plight a comely personage,
And lovely face (made fit for to deceive
Fraile Ladies heart with louses confuming rage)
Now in the blossome of his freshest age:
He reard him vp, and loos'd his iron bands,
And after gan enquire his parentage,
And how he fell into that Giants hands,
And who that was, which chased her along the lands.

46
Then trembling yet through feare, the Squire bespake;
That *Giantesse Argante* is behight,
A daughter of the *Titans* which did make
Warre against heauen, and heaped hills on hight,
To scale the skies, and put *Ioue* from his right:
Her sire *Zyphæus* was, who (mad through mirth,
And drunk with bloud of men, slaine by his might)
Through incest, her of his owne mother Earth
Whilome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth.

47
For, at that birth another babe she bore,
To weet, the mighty *Olyphant*, that wrought
Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
And many hath to foule confusion brought.
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought)
Whiles in their mothers wombe enclosed they were,
Ere they into the lightfome world were brought,
In fleshy lust were mingled both yfere,
And in that monstrous wife did to the world appeare.

48
So liv'd they ever after in like sin,
Gainst Natures law, and good behauiour:
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
Who not content so fowly to deuoure
Her native flesh, and straine her brothers bowre;
Did wallow in all other fleshy mire,
And lustred beafts her body to deflowre:
So hot she burned in that lustfull fire;
Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desire.

49
But ouer all the country she did range,
To seeke young men, to quench her flaming thirst,
And feed her fancy with delightfull change:
Whom-so she fittest finds to serue her lust,
Through her maine strength, in which she most doth
She with her brings into a secret Ile, (trust,
Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
And in all shamefull sort him selfe with her defile.

50
Mefeue wretch she so at vantage caught,
After the long in waite for me did lie,
And meant vnto her prison to haue brought,
Her loathfome pleasure there to satisfie;
That thousand deaths me leuer were to die,
Then breake the vowe, that to faire *Columbell*
I plighted haue, and yet keepe stedfastly:
As for my name, it misfretth not to tell;
Call me the *Squire of Dames*: that me besecmeth well.

51
But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing sawe
That *Giantesse*, is not such, as she seemed,
But a faire virgin, that in Martiall lawe,
And deeds of armes about all Dames is deemed,
And about many knights is eke esteemed,
For her great worth; She *Palladine* is hight:
She you from death, you me from dread redeemed.
Ne any may that Monster match in fight,
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight.

52
Her well besecmes that *Queen*, quoth *Satyran*:
But read, thou *Squire of Dames*, what vow is this,
Which thou vpon thy self hast lately ta'ne?
That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,
So be ye pleas'd to pardon all amits.
That gentle Lady, whom I loue and serue,
After long sute and weary seruicis,
Did aske me, how I could her loue deserue,
And how she might be sure, that I would neuer swerue.

53
I, glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
Bide her commaund my life to saue, or spill:
Esteemes she bade me, with incessant paine
To wander through the world abroad at will,
And euery where, where with my power or skill
I might do seruice vnto gentle Dames,
That I the same should faithfully fulfill, (names
And at the twelue months end should bring their
And pledges; as the spoiles of my victorious games.

54
So well I to faire Ladies seruice did,
And found such fauour in their louing hearts,
That ere the yeare his course had compassed,
Three hundred pledges for my good defarts,
And three three hundred thanks for my good parts
I with me brought, and did to her present:
Which when she sawe, more bent to eke my smarts,
Then to reward my trusty true intent,
She gan for me deuise a grieuous punishment;

55
To weet, that I my trauell should resume,
And with like labour walke the world around,
Ne euer to her presence should presume,
Till I so many other Dames had found.
The which, for all the suit I could propound,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
But did abide for euer chaste and found.
Ah gentle Squire, quoth he, tell at one word,
How many foundst thou such to put in thy record?

56
Indeed Sir knight, sayd he, one word may tell
All, that I euer found so wisely stayd;
For, onely three they were dispos'd so well:
And yet three yeeres I now abroad haue strayd,
To find them out. More I (then laughing sayd
The knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,
The which thy profferd curtesie deny'd?
Or ill they seem'd sure auiz'd to bee,
Or brutishly brought vp, that nev'r did fashions see.

57
The first which then refus'd me, sayd hee,
Certes was but a common Courtiane,
Yet flat refus'd to haue a-do with mee,
Because I could not gvee her many a Iane.
(Thereat full heartily laught *Satyrane*)
The second was an holy Nunne to choise,
Which would not let me be her Chapellane,
Because she knew, she said, I would disclose
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

58
The third a Damzell was of lowe degree,
Whom I in country cottage found by chance;
Full little weened I, that chastelee
Had lodging in so meane a maintenance:

Yet was she faire, and in her countenance
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion.
Long thus I woo'd her with dew obseruance,
In hope vnto my pleasure to haue wonne;
But was as farre at last, as when I first begonne.

59
Safe her, I neuer any woman found,
That chafity did for it selfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and found;
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.
Thus am I hopelesse euer to attaine
My Ladies loue in such a desperate case,
But all my daies am like to waste in vaine, (traine.
Seeking to match the chaste with th'vnchaste Ladies

60
Perdy, said *Satyrane*, thou *Squire of Dames*,
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
To get small thanks, and therewith many blames,
That may among *Aicides* labours stand.
Thence backe returning to the former land,
Where late he leift the Beast he ouercame,
He found him not; for, he had broke his band,
And was return'd againe vnto his Dame,
To tell what tidings of faire *Florimell* became.



Canto VIII.

*The Witch creates a snowy Lady,
like to Florimell,
Who wrong'd by Carle, by Proteus sav'd,
is sought by Paridell.*



1
SO oft as I this history record,
My heart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke, how cautelefs of her owne accord
This gentle Damzell whom I write vpon,
Should plunged be in such affliction,
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe,
That sure I weene, the hardest heart of stone,
Would hardly find to aggravate her grieffe;
For misery craues rather mercy, then reprice.

2
But that accursed Hg, her hostesse late,
Had to enranked her malicious heart,
That she desir'd th'abbridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.

Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art
Late forth she sent, she backe returning spide,
Tyde with her broken girdles it, a part
Of her rich spoyles, whom he had erst destroyd,
She weend, and wondrous gladnesse to her heart applyde.

3
And I with ranning hastly to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to haue relieed;
Who thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,
His former grieffe with furie fresh reuiued,
Much more then erst, and would haue algates riued
The hart out of his brest: for, sith her dead
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought deprived
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fed
His foolish malady, and long time had misled.

4
 With thought whereof, exceeding mad he grew,
 And in his rage his mother would haue slaine,
 Had she not tied into a secret mew,
 Where she was wont her Sprights to entertaine
 The masters of her art: there was she faime
 To call them all in order to her ayde,
 And them coniure vpon eternall paine,
 To counsell her to carefully dismayd, (cayd.
 How she might heale her sonne, whose senses were de-

5
 By their aduise, and her owne wicked wit,
 She there deuiz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
 Whose like on earth was neuer framed yit,
 That euen Nature selfe couerit the same,
 And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame
 The thing it selfe. In hand she boldly tooke
 To make another like the former Dame,
 Another *Florimell*, in shape and looke
 So liuely and so like, that many it mistooke.

6
 The substance, whereof she the body made,
 Was purest snowe in massie mould congeal'd,
 Which she had gathered in a shady glade
 Of the *Riphæan* hills, to her reueald
 By errant Sprights, but from all men conceald:
 The same she tempered with fine Mercury,
 And virgin wax, that neuer yet was seal'd,
 And mingled them with perfect vermil,
 That like a liuely fanguine it seem'd to the eye.

7
 In stead of eyes, two burning lamps she fet
 In siluer lockets, shining like the skies,
 And a quicke moouing Spirit did arret
 To stir and roll them, like a womans eyes:
 In stead of yellow lockes she did deuise,
 With golden wire to weaue her curled head;
 Yet golden wire was not so yellow thrice
 As *Florimells* faire haire: and in the stead
 Of life, she put a Spright to rule the carcasse dead;

8
 A wicked Spright yfought with fawning guile,
 And faire resemblance aboute all the rest,
 Which with the Prince of darknesse fell somewhat,
 From heauens blifs and euerlasting rest:
 Him needed not instruct, which way were best
 Himselfe to fashi on likest *Florimell*,
 Ne how to speake, ne how to vse his gest:
 For, he in counterfeisance did excell;
 And all the wyles of womens wits knew passing well.

9
 Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,
 Which *Florimell* had left behind her late,
 That whofo then her sawe, would surely say,
 It was her selfe whom it did imitate,
 Or fairer then her selfe, if ought algate
 Might fairer be. And then she forth her brought
 Vnto her sonne, that lay in feeble state:
 Who seeing her gan straight vpstart, and thought
 She was the Lady selfe, whom he so long had sought.

10
 Tho, fast her clipping twixt his armes twaine,
 Extremely ioyed in so happy sight,
 And soone forgot his former sickly paine;
 But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,
 Coily rebutted his embracement light;
 Yet still with gentle countenance retained,
 Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:
 Him long the selfe with shadowes entertained,
 As her Creatresse had in charge to her ordained;

11
 Till on a day, as he disposed was
 To walke the woods with that his Idole faire,
 Her to disport, and idle time to pass,
 In th'open freshnesse of the gentle aire,
 A knight that way there chanced to reaire;
 Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull Swaine,
 That decds of armes had euer in despair,
 Proud *Braggadochio*, that in vaunting vaine
 His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine.

12
 He seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight,
 Decked with many a costly ornament,
 Much merueiled thereat, as well he might,
 And thought that match a foule disparagement:
 His bloody speare cftsoones he boldly bent
 Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare,
 Fell straight to ground in great astonishment.
 Villein, said he, this Lady is my deare;
 Dy, if thou it gainesay: I will away her beare.

13
 The fearefull Chorle durst not gainesay, nor doo,
 But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;
 Who finding little leasure her to wooe,
 On *Trompart* steed her mounted without stay,
 And without reskew led her quite away.
 Proud man him selfe then *Braggadochio* deemed,
 And next to none, after that happy day,
 Being possessed of that spoile, which seemed
 The fairest wight on ground, and most of men esteemed.

14
 But when he sawe himselfe free from pursute,
 He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame,
 With tearms of loue and lewdnesse dissolute;
 For, he could well his glozing speeches frame
 To such vaine vses, that him best became:
 But she thereto would lend but light regard;
 As seening fory, that she euer came
 Into his powre, that vled her fo hard,
 To reue her honour, which she more then life prefard.

15
 Thus as they two of kindnesse treated long,
 There them by chance encountred on the way
 An armed knight, vpon a courser strong,
 Whose trampling feete vpon the hollow lay
 Seemed to thunder, and did night affray
 That Capons courage: yet he looked grim,
 And fayn'd to cheare his Lady in dismay;
 Who seem'd for feare to quake in euery lim,
 And her to saue from outrage, meekely prayed him.

Fiercely

16
Fiercely that stranger forward came, and nigh
Approching, with bold words, and bitter threat,
Bade that same boaster, as he mote, on high
To leaue to him that Lady for excheat,
Or bide him battell without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
And filld his senses with abashment great;
Yet seeing nigh him reopary extream,
He it dissembled well, and light seem'd to esteeme;

17
Saying, Thou foolish knight, that ween't with words
To scale away that I with blowes haue wonne,
And brought through points of many perilous swords:
But if thee list to see thy Courser ronne,
Or proue thy selfe, this sad encounter shonne,
And seek else without hazard of thy hed.
At those proud words that other knight begonne
To wax exceeding wroth, and him ared
To turne his speed about, or sure he should be dead.

18
Sith then, said *Braggadochio*, needs thou wilt
Thy daies abridge, through prooffe of puiffance,
Turne we our steeds, that both in eequal tilt
May meet againe, and each take happy chance.
This said, they both a furlongs mountenance
Retyr'd their steeds, to ronnie in euen race:
But *Braggadochio* with his bloody lance
Once hauing turnd, no more returnd his face,
But left his loue to los, and fled himselfe apace.

19
The knight, him seeing fly, had no regard
Him to pursue, but to the Lady rode;
And hauing her from *Trompart* lightly reard,
Vpon his courser set the louely lode,
And with her fled away without abode.
Well weened he, that fairest *Florimell*
It was, with whom in company he yode,
And to her selfe did alwaies to him tell;
So made him thank himselfe in heauen, that was in hell.

20
But *Florimell* her selfe was farre away,
Drivn to great distresse by fortune strange,
And taught the carefull Marinier to play,
Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to chaunge
The land for sea, at randon there to raunge:
Yet there that cruell Queene auengeresse,
Not fatisfide to farre her to estrange
From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,
Did heape on her new waues of weary wretchednesse.

21
For, being fled into the Fishers boat,
For refuge from the Monsters cruelty,
Long to she on the mighty Maine did flote,
And with the tide droue forward carelesly;
For, thaire was milde, and cleared was the sky,
And all his windes *Dan Aëolus* did keep
From stirring vp their stormy enmity,
As pitying to see her walle and weep;
But all the while the Fisher did securely sleepe.

22
At last, when drunk with drownsnesse, he woke,
And saw his drouer driue along the streame,
He was dismayd, and thrice his brest he stroke,
For maruell of that accident extreme:
But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,
Which with rare light his boat did beautific,
He maruelld more, and thought he yet did dreame
Not well awak't, or that some extasie
Affotted had his sense, or dazed was his eye.

23
But when her well auizing, he perceiu'd
To be no vision, nor fantastick sight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceiu'd,
And felt in his old courage new delight
To gin awake, and stir his frozen spright:
Tho, rudely askt her, how she thither came.
Ah, sayd she, father, In'oteread aright,
What hard misfortune brought me to the fame;
Yet am I glad that here I now in safetic am.

24
But thou good man, sith farr in sea we be,
And the great waters gin apace to swell,
That now no more we can the maine-land see,
Haue care, I pray, to guide the cock-boatt well,
Least worse on sea then vs on land besell.
Therewith old man did nought but fondly grin,
And said, his boat the way could wisely tell:
But his deceitfull eyes did neuer lin
To looke on her furr face, and marke her snowy skin.

25
The sight whereof, in his congealed flesh,
Infixt such fetter sting of greedy lust,
That the dry withered stock it gan refresh,
And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth burst:
The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.
Rudely to her he left, and his rough hand
Where ill became him, rashly would haue thrust:
But she with angry scorne him did withstond,
And shamefully reprooued for his rudenesse fond.

26
But, he that neuer good nor manners knew,
Her sharpe rebuke full little did esteem;
Hard is to teach an olde horse amble trew,
The inward smoke, that did before but seeme,
Broke into open fire and rage extreme,
And now he strength gan adde vnto his will,
Forcing to doe that did him fowle misseme:
Beastly he threw her downe, ne car'd to spill
Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

27
The silly virgin stroue him to withstand,
All that she might, and him in vaine reuill'd:
She struggled strongly both with foot and hand,
To saue her honor from that willaine vild,
And cride to heauen, from humane help exil'd.
O ye braue knights, that boast this Ladies loue,
Where be ye now, when she is nigh desill'd
Of filthy wretch? well may she you reprove
Of falshood, or of slouth, when most it may behoue.

But

28
 But if that thou, Sir *Satyran*, didst weete,
 Or thou, Sir *Peridure*, her froy state,
 How soone would ye assemble many a flecte
 To fetch from sea, that ye at land loftrate?
 Towres, Cityes, Kingdomes ye would runnate,
 In your auengement and dispituous rage,
 Ne ought your burning fury mote abate;
 But if Sir *Calidore* could it preface,
 No liuing creature could his cruelty aswage.

29
 But sith that none of all her knights is nie,
 See how the heaueus of voluntary grace,
 And foueraigne fauour towards chastity,
 Do succour send to her distressed case:
 So much high God doth innocence embrace.
 It fortun'd, whilest thus she stify froue,
 And the wide sea importuned long space
 With shrilling shriekes, *Proteus* abroad did roue,
 Along the fomy waues driuing his finny droue.

30
Proteus is Shepheard of the Seas of yore,
 And hath the charge of *Neptunes* mighty beard;
 An aged sire with head all froy hore,
 And sprinkled frost vpon his dewy beard:
 Who when those pitifull outcries he heard
 Through all the seas so ruefully resound,
 His Charet swift in haste he thither steard;
 Which, with a teeme of fealy *Phoecus* bound,
 Was drawne vpon the waues, that fomed him around.

31
 And comming to that Fishers wandring bote,
 That went at will, withouten carde or sayle,
 He therein sawe that yrkesome sight, which smote
 Deepe indignation and compassion fraile
 Into his heart atonce: straight did he haile
 The greedy vellein from his hoped prey,
 Of which he now did very little faile,
 And with his staffe that driues his heard astray,
 Him bet so fore, that life and sense did much dismay.

32
 The whiles the pitious Lady vp did rife,
 Ruffled and fowly rayd with filthy soile,
 And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes:
 Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle
 To saue her selfe from that outrageous spoile:
 But when she looked vp, to weet what wight
 Had her from so infamous sict allcild,
 For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
 Downe in her lap she hid her face, and loudly shright.

33
 Her selfe not saued yet from danger dred
 She thought, but chang'd from one to other feares;
 Like as a fearefull Partridge, that is fled
 From the sharpe Huke, which her attached neare,
 And fals to ground, to seeke for succour there,
 Whereas the hungry Spaniels shee does spy,
 With greedy iawes her readie for to teare;
 In such distresse and sad perplexity
 Was *Florimell*, when *Proteus* shee did see thereby.

24
 But he endeuour'd with speeches milde,
 Her to recomfort, and accoutage bold,
 Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,
 Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was, her told.
 Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
 Ne to recomfort her at all preuaild;
 For, her faint heart was with the frozen cold
 Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh faild,
 And all her senses with abashment quite were quaild.

35
 Her vp betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
 And with his froy lips full softly kist,
 Whiles the cold ysicles from his rough beard
 Dropped adowne vpon her yuory brest:
 Yet he himselfe so busily adrest,
 That her out of astonishment he wrought,
 And out of that same fishers filthy nest
 Remouing her, into his charet brought,
 And there with many gentle teares her faire besought.

36
 But that old leachour, which with bold assault
 That beauteie durst presume to violate,
 He cast to punish for his hainous fault;
 Then tooke he him yet trembling sith of late,
 And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate
 The virgin, whom he had abus'd so fore:
 So dragd him through the waves in scornfull state,
 And after cast him vp vpon the shore;
 But *Florimell* with him vnto his bowre he bore.

37
 His bowre is in the bottome of the Maine,
 Vnder a mighty rock, gainst which doe rane
 The roling billowes in their proud disdain;
 That with the angry working of the waue,
 Therein is eaten out an hollow caue,
 That seemes rough *Mafons* hand with engines keene
 Had long while laboured it to engrau:
 There was his wonne, no liuing wight was seene,
 Sauer one olde Nymph, bright *Panopé*, to keepe it cleane.

38
 Thither he brought the froy *Florimell*,
 And entertained her the best he might;
 And *Panopé* her entertained eke well,
 As an immortal mote a mortall wight,
 To winne her liking vnto his delight:
 With flattering words he sweetly wooed her,
 And offered faire giftes 't allure her sight:
 But she the both offers and the offerer
 Despise, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

39
 Daily he tempted her with this or that,
 And neuer suffred her to be at rest:
 But euermore shee him refused flat,
 And all his fained kindnesse did detest;
 So firmly shee had sealed vp her brest.
 Sometimes he boasted, that a God he might:
 But shee a mortall creature loued best:
 Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight;
 But then shee said shee lovd none, but a Faerie knight.

Then

40
Then like a Faery knight him selfe he drest;
For, euery shap on him he could endew:
Then like a king he was to her exprest,
And offred kingdomes vnto her in view,
To be his Leman and his Lady crew:
But when all this he nothing sawe preuaile,
With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,
And with sharpe threats her often did assayle,
So thinking for to make her stubborne courage quail.

41
To dreadfull shap he did him selfe transforme,
Now like a Giant, now like to a fiend,
Then like a Centaure, then like to a storme,
Raging within the waues: thereby he weend
Her will to win vnto his wifed end.
But when with feare, nor fauour, nor with all
He elte could doe, he sawe him selfe esteem'd,
Downe in a dongeon deepe he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

42
Eternall thraldome was to her more lise,
Then losse of chaittee, or change of loue:
Die had she rather in tormenting grefe,
Then any shoud of fallenesse her grepoe,
Or loosenesse, that she lightly did remouoe.
Most vertuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
And crowne of heauenly praise with Saints above,
Where most sweet hymnes of this thy famous deed
Are still emongst them sung, that far my rimes exceed.

43
Fit song, of Angels caroled to bee:
But vet what lo my feeble Muse can frame,
Shall ber' aduance thy goodly chafitee,
And to enroll thy memorable name,
In th' heart of euery honorable Dame,
That they thy vertuous deeds may imitate,
And be partakers of thy endless fame.
It yrkes me leaue thee in this wofull state,
To tell of *Satyrane*, where I him left of late:

44
Who hauing ended with that *Squire of Dames*
A long discourse of hir aduentures vaine,
The which him selfe, then Ladies more defames,
And finding not th' *Hyena* to be flaine,
With that same *Squire*, returned backe againe
To his first way. And as they forward went,
They spide a knight faire pricking on the Plaine,
As if he were on some aduocour bent,
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

45
Sir *Satyrane* him towards did adresse,
To wect what wight he was; and what his quest:
And comming nigh, estioones he gan to ghesse
Both by the burning heart, which on his brest
He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
That *Paridell* it was. Tho to him yode,
And him saluting, as befeemed best,
Gan first inquire of tydings farre abroad;
And afterwards on what aduventure now he rode.

46
Who thereto answering, sayd: The tydings bad,
Which now in Faery court all men do tell,
Which turned hath great mirth, to mourning sad,
Is the late ruine of proud *Marinell*,
And suddain parture of faire *Florimell*,
To find him forth: and after her are gone
All the braue knights, that doen in armes excell,
To sauegard her, ywandred all alooe;
Emongst the rest, my lot (vnworthy) is to be one.

47
Ah gentle knight, said then Sir *Satyrane*,
Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
That hast a thanklesse seruice on thee ta'ne,
And offrest sacrifice vnto the dead:
For dead, I furly doubt, thou maist adread
Henceforth for euer *Florimell* to bee,
That all the noble knights of *Maydenhead*,
Which her ador'd, may fore repent with me,
And all faire Ladies may for euer lory be.

48
Which words, when *Paridell* had heard, his hew
Gan greatly change, and stern'd dismayd to bee;
Then said, Faire Sir, how may Iween it trow
That ye do tell in such vn certaintee?
O: speake ye of report, or did ye see
Iust cause of deual, that makes ye doubt so sore?
For, perdy else how mote it euer bee,
That euer hand should dare for to engore
Her noble blood: the heauens such cruelty abhore.

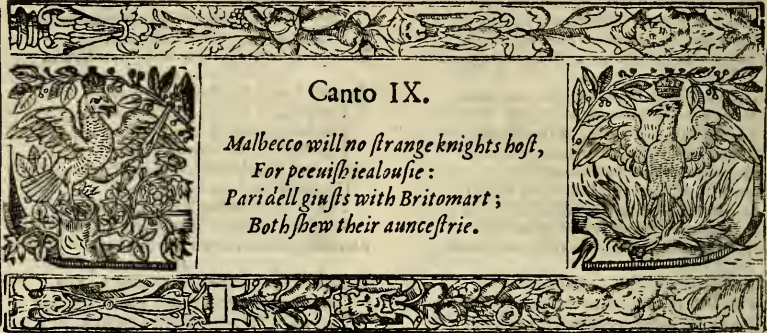
49
These eyes did see, that they will euer rew
Thy haue seene, quoth he, when as a monstrous beast
The Palfrey, whereon she did traueil, slew,
And of his bowels made a bloudy feast:
Which speaking token sheweth at the least
Her certaine losse, if not her fure decay:
Besides, that more suspicion increast,
I found her golden girdle cast astray,
Distayn'd with durrd and bloud, as relique of the prey.

50
Aye me, sayd *Paridell*, the signes be sad,
And but God turne the same to good foothsay,
That Ladies safety is fore to be drad:
Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
Till it all doe more certaine truth bewray.
Faire Sir, quoth he, well may it you succeed,
Ne long shall *Satyrane* behind you stay,
But to the rest, which in this Quest proceed
My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed.

51
Ye noble knights, sayd then the *Squire of Dames*,
Well may ye speed in so praiseworthy paine:
But sith the Sunne now ginnes to flake his beames,
In dewy vapours of the westerne Maine,
And lose the teme out of his weary waine,
Mote not mislike you also to abate
Your zealous haste, till morrowe next againe
Both light of heauen, and strength of men relate:
Which if ye please, to yonder Caste turne your gate.

That counsell pleased well: so all yfere
 Forth marched to a Cistle them before,
 Where soone arruuing, they restrained were
 Of ready entrance, which ought euermore⁵²

To errant knights be common: wondrous fore
 Thereat displeas'd they were, till that young Squire
 Gan them informe the cause, why th'it same dore
 Was shut to all, which lodging did desire:
 The which to let you weet, will further time require.



Canto IX.

*Malbecco will no strange knights host,
 For peeuishealouie:
 Paridell giusts with Britomart;
 Both shew their auncestrie.*

R Edoubted knights, and honorable Dames,
 To whom I leuell all my labours end,
 Right fore I feare, least with vnworthy blames
 This odious argument my rimes should shend,
 Or ought your goodly patience offend,
 Whiles of a wanton Lady I do write,
 Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
 The shining glory of your soueraigne light,
 And knighthood foule defaced by a faithlesse knight.

But neuer let th'ensample of the bad
 Offend the good: for, good by paragone
 Of euill, may more notably be rad,
 As white seemes fairer, matcht with blacke attone;
 Ne, all are shamed by the fault of one:
 For lo, in heauen, whereas all goodnesse is,
 Emongst the Angels, a whole legione
 Of wicked Sprights did fall from happy blifs;
 What wonder then, if one of women all did misf?

Then listen Lordings, if ye list to weet
 The cause, why *Satyrane* and *Paridell*
 Mote not be entertain'd, as seemed meet,
 Into that Castle (as that Squire does tell.)
 Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,
 That has no skill of Court nor courtesie,
 Ne cares, what men say of him, ill or well;
 For, all his daies he drownes in priuery,
 Yet has full large to liue, and spend at libertie.

But all his minde is set on mucky pelfe,
 To hoord vp heapes of euill gotten masse,
 For which he others wrongs, and wreckes himselfe;
 Yet is he linked to a louely Lasse,

Whose beauty doth his bounty farre surpass,
 The which to him both far vnequall yeares,
 And also far vnlike conditions has:
 For, she does ioy to play emongst her peares,
 And to be free from hard restraint and iealous feares.

But he is old, and withered like hay,
 Vnfit faire Ladies seruice to supply:
 The priuy guilt wherof makes him alway
 Suspect her truth, and keepe continually
 Vpon her with his other blinkt eye:
 Ne suffreth he resort of liuing wight
 Approche to her, ne keep her companie,
 But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight,
 Depriv'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

Malbecco he, and *Hellenore* the hight,
 Vanitly yok't together in one teeme:
 That is the cause, why neuer any knight
 It suffred here to enter, but he seeme
 Such, as no doubt of him he neede misdeeme.
 Thereat *Sis Satyrane* gan smile and say:
 Extremely mad the man I surely deeme,
 That weenes with watch and hard restraint to stay
 A womans will which is dispos'd to goe astraic.

In vaine he feares that which he cannot shonne:
 For, who wotes not, that womans subtilties
 Can guilen *Argus*, when she list misdonne?
 It is not iron bands, nor hundred eyes,
 Nor brazen walls, nor many wakefull spies,
 That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet;
 But fast good will with gentle courtesies,
 And timely seruice to her pleasures meet
 May her perhaps containe, that else would algates flee.

Then

8
Then, is he not more mad, said *Paridell*,
That hath himselfe vnto such seruice sold,
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?
For, sure a foole I doe him firmly hold,
That lones his fetters, though they were of gold.
But why doe we deuiſe of others ill,
Whiles thus we suffer this same dotard old
To keepe vs out, in forme of his owne will,
And rather doe not ranlack all, and himselfe kill?

9
Nay, let vs first, said *Satyran*, intreat
The man by gentle meanes, to let vs in,
And afterwards affray with cruell threat,
Ere that we to efforce it doe begin:
Then, if all faile, we will by force it win,
And eke reward the wretch for his meſpriſe,
As may be worthy of his haynous sin.
That counsell pleasd: Then *Paridell* did rise,
And to the Caſtle gate approacht in quiet wiſe.

10
Whereat loſt knocking, entrance he deſir'd.
The good-man ſelic (which then the *Pecker* plaid)
Him answered, that all were now retur'd
Vnto their reſt; and all the keyes conuaid
Vnto their Maſter, who in bed was laid,
That none him duſt awake out of his dreame;
And therefore them of patience gently praid.
Then *Paridell* began to change hiſ theame,
And threatned him with force, and puniſhment extreame.

11
But all in vaine: for nought mote him relent.
And now ſo long before the wicket ſaſt
They waitd, that the night was forward ſpent,
And the faire welkin (ſoull) ioyer-caſt)
Gan blown vp a bitter ſtormy blaſt,
With ſhowre and haile ſo horrible and dred,
That this faire many were compeld at laſt
To fly for ſuccour to a little ſhed,
The which beſide the gate for ſwine was ordered.

12
It fortun'd, ſoone after they were gone,
Another knight, whom tempeſt thither brought,
Came to that Caſtle; and with earneſt mone,
Like as the reſt, late entrance deare bought:
But, like ſo as the reſt, he prayd for nought;
For, flatly he of entrance was refus'd.
Sorely therat he was displeas'd, and thought
How to avenge himſelfe ſo ſore abus'd,
And euermore the Carle of curteſie accus'd.

13
But, to avoyd th'intolerable ſtrowe,
Hee was compeld to ſeek ſome refuge neare,
And to that ſhed (to ſhrowd him from the ſhowre)
Hee came, which full of gueſts he found whylere,
So as he was not let to enter there;
Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
And ſwore that he would lodge with them yſere,
Or them diſlodge, all were they liſe or loth;
And them deſid each, and ſo deſide them both.

14
Both were full loth to leaue that needfull tent,
And both full loth in darkneſſe to debate;
Yet both full heſe him lodging to haue lent,
And both full liſe hiſ boaiſing to abate;
But chiefly *Paridell* hiſ hart did grate,
To heare him threaten to deſpightfully,
As if he did dogge to kennell rate,
That durſt not barke; and rather had he dy,
Then when he was deſide, in coward corner ly.

15
Tho, haſtily remounting to hiſ ſteed,
Hee forth iſlew'd; like as a boiſtous wind,
Which in the earths hollow caues hath long bin hid,
And ſhut vp faſt within her priſons blind,
Makes the huge clement againſt her kind
To moue, and tremble as it were agaſt,
Vntill that it an iſſue forth may find;
Then forth it breakes, and with hiſ furious blaſt
Confounds both land and ſeas, and ſkyes doth over-caſt.

16
Their ſteele-head ſpeares they ſtrongly coucht, and met
Together with impetuous rage and force;
That with the terror of their fierce affret,
They rudely droue to ground both man and horſe,
That each (awhile) lay like a ſenſeleſſe corſe:
But *Paridell*, ſore brufed with the blowe,
Could not ariſe, the counterchange to ſcoſe,
Till that his young Squire him reared from belowe;
Then drew he hiſ bright ſword, & gan about him throwe.

17
But *Satyran*, forth ſtepping, did them ſtay,
And with faire treatie paciſie their ire;
Then, when they were accorded from the fray,
Againſt that Caſtles Lord they gan conſpire,
To heape on him due vengeance for hiſ hire.
They been agreed, and to the gates they goe
To burne the ſame with vnquencheable fire,
And that vn courteous Carle (their common foe)
To doe foule death to die, or wrap in gnenous woe.

18
Malbecco, ſeeing them reſolv'd indeed
To ſtame the gates, and hearing them to call
For fire in earneſt, ranne with fearefull ſpee'd;
And to them calling from the Caſtle wall,
Befought them humbly, him to beare withall,
As ignorant of ſeruaunts bad abuſe,
And ſlack attendance vnto ſtrangers call.
The knights were willing all things to excuſe,
Though nought belic'u'd, & entrance late did not reſuſe.

19
They been ybrought into a comely bowre,
And ſeru'd of all things that mote needfull bee;
Yet ſecretly their hoſt did on them lowre,
And welcomd more for feare then charitye;
But they diſlembled what they did not ſee,
And welcomed themſelues. Each gan vndight
Their garments wet, and weary armour free,
To dry themſelues by *Pulcane*s flaming light,
And eke their lately bruzed parts to bring in plight.

P.

And

20

And eke that stranger knight, amongst the rest,
Was for like need enforce't to distaray :
Tho, when as valed was her lofty crest,
Her golden locks, that were in trawels gay
Vp-bounden, did themselues adowne display,
And raught vnto her heeles : like sunny beames,
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded, shew their golden gleames,
And through the perfeat ayre shoo't forth their azure

(streames.)

21

She also do't her heauy haberjeon,
V Which the faire feature of her limbes did hide;
And her well plighted frock, which she did won
To tuck about her short when she did ride,
Shew lowe let fall, that flow'd from her lank side
Downe to her foot, with carelesse modestie.
Then of them all shew plainly was espide
To be a woman-wight (vnwilt to bee)
The fairest woman-wight that euer eye did see.

22

Like as *Minerva*, beeing late returnd
From slaughter of the Giants conquered ;
Where proud *Encelade*, whose wide nosethrills burnd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
Transfix'd with the speare, downe tumbled ded
From top of *Hemus*, by him heaped hie ;
Hath loos'd her helmet from her lofty hed,
And her *Gorgonian* shield gins to vntie
From her left arme, to rest in glorious victory.

23

Which when as they beheld, they smitten were
With great amazement of fo wondrous fight;
And each on other, and they all on her
Stood gazing, as if suddaine great affright
Had them surpris'd. At last, avising right,
Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
Which they so much mistooke, they tooke delight
In their first error, and yet still anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hungry view.

24

Yet n'ote their hungry view be satisfied;
But seeing, still the more desir'd to see,
And euer firmly fixed did abide
In contemplation of diuinitie :
But most they meruaile at her cheualree
And noble provelse, which they had approued,
That much they faine to knowe who shew mote bee ;
Yet none of all them her thereof amoued,
Yet euer y one her lik't, and euer y one her loued.

25

And *Paridell*, though partly discontent
V With his late fall, and foule indignity,
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her faire eye,
And knightly worth, which hee too late did try,
Yet tryed did adore. Supper was dight ;
Then they *Malbecco* prayd of curteie,
That of his Lady they might haue the sight,
And company at meat, to doe them more delight.

26

But he, to shift their curious request,
Can causen why shew could not come in place ;
Her crased health, her late recourse to rest,
And humid euening, ill for sicke folkes case :
But none of those excuses could take place ;
Ne would they eate, till shew in presence came.
Shew came in presence with right comely grace,
And fairly them saluted, as became,
And shew'd her selfe in all a gentle courteous Dame.

27

They fate to meat, and *Satyraue* his chance
Was her before, and *Paridell* beside ;
But he himselte fate looking still ascaunce,
Gainst *Britomart*, and euer closely eyde
Sir *Satyraue*, that glaunces might not gryde :
But his blind eye, that sided *Paridell*,
All his demeanure from his sight did hide :
On her faire face fo did hee feede his fill,
And sent close meflages of loue to her at will.

28

And euer and anone, when none was ware,
With speaking lookes, that close embassage bore,
Hee rov'd at her, and told his secret care :
For, all that art he learned had of yore.
Ne was shew ignorant of that lewd lore,
But in his eye his meaning wilyly red,
And with the like him answerd cuermore :
She sent at him one fine dart, whose hed
Empoisoned was with priuy lust, and zealous dred.

29

Hee, from that deadly throwe made no defence,
But to the wound his weake hart opened wide ;
The wicked engine through false insuflence
Past through his eyes, and secretly did glyde
Into his hart, which it did sorely gryde.
But nothing new to him was that same paine,
Ne paine at all ; for hee fo oft had trye
The power thereof, and lov'd fo oft in vaine,
That thing of course he counted, loue to entertaine.

30

Thence-foth to her hee sought to intimate
His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne ;
Now *Bacchus* fruit out of the siluer plate
He on the table dasht, as overthrowne,
Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne,
And by the dauncing bubbles did diuine,
Or therein write to let his loue be showne ;
V Which well shew red out of the learned line ;
(A sacrament profane in mysterie of wine.)

31

And when-fo of his hand the pledge she raught,
The guilty cup she fained to mistake,
And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
Shewing dcfire her inward flame to flake :
By such close signes they secret way did make
Vnto their wils, and one eyes watch escapè ;
T wo eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,
V Who Louers will deceiue. Thus was the ape,
By their faire handling, put into *Malbeccoes* cape.

Now

Now when of meates ³² and drinks they had their fill,
 Purpose was moued by that gentle Dame,
 Vnto those Knights adventurous, to tell
 Of deeds of armes, which vnto them became,
 And euery one his kindred, and his name.
 Then *Paridell* (in whom a landly pride
 Of gracious speech, and skill his words to frame
 Abounded) being glad of so fit tide
 Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all well eyde:

³³
 Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,
 And in thine ashes buried lowe doost lye,
 Though whylome far much greater then thy fame,
 Before that angry Gods, and cruell sky
 Vpon thee heapt a direfull destinie;
 What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
 And fetch from heauen thy great Genealogie,
 Sith all thy worthy prayses being blent,
 Their of-spring hath embas't, and later glory sheat?

Most famous VVorthy of the world, by whom
 That warre was kindled, which did Troy inflame,
 And stately towres of *Iliou* whilome
 Brought vnto balefull ruine, was by name
 Sir *Paris*, far renown'd through noble fame:
 Who, through great prowesse and bold hardinesse,
 From *Lacedamon* fetcht the fairest Dame
 That euer *Greece* did boast, or knight possesse,
 Whom *Venus* to him gaue for meed of worthinesse;

³⁵
 Faire *Helene*, flowre of beauty excellent,
 And girdon of the mighty Conquerours,
 That maadest many Ladies deare lament
 The heauy losse of their braue Paramours,
 Which they far off beheld from *Troian* towres,
 And saw the fieldes of faire *Scamander* strowne
 With carcasses of noble warriors,
 Whose fruitlesse liues were vnder furrow sowne,
 And *Xanthus* sandy bankes with blood all overflowne.

³⁶
 From him, my linage I denue aright,
 Who long before the ten yeares siege of *Troy*,
 Whiles yet on *Ida* he a shepheard hight,
 On faire *Oenone* got a louely boy:
 Whom, for remembrance of her passed ioy,
 She of his Father, *Paris* did name;
 VVho, after *Greekes* did *Priams* realme destroy,
 Gath'rd the *Troiane* reliques sau'd from flame,
 And with them saying thence, to th' life of *Paros* came.

³⁷
 That was by him calld *Paros*, which before
 Hight *Nausa*: there he many yeares did raigne,
 And built *Nausicle* by the *Ponticke* shore;
 The which he dying, left next in remaine
 To *Paridas* his sonne.
 From whom I *Paridell* by kin descend;
 But for faire Ladies loue, and glories gaine,
 My natue soile haue left, my dayes to spend
 In sewing deeds of armes, my liues and labours end.

³⁸
 When-as the noble *Britomart* heard tell
 Of *Troiane* warres, and *Priams* Citie sackt
 (The ruefull story of Sir *Paridell*)
 She was empaffiond at that pittious act,
 VVith zealous enuy of Greekes cruell fact,
 Against that Nation, from whose race of old
 She heard that shee was lineally extract:
 For, noble *Eritons* sprong from *Troians* bold,
 And *Troynouant* was built of old *Troies* ashes cold.

³⁹
 Then fighting soft awhile, at last, she thus:
 O lamentable fall of famous towne!
 Which raign'd so many yeares victorious,
 And of all *Asia* bore the foucraigne crowne,
 In one sad night consum'd, and thrown downe:
 What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,
 Is not empearc't with deepe compassionne,
 And makes example of mans wretched state,
 That flowres so fresh at morn, and fides at euening late?

⁴⁰
 Behold, Sir, how your pittifull complaint
 Hath found another partner of your paine:
 For, nothing may impresse so deare constraint,
 As Countries cause, and common foes disdain.
 But, if it should not grieue you backe againe
 To turne your course, I would to heare desire
 What to *Aeneas* fell; sith that men sayne
 Hee was not in the Cities wofull fire
 Consum'd, but did himselfe to safetie retire.

⁴¹
Anchyses sonne, begot of *Venus* faire,
 Said hee, out of the flames for safegard fled;
 And with a remnant did to sea repaire;
 Where hee through fatal error long was led
 Full many yeares, and weetelesse wand'ring
 From shore to shore, amongst the *Lybick* lands,
 Ere rest he found. Much there he sufferd,
 And many perils pait in forraine lands,
 To saue his people sad from Victors vengefull hands.

⁴²
 At last, in *Latium* hee did arrive,
 Where hee with cruell warre was entertaind
 Of th' inland folke, which sought him backe to driue,
 Till hee with old *Latinus* was constraind
 To contract wedlock: (so the Fates ordaind.)
 VVedlock contract in blood, and eke in blood
 Accomplish'd, that many deare complaind:
 The riual flaine, the Victor (through the flood
 Escaped hardly) hardly prayd his wedlock good.

⁴³
 Yet after all, hee Victor did suruiue,
 And with *Latinus* did the kingdome part.
 But after, when both nations gaue to striue,
 Into their names the tide to conuert,
 His sonne *Iulus* did from thence depart,
 With all the warlike youth of *Troians* blood,
 And in long *Alba* plac't his throne apart,
 VVhere faire it flourish'd, and long time stoud,
 Till *Remulus* renewing it, to *Rome* remou'd.

44

There, there, said *Britomart*, afresh appear'd
The glory of the later world to spring,
And *Troy* againe out of her dust was rear'd,
To fit in second seate of foueraigne king
Of all the world vnder her gouerning.
But a thirde kingdome yet is to arise,
Out of the *Troians* scattered of-spring,
That in all glorie and great enterprife,
Both first and second *Troy* shall dare to equalife.

45

It *Troynouant* is hight, that with the waues
Of wealthy *Thamus* washed is along,
Vpon whose stubborne neck (where-at he raues
With roring rage, and fore himselfe does throng,
That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong)
She fastned hath her foot, which stands fo hie,
That it a wonder of the world is song
In forraigne Lands; and all which passen by,
Beholding it from far, doe thinke it threatens the sky.

46

The *Troiane Brute* did first that Citie found,
And *Hygate* made the meare thereof by West,
And *Ouert-gate* by North: that is the bound
Toward the land; two riuers bound the rest.
So huge a scope at first him seemed best,
To be the compasse of his kingdomes feat:
So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
Ne in small meares containe his glory great,
That *Albion* had conquered first by warlike feat.

47

Ah! fayrest Lady-knight, said *Paridell*,
Pardon (I pray) my heedlesse over-sight,
Who had forgot, that whylome I heard tell
From aged *Mnemon*; for, my wits bene light.
Indeed, he said, if I remember right,
That of the antique *Troiane* stock, there grew
Another plant, that raght to wondrous hight,
And far abroad his mighty branches threw,
Into the vtmost Angle of the world he knew.

48

For, that same *Brute* (whom much he did aduaunce
In all his speech) was *Sylvius* his sonne,
Whom hauing slaine, through lucklesse arrowes glauce,
Hee fled for feare of that he had misdonne,
Or else for shame, so foule reproche to shonne;
And with him led to sea a youthly traine,
Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,
And many fortunes prov'd in th' *Ocean* maine,
And great adventures found, that now were long to saine.

49

At last, by fatall course they driuen were
Into an Island spacious and brode,
The furthest North, that did to them appeare:
And (after rest they seeking farre abroad)
Found it the fittest soyle for their abode;
Fruitfull of all things fit for liuing foode,
But wholly waste, and voyd of peoples trode,
Saue an huge nation of the Giants brood,
That fed on liuing flesh, & drunke mens vitall blood.

50

Whom he, through wearie warres and labours long,
Subdewd with losse of many *Britons* bold:
In which, the great *Goemagor* of strong
Corinuss, and *Coulin* of *Debon* old
Were overthrowne, and layd on th' earth full cold,
VVhich quaked vnder their so hudeous maile:
A famous history to be enrold
In euerlasting moniments of brasse,
That all the antique Worthies meritts far did passe.

51

His worke, great *Troynouant*, his worke is eke
Fairst *Lincolne*, both renowned far away,
That who from East to West will end-long seeke,
Cannot two fairer Cities find this day,
Except *Cleop'is*: so heard I say
Old *Mnemon*. Therefore Sir, I greet you well
Your countrey kin, and you entirely pray
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
Betwixt vs both vnknowne. So ended *Paridell*.

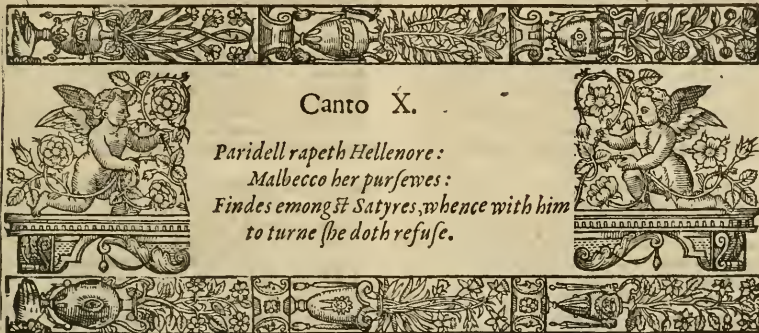
52

But all the while that he these speeches spent,
Vpon his lips hong faire *Dime Hellenore*,
With vigilat regard, and due attent,
Fashioning worlds of fancies euermore
In her fraile wit, that now her quite forelore:
The whiles, vnwares away her wondring eye,
And greedy eares, her weake hart from her bore:
Which he perceiving, euer priuily
In speaking, many false belgards at her let fly.

53

So long these knights discoursed diuersly,
Of strange affaires, and noble hardiment,
Which they had past with mickle ieopardy,
That now the humid night was farforth spent,
And heavenly lampes were halfe deale ybrent:
Which th' old man seeing well (who too long thought
Euery discourse, and euery argument,
Which by the houres he measured) besought
Them go to rest. So all vnto their bowres were brought.





Canto X.

*Paridell rapeth Hellenore:
Malbecco her purfueses:
Findes emongst Satyres, whence with him
to turne she doth refuse.*

He morrow next, so soone as *Phæbus* Lamp
Bewrayed had the world with earely light,
And fresh *Aurora* had the shady damp
Out of the goodly heauen amoued quight,
Faire *Britomart* and that lame *Faerie* knight
Vprofe, forth on their iourney for to wend:
But *Paridell* complaynd, that his late fight
With *Britomart*, so sore did him offend,
That ride he could not, till his hurts he did amend.

So forth they far'd; but he behind them staid,
Maulgre his host, who grudged grieuouly
To house a guest, that would be needs obeyd,
And of his owne him left no liberty:
(Might, wanting measure, mooueth surquedry.)
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fierce young mans vnruely mastery;
His money, which he lov'd as liuing breath;
And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept vneath.

But patience perforce: he must abide
What fortune and his fate on him will lay:
Fond is the feare that findes no remedy;
Yet warily he watcheth euery way,
By which he feareth euill happen may:
So th'euill thinks by watching to prevent;
Ne doth he suffer her, nor night, nor day,
Out of his sight her selfe once to absent.
So doth he punish her, and eke himselfe torment.

But *Paridell* kept better watch, then hee,
A fit occasion for his turne to find:
Falle loue, why doe men say, thou canst not see,
And in their foolish fancie feine thee bliod,
That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doost bind,
And to thy will abuse? Thou walkst free,
And seeest euery secret of the mind;
Thou seeest all, yet none at all sees thee;
All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

So perfect in that art was *Paridell*,
That he *Malbeccos* halften eye did wile,
His halften eye he wiled wondrous well,
And *Hellenors* both eyes did eke beguile,
Both eyes and hart atonce, during the while
That he there fo iourned his wounds to heale;
That *Cupid* selfe it seeing, close did smile,
To weet how he her loue away did steale,
And bade, that none their ioyous treason should reueale.

The learned Louer lost no time nor tide,
That least advantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore so faire a faile, that none efpide
His secret drift, till he her layd aboard.
When-so in open place, and common bord,
He fortun'd her to meet, with common speech
He courted her, yet bayted euery word,
That his vngentle hoste n'ote him appeach
Of vile vngentlenesse, or hospitages breach.

But, when apart (if euer her apart)
He found, then his false engins fast he plide,
And all the sleights vnholoford in his hart;
He sight, he sobd, he swound, he perdy dide,
And cast himselfe on ground her fast beside:
Tho, when againe he him bethought to luee,
He wept, and waild, and false laments belide,
Saying, but if thee Mercie would him giue,
That he more algates die, yet did his death forgiue.

And other-whiles, with amorous dlights,
And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine,
Now ringing sweetly, to surprife her (sprights,
Now making layes of loue and Louers paine,
Branles, Ballads, virolayes, and verses vaine;
Oit purposes, oft riddles he devis'd,
And thousands like, which flowd in his braine,
With which he fed her fancy, and entis'd
To take to his new loue, and leaue her old despis'd.

9
 And euery where he might, and euery while
 He did her seruice dutifull, and fewed
 At hand with humble pride, and pleasing guile,
 So closely yet, that none but shee it viewed,
 Who well perceiued all, and all indewed.
 Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,
 With which he many weake harts had subdewed
 Of yore, and many had ylike misled:
 What wonder then, if shee were likewise carried?

10
 No fort so sensible, no walles so strong,
 But that continuall battery will riuie,
 Or daily siege through dispurauyance long,
 And lack of reskewes will to parley driue;
 And Peece, that vnto parley care will giue,
 Will shortly yield it selfe, and will be made
 The vassall of the Victors will bylue:
 That stratageme had oftentimes aflaid
 This crafty Paramour, and now it plaine displaid.

11
 For, through his traines he her intrapped hath,
 That she her loue and harthath wholly sold
 To him, without regard of gaine, or feath,
 Or care of credite, or of husband old,
 Whom she hath vow'd to dub a faire Cuckold.
 Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee
 Deuizid hath, and to her Louer told.
 It pleased well. So well they both agreee;
 So ready ripe to ill, ill wemens counsells bee.

12
 Darke was the Eucning, fit for loners stealth,
 When chaunc't *Malbecco* busie be else-where,
 She to his closetwent, where all his wealth
 Lay hid: thereof shee countlesse summes did reare,
 The which shee meant away with her to beare;
 The rest, shee fir'd for sport, or for despight;
 As *Hellene*, when she saw aloft appeare
 The *Troiane* flames, and reach to heauens height,
 Did clap her hands, and ioyed at that dolefull sight.

13
 This second *Hellene*, faire Dame *Hellenore*,
 The whiles her husband ranne with fory haste
 To quench the flames which shee had tyn'd before,
 Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste;
 And ranne into her Lovers armes right fast;
 Where straight embraced, shee to him did cry,
 And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past;
 For, lo, that Guest would beare her forcibly,
 And meant to rauish her, that rather had to die.

14
 The wretched man, hearing her call for ayde,
 And ready seeing him with her to flye,
 In his disquiet mind was much dismaide:
 But, when againe he backward cast his eye,
 And saw the wicked fire so furiously
 Consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,
 Hee was there-with distressed diuerfly,
 Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place;
 Was neuer wretched man in such a wofull case.

15
 Ay when to him shee cryde, to her he turn'd,
 And left the fire; loue, money overcame:
 But, when hee marked how his money burn'd,
 He left his wife; money did loue disclame:
 Both was he loth to loofe his loued Dame,
 And loth to leaue his liefest pelfe behind,
 Yet sith he n'ot saue both, he sau'd that fame
 Which was the dearest to his dunghill mind,
 The God of his desire, the ioy of milers blind.

16
 Thus, whilst all things in troublous vprore were,
 And all men busie to suppress the flame,
 The louing couple need no reskew feare,
 But leasure had, and libertie to frame
 Their purpos'd flight, free from all mens reclame;
 And Night (the patronesse of loue-stealth faire)
 Gawe them safe conduct, till to end they came:
 So beene they gone vnder (a wanton paire
 Of Lovers loosely knit) where list them to repaire.

17
 Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,
Malbecco, seeing how his losse did lye,
 Out of the flames, which he had quacht whylere
 Into huge waues of grieffe and ieaousie
 Full deepe employed was, and drowned nic,
 Twixt inward doole and felonous despight;
 Hee rav'd, he wept, he stamp't, he loud did cry,
 And all the passions that in man may light,
 Did him atonce oppresse, and vex his caitiue spright.

18
 Long thus he chawd the cud of inward grieffe,
 And did consume his gall with anguish fore:
 Still when he mused on his late mischief,
 Then still the smart thereof increased more,
 And seem'd more grieuous, then it was before:
 At last, when sorrow he saw booted nought,
 Ne grieffe might not his loue to him restore,
 He gan deuise, how her he reskew mought,
 Ten thousand waies he cast in his confus'd thought.

19
 At last, resolving like a pilgrim pore
 To search her forth, where to she might be fond,
 And bearing with him treasure in close store,
 The rest he leaues in ground: So takes in hond
 To seeke her endlong, both by sea and lond.
 Long he her sought, he sought her farre and nere,
 And euery where that he mote vnderfond,
 Of Knights and Ladies any meetings were,
 And of each one he met, he tydings did inquire.

20
 But all in vaine, his woman was too wife,
 Euer to come into his clouch againe;
 And he too simple euer to surpris
 The iolly *Paridell*, for all his paine.
 One day, as he forepassed by the Plaine
 With weary pace, he farre away espide
 A couple (seeming well to be his twaine)
 Which houed close vnder a forest side,
 As if they lay in wait, or else themselves did hide,

21
Well weened he, that those the same more bee:
And as he better did their shape auize,
Him seemed more their manner did agree;
For, th'one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom, to be *Paridell* he did deuize;
And th'other, all yclad in garments light,
Discolour'd like to womanish disguise,
He did resemble to his Lady bright;
And euer his faint hart much yearned at the sight.

22
And euer saine hee towards them would goe,
But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,
But stood aloofe, vntweeting what to doe;
Till that prickt forth with loues extremitie,
That is the father of foule lealouisie,
He closely neerer crept, the truth to weet:
But, as he nigher drew, he easly
Might seeerne, that it was not his sweetest sweet,
Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet.

23
But it was scornfull *Braggadocchio*,
That with his seruauant *Trompart* hoerd there,
Since late he fled from his too earnest foe:
Whom such when as *Malbecco* spied clere,
He turned backe, and would haue fled arere;
Till *Trompart* running hastily, him did stay,
And bade before his louetaine Lord appeere:
That was him loath, yet durst he not gaine-say,
And comming him before, lowe louted on the lay.

24
The Boaster, at him sternely bent his brow,
As if hee could haue kild him with his looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to bow,
And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
That euery member of his body quooke.
Said he, thou man of nought, what doost thou here,
Vnfitly furnished with thy bag and booke,
Where I expected one with shield and spere,
To proue some deedes of armes vpon an equal pere.

25
The wretched man, at his imperious speech,
Was all abasht, and lowe prostrating, said;
Good Sir, let not my rudedesse be no breach
Vnto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For, I vnwares this way by fortune straid,
A silly Pilgrim driuen to distresse,
That seeke a Lady. There he suddaine staid,
And did the rest with grieuous sighes suppress,
While teares stood in his eyes (few drops of bitteresse.)

26
What Lady, man? said *Trompart*, take good hart,
And tell thy grieffe, if any hidden lye;
Was neuer better time to shew thy finart
Then now, that noble succour is thee by,
That is the whole worlds common remedy.
That chearefull word his weake hart much did cheare,
And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,
That bold he said; O most redoubted Pere,
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches case to heare.

27
Then sighing sore, It is not long, said hee,
Since I enioyde the gentlest Dame aliuie;
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,
But shame of all that doe for honour striue,
By treacherous deceit did me deprive;
Through open out-rage he her bore away,
And with foule force vnto his will did driue,
Which all good knights, that armes do beare this day,
Are bound for to reuenge, and punish if they may.

28
And you (most noble Lord) that can and dare
Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,
Cannot employ your most victorious speare
In better quartell, then defence of right,
And for a Lady, gainst a faithlesse knight;
So shall your glory be advanced much,
And all faire Ladies magnifie your might,
And eke my selfe (albe I simple such)
Your worthy paine shall well reward with guerdon rich.

29
With that, out of his bouget forth he drew
Great store of threasure, there-with him to tempt;
But he on it lookt scornfully askew,
As much disdainning to be so misdempt,
Or a war-monger to be baselie nempt;
And said; Thy offers base I greatly loth,
And eke thy words incurteous and vnkempt;
I tread in dust thee and thy money both,
That, were it not for shame; So turned from him wroth.

30
But *Trompart*, that his maisters humour knew,
In lofty lookes to hide an humble mind,
VVas inly tickled with that golden view,
And in his care him rounded close behind:
Yet stout he not, but lay still in the wind,
Waiting advantage on the prey to seafe;
Till *Trompart* lowelic to the ground inclin'd,
Besought him his great courage to appeafe,
And pardon simple man, that rash did him displeafe.

31
Bigge looking, like a doughtie Douzerepe,
At last, he thus; Thou clod of vilest clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudenesse beare;
But weet henceforth, that all that golden pray,
And all that else the vaine world vaunten may,
I loath as dung, ne deeme my dew reward:
Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pay.
But minds of mortall men are muchell mard,
And moov'd amisse with massie mucks vnmeet regard.

32
And more, I graunt to thy great miserie
Gratious respect, thy wise shall backe be sent:
And that vile knight, who euer that he be,
Which hath thy Lady rest, and knighthood spent,
By *Sanglamort* my sword, whose deadly dent
The bloud hath of so many thousands shed,
I sweare, ere long shall dearelie it repent:
Ne bee twixt heauen and earth shall hide his head,
But soone he shall be found, and shortlie doen be dead.

The foolish man therat woxe wondrous blith,
 As if the word so spoken, were halfe donne,
 And humbly thanked him a thousand sith,
 That had from death to life him newly wonne.
 Tho, forth the Boaster marching, braue begonne
 His stolen steed to thunder furiously,
 As if he heauen and hell would ouer-ronne,
 And all the world confound with cruelty,
 That much *Malbecco* ioyed in his iollitie.

Thus, long they three together trauailed,
 Through many a wood, and many an vncouth way,
 To seeke his wife, that was farre wandered:
 But those two fought nought but the present pray,
 To weer, the threasure, which he did bewray,
 On which their eyes and harts were wholly set,
 With purpose how they might it best betray;
 For, sith the houre that first he did them let (whet.
 The same behold, there-with their keene desires were

It fortun'd as they together tar'd,
 They spide where *Paridell* came pricking fast
 Vpon the Plaine, the which himselfe prepar'd
 To giust with that braue stranger knight a cast;
 As on adventure by the way he past:
 Alone he rode without his Paragone;
 For, hauing filcht her bells, her vp he cast
 To the wide world, and let her fly alone,
 He n'ould be elogd. So had he serued many one.

The gentle Lady, loose at randon left,
 The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
 At wilde adventure, like a forlorne weft,
 Till on a day the *Satyres* her espide
 Straying alone withouten grome or guide;
 Her vp they tooke, and with them home her led,
 With them as housewife euer to abide,
 To milke their goates, and make them cheefe & bred,
 And eury one as common good her handeled;

That shortly thre *Malbecco* has forgot,
 And eke *Sir Paridell*, all were he deare;
 Who from her went to seeke another lot,
 And now (by fortune) was arriued heere,
 Where those two guilers with *Malbecco* were:
 Soone as the old man saw *Sir Paridell*,
 Hee fainted, and was almost dead with feare,
 Ne word he had to speake, his grieue to tell,
 But to him louted lowe, and greeted goodly well;

And after, asked him for *Hellenore*.
 I take no keepe of her, said *Paridell*:
 She wonneth in the forest there before.
 So forth he rode, as his adventure fell;
 The whiles, the Boaster from his lofty fell
 Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;
 But the fresh Swaine would not his leasure dwell,
 But went his way; whom when he passed kend,
 He vp remounted light, and after faimd to wend.

Perdy nay, said *Malbecco*, shall ye not:
 But let him passe as lightly as he came:
 For, little good of him is to be got,
 And mickle perill to be put to shame.
 But, let vs goe to seeke my dearest Dame,
 Whom he hath left in yonder forest wild:
 For, of her safety in great doubt I am,
 Least salvage beafts her person haue despoild:
 Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine haue toyld.

They all agree, and forward them addrest:
 Ah! but said crafty *Trompart*, weer ye well,
 That yonder in that wastefull wilderneffe
 Huge Monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
 Dragons, and Minotaures, and fiends of hell,
 And many wilde wood-men, which rob and rend
 All trauellers; therefore advise ye well,
 Before yee enterprife that way to wend:
 One may his iourney bring too soone to euill end.

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,
 And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
 Their counsell crav'd, in danger imminent.
 Said *Trompart*, You that are the most opprest
 With burden of great threasure, I thinke best
 Heere for to stay in safety behind;
 My Lord and I will search the wide Forrest.
 That counsell pleased not *Malbecco*s mind;
 For, he was much affraid, himselfe alone to find.

Then is it best, said he, that yee doe leaue
 Your treasure here in some secretie,
 Either fast clos'd in some hollow greaue,
 Or buried in the ground from nicopardie,
 Till we returne againe in safetie:
 As for vs two, least doubt of vs ye haue,
 Hence farre away we will blindfolded lie,
 Ne praiue be vnto your threasures Graue.
 It pleased: so he did; Then they march forward braue.

Now, when amid the thickest woods they were,
 They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,
 And shrieking Hububs them approaching nere,
 Which all the forest did with horror fill:
 That dreadfull sound the boasters hart did thrill,
 With such amazement, that in haste he fled,
 Ne euer looked backe for good or ill,
 And after him eke fearefull *Trompart* sped;
 The old man could not stie, but fell to ground halfe dead.

Yet afterwards, close creeping as he might,
 Hee in a bush did hide his fearefull bed:
 The iolly *Satyres*, full of fresh delight,
 Came dauncing forth, and with them nimble led
 Faire *Hellenore*, with girlonds all bespred,
 Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
 She proud of that new honour, which they red,
 And of their louely fellowship full glade,
 Daunc'd liuely, and her face did with a Lawrell shade.

45
The silly man that in the thicket lay,
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved fore,
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th'vnkindnesse of his *Hellenore*.
All day they daunced with great lusthed,
And with their horned feet the greene grassse wore,
The whiles their Goates vpon the bronzes fed,
Till drouping *Phæbus* vpon to hide his golden hed.

46
Tho, vp they gan their merry pipes to tuffe,
And all their goodly heards did gather round;
But euery *Satyre* first did giue a buffe
To *Hellenore*: so buffes did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour slied the ground
With pearly dew, and the Earthes gloomy shade
Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin round,
That euery bird and beaſt awarnd made
To shrowd theſelues, whiles sleep their senses did invade.

47
Which when *Malbecco* saw, out of the bush
Vpon his hands and feet he crept full light,
And like a Goate emongſt the Goates did ruſh,
That through the help of his faire hornes on hight,
And miſtie damp of miſconceiuing night,
And eke through likeneſſe of his goatish beard,
Hee did the better counterſeite aight:
So home he marcht emongſt the horned heard,
That none of all the *Satyres* him elpyde or heard.

48
At night, when all they went to ſleepe, he viewd,
Where-as his louely wife emongſt them lay,
Embraced of a *Satyre* rough and rude,
Who all the night did mind his ioyous play:
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his hart with iealouſie did ſwell;
But yet that nights enſample did bewray,
That not for nought his wife them loued ſo well,
When one fo ought a night did ring his matins bell.

49
So cloſely as he could, he to them crept,
When wearde of their ſport to ſleepe they fell;
And to his wife, that now full ſoundly ſlept,
He whiſpered in her eare, and did her tell,
That it was hee, which by her ſide did dwell,
And therefore prayd her wake, to heare him plaine.
As one out of a dreame not waked well,
Shee turn'd her, and returned back againe:
Yet her for to awake he did the more conſtraine.

50
At laſt, with irkſome trouble ſhee abraid;
And then perceiuing, that it was indeed
Her old *Malbecco*, which did her vpbraid,
With looſeneſſe of her loue, and loathly deed,
Shee was aſtoniſht with exceeding dread,
And would haue wak't the *Satyre* by her ſide;
But hee her prayd, for mercy, or for meed,
To ſaue his life, ne let him be deſcried,
But barken to his lore, and all his counſell hide.

51
Tho, gan he her perſwade, to leaue that lewd
And loathſome life, of God and man abhord,
And home returne, where all ſhould be renewd
With perfect peace, and bands of freſh accord,
And ſhee receiud againe to bed and bord,
As if no treſpaſſe euer had bene done:
But ſhee it all reſufed at one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
But choſe emongſt the iolly *Satyres* ſtill to wonne.

52
Hee wooed her, till day ſpring hee eſpide;
But all in vaine: and then turnd to the heard,
Who butted him with hornes on euery ſide,
And trode downe in the dirt, where his hor'd beard
Was foully dight, and he of death affeard.
Early before the heauens faireſt light
Out of the ruddy Eaſt was fully reard,
The heards out of their folds were looſed quight,
And he emongſt the reſt crept forth in ſory plight.

53
So ſoone as hee the Priſon doore did paſſe,
Hee ranne as faſt as both his feete could beare,
And neuer looked who behind him was,
Ne ſcarefully who before: like as a Beare
That creeping cloſe, emongſt the hies to reare
An hony-combe, the wakefull dogs eſpy,
And him aſſaying, ſore bis care aſſe teare,
That hardly he away with life does flee,
Ne ſtaves, till ſafe himſelfe he ſee from iopardy.

54
Ne ſtaid he, till he came vnto the place
Where late his treaſure he entomb'd had;
Where when he found it not (for, *Trompart* baſe
Had it purloyned for his maſter bad:)
With extreame fury he became quite mad,
And ran away, ran with himſelfe away:
That who fo ſtrangely had him ſene beſtad,
With vpſtart haire, and ſtaring eyes diſmay,
From *Limbo* lake him late eſcaped ſure would ſay.

55
High over hilles and over dales he fled,
As if the wind him on his wings had borne,
Ne bank nor buſh could ſtay him, when he ſped
His nimble feet, as treading ſtill on thorne:
Griefe, and deſpight, and iealouſie, and ſcorne
Did all the way him followe hard behind:
And he himſelfe, himſelfe loath'd fo forlorne,
So ſtamefully forlorne of woman-kind;
That, as a Snake, ſtill lurked in his wounded mind.

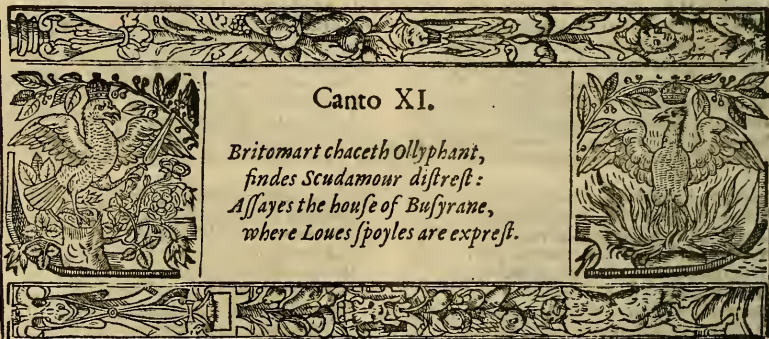
56
Still fled he forward, looking backward ſtill,
Ne ſtaid his flight, nor fearfull agony,
Till that he came vnto a rocky hill,
Over the ſea ſuſpended dreadfully,
That liuing creature it would terrifie
To looke adowne, or vppward to the hight:
From thence he threw himſelfe deſpiteouſly,
All deſperate of his fore-damned ſpright,
That ſeem'd no help for him was left in liuing ſight.

But through long anguish, and selfe-murdring thought,
 Hee was so wasted and fore-pined quight,
 That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
 And nothing left, but like an airie Spright,
 That on the rocks he fell so fit and light,
 That he thereby receiu'd no hurt at all,
 But chaunced on a craggy cliffe to light;
 VVhence he with crooked clawes fo long did crall,
 That at the last he found a Cae with entrance small.

Into the same hee crepes, and thence-forth there
 Resolu'd to build his balefull mansion,
 In dreary darknesse, and continuall feare
 Of that rocks fall; which euer and anon
 Threats with huge ruine him to fall vpon,
 That he dare neuer sleepe, but that one eye
 Still ope he keeps for that occasion;
 Ne euer rests he in tranquillity,
 The roring billowes beate his bowre so boistroufly.

Ne euer is he wont on ought to feed,
 But toades and frogs (his pasture poysonous)
 VVhich in his cold complexion do breed
 A filthy bloud, or humour rancorous,
 Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
 That doth with carelesse care consume the hart,
 Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
 Crosse-cuts the liuer with internall smart,
 And doth transfixe the soule with deathea eternall dart.

Yet can he neuer die, but dying liues,
 And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
 That death and life atonce vnto him giues,
 And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.
 There dwels he euer, miserable swaine,
 Hatefull both to himselfe, and eury wight;
 Where he through priuy griefe, and honour vaine,
 Is woxen so deform'd that he has quight
 Forgot hee was a man, and *Iealousie* is hight.



Hatefull hellish Snake, what fury surft
 Brought thee fro baleful house of *Proserpine*,
 Where in her bosom the thee long had nurst,
 And fostred vp with bitter milke of tine,
 Foule *Jealousie*, that turnest loue diuine
 To ioylesse dread, and mak'st the louing hart
 VVith hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
 And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart?
 Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

O! let him farre be banished away,
 And in his stead let Loue for euer dwell;
 Sweet Loue, that doth his golden wings embay
 In blessed Nectar, and pure Pleasures Well,
 Vntroubled of vile feare, or bitter fell.
 And yee faire Ladies, that your kingdoms make
 In th' hearts of men, them gouerne wisely well,
 And of faire *Britomart* enlample take,
 That was as true in loue, as *Turtle* to her make.

VVho with Sir *Satyrane* (as earst yee red)
 Forth riding from *Malbecco*s hollesse hous,
 Far off elspeide a young man, the which fled
 From an huge Giant, that with hideous
 And hatefull out-rage long him chaced thus;
 It was that *Ollyphant*, the brother deare
 Of that *Arganté* vile and vitious,
 From whom the *Squire of Dames* was rest whylere;
 This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

For, as the siter did in feminine
 And filthy lust exceed all woman-kind,
 So hee surpassed his sex masculine,
 In beastly vse that I did euer find;
 Whom when as *Britomart* beheld behind
 The fearefull boy so greedily persew,
 Shee was enuoued in her noble mind,
 T'employ her puillance to his reskew,
 And pricked fiercely forward, where she him did view.

Ne was Sir *Satyrane* her far behind,
 But with like fiercenesse did enſue the chace:
 Whom, when the Giant ſaw, he ſooner reſign'd
 His former ſuit, and from th'm fled apace;
 They after both, and boldly bade him bace,
 And each did ſtrive the other to out-goe:
 But he them both out-ran a wondrous ſpace,
 For, he was long, and ſwift as any Roe,
 And now made better ſpeed, t' eſcape his feared foe.

It was not *Satyrane* whom he did feare,
 But *Eritomart*, the ſlowe of chaſtity;
 For, he the powre of chaſte hands might not beare,
 But alwaies did their drad encounter fly:
 And now ſo faſt his feet he did apply,
 That he has gotten to a foreſt neare,
 V Where hee is throw'd in ſecurity:
 The wood they enter, and feare eury where,
 They ſearched duerly; ſo both diuided were.

Faire *Britomart* lo long him followed,
 That ſhe at laſt came to a fountaine ſheare,
 By which there lay a knight all wallowed
 Vpon the graſly ground, and by him neare
 His habergeon, his helmet, and his ſpeare;
 A little off, his ſhield was rudely throwne,
 On which the winged boy in colours cleare
 Depainted was, full eaſie to be knowne,
 And he thereby, where-euer it in field was ſhowne.

His face vpon the ground did groueling lye,
 As if he had been ſlumbering in the ſhade,
 That the braue Maid would not for courteſie,
 Out of his quiet ſlumber him abraide,
 Nor ſeeme too ſuddainly him to invade:
 Still as ſhee ſtood, ſhe heard with grieuous throb
 Him groone, as if his hart were peeces made,
 And with moſt painefull pangs to ſigh and ſob,
 That pity did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

At laſt, forth breaking into bitter plaints,
 He ſaid: O ſoueraigne Lord that ſitt on hie,
 And reign'ſt in blis amongſt thy bleſſed Saints,
 How ſuffreſt thou ſuch ſhamfull cruelty,
 So long vnraked of thine enemy?
 Or haſt thou, Lord, of good mens cauſe no heed?
 Or doſt thy iuſtice ſleepe, and ſilently?
 What booreth then the good and righteous deed,
 If goodnelle find no grace, nor righteouſnelle no need?

If good find grace, and righteouſnelle reward,
 Why then is *Amoret* in caytiue band,
 Sith that more bountious creature neuer ſat'd
 On foot, vpon the face of liuing land?
 Or if that heauenly iuſtice may withſtand
 The wrongfull out-rage of vnrightheous men,
 Why then is *Eufirane* with wicked hand
 Suffred, theſe leauen months day, in ſecret den
 My Lady and my loue ſo cruelly to pen?

My Lady and my Loue, is cruell' pend
 In dolefull darkneſſe from the view of day,
 Whilſt deadly tormentes do her cheſte breſt rend,
 And the ſharp ſteele doth riuie her hart in tway,
 All for the *Scudamore* will not deny.
 Yet thou, vile man, vile *Scudamore*, art found,
 Ne canſt her ayde, ne canſt her foe diſmay;
 Vnworthy wretch to tread vpon the ground,
 For whom lo faire a Lady feelles ſo ſore a wound.

There an huge heape of ſingults did oppreſſe
 His ſtruggling ſoule, and ſwelling throbs empeach
 His ſolting tongue with pangs of doctrineſſe,
 Choking the remanent of his plainne ſpeech,
 As if his daies were come to their laſt reach.
 Which when ſhee heard, and ſaw the gully ſit,
 Threatning into his life to make a breach,
 Both with great truth and terour the was ſmit,
 Fearing leaſt from her cage the weary ſoule would ſit.

Tho, ſtooping downe, ſhee him amoued light;
 Who thre-wich ſome-what ſtaring, vp gan looke,
 And ſeeing him behind a ſtranger knight,
 Where-as no liuing creature he miſtooke,
 With great indignance hee that ſight forſooke,
 And downe againe himſelfe diſdainfully
 Abiecting, th' earth with his faire forehead ſtrooke:
 Which the bold Virgin ſeeing, gan apply
 Fit medicine to his grieſe, and ſpake thus curteſly:

Ah! gentle knight, whoſe deepe conceiued grieſe
 Well ſeemes t' exceede the powre of patience,
 Yet if that heauenly grace ſome good reliefe
 You fend, ſubmit you to high prouidence;
 And euer in your noble hart prepenſe,
 That all theorrow in the world, is leſſe
 Then vertues might, and values confidence:
 For, who will bide the burden of diſtreſſe,
 Muſt not heere thinke to hee, for, life is wretchedneſſe.

Therefore (faire Sir) doe comfort to you take,
 And freely read, what wicked ſelon ſo
 Hath out-rag'd you, and thrald you gentle make.
 Perhaps this hand may help to eade your woe,
 And wreake your ſorrow on your cruell foe,
 At leaſt, if faire endeuour will apply.
 Thoſe feeling words poe neere the quick did goe,
 That vp his head he reared eaſily;
 And leaning on his elbow, theſe few words let fly:

What boots it plaine, that cannot be redreſt,
 And ſowe vaine ſorrow in a fruitleſſe care,
 Sith powre of hand, nor ſkill of learned breſt,
 Ne worldly price cannot redeme my deare,
 Out of her thraldome and continuall ſcare?
 For, he (the Tyrant) which her hath in ward
 By ſtrong enchauntements, and black Magick leare,
 Hath in a dungeon deep her cloſe embard,
 And many dreadfull fiends hath pointed to her gard.

There

17

There he tormenteth her most terribly,
 And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
 Because to yield him loue the doth deny,
 Once to me yold, not to be yold againe:
 But yet by torture he would her constraine
 Loue to conceiue in her disdainfull brest;
 Till so she doe, shee must in doole remaine,
 Ne may by liuing meanes be thence relest:
 What boots it then to plaine, that cannot be redrest?

18

With this sad herfall of his heauy stresse,
 The warlike Damzell was empassiond sore,
 And said; Sir Knight, your cause is nothing lesse
 Then is your sorrow, certes if not more;
 For, nothing so much pities doth implore,
 As gentle Ladies helplesse misery.
 But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
 I will (with prooffe of last extremitie)
 Deliuer her fro thence, or with her for you die.

19

Ah! gentlest Knight alize, said *Scudamore*;
 VVhat huge heroick magnanimitie
 Dwels in thy bountious brest? what could't thou
 If she were thine, and thou as now am I? (more,
 O spare thy happy dayes, and them apply
 To better boot, but let me die that ought;
 More is more losse: one is enough to die.
 Life is not lost, said she, for which is bought
 Endlesse renownme, that more then death is to be sought.

20

Thus, shee at length perswaded him to rise,
 And with her wond, to see what new successse
 Mote him befall vpon new enterprise.
 His armes, which he had vow'd to disprofesse,
 She gathered vp, and did about him dresse,
 And his forwardred steed vnto him got:
 So forth they both yfere make their progresse,
 And march not past the mount'naunce of a shot,
 Till they arru'd, where-as their purpose they did plot.

21

There they dismounting, drew their weapons bold,
 And stoutly came vnto the Castle gate;
 Where-as no gate they found them to with-hold,
 Nor ward to wait at morne and euening late;
 But in the Porch (that did them fore amate)
 A flaming fire, ymixt with smouldry smoke,
 And stinking Sulphure, that with grieftly hate
 And dreadfull horrour did all entrance choke,
 Enforced them their forward footing to reuoake.

22

Greatly therat was *Britomart* dismayd,
 Ne in that stownd wist, how herselfe to beare;
 For, danger vaine it were, to haue assaid
 That cruell element, which all things feare,
 Ne none can suffer to approchen neare:
 And turning back to *Scudamore*, thus sayd;
 What monstrous enmity prouoke we here,
 Foole-hardy, as th' Earthes children, the which made
 Battell against the Gods? so we a God invade.

23

Danger without discretion to attempt,
 Inglorious and beast-like is: therefore, Sir knight,
 Arcad what course of you is safest dempt,
 And how we with our foe may come to fight.
 This is, quoth he, the dolorous despight,
 Which carst to you I plained: for, neither may
 This fire be quencht by any wit or might,
 Ne yet by any meanes remou'd away,
 So mighty be th' enchantments, which the same do stay.

24

What is there else, but cease these fruitlesse paines,
 And leaue me to my former languishing;
 Faire *Amore* must dwell in wicked chaines,
 And *Scudamore* here die with sorrowing,
 Purdy not so, said she; for, shamefull thing
 It were t'abandon noble cheuisaunce,
 For shew of perill, without venturing:
 Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
 Then enterprised praise for dread to disauaunce.

25

There-with, resoly'd to proue her vtmost might,
 Her ample shield she threw before her face,
 And (her swords point directing forward right)
 Assaid the flame, the which estoones gaue place,
 And did it (else diuide with equall space,
 That through the passed; as a thunder-bolt
 Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
 The soring clouds into sad showres ymolts;
 So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

26

Whom, when as *Scudamore* saw past the fire,
 Safe and vntoucht, he likewise gan assay,
 With greedie will, and envious desire,
 And bade the stubborne flames to yield him way:
 But cruell *Mulciber* would not obay
 His threatfull pride; but did the more augment
 His mighty rage, and his imperious sway
 Him forc't (maulgre) his fiercenesse to relent,
 And back retire, all forchert and pittifullly brent.

27

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
 More for great sorrow that he could not pass,
 Then for the burning torment which he felt,
 That with fell woodnesse he effierced was,
 And wilfully him throwing on the grasse,
 Did beat and bounse his head and breast full fore:
 The whiles, the Championesse now entred has
 The vtmost roome, and past the formost dore,
 The vtmost roome abounding with all precious store.

28

For, round about, the wals yclothed were
 With goodly Arras of great maiesty,
 Wouen with gold and silke so close and nere,
 That therich metall lurked priuily,
 As faining to be hid from envious eye;
 Yet here, and there, and euery where vawares
 It shewed it selfe, and shone vnwillingly;
 Like a discolour'd Snake, whose hidde snares (clares.
 Through the greene grasse, his long bright burnisht backe de-
 And

29
And in those Tapets weten fashioend
Many faire pourtraitcs, and many a faire feate:
And all of Ioue, and all of lusty-hed,
As seemed by their semblant, did entreat;
And eke all *Cupids* warres they did reate,
And cruell battels, which he whilome fought
Gainst all the gods, to make his empire great;
Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought
On mighty Kings and Kefars, into thraldome brought.

30
Therein was writ, how often thundring *Ioue*
Had felt the point of his heart-pearing dart,
And leaming heauens kingdome, here did roue
In strange disguise, to slake his scalding smart;
Now like a Ram, faire *Helle* to peruert,
Now like a Bull, *Europa* to withdrawe:
Ah, how the fearefull Ladies tender heart
Did liuely seeme to tremble, when the sawe
The huge seas vnder her t'obay her seruants lawe!

31
Soone after that into a golden shoure
Him-helfe he chang'd faire *Danae* to view,
And through the roofof her strong brazen towre
Did raine into her lap an hony dew,
The whiles her foolish garde, that little knew
Of such decept, kept th' yron dore fast bard,
And watcht, that none should enter nor islew;
Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
When as the god to golden hew him selfe transfard.

32
Then was he turn'd into a snowy Swan,
To win faire *Leda* to his louely trade:
O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,
That her in daffadilies sleeping made,
From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade:
Whiles the proud Bird ruffing his feathers wide,
And brushing his faire breast, did her inuade;
She slept, yet twixt her eye-lids closely spide,
How towards her he rusht, and smyled at his pride.

33
Then shew'd it, how the *Thebane Semelee*,
Deceiv'd of icalous *Iuno* did require
To see him in his soueraine maifestee,
Arm'd with his thunder-bolts and lightning fire,
Whence dearely she with death bought her desire.
But faire *Alcmena* better match did make,
Ioying his loue in likeness more entire;
Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
He then did put, his pleasures longer to partake.

34
Twice was he scene in soaring Eagles shape,
And with wide wings to beate the buxome ayre:
Once when he with *Asterie* did scape;
Again, when as the *Troiane* boy so faire
He smatcht from *Ida* hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was, there to behold,
How the rude Shepheards after him did stare,
Trembling through feare least down he fallen should,
And often to him calling, to take surer holde.

35
In *Satyres* shape, *Antiope* he smatcht:
And like a fire, when he *Aegias* assayd:
A shepheard, when *Mnemogyne* he catcht:
And like a Serpento the *Thracian* mayd,
Whiles thus on earth great *Ioue* thefe pageants playd,
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
And scoffing thus vnto his mother sayd,
Lo, now the heauens obey to me alone,
And take me for their *Ioue*, whiles *Ioue* to earth is gone.

36
And thou, faire *Phoebus*, in thy colours bright
Wast there enuouen, and the sad distresse
In which that boy thee plonged, for despight
That thou bewraidst his mothers wantonnesse,
When she with *Mars* was meynt in ioyfulness:
For-ty he thrild thee with a leaden dart,
To lone faire *Daphne*, which thee loued lesse:
Lesse she thee lov'd, then was thy iust defart;
Yet was thy loue her death, & her death was thy smart.

37
So louedst thou the lusty *Hyacinth*,
So louedst thou the faire *Coronis* deare:
Yet both are of thy haples hand extinct,
Yet both in flowers do liue, and loue thee beare,
The one a Paunce, the other a sweet beare;
For griefe whereof, ye mote haue liuely seen
The god himselfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his girland euer greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

38
Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,
The sonne of *Clymene* he did repent,
Who bold to guide the charret of the Sunne,
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,
And all the world with flashing fire brent,
So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame.
Yet cruell *Cupid*, not herewith content,
Forc't him estuones to follow other game,
And loue a Shepheards daughter for his dearest Dame.

39
He loued *Iffe* for his dearest Dame,
And for her sake her cattell fed while,
And for her sake a cow-heard vile became,
The seruant of *Admetus* cow-heard vile,
Whiles that from heauen he suffered exile.
Long were to tell each other louely fit,
Now like a Lion, hunting after spoile,
Now like a Hag, now like a Falcon fit:
All which in that faire arwas was most liuely writ.

40
Next vnto him was *Neptune* pictured,
In his diuine resemblance wondrous like:
His face was rugged, and his hoary head
Dropped with brackish dew; his three-forkt Pyke
He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did strike
The raging billowes, that on euery side
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke.
That his swift charret might haue passage wyde,
Which foure great *Hippodames* did draw in ternc-wise tide.

Q

His

⁴¹
His sea-horfes did seeme to snort amaine,
And from their nosethrilles blowe the briny streame,
That made the sparkling waues to smoake againe,
And flame with gold : but the white foamy creame
Did shine with siluer, and shoot forth his beame.
The god him selfe did pensiue seem and sad,
And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame:
For, priuy loue his breast emperced had;
Ne ought, but deare *Bifalin*, ay could make him glad.

⁴²
He loucd eke *Iphimedia* deare,
And *Aeolus* faire daughter *Arné* hight;
For whom he turnd himselfe into a Steare,
And fed on fodder, to beguile her sight.
Also to win *Deucalions* daughter bright,
Her turnd him (else into a Dolphin faire;
And like a winged horse he tooke his flight,
To soaky-lock *Medusa* to repaire,
On whom he got faire *Pegasus*, that sitteth in the ayre.

⁴³
Next *Saturne* was, (but who would euer weene,
That fullcin *Saturne* euer weend to loue?
Yet loue is fullcin, and *Saturne*-like scene,
As he did for *Erigoné* it proue.)
That to a *Centaure* did him selfe transmoue.
So prou'd it eke that gracious god of wine,
When for to compasse *Phylliras* hard loue,
He turnd him selfe into a fruitiull vine,
And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

⁴⁴
Long were to tell the amorous assayes,
And gentle pangs, with which he makcd meeke
The mighty *Mars*, to learne his wanton playes:
How oft for *Venus*, and how often eke
For many other Nymphes he fore did threake;
With womanish teares, and with vnwarlike smarts,
Priuilly moistening his horrid cheek.
There was he painted full of burning darts,
And many wide wounds lanced through his inward parts.

⁴⁵
Ne did he spare (so cruell was the *Else*)
His owne deare mother, (ah why should he so!)
Ne did he spare sometime to prick himselfe,
That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,
Which he had wrought, to many others moe.
But, to declare the mournfull Tragedies,
And spoiles, wherewith he all the ground did strowe,
More eath to number, with how many eyes
High heauen beholds sad louers nightly theeueries.

⁴⁶
Kings, Queenes, Lords, Ladies, Knights & Damzels gent,
Were heap't together with the vulgar sort,
And mingled with the rascall rabblement,
Without respect of person or of port,
To shew *Dau Cupids* powe and great effort:
And round about, a border was entrayld
Of broken boawes and arrowes shuicred snort,
And a long bloody riuer through them rayld,
So liuely and so like, that liuing sense it sayld.

⁴⁷
And at the vpper end of that faire rowne,
There was an Altar built of precious stone,
Of passing yalew, and of great renowne,
On which there stood an Image all alone,
Of massie gold, which with his owne light shone;
And wings it had with sundry colours dight,
More sundry colours, then the proud *Pauone*
Beares in his boasted fan, or *Iris* bright, (bright.)
When her discolour'd bow she spreads through heauen

⁴⁸
Blindfold he was, and in his cruell fist
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he shot at randon, when him list,
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;
(Ah man beware, how thou those darts behold.)
A wounded Dragon vnder him did lie,
Whose hideous taile his left foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through eyther eye,
That no man forth might drawe, ne no man remedy.

⁴⁹
And vnderneath his feet was written thus,
Vnto the Victor of the gods this bee:
And all the people in that ample house
Did to that image bow their humble knee,
And oft committed fowle Idolatree.
That wondrous sight faire *Brisomart* amazed,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfe,
But euer more and more vpon it gazed,
The whiles she passing brightesse her fraile senses dazed.

⁵⁰
Tho, as she backward cast her busie eye,
To search each secret of that goodly sted,
Ouer the dore thus written the did spye
Be bold: she oft and oft it ouer-read,
Yet could not finde what sense it figured:
But what-so were therein or writ or ment,
She was no whit thereby discouraged
From prosecuting of her first intent,
But forward with bolde steps into the next roome went.

⁵¹
Much fairer, then the former, was that roome,
And richlyer by many parts arrayd:
For, not with arras made in painfull loome,
But with pure gold it al was ouer-layd,
Wrought with wild Anticks, which their follies playd,
In the rich metall, as they liuing were:
A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
Such as false loue doth oft vpon him weare.
For, loue in thousand monstrous formes doth oft appeare.

⁵²
And all about, the gliftring walles were hong
With warlike spoiles, and with victorious prayes
Of mighty Conquerors and Captaines strong,
Which were whilome captiued in their dayes
To cruell loue, and wrought their owne decayes:
Their swords & speares were broke, & hauberques rent,
And their proud girlonds of triumphant bayes
Troden in dust with fury insolent,
To shew the Victors might and mercilesse intent.

53
The warlike Mayd, beholding earnestly
The goodly ordinance of this rich place,
Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfie
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space:
But more she inuaild, that no footings trace,
Nor wight appear'd, but wastefull emptinesse,
And solenne silence ouer all thair place:
Strange thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse
So rich purueyance, ne them keep with carefulnesse.

54
And as she lookt about, she did behold,
How ouer that same dore was likewise writ
Be bold, Be bold, and euery where Be bold;
That much she murr'd, yet could not construe it

By any riddling skil, or common wit.
At last she spide, at that roomes vpper end,
Another iron dore, on which was writ
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend
Her carnest mind, yet wist not what it might intend.

55
Thus there she waited vntill euentide,
Yet liuing creature none she saw appeare:
And now sad shadowes gau the world to hide,
From mortall view, and wrap in darknesse dreare;
Yet nould the d'off her weary armes, for feare
Of secret danger, ne let sleepe oppresse
Her heauy eyes with Natures burdein deare,
But drew her selfe aside in sickernesse,
And her well-pointed weapons did about her dresse.



Canto XII.

*The Mask of Cupid, and the enchanted
Chamber are displaid;
Whence Britomart redeemes faire
Amoret, through charms decayd.*



1
THo, when as chearelesse Night yeouered had
Faire heauen with an vniuersall cloud,
That euery wight, dismayd with darknesse sad,
In silence and in sleepe themselves did stroud,
She heard a shrilling Trompet sound aloud,
Signe of nigh battell, or got victory;
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
But rather stard to cruell enmity,
Expecting euer, when some foe she might descry.

2
With that, an hideous storme of winde arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earth-quake, as if it streight would lose
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt;
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Ensewd, whose noyance filld the fearefull sted,
From the fourth houre of night vnuall the fixt;
Yet the bold Britomarte was nought ydsed,
Though much emmou'd, but stedfast still perseuered.

3
All suddenly a stormy whirlwind blew
Througout the house, that clapped euery dore:
With which, that iron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty leuers had beene tore:

And forth islewd, as on the ready flore
Of some Theatre, a graue personage,
That in his hand a branch of laurel bore,
With comely haucourt and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke Stage.

4
Proceeding to the midst, he still did stand,
As if in mind he somewhat had to say;
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a Play,
By liuely actions he gaue bewray
Some argument of matter p. sioned;
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away:
And passing by, his name discouered,
Euse, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

5
The noble mayd, still standing, all this viewd;
And merr'd at his strange inrendiment:
With that, a ioyous fellowship islewd
Of Minstrals, making goodly merriment,
With wanton Bards, and Rymers impudent;
All which together sung full chearefully
A lay of loues delight, with sweet concert:
After whom, marcht a iolly company,
In manner of a maske, entranced orderly.

The whiles a most delicious harmony,
 In full strange notes was sweetly heard to sound,
 That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
 The feeble senses wholly did confound,
 And the fraile soule in deepe delight nigh dround:
 And when it ceas'd shrill trumpets loud did bray,
 That their report did fare away rebound,
 And when they ceas'd, it gan again to play,
 The whiles the maskers march'd forth in trim array.

The first was *Fancy*, like a louely boy,
 Of rare aspect, and beauty without peare;
 Marchable eyther to that impe of *Troy*,
 Whom *Ioue* did loue, and chose his cup to beare,
 Or that same dainty lad, which was so deare
 To great *Aleides*, that when as he did,
 He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
 And euery wood and euery valley wide
 He fill'd with *Hylas* name; the *Nymphes* eke *Hylas* cride.

His garment neither was of silke nor say,
 But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,
 Like as the sun-burnt *Indians* do array
 Their tawny bodies, in their proudest plight:
 As those same plumes, so seem'd he vaine and light,
 That by his gate might easily appeare;
 For, still he far'd as dancing in delight,
 And in his hand a winny fan did beare,
 That in the idly aire he mov'd still here and there.

And him beside march'd amorous *Desire*,
 Who seem'd of riper yeares, then th' other *Swaine*;
 Yet was that other swaine this elders fyre,
 And gaue him being, common to them twaine:
 His garment was disguis'd very vaine,
 And his embrodered Bonet fat awry;
 Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did straine,
 Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
 That soone they life conceiv'd, & forth in flames did fly.

Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yclad
 In a discolour'd cote, of strange disguise,
 That at his backe a brode *Capuccio* had,
 And sleeues dependant *Albanese*-wife:
 He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
 Or that the flore to shrinke he did awyse,
 And on a broken reed he still did stay
 His feeble steps, which shrinke, when hard thereon he lay.

With him went *Danger*, cloth'd in ragged weed,
 Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made:
 Yet his owne face was dreadfull, he did need
 Strange horror, to deform his grisly shade;
 A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
 In th' other was: this *Mitchiefe*, that *Misthap*;
 With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
 With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap;
 For, whom he could not kill, he practis'd to entrap.

Next him was *Fear*, all arm'd from top to toe,
 Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
 But feard each shadow mouing to and fro:
 And his owne armes when glittering he did spy,
 Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
 As ashes pale of hew, and winny-heel'd;
 And euermore on danger fixt his eye,
 Gaint whom he alwaies bent a brazen shield,
 Which his right hand vnarm'd fearefully did wield.

With him went *Hope* in ranke, a handsome *Mayd*,
 Of chearefull looke and louely to behold;
 In silken samite she was light arrayd,
 And her faire lockes were wouen vp in gold;
 She alway smyl'd, and in her hand did hold
 An holy water Sprinkle, dpt in deawe,
 With which she sprinkled fauours manifold,
 On whom she list, and did great liking shewe;
 Great liking vnto many, but true loue to fewe.

And after them *Dissemblance* and *Suspect*
 March in one ranke, yet an vnequall paire:
 For, she was gentle, and of milde aspect,
 Courtous to all, and seeming debonaire,
 Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire:
 Yet was that all but painted, and purloynd,
 And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
 Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,
 And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd.

But he was soule ill-fauoured, and grim,
 Vnder his eye-brows looking still alcaunce;
 And euer as *Dissemblance* laugh on him,
 He lowrd on her with dangerous eye-glances;
 Shewing his nature in his countenance;
 His rolling eyes did neuer rest in place,
 But walkt each where, for feare of hid mischaunce,
 Holding a lattice still before his face,
 Through which he still did peepe, as forward he did pace.

Next him went *Griefe*, and *Fury* matcht yfere;
Griefe, all in sable sorrowfully clad,
 Downe-hanging his dull head, with heavy chere,
 Yet inly being more, then seeming sad:
 A paire of pincers in his hand he had,
 With which he pinched people to the heart,
 That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,
 In wilfull languour and consuming smart,
 Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

But *Fury* was full ill appareild
 In rags, that naked nigh the did appeare,
 With ghastfull lookes and dreadfull dreshted;
 For, from her backe her garments she did teare,
 And from her head oft rent her snarled haire:
 In her right hand a fire-brand she did tosse
 About her head, still roming here and there;
 As a dismayed Deere in chace embost,
 Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

After

18

After them, went *Displeasure* and *Pleasance*;
 He looking lompath and full fullsain sad,
 And hanging dowac his heavy countenance;
 She chearcfull fresh and full of ioyance glad,
 As if no sorrow she ne felt, ne drad;
 That euill marched paire they seem'd to bee:
 An angry Waspe th'on'e an viall had:
 Th'other in hers an hony-lady Bee:
 Thus marched these fixe couples forth in faire degrec.

19

After all these, there marcht a most faire Dame,
 Led of two gryse villeins, th'one *Despight*,
 The other cleped *Cruelty* by name:
 She dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright,
 Cald by strong charmes out of eternal night,
 Had Deaths owne image figur'd in her face,
 Full of sad signes, fearfull to liuing sight;
 Yet in that horror shew'd a fceemly grace,
 And with her feeble feet did moue a comely pace.

20

Her breast all naked, as net iuory,
 Without adorne of gold or siluer bright,
 Wherewith the *Crafter-man* wounts it beautife,
 Of her dew honour was despoyled quight,
 And a wide wound therein (*O ruefull sight!*)
 Entrenched deepe with knite accured keene,
 Yet fieshly bleeding forth her fainting spright
 (The worke of cruell hand) was to befeene,
 That dyde in sanguine red her skin all shrowy cleane.

21

At that wide orifice, her trembling heart
 Was drawne forth, and in siluer basin layd,
 Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
 And in her bloud yet steerming fresh embayd:
 And those two villeins, which her steps vpstayd,
 When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
 And fading vitall powers gan to fade,
 Her forward fall with torture did constraîne,
 And etiermore encrealed her consuming paine.

22

Next after her, the winged God himselfe
 Came riding on a Lion rauencous,
 Taught to obey the menage of that Elfe,
 That man and beast with powre imperious
 Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:
 His blindfold eyes he bade a while vnbind,
 That his proud poyle of that same dolorous
 Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kind;
 Which seene, he much reioyced in his cruell mind.

23

Of which full proud, him selfe vp rearing hyc,
 He looked round about with sterne didaine;
 And did suray his goodly company:
 And marshalling the euill ordered traine,
 With that the darts which his right hand did straine,
 Full dreadfully he shooke that all did quake,
 And clapt on lie his coloured wings twaine,
 That all his many it affraide did make:
 Tho, blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

24

Behinde him was *Reproache*, *Repentance*, *Shame*;
Reproache the first, *Shame* next, *Repent* behind:
Repentance feeble, sorrowfull and lame:
Reproache despightfull, carelesse, and vnkinde;
Shame most ill fauour'd, bestiall, and blind:
Shame lowrd, *Repentance* sight, *Reproache* did scould
Reproache sharpe stings, *Repentance* whips entwyn'd,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold:
 All three to each vnlike, yet all made in one mould.

25

And after them, a rude confused rout
 Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:
 Emongst them was sterne *Strife*, and *Anger* stout,
 Vnquiet *Care*, and fond *Vnthriftihead*,
 Lewd *Loss* of *Time*, and *Sorrow* seeming dead,
 Inconstant *Change*, and false *Disloyaltie*,
 Consuming *Riotsie*, and guilty *Dread*
 Of heavenly vengeance, faint *Infirmities*,
 Vile *Ponertie*, and lastly *Death* with infamie.

26

There were full many moe like maladies,
 Whose names and natures I note readeen well;
 So many moe, as there be phantasies
 In wauering womens wit, that none can tell,
 Or paines in loue, or punishments in hell;
 And which disguised marcht in masking wise,
 About the chamber with that *Damozell*,
 And then returned (hauing marcht thrice)
 Into the inner roome, from whence they first did rise,

27

So soone as they were in, the dore streight way
 Fast locked, driuen with that stormy blast,
 Which first it opened; and bore all away,
 Then the braue Maid, which all this while was plac't,
 In secret shade, and sawe both first and last,
 Issued forth, and went vnto the dore,
 To enter in, but found it locked fast:
 It vaine she thought with rigoros vprone
 For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

28

Where force might not auaille, there sleights and art
 She cast to vlc, both fit for hard emprize;
 For-ty, from that same roome not to depart
 Till morrow next, she did her selfe auize,
 When that same Maske againe should forth arise.
 The morrow next appear'd with ioyous cheare,
 Calling men to their daily exercite,
 Then she, as morrowe fresh, her selfe did reare
 Out of her secret stand, that day for to out-weare.

29

All that day she out-wore in wandring,
 And gazing on that chambers ornament,
 Till that againe the second euening
 Her couered with her sable vestiment,
 Wherewith the worlds faire beauty she hath blent:
 Then when the second watch was almost past,
 That brauen dore flew open, and in went
 Bold *Briemart*, as she had late forecast,
 Neither of idle shewes, nor of false charmes aghast.

Q3

52

So soone as she was entred, round about
 She cast her eyes, to see what was become
 Of all those persons, which she saw without:
 But lo, they straight all were vanisht all and some,
 Ne liuing wight the same in all that roome,
 Saue that same woefull Lady: both whose hands
 Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
 And her small waste girt round with iron bands,
 Vnto a brazen pillour, by the which she stands.

And her before the vile Enchaunter fate,
 Figuring strange characters of his art:
 With liuing bloud he those characters wrote,
 Dreadfully dropping from her dying heart,
 Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart,
 And all perforce to make her him to loue.
 Ah! who can loue the worker of her smart?
 A thousand charmes he formerly did procure;
 Yet thousand charmes could not her steadfast heart remoue.

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
 His wicked books in haste he ouerthrew,
 Not caring his long labours to deface:
 And fiercely running to that Lady drew,
 A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew;
 The which he thought, for villainous despight,
 In her tormented body to embrew:
 But the stout Damzell to him leaping light,
 His cursed hand withheld, and mastered his might.

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
 The wicked weapon rashly he did wreat;
 And turning to her selfe his fell intent,
 Vnwares it strooke into her snowy chest,
 That little drops empurpled her faire breast.
 Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
 Albe the wound were nothing deep imprest,
 And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
 To giue him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
 He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should haue slaine,
 Had not the Lady which by him stood bound,
 Demely vnto her called to abstaine,
 From doing him to dy. For, else her paine
 Should be remediless, sith none but hee,
 Which wrought it, could the same cure againe.
 Therewith she staid her hand, loth steare to bee;
 For, life she him cnuide, and longd reuenge to see:

And to him sayd, Thou wicked man, whose meed
 For to huge mischief, and vile villany,
 Is death, or if that ought do death exceed,
 Be sure, that nought may saue thee from to dy,
 But if that thou this Dame doe presently
 Restore vnto her health, and former state;
 This doe and liue, else die vndoubtedly.
 He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
 Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date.

And rising vp, gan streight to ouerlook
 Those cursed leaues, his charmes backe to reuerse;
 Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
 He read, and meaur'd many a sad verse,
 That horror gan the virgins heart to perse,
 And her faire lockes vp stared stiffe on end,
 Hearing him those same bloody lines rehearse;
 And all the while he read, she did extend
 Her sword high ouer him, if ought he did offend.

Anon she gan perceine the house to quake,
 And all the doores to rattle round about;
 Yet all that did not her dismayed make,
 Nor slacke her threatfull hand for dangers doubt:
 But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
 Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
 At last, that mighty chaine, which round about
 Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
 And that great brazen pillour broke in peeces small.

The cruell Steele which thrild her dying heart,
 Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord:
 And the wide wound, which lately did dispart
 Her bleeding breast, and riuen bowels gor'd,
 Was closed vp, as it had not been bor'd;
 And euery part to safety full found,
 As she were neuer hurt, was soone restor'd.
 Tho, when she felt her selfe to be vnbound,
 And perfect whole, prostrate she fell vnto the ground:

Before faire *Britomart*, she fell prostrate,
 Saying: Ah noble knight, what worthy meed
 Can wretched Lady, quit from wofull state,
 Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?
 Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
 Euen immortal praise, and glory wide,
 Which I your vassall, by your prowess freed,
 Shall through the world make to be notiside,
 And goodly well aduance, that goodly well was tride.

But *Britomart*, vprearing her from ground,
 Sayd, Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene
 For many labours more, then I haue found,
 This, that in safety now I haue you seene,
 And meane of your deliuerance haue bene:
 Henceforth faire Ladv comfort to you take,
 And put away remembrance of late teene;
 In stead therof knowe, that your louing Make
 Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle sake.

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
 Whom of all liuing wights she loued best.
 Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond
 Vpon th' enchaunter, which had her distrust
 So sore, and with foule outrages oppress:
 With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygo
 He bound that pitious Lady prisoner, now releas,
 Him selfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
 And captiue with her led to wretchedness and woe.

⁴²
 Returning backe, those goodly roomes, which erst
 She saw so rich and royally arrayd,
 Now vanisht vterly, and cleane subuerst
 She found, and all their glory quite decayd,
 That sight of such a change her much dismayd.
 Thence, forth descending to that perlous Porch,
 Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd,
 And quenched quite, like a consumed torch,
 That erst all enuers wont so cruelly to scorch.

⁴³
 More easie islew now, then entrance late
 She found: for, now that fained dreadfull flame,
 Which chok't the porch of that enchanted gate,
 And passage bard to all, that thither came,
 Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,
 And gaue her leaue at pleasure forth to pass.
 Th' Ench.unter selfe, which all that fraud did frame,
 To haue efforc't the loue of that faire lats,
 Seeing his work now wasted, deepe engrieued was.

⁴⁴
 But when the Victoreffe arriued there,
 Where late she left the pensiue *Scudamore*
 With her owne trusty Squire, both full of feare,
 Neither of them she found where she them lore.
 Thereat her noble heart was stonish't fore;
 But most faire *Amoret*, whose gentle spright
 Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
 Conceiued had, to see her owne deare knight,
 Being therof beguyld wasild with new affright.

⁴⁵
 But he sad man, when he had long in deeed
 Awayted there for *Britomarts* returne,
 Yet sawe her not nor signe of her good speed,
 His expectation to despaire did turne,
 Misdemeing sure that her those flames did burne;
 And therefore gan aduize with her old Squire,
 Who her deare nourlings losse no lesse did mourne,
 Thence to depart for further aide t'enquire:
 Where let them wend at will, whilest here I doo respire.

The end of the third Booke.

Q 4

A



A Vision upon this concept of the Faerie

QUEENE.

ME thought I sawe the Graue, where *Lauras* lay,
Within that Temple, where the vestall flame
Was wont to burne; and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of liuing fame,
Whose tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,
All suddenly I sawe the Faery Queene:
At whose approache the soule of *Petrarke* wept,
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seene.
For, they this Queene attended, in whose steed
Obliuion laid him downe on *Lauras* herse:
Hereat the hardest stoncs were seene to bleed,
And grones of buried ghosts the heauens did perse;
Where *Homers* spright did tremble all for grieft,
And curst th'accesse of that celestiall thiete.

Another of the same.

THE praise of meaner wits this worke like profite brings,
As doth the Cuckoes song delight when *Philumena* sings.
If thou hast formed right true Vertues face herein:
Vertue her selfe can best discern, to whom they written bin,
If thou hast Beauty prayd, let her sole lookes diuine
Iudge if ought therein be amiss, and mend it by her cyne.
If Chastitie want ought, or Temp'rance her dew,
Behold her Princely minde aright, and wright thy Queene anew:
Meane while she shall perceiue, how farre her vertues sore
About the reach of all that liue, or such as wrote of yore:
And thereby will excuse aud fauour thy good will:
Whose vertue cannot be exprest, but by an Angels quill,
Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy deuce.

W. R.

To the learned Shepheard.

Collin, I see by thy new taken task,
Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
That leades thy Muse in haughty verse to maske,
And loath the layes that long to lowely swaynes,
That lifts thy notes from Shepheards vnto kings,
So like the lively Larke that mount in singing.

Thy lonely Rosolinde seemes now forlorne,
and all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight.
Thy changed heart now holdes thy pypes in scorne;
those pretty pypes that did thy mates delight;
Those trusty mates, that loued thee so well,
Whom thou gau'st mirth: as they gaue thee the bell.

Yet as thou earst with thy sweet roundelayes,
didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers:
So moughtst thou now in these resyned layes,
delight the dainty eares of higher powers.
And so mought they in their deepe scanning skill
Allow and grace our Collins flowing quill.

And faire befall that Faery Queene of thine,
in whose faire eyes loue linkt with vertue sits:
Ensufing, by those beauties siers diuine,
such high conceits into thy humble wits,
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes,
From rusticke tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy Redcrosse knight with happy hand
victorious be in that faire Ilands right,
Which thou dost vaile in type of Faery land,
Elyza's blessed field, that Albion hight;
That shield: her friends, and warres her mighty foes,
Yet still with people, peace, and plenty floues.

But (jolly Shepheard) though, with pleasing stile,
thou feast the humour of the courtly traine:
Let not conceit thy settled sense beguile,
ne daunted be through enuy or disdain.
Subiect thy doome to her Emprying spright,
From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light.

Hobynoll.

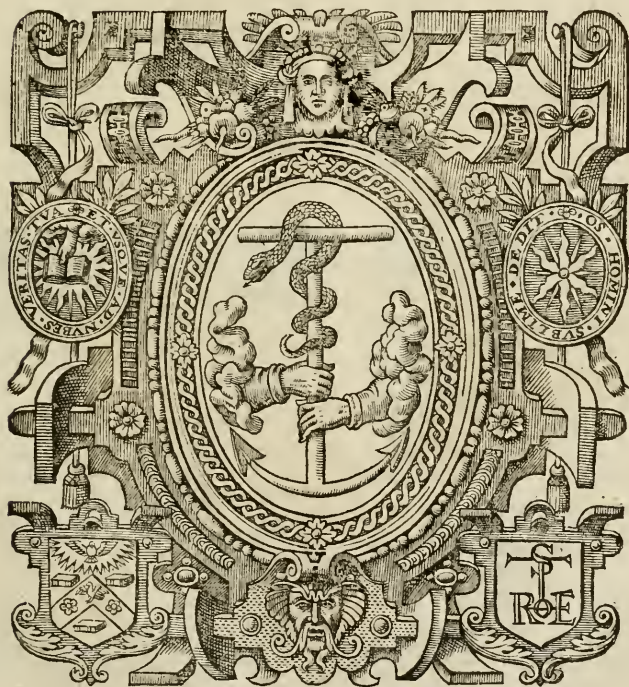
THE SECOND PART OF THE

FAERIE QUEENE:

Containing

FOURTH,
THE FIFT, &
SIXT BOOKE.

By Ed. Spenser.



Imprinted at London for *Mathew Lownes.*

1609.

THE
SECOND
PART OF THE

FABRIS QUESTIONS

CONSTITUTION
OF THE
FIRST
PART



Printed by J. B. ...
1798



THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE FAERIE QUEENE:

CONTAINING

The Legend of CAMBEL & TELAMOND,

OR

Of Friendship.



¹
He rugged forehead, that with graue foresight
Wields kingdoms causes, & affaires of State,
My looser rimes, I wote, doth sharply wite,
For praying loue as I haue done of late,
And magnifying louers deare debate;

By which, fraile youth is oit to folly led,
Through false allurements of that pleasing baite,
That better were in vertues disciplined,
Then with vaine poems weeds to haue their fancies fed.

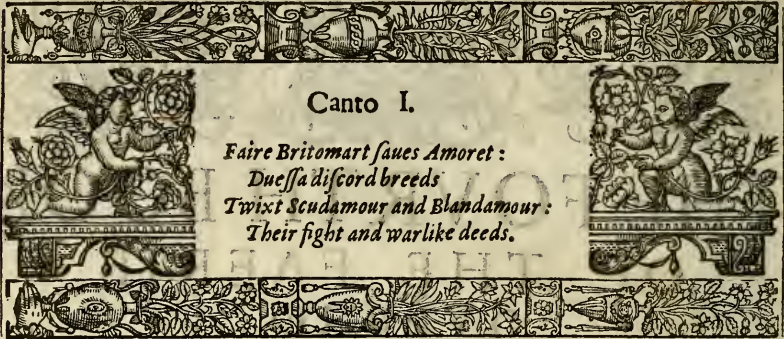
²
Such ones ill iudge of loue, that cannot loue,
Ne in their frozen hearts feele kindly flame:
For-thy they ought not thing vnknowne reproc,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame,
For fault of few that haue abus'd the same.
For, it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crowne true louers with immortal blis,
The meed of them that loue, and do not liue amiss.

³
Which who so list looke backe to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were donne,
Shall find, that all the workes of those wise sages,
And braue exploits which great Heröes wonne,

In loue were either ended or begunne:
Witnessse the father of Philosophie,
Which to his *Critias*, shaded oit from sunne,
Of loue full many lessons did apply,
The which these Stoicke Censours cannot well deny.

⁴
To such therefore I doe not sing at all;
But to that sacred Saint my soueraigne Queene,
In whose chaste breast all bounty naturall,
And treasures of true loue enlocked beane,
Boue all her sexe that cuer yet was seene;
To her I sing of loue, that loueth best,
And best is lov'd of all alme I weene:
To her, this song most fitly is addrest,
The Queene of loue, & Prince of peace from heauen blest.

⁵
Which that she may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou drad infant, *Venus* dearling doe,
From her high spirit chase imperious feare,
And vse of awefull Maiestie remoue:
In stead whereof with drops of melting loue,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweet smyling mother from aboue,
Sprinkle her heart, and haughty courage soften,
That she may hearken to loue, and reade this lesson often.



Canto I.

*Faire Britomart saues Amoret :
Duesfa discord breeds
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour :
Their fight and warlike deeds.*

Flowers sad calamities of old,
Full many piteous stories do remaine:
But none more piteous euer was ytold,
Then that of *Amorets* hart-binding chaine,
And this of *Flormels* vnworthy paine:
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
My loosened heart fo sorely doth constrain,
That I wich teares full oft doe pitie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it neuer had been writ.

For, from the time that *Scudamour* her bought
In perlonous fight, she neuer ioyed day,
A perlonous fight when he with force her brought
From twenty knights, that did him all assay:
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay:
And with great glory both the shield of loue,
And eke the Lady selfe he brought away;
Whom hauing wedded as did him behoue,
A new vnknownen michiefe did from him remoue.

For, that same vile Enchaunter *Busfran*,
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whilst euery man
Surcharg'd with wine, were heedlesse and ill headed,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that Maske of loue which late was shouen:
And there the Lady ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in Maskes is knowen,
Conueyed quite away to liuing wight vnknownen.

Seauen months he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinfull lust she would not serue,
Vntill such time as noble *Britomart*
R eleas'd her, that else was like to sterue,
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did keere.
And now she is with her vpon the way,
Marching in louely wife, that could deserue
No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonour of so faire a prey.

Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell
The diuerse vsage and demeanure daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell.
For, *Amoret* right fearefull was and faint,
Lest she with blame her honour should attaint,
That euery word did tremble as the spake,
And eury looke was coy, and wondrous quaint,
And euery limbe that touched her did quake:
Yet could she not but courteous countenance to her make.

For, well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her liues Lord, and Patrone of her health,
Right well deserued as his duefull meed,
Her loue, her seruice, and her vtmost wealth.
All is his iustly, that all freely dealth:
Nathlesse her honour, dearer then her life,
She fought to saue, as thing refer'd from stealth;
Dre had the leuer with Enchanters knife,
Then to be false in loue, profest a virgine wife.

Thereto her feare was made so much the greater
Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd:
Who, for to hide her fained sex the better,
And maske her wounded minde, both did and sayd
Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
That well she wist not what by them to ghesse:
For, other whiles to her the purpose made
Of loue, and otherwhiles of lustfulnesse,
That much the fear'd his mind would growe to som excess.

His will she fear'd; for him she surely thought
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed;
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
For which no seruice she too much esteemed;
Yet dread of shame, and doubt of foule dishonor,
Made her not yeeld so much, as due she deemed.
Yet *Britomart* attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

It so befell one evening, that they came
 Vnto a Castell, lodged there to bee,
 VVhere many a Knight, and many a louely Dame
 VVas then assembled, deedes of armes to see:
 Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,
 That many of them mou'd to eye her fore.
 The custome of that place was such, that hee
 Which had no Loue nor Lemman there in store,
 Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

Amongst the rest there was a iolly knight,
 Who beeing asked for his Loue, avow'd
 That fairest *Amoret* was his by right,
 And offered that to iustifie alowd.
 The war-like Virgine, seeing his so proud
 And haughtfull challenge, waxed inly wroth,
 But for the present did her anger shrowd;
 And said, her Loue to lose she was full loth,
 But either he should neither of them haue, or both.

So forth they went, and both together giusted;
 But that same younker soone was over-throwne,
 And made repent, that he had rashly lusted
 For thing vnlawfull, that was not his owne:
 Yet sith he seemed valiant, though vnknowne,
 She that no lesse was courteous and stout,
 Cast how to salue, that both the custome shoune
 Were kept, and yet that knight not locked out;
 That seem'd full hard t'accord two things so far in dout.

The Seneschall was call'd to deeme the right:
 Whom she requir'd, that first faire *Amoret*
 Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight,
 That did her win, and free from challenge set:
 Which straight to her was yielded without let.
 Then sith that strange Knights loue from him was
 She claim'd that to herselfe, as Ladies det, (quitted,
 He as a Knight might iustly be admitted:
 So none should be out-sint, sith all of Loues were fitted.

With that, her glistering helmet shee vnaced;
 Which doft, her golden locks, that were vp-bound
 Still in a knot, vnto her heeles downe traced,
 And like a silken veile in compasse round
 About her baek and all her body wound:
 Like as the shining sky in summers night,
 What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
 Is crested all with lines of fire light,
 That it prodigious seemes in common peoples sight.

Such when those Knights and Ladies all about
 Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
 And euery one gan growe in secret dout
 Of this and that, according to each wit.
 Some thought, that some enchantment fained it;
 Some, that *Bellona* in that war-like wife
 To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit;
 Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise;
 So diuerfly each one did sundry doubts deuise.

But that young Knight, which through her gentle deede
 Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
 Ten thousand thanks did yield her for her meede,
 And doubly overcommen, her ador'd:
 So did they all their former strife accord;
 And eke faire *Amoret*, now freed from feare,
 More franke affection did to her afford,
 And to her bed, which the was wont forbear,
 Now freely drew, and found right fae assurance there.

Where, all that night they of their Loues did treat,
 And hard adventures twixt themselves alone,
 That each the other gan with passion great,
 And grieue-full pittie priuately be-mone.
 The morrow next, so soone as *Titan* thone,
 They both vp-rode, and to their waies them dight:
 Long wandred they, yet neuer met with one
 That to their willes could them direct aright,
 Or to them tydings tell, that mote their harts delight.

Lo, thus they rode, till at the last they spide
 Two armed Knights, that toward them did pase,
 And each of them had riding by his side
 A Lady, seeming in so farre a space:
 But Ladies none they were, abee in face
 And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
 For, vnder maske of beauty and good grace,
 Vile treason and foule falshood hidden were,
 That mote to none but to the wary wife appeare.

The one of them, the false *Duesse* a hight,
 That now had chang'd her former wonted hew:
 For, she could d'on to many shapcs in sight,
 As euer could Chameleon colours new;
 So could she forge all colours, laue the trew.
 The other, no whit better was then shee,
 But that such as she was, she plaine did shew;
 Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,
 And daily more offensiu vnto each degree.

Her name was *Até*, mother of debate,
 And all diffension, which doth daily growe
 Amongst fraile men, that many a publique state
 And many a prinate oft doth over-throwe.
 Her, false *Duesse*, who full well did knowe
 To be most fit to trouble noble knights
 VVhich hunt for honour, raised from belowe,
 Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
 Where she in darknes waites her cursed daies and nights.

Hard by the gates of Hell her dwelling is,
 There where-as all the plagues and harmes abound,
 VVhich punish wicked men, that walke amifs:
 It is a darksome delue farre vnder ground,
 With thornes and barren brakes enuiour round,
 That none the same may easily out-win;
 Yet many waies to enter may be found,
 But none to issue forth when one is in:
 For, discord harder is to end then to begin.

R.

And

21
 And all within, the riuen walles were hung,
 VVith ragged monuments of times fore-past;
 All which, the sad effects of discord sung:
 There were rent robes, and broken scepters plac't,
 Altars defil'd, and holy things defac't,
 Disshiuered speares, and shields yorne in twaine,
 Great Cities ranfact, and strong Castles ras't,
 Nations captiued, and huge armies flaine:
 Of all which ruines there some reliques did remaine.

22
 There was the signe of antique Babylon,
 Of fatal Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
 Of sacred Salem, and sad Iliou,
 For memory of which, on high there hong
 The golden Apple (cause of all their wrong)
 For which the three faire Goddes did strue:
 There also was the name of *Nimrod* strong,
 Of *Alexander*, and his Princes fiue,
 Which shar'd to them the spoyles that he had got aliue.

23
 And there the reliques of the drunken fray,
 The which amongst the *Lapithees* befell,
 And of the bloody feast, which sent away
 So many *Centaur*s drunken foules to hell,
 That vnder great *Alcides* furie fell:
 And of the dreadfull discord, which did driue
 The noble *Argonauts* to out-rage fell,
 That each of life fought others to depriue,
 All mindlesse of the Golden-seece, which made the strue.

24
 And eke of priuate persons many moe,
 That were too long a worke to count them all;
 Some of swome friendes, that did their faith forgoe;
 Some of borne brethren, prov'd vnaturall;
 Some of deare Louers, foes perpetuall:
 Witnesse their broken bands there to befeene,
 Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all:
 The moniments whereof there byding beene,
 As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and Greene.

25
 Such was her house within; but all without,
 The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
 Which shee her selfe had sowne all about,
 Now growen great, at first of litle feedes,
 The feedes of euill words, and factious deedes;
 Which when to ripenesse due they growen arte,
 Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds
 Tumultuous trouble, and contentious iarre,
 The which most often end in blood-shed and in warre.

26
 And those same cursed feedes doe also serue
 To her for bread, and yield her liuing food:
 For, life it is to her, when others sterue
 Through mischieuous debate, and deadly feod,
 That shee may suck their life, and drink their blood,
 With which she from her childhood had been fed.
 For, shee at first was borne of hellish brood,
 And by infernall Furies nourished,
 That by her monstrous shape might easily be red.

27
 Her face most foule and filthy was to see,
 With squinted eyes contrary waies intended,
 And loathly mouth, vnneet a mouth to bee,
 That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
 And wicked words, that God and man offended:
 Her lying tongue was in two parts diuided,
 And both the parts did speake, and both contended;
 And as her tongue, so was her hart discided,
 That neuer thought one thing, but doubly still was guided.

28
 As shee double spake, so heard she double,
 With matchlesse cares deformed and distort,
 Fild with false rumors and seditious trouble,
 Bred in assemblies of the vulgar fort,
 That still are led with euery light report.
 And as her cares, so eke her feet were odde,
 And much vnlike; th'one long, the other short,
 And both misplac't; that when th'one forward yode,
 The other back retired, and contrary trode.

29
 Likewise vnequall were her handes twaine:
 That one did reach, the other puftt away;
 That one did make, the other mar'd againe,
 And fought to bring all things vnto decay;
 VVhereby great riches, gathered many a day,
 She in short space did often bring to nought,
 And their possesours often did dismay.
 For, all her study was, and all her thought, (wrought)
 How shee might overthrowe the things that Concord

30
 So much her malice did her might surpass,
 That euen th'Almighty selfe she did maligne,
 Because to man so mercifull he was,
 And vnto all his creatures so benigne,
 Sith shee her selfe was of his grace indigne:
 For, all this worlds faire workmanship she tride,
 Vnto his last confusion to bring,
 And that great golden chaine quite to diuide,
 With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

31
 Such was that hag, which with *Duessa* rode;
 And seruing her in her malicious vse,
 To hurt good knights, was as it were her baude,
 To sell her borrowed beauty to abuse.
 For, though like withered tree, that wanreth iuyce,
 Shee old and crooked were, yet now of late,
 As fresh and fragrant as the Flowre-deluce
 Shee was become, by change of her estate,
 And made full goodly ioyance to her new found mate.

32
 Her mate hee was a iolly youthfull Knight,
 That bore great sway in armes and chiuallric,
 And was indeed a man of mickle might:
 His name was *Blandamour*, that did defery
 His fickle mind full of inconstancie.
 And now himselfe he fitted had right well,
 With two companions of like qualitie,
 Faithlesse *Duessa*, and false *Paridell*,
 That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell,

Now

Now when this gallant, with his goodly crew,
From farre elpide the famous *Britomart*,
Like knight adventurous in outward view,
With his faire Paragon (his conquests part)
Approching nigh, citsoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and icling said;
Lo there, Sir *Paridell*, for your defaer,
Good lucke presents you with yond louely mayd,
For pity that ye want a fellow for your ayd.

By that, the louely paire drew nigh to hond:
Whom when as *Paridell* more plaine beheld,
Albe in hart he like affection found,
Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld,
That did those armes and that fame scutchion weld,
He had small lust to buy his Loue so deare:
But answerd, Sir, him wife I neuer held,
That hauing once escaped perill neare,
VVould afterwards afresh the sleeping euill reare.

This knight too late his manhood and his might
I did assay, that me right dearly cost;
Ne list I for reuenge prouoke new fight,
Ne for light Ladies loue, that soone is lost.
The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be croft,
Take then to you this Dame of mine, quoth he,
And I without your perill or your cost,
Will challenge yond fame other for my fee:
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could see.

The warlike *Britomesse* her soone adrest,
And with such vncouth welcome did receaue
Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
That beeing fore't his saddle soone to leaue,
Himselfe he did of his new Loue deceaue:
And made himselfe th'ensample of his folly.
VVhich done, she passed forth not taking leaue,
And left him now as sad, as whilome iolly,
VVell warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dally.

VVhich when his other company beheld,
They to his succour ran with ready ayd:
And finding him vnable once to weld,
They reared him on horse-back, and vp-stayd,
Till on his way they had him forth conuayd:
And all the way with wondrous griefe of mind
And shame, hec shew'd himselfe to be dismayd,
More for the Loue which he had left behind,
Then that which he had to Sir *Paridell* resign'd.

Nath'lesse, he forth did march well as he might,
And made good semblance to his company,
Dissembling his disease and cuill plight;
Till that ere long they chanced to cisy
Two other knights, that towards them did ply
With speedy course, as bent to charge them new.
VVhom, when as *Blandamour*, approaching nie,
Percei'd to be such as they seem'd in view,
Hee was full wo, and gan his former griefe renew.

For, th'one of them he perfectly deseride
To be Sir *Scudamour*, by that he bore
The God of Loue, with wings displayed wide;
VVhom mortally he hared euermore,
Both for his worth (that all men did adore)
And eke because his Loue he wonne by right:
VVhich when he thought, it grieved him full sore,
That through the bruises of his former fight,
He now vnable was to wreake his old despight.

For-thy, he thus to *Paridell* bespake,
Faier Sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
That as I late adventured for your sake,
The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
Ye will me now with like good turme repay,
And iustifie my cause on yonder Knight.
Ah Sir! said *Paridell*, doe not dismay
Your selfe for this; my selfe will for you fight,
As yee haue done for mee: the left hand rubs the right.

VVith that, he put his spurres vnto his steed,
With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
Like shaft out of a boaw preunting speed.
But *Scudamour* was shortly well aware
Of his approche, and gan himselfe prepare
Him to receiue with entertainment meet.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe vnder their horses feete,
That what of them became, them selues did scarcely weete.

As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,
Forcibly driuen with contrary tydes,
Doe meet together, each aback rebowndes
VVith roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,
That filleth all the sea with some, diuides
The doubtfull current into diuers waies:
So fell those two in spight of both their prides;
But *Scudamour* himselfe did soone vp-raise,
And mounting light, his foe for lying long vpbraies.

Who, rolled on an heape, lay still in swoond,
All carelesse of his taunt and bitter raile:
Till that the rest him seeing lyc on ground,
Ran hastily, to weet what did him ayle.
Where, finding that the breath gan him to faile,
With busse care they stroue him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and vndid his maile:
So much they did, that at the last they brake
His slumber, yet so mazed, that he nothing spake.

Which when-as *Blandamour* beheld, he said,
Falshe faitour *Scudamour*, that hast by flight
And foule advantage this good knight dismayd,
A knight much better then thy selfe behight;
Well falles it thee that I am not in plight,
This day, to wreake the damage by thee donne:
Such is thy wont, that still when any Knight
Is weakned, then thou dooft him over-ronne:
So hast thou to thy selfe falshe honour often wonne.

45
 Hæ little answer'd, but in manly hart
 His mighty indignation did forbear;
 Which was not yet to secret, but some part
 Thereof did in his frowning face appeare:
 Like as a gloomy clowd, the which doth beare
 An hideous storme, is by the Northerne blast
 Quite over-blowne, yet doth not passe to cleare,
 But that it all the sky doth over-caft
 With darknes drad, and threatens all the world to waft.

46
 Ab! gentle knight, then false *Duessâ* said,
 VWhy doe ye striue for Ladies loue to fore,
 Whole chiefe desire is loue and friendly ayd
 Mongst gentle Knights to nourish euermore?
 Ne be ye wroth Sir *Scudamore* therefore,
 That she your Loue list loue another knight,
 Ne doe your selfe dislike a whit the more;
 For, loue is free, and led with selfe delight,
 Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might.

47
 So false *Duessâ*: but vile *Astê* thus;
 Both foolish Knights, I can but laugh at both,
 That strue and storme with fire out-rageous,
 For her that each of you alike doth loth,
 And loues another, with whom now she go'th
 In louely wise, and sleepes, and sports, and playes;
 Whil'ft both you here with many a curfed oath,
 Swear she is yours, and stirre vp bloody frayes,
 To win a Willow-bough, whil'ft other wears the Bayes.

48
 Vile hag, sayd *Scudamore*, why doost thou lyc?
 And rashly seek'it a vertuous wight to shame?
 Fond Knight, said shee, the thing that with this eye
 I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?
 Then tell, quoth *Blandamour*, and feare no blame,
 Tell what thou saw'st, maulgre who-so it heares.
 I saw, quoth she, a stranger Knight, whose name
 I wote not well, but in his shield he beares
 (That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares.

49
 I saw him haue your *Amoret* at will,
 I saw him kisse, I saw him her embrace,
 I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill,
 All many nights, and many by in place,
 That present were to testifie the case.
 Which when as *Scudamore* did heare, his hart
 Was thirld with inward grieffe, as when in chace
 The Partian strikes a Stag with shuering dart,
 The beast astonisht stands in middest of his smart.

50
 So stood Sir *Scudamore* when this he heard;
 Ne wold he had to speake for great dismay,
 But lookt on *Glauce* grim, who wox affeard
 Of out-rage for the words which she heard say,
 Albe vntue she wist them by assay.
 But *Blandamour*, when-as he did espie
 His change of cheare, that anguish did bewray,
 He wox full blithe, as he had got thereby,
 And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

51
 Lo, recreant, said he, the fruitlesse end
 Of thy vaine boast, and spoyle of loue misgotten,
 Whereby the name of knight-hood thou doost stend,
 And all true Louers with dishonour blotten:
 All things not rooted well, will soone be rotten.
 Fie, fie, false knight, then false *Duessâ* cryde,
 Vnworthy life that loue with guile hast gotten;
 Be thou, where-euer thou doe goe or ride,
 Loathed of Ladies all, and of all Knights defide.

52
 But *Scudamore* (for passing great despight)
 Staid not to aunswer, scarcely did retrace,
 But that in all those knights and Ladies sight,
 He for reuenge had guilelesse *Glauce* slaine:
 But beeing past, he thus began amaine;
 False traytour Squire, false Squire of falsest Knight,
 Why doth mine hand from thine auenge abstaine,
 Whose Lord hath done my Loue this foule despight?
 Why doe I not it wreake, on thee, now in my might?

53
 Discourteous, disloyal *Britomart*,
 Vntue to God, and vnto man vnfast,
 VWhat vengeance due can equall thy defart,
 That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
 Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust?
 Let vgly shame, and endlesse infamy
 Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust.
 Yet thou false Squire his fault shalt deare aby,
 And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply.

54
 The aged Dame him seeing so enraged,
 Was dead with feare; nath lesse as need required,
 His flaming furie fought to haue aswaged
 VWith sober words, that sufferance desired,
 Till time the tryall of her truth expired:
 And euermore sought *Britomart* to cleare.
 But he the more with furious rage was fired,
 And thrice his hand to kill her did vpreare,
 And thrice he drew it backe: so did at last forbear.





Canto II.

*Blandamour winnes false Florimell,
Paridell for her striues,
They are accorded: Agape
doth lengthen her Iounes liues.*



Irebrand of Hell, first tind in *Phlegeton*,
By thousand Furies, & from thence out-thrown
Into this world, to worke confusion,
And let it all on fire (by force vnkown)
Is wicked Discord; whole small sparks, once blowne,
None but a God, or god-like man can stoke;
Such as was *Orpheus*, that when strife was grown
Amongst those famous impes of *Greece*, did take
His siluer Harp in hand, and shortly friends them make.

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,
That when the wicked fiend his Lord tormented,
With heauenly notes, that did all other pass,
The out-rage of his furious fit relented.
Such musick is wise words with time conected,
To moderate stiffe mindes, dispos'd to struie:
Such as that prudent *Romaine* well inuented,
What time his people into parts did riuie,
Them reconcil'd againe, and to their homes did driue.

Such vs'd wife *Glauce* to that wrathfull Knight,
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:
Yet *Blandamour*, with termes of foule despight,
And *Paridell* her scorn'd, and set at nought,
And old and crooked, and not good for ought.
Both they vnwife, and warelesse of the euill,
That by themselves, vnto themselves is wrought,
Through that false Witch, and that foule aged dreuill,
The one a fiend, the other, an incarnate deuill.

With whom, as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a lustie Knight,
That had a goodly Lady by his side,
To whom he made great dalliance and delights
It was to weete the bold Sir *Ferrauigh* hight,
He that from *Braggadocchio* whilome rest
The snowy *Florimell*, whose beauty bright
Made him seeme happy for so glorious theft;
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.

Which, when as *Blandamour* (whose fancie light
Was alwaies flitting, as the waucing wind,
After each beauty that appear'd in sight)
Beheld, eftsometimes it prickt his wanton mind
With sting of luit, that reasons eye did blind,
That to Sir *Paridell* these words he sent;
Sir knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
Since to good fortune doth to you present
So faire a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?

But *Paridell*, that had too late a triall
Of the bad illue of his counsell vaine,
List not to harke, but made this faire denial;
Last turne was mine, well proued to my paine:
This now be yours, God fend you better gaine.
Whole coffe'd words he taking halfe in scorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his steed, as in disdain
Against that Knight, ere he him well could torne;
By meanes whereof, he hath him lightly over-borne.

Who, with the suddaine stroke astonisht fore,
Vpon the ground awhile in slumber lay;
The whiles, his Loue away the other bore,
And shewing her, did *Paridell* vpb ray:
Lo, sluggish Knight, the Victors happy pray:
So fortune friends the bold. Whom *Paridell*
Seeing so faire indeed (as he did say)
His hart with secret envy gan to swell,
And inly grudge at him, that he had sped so well.

Nath'lesse, proud man himselfe the other deemed,
Having so peerelesse paragon ygot:
For, sure the fairest *Florimell* him seemed,
To him was fallen for his happy lot,
Whose like aliu on earth he leened not:
Therefore he her did court, did serue, did wooe,
With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
And all things did deuise, and all things doo,
That might her loue prepare, and liking win theretoo.

9
 Shee, in regard thereof, him recompenc't
 With golden words, and goodly countenance,
 And such fond fauours sparingly dispenc't:
 Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,
 And coy lookes tempering with loose dalliance;
 Some-times estranging him in ferner wife,
 That hauing cast him in a foolish trance,
 Hec seem'd brought to bed in Paradise, (wise.
 And prou'd himselfe most foole, in what hee seem'd most

10
 So great a mistresse of her art shee was,
 And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
 That though therein himselfe he thought to pass,
 And by his false allurements wylie drast,
 Had thousand women of their loue becraft,
 Yet now he was surpriz'd: for, that false spright,
 Which that same Witch had in this forme engrast,
 Was so expert in euery subtil flight,
 That it could over-reach the wisest earthly wight.

11
 Yet hee to her did daily seruire more,
 And daily more deceiu'd was thereby;
 Yet *Paridell* him enuic'd therefore,
 As seeming plac't in sole felicitie:
 So bliind is lust, false colours to decry.
 But *Ate* soone discouraging his desire,
 And finding now fit opportunity
 To stir vp strife, twixt loue, and spight, and ire,
 Did priuily put coales vnto his secret fire.

12
 By sundry meanes there-to the prickt him forth;
 Now with remembrance of those spightfull speaches,
 Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
 Now with recounting of like former breaches
 Made in their friendship, as that Hag him teaches:
 And euer when his passion is allayd,
 She it reuiues, and new occasion reaches:
 That on a time, as they together way'd,
 Hee mad him open challenge, and thus boldly sayd:

13
 Too boastfull *Blandamour*, too long I beare
 The open wrongs thou doost mee day by day;
 Well know'it thou, when we friendship first did sweare,
 The couenaunt was, that euery spoyle or pray
 Should equally be shar'd betwixt vs tway:
 Where is my part then of this Lady bright,
 VWhom to thy selfe thou takest quite away?
 Render therefore therein to me my right,
 Or answer for thy wrong, as shall fall out in fight.

14
 Exceeding wroth therat was *Blandamour*,
 And gan thus bitter answer to him make;
 Too foolish *Paridell*, that sayrest slowre
 Would'st gather faine, and yet no paines would'st take:
 But not so easie will I her forsake:
 This hand her wonne, this hand shall her defend.
 With that, they gan their shiuering speares to shake,
 And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,
 Forgetfull each to haue been euert others friend.

15
 Their fiery steeds, with vs vnarm'd force,
 Did beare them both to fell avenges end,
 That both their speares with pittiflesse remorse,
 Through shield and maile, and haberjeon did wend,
 And in their flesh a grieufully passage rend,
 That with the furie of their owne affret,
 Each other horse and man to ground did fend;
 VWhere lying still awhile, both did forget
 The perillous present ffound, in which their liues were set:

16
 As when two warlike Brigandines at sea,
 VWith murderous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
 Doe meet together on the watry lea,
 They stemme each other with fell despight,
 That with the shock of their owne heedlesse might,
 Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh afunder:
 They which from shore behold the dreadful sight
 Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder,
 Do greatly stand amaz'd at such vnwonted wonder.

17
 At length, they both vpstart in amaze;
 As men awak'd rashly out of dreame,
 And round about themselves awhile did gaze,
 Till seeing her, that *Florimell* did seeme,
 In doubt to whom the victory should deeme,
 There-with their dulled spights they edg'd anew,
 And drawing both their swords with rage extreme,
 Like two mad malthuses, each on other flew. (hew.
 And shields did share, and mailes did rash, and helmes did

18
 So furiously each other did assaile,
 As if their soules they would atonce haue rent
 Out of their breasts, that streames of bloud did rale
 Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;
 That all the ground with purple bloud was sprent,
 And all their armours stain'd with bloody gore:
 Yet scarcely once to breathe would they relent;
 So mortall was their malice and so fore,
 Become of fayned friendship which they vow'd afore.

19
 And that which is for Ladies most besitting,
 To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,
 Was from those Dames so far and so vnfitting,
 As that in stead of praying them surcease,
 They did much more their cruelty increase;
 Bidding them fight for Honour of their loue,
 And rather die then Ladies cause release:
 With which vaine termes so much they did them moue,
 That both resolv'd the last extremities to proue.

20
 There they (*I weene*) would fight vntill this day,
 Had not a Squire (euen he the Squire of Dames)
 By great adventure trauell'd that way;
 Who seeing both bent to so bloody games,
 And both of old well knowing by their names,
 Drew nigh, to weet the cause of their debate:
 And first, layd on those Ladies thousand blames,
 That did not seeke t'appease their deadly hate,
 But gaz'd on their harmes, not pitying their estate.

21
And then, those Knights he humbly did beseech
To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken :
Who lookt a litle vp at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battell fo be broken,
Both greedy fierce on other to be wroken.
Yet he to them fo earnestly did call,
And them coniu'r'd by some well known token,
That they at last, their wrothfull hands letfall,
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

22
First, he desir'd their cause of strife to see :
They said, it was for loue of *Florimell*.
Ah ! gentle knights, quoth he, how may that bee,
And she so farre astray, as none can tell.
Fond Squire, full angry then said *Paridell*,
Seeft not the Lady there before thy face ?
Hee looked backe, and her awising well,
VVend as he said, by that her outward grace,
That fayrest *Florimell* was present there in place.

23
Glad man was he to see that ioyous fight
(For, none aliue but ioy'd in *Florimell*)
And lowly to her louting, thus behight :
Fairest of faire, that fairenesse doost excell,
This happy day I haue to greet you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
Misdoubted lost through mischief that befell ;
Long may you liue in health and happy state.
Shee htele answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

24
Then, turning to those Knights, he gan anew ;
And you Sir *Blandamour* and *Paridell*,
That for this Laly present in your view,
Haue rays'd this cruell warre and out-ragefell,
Certes (mee seemes) been not aduised well :
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To ioyne your force, their forces to repell
That seeke perforce her from you both to take ;
And of your gotten spoyle, their owne triumph to make.

25
There-at, Sir *Blandamour*, with count'nance sterne,
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake ;
Aread, thou Squire, that I the man may learne,
That dare fro mee thinke *Florimell* to take.
Not one, quoth he, but many doe partake
Heerein, as thus : It lately fo befell,
That *Satyrene* a girdle did vp-take,
VVell knowne to appertaine to *Florimell* ;
Which for her sake he wore, as him bescented well.

26
But, when as shee herselfe was lost and gone,
Full many Knights, that loued her like deare,
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
That lost fayre Ladies ornament should weare,
And gan therefore close spight to him to beare :
Which he to shun, and stop vile enuies sting,
Hath lately caus'd to be proclum'd each where
A solemne feast, with publique turneyng,
To which all knights with them their Ladies are to bring.

27
And of them all, shee that is fairest found,
Shall haue that golden girdle for reward ;
And of those Knights who is most stout on ground,
Shall to that fairest Lady be prefard.
Sith therefore she herselfe is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertaines,
Against all those that challenge it to gard,
And saue her honour with your ventrous paines ;
That shall you win more glory, then ye here find gaines.

28
When they the reason of his words had hard,
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loues regard,
The furious flames of malice to aswage.
Tho, each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thence-forth to ioyne in one
With all their force, and battell strong to wage
Gainst all those knights, as their professed sone,
That chaleng'd ought in *Florimell*, liue they alone.

29
So well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly sort, that lasted but awhile ;
And of all old dislikes they made faire weather :
Yet all was forg'd, and spred with golden foyle,
That vnder it hid hate and hollow guile.
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
How-euer gay and goodly be the stile,
That doth ill cause or euill end enure :
For, vertue is the band, that bindeth harts most sure.

30
Thus, as they marched all in close disguise
Of fained loue, they chaunc't to over-take
Two knights, that linked rode in louely wise,
As if they secret counsels did partake ;
And each not farre behind him had his Make,
To weet, two Ladies of most goodly hew,
That twixt themselves did gentle purpose make,
Vnmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
The which with speedie pace did after them pursue.

31
Who, as they now approched nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughty as they did appeare,
They sent that Squire afore, to vnderstand
What mote they be : who viewing them more neare
Returned ready newes, that thofe same were
Two of the prowrest Knights in Faery lond ;
And thofe two Ladies their two Louers deare,
Couragious *Cambell*, and stout *Triamond*,
With *Cantace* and *Cambine*, linkt in louely bond.

32
Whylome, as antique stories tellen vs,
Thofe two were foes, the felonest on ground,
And battell made, the draddest dangerous
That euer shrilling trumpet did refound ;
Though now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowned Poet them compiled,
VVith warlike numbers, and Heroick found,
Dan *Chaucer* (Well of English vnde filed)
On Fames eternall bead-roll worthy to be filed.

33
But wicked *Time*, that all good thoughts doth waste,
And workes of noblest wits to nought out-weare,
That famous monument hath quite defact,
And robd the world of threasure endllesse deare,
The which mote haue enriched all vs heare.
O cursed *Eld*! the canker-worme of writs;
How may these rimes (fo rude as doth appeare)
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits
Are quite deuour'd, and brought to nought by little bits?

34
Then pardon, O most sacred happy spirit,
That I thy labours lost may thus reuiue,
And steale from thee the meed of thy due merit,
That none durst euer whilst thou wast aliue,
And being dead; in vaine yet many strue:
Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweet
Of thine owne spirit (which doth in me suruiue)
I follow heere the footing of thy feet,
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meet.

35
Cambelloes sister was faire *Canacee*,
That was the learnedst Lady in her dayes,
Well seene in every Science that mote bee,
And every secret worke of Natures wayes,
In witty riddles, and in wise soothlayes,
In power of herbes, and tunes of beists and burds:
And (that augmented all her other prayse)
Shee modest was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chaste of life, yet lov'd of Knights & Lords.

36
Full many Lords, and many Knights her loued,
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne euer was with fond affection moued,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly gouernment,
For dread of blame, and honours blemishment:
And eke vnto her looks alaw she made,
That none of them once out of order went;
But like to warie Centonels well stay'd,
Still watcht on every side, of secret foes afraid.

37
So much the more as she refus'd to loue,
So much the more she loued was and sought,
That oftentimes vnquiet strife did moue
Amongst her Louers, and great quarrels wrought:
That oft for her in bleedie armes they fought.
Which, when-as *Cambell* (that was stout and wise)
Perceiu'd would breed great mischief, he bethought
How to prevent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour in this wise.

38
One day, when all that troupe of war-like wooers
Assembled were, to weet whose shee should bee;
All mightie men, and dreadfull derring doers
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongst them all this end he did decree;
That of them all which loue to her did make,
They by consent should chuse the stoutest three,
That with himselfe should combat for her sake,
And of them all, the Victor should his sister take.

39
Bold was the challenge, as himselfe was bold,
And courage full of haughty hardiment,
Approou'd oft in perils manifold,
Which hee atchieu'd to his great ornament:
But yet his sisters skill vnto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happy speed,
Conceiu'd by a ring, which flice him sent;
That amongst the many vertues (which were ed)
Had power to staunch all wounds that mortally did bleed.

40
Well was that rings great vertue knowne to all;
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,
Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
That none of them durst vndertake the fight:
More wise they weend to make of loue delight,
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke;
And yet vn certaine by such outward fight
(Though for her sake they all that perill tooke)
Whether she would them loue, or in her liking brooke.

41
Amongst those Knights, there were three brethren bold
(Three bolder brethren neuer were yborne)
Borne of one mother in one happy mold,
Borne at one burden in one happy morne;
Thrice happy mother, and thrice happy morne,
That bore three such, three such not to be fond:
Her name was *Agapé*, whose children werne
All three as one; the first high *Priamond*,
The second, *Diamond*, the youngest, *Triamond*.

42
Stout *Priamond*, but not so strong to strike;
Strong *Diamond*, but not so stout a knight;
But *Triamond* was stout and strong alike:
On horse-backe vsed *Triamond* to fight,
And *Priamond* on foot had more delight,
But horse and foote knew *Diamond* to wield:
With curtax vsed *Diamond* to smite,
And *Triamond* to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtax both vs'd *Priamond* in field.

43
These three did loue each other dearly well,
And with so firme affection were allide,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts diuide;
Like three faire branches budding far and wide,
That from one root deriu'd their vitall sap:
And like that root that doth her life diuide,
Their mother was, and had full blessed hap,
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

44
Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the powres of Nature,
Which flice by art could vie vnto her will,
And to her seruice bind each liuing creature,
Through secret vnderstanding of their feature.
There-to shee was right faire, when-so her face
Shee list discover, and of goodly stature;
But she (as Fays are wont) in priuy place
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wilde to space.

There

45
 There, on a day, a noble youthly knight,
 Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,
 Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
 As shee late carelesse by a cryttall flood,
 Combing her golden lockes, as seem'd her good:
 And vnwares vpon her laying hold,
 That sroue in vaine him long to haue withstood,
 Oppressed her, and there (as it is told) (bold.)
 Got the three louely babes, that prov'd three champions

46
 VWhich shee, with her, long fostred in that wood,
 Till that to ripenesse of mans state they grew:
 Then shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,
 They loued armes, and knight-hood did ensue,
 Seeking adventures where they any knew.
 Which when their mother saw, she gan to doubt
 Their safene; least by searching dangers new,
 And rash prouoking perils all about,
 Their daes more be abridged throug their courage stout.

47
 Therefore, desirous th'end of all their dayes
 To knowe, and them t'enlarge with long exten,
 By wondrous skill, and many hidden wayes,
 To the three fatall Sisters house she went.
 Faire vnder ground from tract of liuing went,
 Downe in the bottom of the deepe *Abyss*,
 Where *Demogorgon* in dull darknesse pent,
 Faire from the view of Gods and heauens blifs,
 The hideous *Chaos* keeps, their dreadfull dwelling is.

48
 There shee them found, all sitting round about
 The direfull distaffe standing in the mid;
 And with vnwearied fingers drawing out
 The lines of life, from liuing knowledge hid.
 Sad *Clotho* held the rocke, the whites the thrid
 By grisly *Lachesis* was spun with paine,
 That cruell *Atropos* cuttsoones vndid,
 With curled knife cutting the twit in twaine:
 Most wretched me, whose dayes depend on thrids so vaine!

49
 Shee them siluting, there by them late still,
 Beholding how the thrids of life they span:
 And when at last she had beheld her fill,
 Trembling in hart, and looking pale and wan,
 Her cause of coming thee to tell began.
 To whom, fierce *Atropos*, Bold *Fay*, that durst
 Come see the secret of the life of Man,
 VVell woorthy thou to be of *Ioue* accus't,
 And eke thy childrens thrids to be afinder burst.

50
 Where-at the fore affrayd, yet her besought
 To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
 That he might see her childrens thrids forth brought,
 And know the measure of their vmoost date,
 To them obtained by eternall Fate.
 Which *Clotho* graunting, shewed her the same:
 That when thee saw, it did her much amare,
 To see their thrids so thin, as spydys frame,
 And eke so short, that seem'd their ends out shortly came,

51
 She then began them humbly to intreate
 To draw them longer out, and better twine,
 That so their liues might be prolonged late.
 But *Lachesis* thereat gan to repine,
 And sayd, Fond Dame, that deem'st of things diuine
 As of humane, that they may alred bee,
 And chang'd at pleasure for those Impes of thine.
 Not so: for, what the Fates doe once decree,
 Not all the Gods can change, nor *Ioue* himselfe can free.

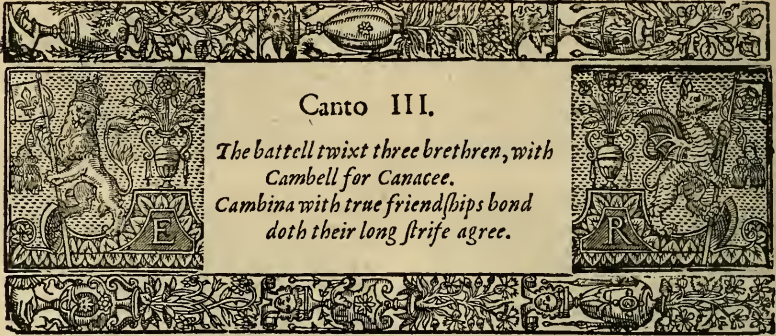
52
 Then sith, quoth she, the tearme of each mans life
 For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,
 Graunt this, that when ye shred with fatall knife
 His line, which is the eldest of the three,
 Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
 Eftsoones his life may passe into the next:
 And when the next shall likewise ended bee,
 That both their liues may likewise be annex
 Vnto the third, that his may so be trebly wext.

53
 They graunted it; and then that careful *Fay*
 Departed thence with full contented mind;
 And coming home, in warlike fresh array
 Them found all three according to their kind:
 But vnto them what destiny was assign'd,
 Or how their liues were eekt, shee did not tell;
 But euermore, when shee fit time could find,
 She warn'd them to tend their safeties well,
 And loue each other deare, what-euer them befell.

54
 So did they surely during all their dayes,
 And neuer discord did amongst them fall;
 Which much augmented all their other praise.
 And now t'increase affection naturall,
 In lone of *Canacee* they ioyned all:
 Vpon which ground 't is fame great battell grew
 (Great matter growing of beginning small;)
 The which for length I will not here pursue,
 But rather will referre it for a Canto new.

Canto





Canto III.

*The battell twixt three brethren, with
Cambell for Canacee.
Cambina with true friendships bond
doth their long strife agree.*

Why doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their dayes vnto the vtmost date,
And doe not rather with them loone expire,
Knowing the misery of their estate,
And thousand perils which them still awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the Maine,
That eury howre they knock at Deathes gate?
And hee that happy seemes, and least in paine,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth plaine.

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
The which in seeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine:
Yet whil' st they liued, none did euer see
More happy creatures then they seem' d to bee,
Nor more enobled for their curtesie:
That made them dearly lov' d of each degree;
Ne more renowned for their cheualrie:
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nie.

These three that hardie challenge tooke in hand,
For *Canacee* with *Cambell* for to fight:
The day was set, that all might vnderstand,
And pledges pawnd the same to keepe aright.
That day (the dreddest day that liuing wight
Did euer lecpoi this world to shine)
So soone as heauens window shewed light,
These warlike Champions, all in armour shine,
Assembled were in field, the challenge to decline.

The field with lifest was all about enclos' d,
To barre the preafe of people farre away;
And at th'one side six Iudges were dispos' d,
To view and deeme the deeds of armes that day:
And on the other side, in fresh array,
Faيرة *Canacee* vpon a stately itage
Was set, to see the fortune of that fray,
And to be seene, as his most worthy wage,
That could her purchase with his liues aduentur' d gage.

Then entred *Cambell* first into the list,
With stately steps, and fearelesse countenance,
As if the conquest his he surely wist.
Soone after, did the brethren three advance,
In braue array, and goodly amenance,
With scutchins gilt, and banners broad displayd:
And marching thrice in warlike ordinance,
Thrice louted lowely to the noble Mayd,
The whiles shrill trumpets & loud clarions sweetly playd.

Which doen, the doughty Challenger came forth,
All arm' d to poynt his challenge to abet;
Gainst whom, Sir *Priamond* with equall worth,
And equall armes himselve did forward set.
A trumpet blew; they both together met,
With dreadfull force, and furious intent,
Carelesse of perill in their fierce affret,
As if that life to losse they had forlent,
And cared not to spare, that should be shortly spent.

Right practicke was Sir *Priamond* in fight,
And thoroughly skild in vse of shield and speare;
Ne lesse approued was *Cambelloes* might,
Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appiare,
That hard it was to weene which harder were.
Full many mighty strokes on either side
Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare:
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
That they avoyded were, and vainly by did flyde.

Yet one of many was so strongly bent
By *Priamond*, that with vn lucky gliaunce,
Through *Cambells* shoulder it vnwarly went,
That forced him his shield to disaduaunce:
Much was hee grieued with that gracelesse chaunce;
Yet from the wound no drop of blood there fell,
But wondrous paine, that did the more enhance
His haughty courage to auengement fell: (swell.
Smart daunts; not mightie harts, but makes them more to
With

9
 With that, his poynant speare he ferce avented,
 With doubled force close vnderneath his shield,
 That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
 And there arresting, ready way did yield,
 For blood to gush forth on the grassie field:
 That he for paine himselfe n'ote right vp-reare,
 But to and fro in great amazement led,
 Like an old Oake, whose pith and sap is feare,
 At puffed at euery storme doth stagger here and there.

10
 Whom so dismaid when *Cambell* had espide,
 Againe he droue at him with double might,
 That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side
 The mortall poynnt most cruelly empight:
 Where fast infix'd, whilst he fought by slight
 It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,
 And left the head behind: with which despight
 Hee all enrag'd, his shiuering speare did shake,
 And charging him afresh, thus felly him bespake;

11
 Lo faitour, there thy meede vnto thee take,
 The meed of thy mischallenge and abet:
 Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters sake,
 Haue I thus long thy life vnto thee let:
 But to forbear, doth not forgive the det.
 The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow;
 And passing forth with furious affret,
 Peare't through his beuer quite into his brow,
 That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

12
 There-with asunder in the midst it brast,
 And in his hand nought but the troncheon left;
 The other halfe behind yet sticking fast,
 Out of his head-peece *Cambell* fiercely rest:
 And with such fury back at him it heft,
 That making way vnto his dearest life,
 His wealand pipe it through his gorget cleft:
 Thence streames of purple blood, issuing rife,
 Let forth his weary ghost, and made an end of strife.

13
 His weary ghost, assoyld from fleshy band,
 Did not (as others wont) directly fly
 Vnto her rest in *Plutoes* grieufully land;
 Ne into ayre did vanish presently,
 Ne changed was into a starre in sky:
 But through traduction was effoones deniued,
 Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,
 Into his other brethren, that suruiued;
 In whom he luid anew, of former life depriued.

14
 Whom, when on ground his brother next beheld,
 Though sad and sory for so heauy sight,
 Yet leaue vnto his sorrow did not yield:
 But rather sturd to vengeance and despight,
 Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
 Rush't hiecerely forth, the battell to renew,
 As in reuerision of his brothers right;
 And challenging the *Virgin* as his dew.
 His foe was soone adrest: the trumpets freshly blew.

15
 With that, they both together fiercely met,
 As if that each meant other to deuoure;
 And with their axes both so sorely bet,
 That neither plate nor maile, where-as their powre
 They felt, could once sustaine the hideous stowre,
 But riu'd were, like rotten wood asunder,
 Whilst't through their rifts the ruddy bloud did shoure,
 And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
 That fill'd the lookers on atonce with ruth and wonder.

16
 As when two *Tigers* prickt with hungers rage,
 Haue by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,
 On which they weene their famine to aswage,
 And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
 Both falling out, doe stirre vp strife-full broyle,
 And cruell battell twixt themselves doe make,
 Whiles neither lets the other touch the foyle,
 But either sdeignes with other to partake:
 So cruelly these *Knights* stroue for that *Ladies* sake.

17
 Full many stroakes, that mortally were ment,
 The whiles were enterchanged twixt them two;
 Yet they were all with so good wariment
 Or warded, or avoyded and let goe,
 That falling the life stood fearelesse of her foe:
 Till *Diamond*, disleigning long delay
 Of doubtfull fortune waunting to and fro,
 Resolv'd to end it one or other way:
 And heau'd his murderous axe at him with mighty sway.

18
 The dreadfull stroake, in case it had arriued,
 Where it was meant (so deadly was it ment)
 The soule had sure out of his body riu'd,
 And stinted all the strife incontinent.
 But *Cambells* fate that fortune did preuent:
 For, seeing it at hand, he swar'd aside,
 And so gaue way vnto his fell intent:
 Who, missing of the marke which he had eyde,
 Was with the force nigh feld, whilst his right foot did slide.

19
 As when a *Vulture* greedy of his pray,
 Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,
 Strikes at an *Heron* with all his bodies sway,
 That from his force seemes nought may it defend;
 The wary fowle, that spies him toward bend,
 His dreadfull soule avoydes, it stunning light,
 And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;
 That with the weight of his owne weeldieff might,
 He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recouereth flight.

20
 Which faire adventure when *Cambello* spide,
 Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recover,
 From dangers dread to ward his naked side,
 He can let driue at him with all his power,
 And with his axe him smote in euill howre,
 That from his shoulders quite his head he rest:
 The headlesse trunk, as headlesse of that stower,
 Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept,
 Till feeling life to faile, it fell, and deadly slept.

They

21

They, which that pitious spectacle beheld,
 VVere much amaz'd the head-lesse trunk to see
 Stand vp so long, and weapon vaine to weld,
 VVnweeing of the Fates diuine decree,
 For lifes succession in those brethren three.
 For, notwithstanding that one foule was rest,
 Yet had the body not dismembr'd bee,
 It would haue liued, and reuiued eſt;
 But, finding no fit ſeate, the life-lesse corſe it leſt.

22

It leſt; but that ſame foule which therein dwelt,
 Straight entering into *Triamond*, him ſild
 With double life, and griefe; which when he felt,
 As one whoſe inner parts had been ythrild
 With poyn't of ſteele, that cloſe his hart-bloud ſpild,
 He lightly leapt out of his place of reſt,
 And ruſhing forth into the empty field,
 Againſt *Cambello* fiercely him addreſt;
 Who, him affronting, ſoone to fight was ready preſt.

23

Well mote yewonder, how that noble Knight
 After he had ſo often wounded beene,
 Could ſtand on foot, now to renew the fight.
 But had ye then him forth aduancing ſcene,
 Some new-borne wight ye would him ſurely weene:
 So freſh he ſeemed, and ſo fierce in fight;
 Like as a Snake, whom weary Winters teene
 Hath worne to nought, now feeling Sommers might,
 Caſts off his ragged ſkin, and freſhly doth him dight.

24

All was through vertue of the ring he wore,
 The which not onely did not from him let
 One drop of bloud to fall, but did reſtore
 His weakned powers, and dulled ſpirits whet,
 Through working of the ſtone therein yſet.
 Elſe how could one of equall might with moſt,
 Againſt ſo many no leſſe mighty met,
 Once thinke to match three ſuch on equall coſt?
 Three ſuch as able were to match a puiſſant hoſt.

25

Yet nought thereof was *Triamond* adred,
 Ne deſperate of glorious victory,
 But ſharply him aſſayld, and fore beſted,
 VVith heapes of ſtroakes, which he at him let fly,
 As thicke as hayle forth poured from the ſky:
 He ſtrooke, he ſoult, he ſoynd, he hew'd, he laſht,
 And did his iron brond ſo faſt apply,
 That from the ſame the fiery ſparkles flaſht,
 As faſt as water-ſprinkles gainſt a rock are daſht.

26

Much was *Cambello* daunted with his blowes:
 So thicke they fell, and forcibly were ſent,
 That he was forc't (from danger of the throwes)
 Backe to retire, and ſome-what to relent,
 Till th'heat of his fierce fury he had ſpent:
 VVhich when for want of breath gan to abate,
 He then aſreſh, with new encouragement,
 Did him aſſaile, and mightily amate,
 As faſt as forward eaſt, now backward to retrate.

27

Like as the tyde that comes fro th'Ocean maine,
 Floues vp the Shenan with contrary force,
 And over-ruling him in his owne raine,
 Driues backe the current of his kindly courſe,
 And makes it ſeeme to haue ſome other fourſe:
 But when the flood is ſpent, then backe againe
 His borrowed waters forc't to rediſbourie,
 He ſends the ſea his owne with double game,
 And tribute eke wiſhall, as to his Soueraigne.

28

Thus did the battell vary to and fro,
 VVith diuerſe fortune doubtfull to be deemed:
 Now this the better had, now had his foe;
 Then he halfe vanquiſht, then the other ſeemed;
 Yet Victors both themſelues alwaies eſteemed.
 And all the while, the diſentrayld bloud
 Adowne their ſides like little riuers ſtremed;
 That with the waſhing of his vitall flood,
 Sir *Triamond* at laſt, full faint and feeble ſtood.

29

But *Cambell* ſtill more ſtrong and greater grew,
 Ne felt his bloud to waſte, ne powres emperifht,
 Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new,
 Still when as he enſebled was, him cheriſht,
 And all his wounds, and all his brufes guarifht:
 Like as a withered tree through husbands toyle
 Is often ſcene full freſhly to haue flourifht,
 And fruitfull apples to haue borne awhile,
 As freſh as when it firſt was planted in the foyle.

30

Through which advantage, in his ſtrength he roſe,
 And ſmote the other with ſo wondrous might,
 That through the ſeame, which did his hauberk cloſe,
 Into his throat and life it pierced quight,
 That downe he fell, as dead in all mens fight:
 Yet dead he was not, yet he ſure did die,
 As all men doe, that loſe the liuing ſpight:
 So did one ſoule out of his body fly
 Vnto her natie home, from mortall miſery.

31

But natheleſſe, whiſt all the lookers on
 Him dead beſight, as he to all appear'd,
 All vnwares he ſtarted vp anon,
 As one that had out of a dreame beene rear'd,
 And freſh aſſayld his foe; who halfe afeard
 Of th'vncouth ſight, as hee ſome ghoff had ſcene,
 Stood ſtill amaz'd, holding his ſide ſweard:
 Till hauing often by him ſtriken beene,
 He forced was to ſtrike, and ſaue himſelfe from teene.

32

Yet, from thence-forth, more warily he fought,
 As one in feare the *Stydzian* gods t'offend,
 Ne follow'd on ſo faſt, but rather fought
 Himſelfe to ſaue, and danger to defend,
 Then life and labour both in vaine to ſpend.
 Which *Triamond* perceiuing, weened ſure
 He gan to faint, toward the battels end,
 And that he ſhould not long on foote endure;
 A ſigne which did to him the victorie aſſure.

33
Whereof full blithe, estoones his mighty hand
He heav'd on high, in mind with that same blowe
To make an end of all that did withstand :
Which *Cambell* seeing come, was nothing slowe
Him selfe to saue from that so deadly throwe ;
And at that instant reaching forth his sword
Close vnderneath his shield, that fource did showe,
Strook him, as he his hand to strike vp-reard,
In th' arm-pit full, that through both sides the wound appeard.

34
Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his waie,
And falling heauy on *Cambelloes* crest,
Strooke him so hugely, that in fswone he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound impreft :
And sure, had it not happily found rest
Vpon the brim of his broad plated shield,
It would haue cleft his braine downe to his breast.
So both at once fell dead vpon the field,
And each to other seem'd the victory to yield.

35
Which when as all the lookers on beheld,
They weened sure the warre was at an end,
And Iudges rose, and Marshals of the field
Broke vp the listes, their armes away to rend ;
And *Canacee* gan wayle her dearest friend.
All suddenly they both vpstart light,
The one our of the swoond, which him did blend,
The other breathing now another spirit,
And fiercely each asslayling, gan afresh to fight.

36
Long while they then continued in that wize,
As if but then the battell had begonne :
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did despise,
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,
Desirous both to haue the battell donne ;
Ne either cared life to saue or spill,
Newhich of them did winne, ne which were wonne.
So weary, both of fighting had their fill,
That life it selfe seem'd loathsome, and long safety ill.

37
Whilft thus the case in doubtfull balance hong,
Vnsure to whether side it wou'd incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with ruefull tine,
And secret feare to see their fatall fine ;
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyse,
That seem'd some perillous tumult to define,
Confus'd with womens cries, and shouts of boyes,
Such as the troubled Theaters oft-times annoyes.

38
Thereat the Champions both stood still a space,
To wecten what that sudden clamour meant ;
Lo, where they spide with speedy whirling pale,
One in a charet of strange furniment,
Towards them druing like a storme out sent.
The charet decked was in wondrous wise,
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Persian Monarks antique guise
Such as the maker selfe could best by art deuise.

39
And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim lions, taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell ;
Now made forget their former cruell mood,
T'obey their riders heft, as seem'd good.
And therein fate a Lady passing faire
And bright, that seem'd borne of Angels brood,
And with her beauty, bounty did compare,
Whether of them in her should haue the greater share.

40
Thereto she learned was in Magicke leare,
And all the artes, that subtil wits discouer,
Hauing therein been trayned many a yeare,
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the same she faire exceld all other.
Who vnderstanding by her mighty art,
Of th' euill plight, in which her dearest brother
Now stood, came forth in haste to take his part,
And pacifie the strife, which caus'd fo deadly smart.

41
And as she passed through th' vnruy preace
Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angry teame breaking their bonds of peace,
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,
For haste did ouer-runne, in dust enrould,
That thorough rude confusion of the rout,
Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,
And some that would seem wise, their wonder turnd to dout.

42
In her right hand a rod of peace she bore,
About the which two Serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in louely lore,
And by the tayles together firmly bound,
And both were with one oliue garland crown'd,
Like to the rod which *Maias* sonne doth wield,
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound.
And in her other hand a cup she hild,
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim vp-fill'd.

43
Nepenthe is a drink of soueraigne grace,
Deuized by the gods, for to assuage
Hearts grieft, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which stirs vp anguish and contentions rage :
In stead therof, sweet peace and quiet age
It doth establish in the troubled mind.
Fewe men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the gods to drink thereof allynd ;
But such as drinke, eternall happinesse do finde.

44
Such famous men, such Worthies of the earth,
As *Ioue* will haue aduaunced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,
For their high merits and great dignity,
Are wont, before they may to heauen flie,
To drinke hereof ; whereby, all cares forepast
Are washt away quite from their memory.
So did those olde Herbes hereof taste,
Before that they in blis amongst the gods were plac't.

45

Much more of price and of more gracious powre
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
The which *Rinaldo* drunke in happy houre,
Described by that famous Tuscan penne:
For, that had might to change the hearts of men
Fro loue to hate, a change of euill choise:
But this doth hatred make in loue to brenne,
And heauy heart with comfort doth reioyce.
Who would not to this vertue rather yeld his voice?

46

At last, arriuing by the lifes side,
She with her rod did softly smite the raile;
Which streight flew ope, and gaue her way to ride.
Eftsoones out of her Coach she gan auaile,
And passing fairely forth did bid All haile,
First to her brother, whom she loued deare,
That so to see him made her heart to quail:
And next to *Cambell*, whose sad ruefull cheare
Made her to change her hew, and hidden loue r' appear.

47

They lightly her requit (for, small delight
They had as then her long to entertaine.)
And est them turned both againe to fight.
Which when she sawe, downe on the bloody Plaine
Her seife she threw, and teares gan shed amaine;
Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,
And (with her prayers, reasons to restraine
From bloody strife, and blessed peace to seeke)
By all that vnto them was deare, did them beseeke.

48

But when as all might nought with them preuaile,
She smote them lightly with her powrefull wand.
Then suddenly as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
And they like men astonisht still did stand.
Thus whil'st their minds were doubtfully distraught,
And mighty spirits bound with mightier band,
Her golden cup to them for drinke the raught,
Whereof full glad for thirst, each drunk an hearty draught.

49

Of which so soone as they once tasted had
(Wonder it is that sudden change to see.)
In stead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And louely hauilt from feare of treason fire,
And plighted hands for euer friends to be.
When all men saw this sudden change of things,
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
For passing ioy, which so great maruaile brings,
They all gan shout aloud, that all the heauen rings.

50

All which, when gentle *Canacee* beheld,
In haste she from her lofty chaire descended,
To weet what sudden tidings was befel:
Where when she saw that cruell war so ended,
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
In louely wise she gan that Lady greet,
Which had so great dismay so well amended;
And entertaining her with curtsies meet,
Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

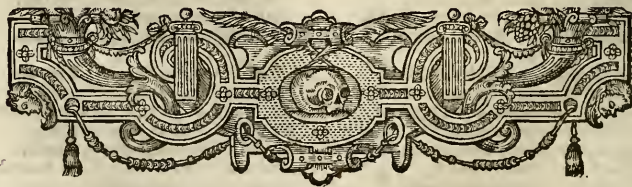
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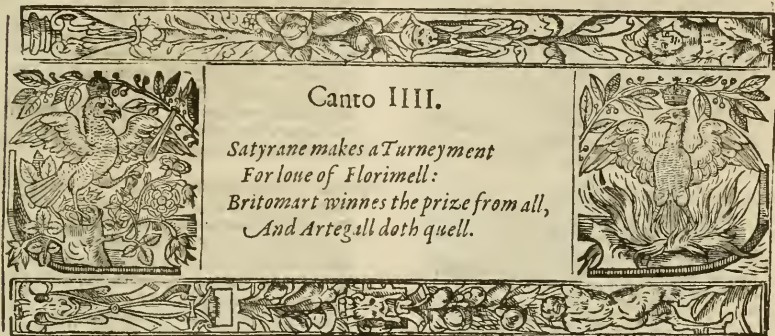
Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
Thence to depart with glee and glad some cheere.
Those warlike Champions both together chose,
Homeward to march, themselves there to repose:
And wise *Cambina*, taking by her side
Faire *Canacee* as fresh as morning rose,
Vnto her Coach remounting, home did ride,
Admir'd of all the people, and much glorifide.

52

Where making ioyous feasts their dayes they spent
In perfect loue, deuoide of hatefull strife,
Allside with bands of mutuall complement;
For, *Triamond* had *Canacee* to wife,
With whom he led a long and happy life;
And *Cambel* took *Cambina* to his sure,
The which as life were each to other life.
So all alike did loue, and loud were,
That since their daies such louers were not found elsewhere.

Canto





Canto IIII.

*Satyrane makes a Turneyment
For loue of Florimell:
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell.*

WT often fals (as here it earst befell)
That mortall foes, do turne to faithfull friends;
And friends profest, are chang'd to foe-men fell:
The cause of both, of both their minds depēds;
And th'en of both, likewise of both their ends.
For, enmity, that of no ill proceeds,
But of occasion, with th'occasion ends;
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded seeds.

That well (me seemes) appeares, by that of late
Twixt *Cambell* and Sir *Triamond* befell;
As als by this, that now a new debate
Stur'd vp twixt *Scudamour* and *Paridell*,
The which by course befalls me here to tell:
Who, hauing those two other knights espide
Marching afore, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their Squire to haue them both deseride,
And eke those masked Ladies riding them beside.

Who, backe returning, tolde as he had seene,
That they were doughty knights of dreaded name;
And those two Ladies, their two loues vnseene;
And therefore wisht them without blot or blame,
To let them pass at will, for dread of shame.
But *Blandamour* full of vainglorious spright,
And rather stur'd by his discordfull Dame,
Vpon them gladly would haue prov'd his might,
But that he yet was fore of his late lucklesse fight.

Yet nigh approaching, he them fowle bespake,
Disgracing them, him selfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont: so weening way to make
To Ladies loue, where-so he came in place,
And with lewd teames their louers to deface.
Whose sharp prouokement them incens'd so fore,
That both were bent t'auenge his vsage base,
And gan their shields adresse them selues afore:
For, euill deeds may better then bad words be bore.

But faire *Cambina*, with perswasions mild,
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcyld,
And gan to treat of deeds of armes abroad,
And strange adventures, all the way they rode:
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great turney, which was blazed broad,
For that rich girle of faire *Florimell*,
The prize of her, which did in beauty most excell.

To which folke-mote they all with one consent,
Sith each of them his Lady had him by,
Whose beauty each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to trauell, and their fortunes try.
So as they passed forth, they did espy
One in bright armes with ready speare in rest,
That toward them his course seem'd to apply,
Gainst whom Sir *Paridell* him selfe addrest,
Him weening, ere he nigh approacht, to haue repress.

Which th'other seeing, gan his course relent,
And vauant speare erst to ones to disaduance,
As if he nought but peace and pleasure ment,
Now false into their fellowship by chance;
Whereat they shewed courteous countenance.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His rouing eye did on the Lady glaunce,
Which *Blandamour* had riding by his side:
Whom sure he weend, that he somwhere tofore had eyde.

It was to weet, that snowy *Florimell*,
Which *Ferrau* late from *Braggadocchio* wonne;
Whom he now seeing, her remembered well,
How hauing rest her from the witches sonne,
He soone her lost: wherefore he now begonue
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprise:
Which feotfull offer *Blandamour* gan soone despise.

9
 And sayd, Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady clame,
 Whom he that hath, were loth to lose fo light,
 (For, so to lose a Lady, were great shame)
 Yee shall her winne, as I haue done in fight:
 And so shee shall be placed here in fight,
 Together with this Hag beside her selfe,
 That who-so winnes her, may her haue by right:
 But he shall haue the Hag that is ybet,
 And with her alwaies ride, till he another get.

10
 That offer pleased all the company,
 So *Florimell* with *Até* forth was brought;
 At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
 But *Braggadocchio* layd, he neuer thought
 For such an Hag, that seemed worse then nought,
 His person to imperill so in fight.
 But if to match that Lady they had sought
 Another like, that were like faire and bright,
 His life he then would spend to iustifie his right.

11
 At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,
 As scorning his vnmanly cowardise:
 And *Florimell* him fowly gan reuile,
 That for her sake refus'd to enterprise
 The battell, offered in fo knightly wise.
 And *Até* eke prouok't him priuily,
 With loue of her, and shame of such mesprise.
 But nought he car'd for friend or enemy,
 For, in base mind nor friendship dwels nor enmity.

12
 But *Cambell* thus did shut vp all in left,
 Braue Knights and Ladies, certes ye doe wrong
 To stirre vp strife, when most vs needeth rest,
 That we may vs referre both fresh and strong,
 Against the Turnement which is not long:
 When who-so list to fight, may fight his fill:
 Till then your challenges ye may prolong:
 And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
 Whether shall haue the Hag, or hold the Lady still.

13
 They all agreed: so turning all to game,
 And pleasant bord, they past forth on their way.
 And all that while, where-so they rode or came,
 That masked Mock-knight was their sport and play.
 Till that at length vpon th'appointed day,
 Vnto the place of turnement they came;
 Where they before them found in fresh array
 Many a braue knight, and many a dainty dame
 Asssembled, for to get the honour of that game.

14
 There this faire crew arriuing, did diuide
 Them selues asunder: *Blandamour* with those
 Of his, on th'one; the rest on th'other side.
 But boastfull *Braggadocchio* rather chose,
 For glory vaine their fellowship to lose,
 That men on him the more might gaze alone.
 The rest them selues in troups did esse dispose,
 Like as it seemed best to euerie one;
 The knights in couples marcht, with Ladies linkt attone.

15
 Then first of all forth came Sir *Satyrane*,
 Bearing that precious relique in an arke
 Of gold, that bad eyes might it not profane:
 Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
 He open shew'd, that all men it mote marke;
 A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
 With pearle & precious stone, worth many a marke;
 Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost:
 It was the same, which lately *Florimell* had lost.

16
 That same aloft he hong in open vew,
 To be the prize of beauty and of might:
 The which estloones, discouered, to it drew
 The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,
 And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,
 That all men threw outvowes and wishes vaine.
 Thrice happy Ladie, and thrice happy knight,
 Them seemd, that could so goodly riches gaine,
 So worthy of the perill, worthy of the paine.

17
 Then tooke the bold Sir *Satyrane* in hand
 An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
 And vauncing forth from all the other band
 Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
 Shewing him selfe all ready for the field.
 Gainst whom, there singled from the other side
 A Painim knight, that well in armes was skild,
 And had in many a battell oft been tride,
 Hight *Bruncheval* the bold, who fiercely forth did ride.

18
 So furiously they both together met,
 That neither could the others force sustaine.
 As two fierce Buls, that struie the rule to get
 Of all the heard, meete with fo hideous maine,
 That both rebutted, tumble on the Plaine:
 So these two Champions to the ground were feld,
 Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
 And in their hands their ierde troncheons held,
 Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

19
 Which when the noble *Ferramont* espide,
 He pricked forth in ayde of *Satyrane*;
 And him against, Sir *Blandamour* did ride
 With all the strength and stifnesse that he can.
 But the more strong and stify that he ran,
 So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
 That on a heape were tumbled horse and man.
 Vnto whose reskew forth rode *Paridell*;
 But him likewise with that same speare he eke did quell.

20
 Which *Braggadocchio* seeing, had no will
 To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,
 Albee his turne were next; but stood there still,
 As one that seemed doubtfull or difmayd.
 But *Triamond* halfe wroth to see him staid,
 Sternly steppt forth, and raught away his speare,
 With which so fore he *Ferramont* assaid,
 That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
 That neither could in haste themselves again vpreare.

Which

21

Which to auenge, Sir *Demus* him did dight,
 But with no better fortune then the rest:
 For, him likewise he quickly downe did smight,
 And after him, Sir *Douglas* him adrest,
 And after him, Sir *Palmord* forth prest:
 But none of them against his strokes could stand;
 But all the more, the more his praise increast.
 For, either they were left vpon the land,
 Or went away fore wounded of his haples hand.

22

And now by this, Sir *Satyrane* abraid,
 Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay;
 And looking round about, like one dismayd,
 When as he sawe the mercilesse affray,
 Which doughty *Triamond* had wrought that day,
 Vnto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
 His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,
 For very gall, that rather wholly dead
 Himselfe he wisht haue beene, that in so bad a stead.

23

Eff'oones he gan to gather vp around
 His weapons, which lay scattered all abroad;
 And as it fell, his steed he ready found.
 On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,
 Like sparke of fire, that from the anvile glode,
 There where he sawe the valiant *Triamond*
 Chasing, and laying on them heauy lode,
 That none his force were able to withstond,
 So dreadfull were his strokes, fo deadly was his hond.

24

With that, at him his beam-like speare he aymed,
 And thereto all his powre and might applyde:
 The wicked steele for mischief first ordained,
 And hauing now misfortune got for guide,
 Staid not, till it arriu'd in his hide,
 And therein made a very grieuif wound,
 That streames of blond his armour all bedide.
 Much was he daunted with that direfull stound,
 That scarce he him vpheld from falling in a found.

25

Yet as he might, himselfe he soft with-drew
 Out of the field, that none perceiu'd it plaine.
 Then gan the part of Challengers anew
 To range the field, and Victo-like to raine,
 That none against them battell durst maintaine.
 By that, the gloomy evening on them fell,
 That forced them from fighting to refraine,
 And trumpets sound to cease did them compell.
 So *Satyrane* that day was iudg'd to beare the bell.

26

The morrow next the Turney gan anew,
 And with the first the hardy *Satyrane*
 Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew:
 On th' other side, full many a warlike swaine
 Assembled were, that glorions prize to gaine.
 But mongst them all, was not Sir *Triamond*,
 Vnable he new battello darraigne,
 Through grieuance of his late receiued wound,
 That doubly did him grieue, when-so himselfe he found.

27

Which *Cambell* seeing, though he could not salue,
 Ne done vndoe, yet for to salue his name,
 And purchase honour in his friends behalve,
 This goodly counterfeisance he did frame.
 The shield and armes well knowne to be the same,
 Which *Triamond* had worne, vnywares to wight,
 And to his friend vnwisit, for doubt of blame,
 If he misdid; he on himselfe did dight,
 That none could him discernen, and so went forth to fight.

28

There *Satyrane* Lord of the field he found,
 Triumphant in great ioy and iolity;
 Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground;
 That much he gan his glory to enuy,
 Anst cast t' auenge his friends indignity.
 A mighty speare estoones at him he bent;
 Who seeing him come on so furiously,
 Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
 That forcibly to ground, they both together went.

29

They vp againe themselves can lightly reare,
 And to their tryed swords themselves betake;
 With which they wrought such wondrous maruels there
 That all the rest it did amazed make,
 Neany dar'd their perill to partake;
 Now cuffing close, now chafing to and fro,
 Now hurtling round, aduantage for to take:
 As two wild Boares together grappling goe,
 Chaufing, and foming cholere, each against his foe.

30

So as they courst, and turney'd here and there,
 It chaunst Sir *Satyrane* his steed at last,
 Whether through foundring or through fodein feare,
 To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;
 Which vantage *Cambell* did pursue so fast,
 That ere himselfe he had recouered well,
 So fore he sowt him on the compast crest,
 That forced him to leane his lofty fell,
 And rudely tumbling downe vnder his horse feete fell.

31

Lighly *Cambello* leapt downe from his steed,
 For to haue rent his shield and armes away,
 That whylome went to be the Victors meed;
 When all vnwares he felt an hideous sway
 Of many swords that load on him did lay.
 An hundred knights had him enclosed round,
 To rescue *Satyrane* out of his pray;
 All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,
 In hope to take him prisoner, where he stood on ground.

32

He with their multitude was hought dismayd,
 But with stout courage turnd vpon them all,
 And with his broadiron round about him layd;
 Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:
 Like as a Lion that by chance doth fall,
 Into the hunters toyle, doth rage and rore,
 In royall heart disdaining to be thrall;
 But all in vaine: for what might one doe more?
 They haue him taken captiue, though it grieue him fore.

Whereof when newes to *Triamond* was brought,
 There as he lay, his wound he soone forgot;
 And starting vp, straight for his armour fought:
 In vaine he fought; for, there he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got:
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
 And lightly issfewd forth to take his loe.
 There he in troupe found all that warlike crew,
 Leading his friend away, full fory to his vew.

Into the thickest of that knightly preace
 He thrust, and smote downe all that was betweene,
 Caried with feruent zeale; ne did he cease,
 Till that he came where he had *Cambell* seene,
 Like captiue thral two other Knights atweene,
 There he ariongst them cruell hauocke makes;
 That they which lead him, soone enforced beene
 To let him loofe to faue their proper stakes:
 Who being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes.

With that he driues at them with dreadfull might,
 Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,
 And in reuengement of his owne despight;
 So both together giue a new alarme,
 As if but now the battell waxed warme.
 As when two greedy Wolves do breake by force
 Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,
 They spoile and rauiue without all remorse;
 So did these two through all the field, their foes enforce.

Fiercely they follow'd on their bolde emprise,
 Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest;
 Then all with one consent did yield the prize
 To *Triamond* and *Cambell* as the best.
 But *Triamond* to *Cambell* it releast.
 And *Cambell* it to *Triamond* transferd;
 Each labouring t' aduance the others gett,
 And make his praise before his owne preferd:
 So that the doom was to another day differd.

The last day came, when all those knights againe
 Assembled were, their deeds of arms to shew.
 Full many deeds that day were shewed plaine:
 But *Satyrane* boue all the other crewe,
 His wondrous worth declar'd in all mens vew.
 For, from the first he to the last endured:
 And though some while Fortune from him withdrew,
 Yet euermore his honour he recured,
 And with vnwearied powre his party still assured.

Ne was there Knight that euer thought of armes,
 But that his utmost prowesse there made knowne,
 That by their many wounds, and carelesse harmes,
 By shiuered speares, and swords all vnder strowen,
 By scattered shields was easie to be showen.
 There might ye see loofe steeds at random ronne,
 Whose lucklesse riders late were ouerthrowen;
 And Squiers make haste to helpe their Lords fordonne:
 But fill the Knights of Maidenhead the better wonne;

Till that there entred on the other side,
 A stranger knight, from whence no man could reed.
 In queynt disguise, full hard to be descride.
 For, all his armour was like saluage weed,
 With woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
 With oaken leaues atrapt, that seemed fit
 For saluage wight, and thereto well agreed
 His word which on his ragged shield was writ,
Saluagesse sans finesse, shewing secret wit.

He at his first in-comming, charg'd his speare
 At him, that first appeared in his sight:
 That was to weet, the stout *Sir Sangliere*,
 Who well was knowen to be a valiant Knight,
 Approued oft in many a perloous fight.
 Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
 And ouer-bore beyond his crouper quight,
 And after him another Knight, that hote
Sir Brianor, so fore, that none him life behote.

Then ere his hand he reard, he ouerthrew
 Seven knights, one after other as they came:
 And when his speare was brust, his sword he drew,
 The instrument of wrath, and with the same
 Far'd like a lion in his bloody game,
 Hewing, and flashing shields, and helmets bright,
 And beating downe what euer nigh him came;
 That euery one gan shun his dreadfull sight,
 No lesse then death it selfe in dangerous affright.

Much wondred all men, what or whence he came,
 That did amongst the troupes fo tyrannize;
 And each of other gan enquire his name.
 But when they could not learne it by no wise,
 Most answerable to his wild disguise
 It seemed, him to tearm the saluage knight.
 But certes his right name was otherwise,
 Though knowen to few, that *Arthegall* he hight,
 The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, & most of might.

Thus was *Sis Satyrane* with all his band,
 By his sole manhood and atchinent stout
 Dismayd, that none of them in field durst stand,
 But beaten were, and chased all about.
 So he continued all that day throughout,
 Till euening, that the Sunne gan downward bend.
 Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
 A stranger knight, that did his glory shend;
 So, nought may be esteemed happy till the end.

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
 At *Arthegall*, in midst of his pride;
 And therewith smote him on his *Vmbriere*
 So fore, that tomling backe, he downe did slide
 Ouer his horses taile about a stride;
 Whence little lust he had to rise againe.
 Which *Cambell* seeing, much the same enuide,
 And ran at him with all his might and maine;
 But shortly was likewise seene lying on the Plaine.

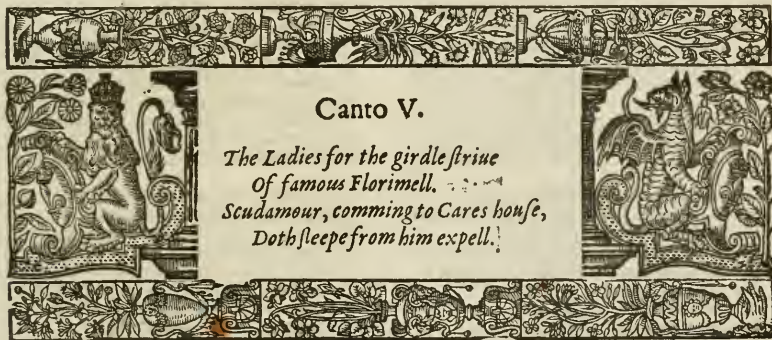
Where-

Whereat full inly wroth was *Triamond*,
 And cast t'enge the shame doen to his friend:
 But by his friend, himselfe eke soone he fondy
 In no lesse need of help, then him he weend.
 All which when *Elandamour* from end to end
 Beheld, he woxe therewith displeas'd sore,
 And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
 His speare he feuted, and at him it bore;
 But with no better fortune, then the rest afore.

Full many others at him likewise ran:
 But all of them likewise dismounted were.
 Ne certes wonder; for, no powre of man
 Could bide the force of that enchanted speare,
 The which this famous *Britomart* did beare;
 With which she wondrous deeds of arms architued,
 And ouerthrew what euer came her neare,
 That all those stranger knights fore agrieu'd,
 And that late weaker band of challengers relieu'd.

Like as in sommers day when raging heat
 Doth burne the earth, and boyled riuers dry,
 That all brute beasts fore't to refraine from meat,
 Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may lie,
 And missing it, faine from themselves to flie:
 All trauellers tormented are with paine:
 A waxy cloud doth ouercast the skie,
 And poureth forth a sudden floure of raue,
 That all the wretched world recomforteth againe:

So did the warlike *Britomart* restore
 The prize, to knights of Maydenhead that day
 (Which else was like to haue been lost) and bore
 The prayse of prowesse from them all away.
 Then shrilling trumpets loudly gan to bray,
 And bade them leaue their labours and long toyle,
 To ioyous feast and other gentle play,
 Where beauties prize should win that precious spoyle:
 Where I wish sound of trumpe will also rest awhile.



Canto V.

*The Ladies for the girdle strue
 Of famous Florimell.
 Scudamour, comming to Cares house,
 Doth sleepe from him expell.*

1
T hath been through all ages euer scene,
 That with the prayle of armes and cheualry,
 The prize of beauty still hath ioyned been;
 And that for reasons speciall priuaty:
 For, eyther doth on other much rely.
 For, he me seemes most fit the faire to serue,
 That can her best defend from villeny;
 And she most fit his seruice doth deserue,
 That fairest is, and from her faith will neuer serue.

2
 So fitly now here commeth next in place,
 After the prooue of prowesse ended well,
 The controuerse of beauties soueraigne grace;
 In which to her that doth the most excell,
 Shall fall the girdle of faire *Florimell*:
 That many wish to win for glory vaine,
 And not for vertuous vse, which some do tell
 That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,
 Which Ladies ought to loue, and seeke for to obtaine.

3
 That girdle gaue the vertue of chaste loue,
 And wiuehood true, to all that did it beare;
 But whose euer contrary doth proue,
 Might not the same about her middle weare,
 But it would loose, or else afunder teare.
 Whilome it was (as *Faeries* wont report)
 Dame *Venus* girdle, by her steemed deare,
 What time she vs'd to liue in wiuely fort;
 But layd aside, when fo she vs'd her looser sport.

4
 Her husband *Vulcan* whylome for her sake,
 When first he loued her with heart entice,
 This precious ornament they say did make,
 And wrought in *Lemno* with vnquenched fire:
 And afterwards did for her loues first hire,
 Giue it to her for euer to remaine,
 Therewith to bind lasciuious desire,
 And loose affections streightly to restraine:
 Which vertue it for euer after did retaine.

5
The same one day, when she her selfe dispos'd
To visite her beloued Paramoure,
The god of warre, she from her middle loos'd,
And left behind her in her secret bowre,
On *Aridalian* mount, where many an howre
She with the pleasant *Graces* wont to play.
There *Florimell* in her first ages flowre
Was softred by those *Graces*, (as they say)
And brought with her from thence that goodly belt away.

6
That goodly belt was *Cestus* hight by name,
And as her life by her esteemed deare.
No wonder then, if that to winne the same
So many Ladies fought, as shall appeare;
For, peerelesse she was thought, that did it beare.
And now by this, their feast all being ended,
The iudges which thereto selected were,
Into the *Martian* field adowne descended,
To deeme this doutfull case, for which they all contended.

7
But first was question made, which of those Knights
That lately turneyd, had the wager wonne:
There was it iudged by those worthy wights,
That *Satyran* the first day belt had donne:
For, he last ended, hauing first begonne.
The second was to *Triamond* behight,
For that he sav'd the *Victour* from fordonne:
For, *Cambell* *Victour* was in all mens sight,
Till by mishap he in his foe-mens hand did light.

8
The third dayes prize vnto the stranger Knight,
Whom all men rearm'd Knight of the *Hebene* speare,
To *Britomart* was giuen by good right;
For that with puissant stroke she downe did beare
The *Saluage* Knight, that *Victour* was whileare,
And all the rest, which had the best afore,
And to the last vnconquer'd did appeare;
For, last is deemed best. To her therefore
The fayrest Lady was adiudg'd for Paramore.

9
But therat greatly grudged *Arthegall*,
And much repyn'd, that both of *Victors* meede,
And eke of honour she did him forefall.
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreed;
But inly thought of that despightfull deed
Fit time t'awaite auenged for to bee,
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
The next ensue'd the *Paragon* to see
Of beauties praise, and yeld the fayrest her due fee.

10
Then first *Cambello* brought vnto their view
His faire *Cambina*, couered with a veale;
Which being once withdrawne, most perfect hew
And passing beaurty did estoones reueale,
That able was weake hearts away to steale.
Next, did Sir *Triamond* vnto their sight
The face of his deare *Canacee* vnheale;
Whose beauties beame estoones did shine so bright,
That dar'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

11
And after her did *Paridell* produce
His false *Duessa*, that she might be seene;
Who with her forged beaurty did seduce
The hearts of some, that fairest her did weene;
As diuerse wits affected diuers beene.
Then did Sir *Ferramont* vnto them shew
His *Lucida*, that was full faire and sheene,
And after these an hundred Ladies moe
Appeard in place, the which each other did out-goe.

12
All which who-so dare thinke for to enchace,
Him needeth sure a golden pen I weene,
To tell the feature of each goodly face.
For, since the day that they created beene,
So many heavenly faces were not seene
Assembled in one place: ne be that thought
For *Chian* folke to pourtraict bewities *Queene*,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see, as here he might haue fought.

13
At last, the most redoubted *Britomessse*,
Her louely *Amoret* did open shewe;
Whose face discouered, plainly did expresse
The heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew.
Well weened all, which her that time did view,
That the should surely beare the bell away,
Till *Elandamour*, who thought he had the trew
And very *Florimell*, did her display:
The sight of whome oncesee did all the rest dismay.

14
For, all afore that seemed faire and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her, that thone as *Phobés* light,
Amongst the lesser starrs in euening cleare.
All that her sawe, with wonder rauisht were,
And weend no mortall creature she should be,
But some celestiall shape, that flesh did beare:
Yet all were glad that *Florimell* to see;
Yet thought that *Florimell* was not so faire as shee.

15
As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret skill,
With golden foyle doth finely ouer-sperd
Some baser metall, which commend he will
Vnto the vulgar for good gold insted,
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed,
To hide his fallshood, then if it were trew:
So hard, this *Idole* was to be ared,
That *Florimell* her selfe in all mens view
She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest shew.

16
Then was the golden belt by doome of all
Graunted to her, as to the fairest Dame.
Which being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became;
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame.
For, euer as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame.
Full oft about her waste she it enclos'd;
And it as oft was from about hir waste disclos'd.

That

17
That all men wondred at the vncouth sight,
And each one thought, as to their fancies came.
But she her selfe did thinke it doen for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deuiz'd her to defame.
Then many other Ladies likewise tride,
About their tender loyues to knit the fame;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsone it was vntide.

18
Which when that scomefull *Squire of Dames* did view,
He loudly gan to laugh and thus to iest;
Alas for pite that so faire a crew,
As like can not be seene from East to West,
Cannot find one this girdle to inuest.
Fie on the man, that did it first inuent,
To shame vs all with this, *Fingert riblest*.
Let neuer Lady to his loue assent,
That hath this day to many fo vnmanly shent.

19
Therewith all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies lowre;
Till that at last the gentle *Amoret*
Likewise aflag'd, to proue that girdles powre;
And hauing it about her middle set,
Did find it fit, withouten breach or let.
Whereat the rest gan greatly to enuy:
But *Florimell* exceedingly did fret,
And snatching from her hand halfe angrily
The belt againe, about her body gan it tie.

20
Yet nathemore would it her body fit;
Yet nathelittle to her, as her dew right,
It yecded was by them, that iudged it:
And she her selfe adiudged to the Knight,
That bore the Hebeine speare, as wonne in fight.
But *Britomart* would not thereto assent,
Ne her owne *Amoret* forgooe to lent,
For that strange Dame, whose beauties wonderment
She lesse esteem'd, then th' other vertuous government.

21
Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
They were full glad, in hope themselves to get her:
Yet at her choice they all did greedily meed.
But after that, the Judges did arret her
Vnto the second best, that lov'd her better;
That was the *Saluage Knight*: but he was gone
In great displeasure, that he could not get her.
Then was she iudged *Triamond* his one;
But *Triamond* lov'd *Cancece*, and other none.

22
Tho, vnto *Satyras* she was adiudged,
Who was right glad to gaine to goodly meed:
But *Blandamour* therewith full greedily grudged,
And little prais'd his labours cuill speed,
That for to winne the fiddle, lost the steed.
Ne lesse therewith did *Paridell* complaine;
And thought t'appeale from that which was decreed,
To single combat with Sir *Satyras*.
Thereto him *Até* stir'd, new discord to maintaine.

23
And eke with these, full many other Knights
She through her wicked working did incense,
Her to demand, and challenge as their rights,
Deferued for their perils recompense.
Amongst the rest, with boistfull vaine pretense
Stept *Braggadocchio* forth, and as his thrall
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long since:
Whereto her selfe he did to witness call;
Who being askt accordingly confesse all.

24
Therewith exceeding wroth was *Satyras*;
And wroth with *Satyras* was *Blandamour*;
And wroth with *Blandamour* was *Eriuan*;
And at them both Sir *Paridell* did loure.
So all together stir'd vp strifefull stoure,
And ready were new battell to darraine.
Each one profest to be her paramour,
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;
Ne iudges powre, ne reasons rule mote them restraine.

25
Whitch troublous stirre when *Satyras* auiz'd,
He gan to cait how to appeale the same;
And to accord them all, this meane deuiz'd:
First in the midst to set that fairest Dame,
To whom each one his challenge should disflame,
And he himselfe his right would eke release:
Then look to whom the voluntary came,
He should without disturbance her possesse:
Sweet is the loue that comes alone with willingnesse.

26
They all agreed: and then that snowy Mayd
Was in the middelt plac't among them all:
All on her gazing witht, and vov'd, and prayd,
And to the Queene of beauty close did call,
That she vnto their portion might befall.
Then when she long had lookt vpon each one,
As though she wish'd to haue pleas'd them all,
At last to *Braggadocchio* selfe alone
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

27
Which when they all beheld, they chaf't and rag'd,
And woxe night mad for very hearts despight,
That from reuenge their willes they scarce allwag'd:
Some thought from him her to haue rest by might;
Some proffer made with him for her to fight.
But he nought car'd for all that they could say:
For, he their words as wind esteemed light.
Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

28
They which remain'd, so soone as they perceiu'd,
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
And follow'd them, in mind her to haue reau'd:
From wight vnworthy of so noble meed.
In which pursuit how each one did succed,
Shall else be told in order, as it fell.
But now of *Britomart* it here doth neede
The hard aduentures and strange haps to tell;
Since with the rest she went not after *Florimell*.

For, soone as she them sawe to discord set,
 Her list no longer in that place abide;
 But taking with her louely *Amoret*,
 Vpon her first aduenture forth did ride,
 To seek her lov'd, making blind Loue her guide.
 Vn lucky Mayd to seeke her enemy!
 Vn lucky Mayd to seeke him furre and wide,
 Whom, when he was vnto her selfe most nie,
 She through his late disguzement could him not descrite.

So much the more her griefe, the more her toyle:
 Yet neither toyle nor griefe she once did spare,
 In seeking him, that should her paine affoile;
 Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
 Was *Amoret*, companion of her care:
 Who likewise fought her louer long mis-went,
 The gentle *Scudamour*, whose heart while care
 That itryfeull hag with iealous discontent
 Had filld, that he to fell reuenge was fully bent;

Bent to reuenge on blamelesse *Britomart*.
 The crime, which cursed *Arié* kindled earst,
 The which like thornes did prick his iealous heart,
 And through his soule like poysoned arrow pearc't,
 That by no reason it might be reuertst,
 For ought that *Glaucé* could or doe or say,
 For, aye the more that she the samer reheartst,
 The more it gauld, and grieu'd him night and day,
 That nought but dire reuenge his anger mote deffray.

So as they travelled, the drouping night
 Couered with cloudy storm and bitter showre,
 That dreadfull seem'd to euery liuing wight,
 Vpon them fell, before her timely howre;
 That forced them to seeke some couert bowre,
 Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
 And shrowd their persons from that stormy stowre.
 Not farr away, not meete for any guest
 They spide a litle cottage, like some poore mans nest.

Vnder a steepe hilles side it placed was,
 There where the mouldred earth had caw'd the bankes;
 And fast beside a litle brooke did pass
 Of muddy water, that like puddle stankes;
 By which, fewe crooked fallowes grewe in ranke:
 Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the found
 Of many iron hammers beating ranke,
 And answering their weary turnes around,
 That seemed some black-smith dwelt in that desert ground.

There entering in, they found the goodman selfe,
 Full busily vnto his worke ybent;
 Who was to weat, a wretched wearissh elfe,
 With hollow eyes and raw-bone cheeks forspent,
 As if he had in prison long been pent:
 Full blacke and grisly did his face appeare,
 Besmear'd with smoke that nigh his eye-light blent;
 With rugged beard, and hoary shagged heare,
 The which he neuer wont to combe, or comely sheare.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
 Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
 With blistred hands emongst the cinders brent,
 And fingers filthy, with long payles vapared,
 Right fit to rend the food, on which he fared.
 His name was *Care*; a black-smith by his trade,
 That neither day nor night, from working spared,
 But to small purpose iron wedges made;
 Those be vnquiet thoughts, that careful minds invade.

In which his worke he had fixe seruants prest,
 About the Andvile standing euermore,
 With huge great hammers, that did neuer rest
 From heaping stroakes, which thereon soufed fore:
 All fixe, strong groomes, but one then other more;
 For, by degrees they all were disagreed;
 So likewite did the hammers which they bore,
 Like belles in greatesse orderly succed,
 That he which was the last, the first did farr exceed.

He like a monstrous Giant seem'd in fight,
 Farre passing *Bronzeus*, or *Pyræmon* great,
 The which in *Lipari* doe day and night
 Frame thunder-bolts for *Ioues* auengensull threat.
 So dreadfully he did the andvile beat,
 That seem'd to dust he shortly would it driue:
 So huge his hammer and so fierce his heat,
 That seem'd a rock of Diamond it could riué,
 And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list striue.

Sir *Scudamour* there entring, much admired
 The manner of their worke and weary paine;
 And hauing long beheld, at last enquired
 The cause and end thereof: but all in vaine;
 For, they for nought would from their work refraine,
 Ne let his speech come vnto their care.
 And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
 Like to the Northren wind, that none could heare:
 Those *Pensiuens* did moue; and *Sighes* the bellowes were.

Which when that Warriour sawe, he said no more,
 But in his armour laid him downe to rest:
 To rest, he layd him downe vpon the flore,
 (Whilome for ventrous knights the bedding best)
 And thought his weary limbs to haue redrest.
 And that olde aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,
 Her feeble ioints layd eke adowne to rest;
 That needed much her weake age to desire,
 After so long a trauell, which them both did tire.

There lay Sir *Scudamour* long while expecting,
 When gentle sleepe his heavy eyes would close;
 Oft changing sides, and oft new place electing;
 Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose;
 And oft in wrath he thence againe vprose;
 And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
 But wheresoeuer he did himselfe dispose,
 He by no meanes could wished ease obtaine:
 So euery place seem'd painefull, and each changing vaine.

And euermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,
 The hammers found his senses did moleit;
 And euermore, when he began to winke,
 The bellowes noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,
 Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest.
 And all the night the dogs did barke and houle
 About the houle, at sent of stranger guest:
 And now the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle
 Lowde shrieking him afflicted to the very soule.

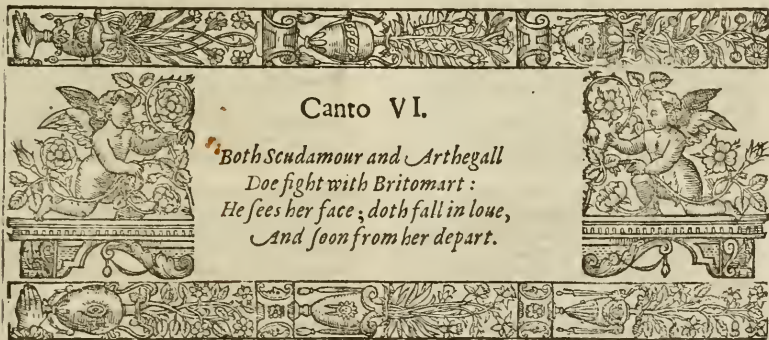
And if by fortune any litle nap,
 Vpon his heauy eye-lids chaunc't to fall,
 Efsuones one of those villains him did rap
 Vpon his head-peece with his yron mall;
 That he was soone awak'd therewithall,
 And lightly started vp as one affrayd;
 Or as if one him suddenly did call.
 So, oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
 And then lay mizing long, on that him ill apayd.

So long he muzed, and so long he lay,
 That at the last his weary sprite oppress
 With fleshly weakenesse, which no creature may
 Long time resist, gaue place to kindly rest,
 That all his senses did full soone arrest:
 Yet in his soundest sleepe, his dayly feare
 His ydle braine gan busily moleit,
 And made him dreame those two disloyall were:
 The things that day most minds, at night do most appeare.

With that, the wicked carle, the master Smith,
 A paire of red-hot iron tongs did take
 Out of the burning cinders, and therewith,
 Vnder his side him nipt; that forc't to wake,
 He felt his heart for very paine to quake,
 And started vp auenged for to be
 On him, the which his quiet slomber brake:
 Yet looking round about him none could see;
 Yet did the smart remayne, though he himselfe did seee.

In such disquiet and heart-fretting paine,
 He all that night, that too long night did passe.
 And now the day out of the Ocean maine
 Beg an to peepe about this earthly masse,
 With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse:
 Then vp he rose like heauy lumps of lead;
 That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
 The signes of anguish one more plainly read,
 And ghesse the man to be dismayd with iaculous dread.

Vnto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
 And forth vpon his former voyage fared,
 And with him eketh that ag'd Squire attone;
 Who, whatsoeuer perill was prepared,
 Both equall paines, and equall perill shared:
 The end whercof and dangrous euent
 Shall for another canticle be prepared.
 But here my weary teeme night ouer-spent
 Shall breath it selfe awhile, after so long a went.



Canto VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall
 Doe fight with Britomart:
 He sees her face; doth fall in loue,
 And soon from her depart.

What equal torment to the griefe of mind,
 And pynning anguish hid in gentle heart,
 That inly feeds it selfe with thoughts vnkinde,
 And nourisheth her owne consuming smart?
 What medicine can any Leaches art
 Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
 And will to none her maladie impart?
 Such was the wound that Scudamour did gride;
 For which, Dan Phobus selfe cannot a salue prouide.

Who, hauing left that restless house of Care,
 The next day, as he on his way did ride,
 Full of melancholy and sad misfare,
 Through misconceit; all vnwares espide
 An armed knight vnder a Forrest side,
 Sitting in shade beside his grazing steed;
 Who, soone as them approaching he descride,
 Gan towards them to pricke with eager speed,
 That seem'd he was full bent to some mischieuous deed.

Which

3
Which, *Scudamour* perceiving, forth issued
To haue r'encountred him in equal race;
But, soone as th'other, nigh approaching, viewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abate.
And void his course: at which so suddain case
He wondred much. But th'other thus can say;
Ah gentle *Scudamour*, vnto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespassed this day.

4
Whereto thus *Scudamour*, Small harme it were
For any knight, vpon a ventrous knight
Without displeasance for to proue his speare.
But reade you Sir, sith ye my name haue hight,
What is your owne? that I mote you requite.
Certes, sayd he, ye mote as now excuse
Me from discouering you my name aright:
For, time yet serues that I the same refuse,
But call ye me the *Saluage Knight*, as others vie.

5
Then this, Sir *Saluage Knight*, quoth he, areed;
Or, doe you here within this Forrest womne?
(That seemeth well to answer to your weed)
Or, haue ye it for some occasion donne?
That rather seemes, sith knowne armes ye shonne.
This other day, sayd he, a stranger knight
Shame and dishonour hath vnto me donne;
On whom I wait to wreak that foule despight,
When-euer he this way shall passe by day or night.

6
Shame be his meede, quoth he, that meaneth fame.
But what is he, by whom ye shamed were?
A stranger knight, sayd he, vnknowne by name,
But knowne by fame, and by an Hebene speare,
With which, he all that met him, downe did beare.
He in an open Turney lately held,
Frome the honour of that game did reare;
And hauing me, all weary earst, downe feld,
The fayrest Lady rest, and euer since withheld.

7
When *Scudamour* heard mention of that speare,
He wist right well, that it was *Britomart*,
The which from him his fairest Loue did beare.
Tho, gan he swell in euery inner part,
For fell despight, and gnaw his ieaalous heart,
That thus he sharply sayd; Now by my head,
Yet is not this the first vnknighthly part,
Which that same knight, whom by his lance I read,
Hath doent to noble knights, that many makes him dread.

8
For, lately he my Loue hath from me rest,
And eke defiled with foule villanie
The sacred pledge, which in his faith was left,
In shame of knighthood and fidelity;
The which ere long full deare he shall abie.
And if to that auenge by you decreed
This hand may help, or succour ought supply,
It shall not faile, when-so ye shall it need.
So both to wreake their wratches on *Britomart* agreed.

9
Whiles thus they commund, lo farre away
A knight loft riding towards them they spide,
Attyr'd iu foraine armes and strage array:
Whom when they nigh approacht, they plaine descride
To be the fame, for whom they did abide.
Sayd then *Lir Scudamour*, Sir *Saluage* knight
Let me this craue, sith first I was defide,
That first I may that wrong to him requite:
And if I hap to faile, you shall recure my right.

10
Which being yeelded, he his threatfull speare
Gan fester, and against her fiercely ran.
Who, soone as she him sawe approaching neare
With so fell rage, her selfe she lightly gan
To dight, to welcome him, well as she can:
But entertaind him in so rude a wife,
That to the ground the smote both horse and man;
Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
But on their common harmes together did deuise.

11
But *Artegall*, beholding his mischance,
New matter added to his former fire;
And est auentring his steele-headed lance,
Against her rode, full of dispiteous ire,
That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require.
But to himselfe his felonous intent
Returning, disappointed his desire,
Whiles vnawares his saddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

12
Lightly he started vp out of that sound;
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade,
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thrust to an Hynd within some couert glade,
Whom without perill he cannot inuade.
With such fell greedinesse he her assayled,
That though the mounted were, yet he her made
To giue him ground (so much his force preuayled)
And shun his mighty strokes, gainst which no arms auailed.

13
So as they coursed here and there, it chaunc't
That in her wheeling round, behind her crest
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunc't
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
From foule mischance; ne did it euer rest,
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell;
Where biting deepe, so deadly it imprest,
That quite it chyn'd his back behind the fell,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell:

14
Like as the lightning brond from riuen skie,
Throwne out by angry *Ioue* in his vengeance,
With dreadfull force fallles on some feeple hie;
Which battring, down it on the Church doth glaunce,
And teares it all with terrible mischance.
Yet she no whit dismayd, her sted forlook,
And casting from her that enchanted lance,
Vnto her sword and shield her soone betooke;
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

15
So furiously shee strooke in her first heat,
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yielde vnto her weapon way to pass:
Whose raging rigour neither Steele nor brasse
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the grasse;
That all his maile ym'd, and plates yrent,
Shew'd all his body bare vnto the cruell dent.

16
At length, when as he saw her hastie heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to faile,
He through long sufferance growing now more great,
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assaile,
Heaping huge strookes, as thicke as showre of haile,
And lashing dreadfully at every part,
As if he thought her soule to dentraile.
Ah! cruell hand, and thrice more cruell hart,
That work'st such wreck on her, to whom thou dearest art.

17
What iron courage euer could endure,
To worke such outrage on so fure a creature?
And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of Nature,
The Maker selfe resembling in her feature?
Ceites, some hellish furie, or some fiend
This mischiefefram'd, for their first loues defeature,
To bathe their hands in bloud of dearest friend,
There-by to make their loues beginning, their liues end.

18
Thus long they tract, and trauert to and fro,
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursued,
Still as advantage they elspe thereto:
But toward th'end, Sir *Arthegall* renewed
His strength still more, but the still more decreued.
At last, his lucklesse hand he heau'd on hie,
Hauing his forces all in one accrewed;
And there-with strooke at her so hideously,
That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie.

19
The wicked stroke vpon her helmet chaunc't,
And with the force, which in it selfe it bore,
Her ventaile shar'd away, and thence forth glaunc't
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that, her Angels face (vnscene afore)
Like to the ruddy morne appear'd in fight,
Deawed with siluer drops, through sweating fore;
But somewhat redder then be seem'd aright,
Through toyle some heat, and labour of her weary fight.

20
And round about the same, her yellow haire
Hauing through stirring loos'd their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in Goldsmithes forge with cunning hand:
Yet Goldsmiths cunning could not vnderstand
To frame such subtle wire, so shinie cleare.
For, it did ghter like the golden sand,
The which *Pactolus* with his waters there,
Throws forth vpon the riuage round about him nere.

21
And as his hand he vp againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his vtmost wrack,
His powrellesse arme benumbd with secret feare,
From his reuengefull purpose shrunke aback;
And cruell sword out of his fingers slack
Fell downe to ground, as if the Steele had sense,
And felt some ruth, or sense his hand did lacke:
Or both of them did thinke, obedience
To doe to fo diuine a beauties excellence.

22
And he himselfe, long gazing there-vpon,
At last, fell humbly downe vpon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heauenly goddesse he did see,
Or else vnweeting what it else might bee;
And pardon her besought his errour fraile,
That had done out-rage in so high degree:
Whil'st trembling horrour did his sense assaile,
And made each member quake, & manly hart to quail.

23
Nath'lesse, shee full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while vp-held her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent, on him to beene ywroke,
And looking sterne, still vnder him did stand,
Threatning to strike, vnlesse he would withstand:
And bade him rise, or surely he should die.
But die or liue, for nought he would vp-stand,
But her of pardon prayd more earnestly,
Or wreake on him her will for so great iniury.

24
Which when as *Scudamour*, who now abrayd,
Beheld, where-as he stood not farre aside,
He was there-with right wonderously dismayd:
And drawing nigh, when as he plane descride
That peerelesse patterne of Dame Natures pride,
And heauenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe, as one sore terrifide;
And turning feare to faint deuotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

25
But *Glaucé*, seeing all that chaunced there,
VVell weeting how their errour to asloyle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her salew'd with seemly bel-accoyle,
Ioyous to see her safe after long toyle.
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt vnto those warriors truce awhile;
VVhich yelded, they their beuers vp did reare,
And shew'd themselves to her, such as indeed they were.

26
When *Britomart* with sharpe avizefull eye
Beheld the lously face of *Arthegall*,
Tempred with sternenesse and stout maieslie,
She gan estoones it to her mind to call,
To be the same which in her fathers hall
Long since in that enchanted glasse she saw.
There-with her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughty spirits meckely to adaw,
That her enhaunced hand shee downe can soft with-draw.

T.

Yet

27 :
 Yet shee it forc't to haue againe vp-held,
 As fainting cholera, which was turn'd to cold :
 But euer when his visage she beheld,
 Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
 The wrathfull weapon gainst his countenance bold :
 But when in vaine to fight she oft assay'd,
 Shee arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold ;
 Nath'lesse, her tongue not to her will obeyd, (said.)
 But brought forth speeches milde, when she would haue mis-

28

But *Scudamore*, now woxen inly glad,
 That all his ieiouls feare he false had found,
 And how that Hag his loue abused had
 With breach of fayth, and loyaltie vnfound,
 The which long time his grieued hart did wound,
 He thus be-spake : Certes, Sir *Arthegall*,
 I ioy to see you lout so lowe on ground,
 And now become to liue a Ladies thrall,
 That whylome in your minde wont to despise them all.

29

Soone as shee heard the name of *Arthegall*,
 Her hart did leape, and all her hart-stringes tremble,
 For suddaine ioy, and secret feare withall,
 And all her vitall powres with motion nimble,
 To succour it, themselves gain there assemble ;
 That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
 Right plaine appear'd, though she it would dissemble,
 And fayned still her former angry mood,
 Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood :

30

V When *Glaucé* thus gan wisely all vp-knit ;
 Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,
 To be spectators of this vnouth fit,
 Which secret fate hath in this Lady wrought,
 Against the course of kind : ne meruaile nought,
 Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hitherto
 Hath troubled both your minds with idle thought,
 Fearing least she your Loues away should woo ;
 Feared in vaine, sith meanes ye see there wants theretoo.

31

And you Sir *Arthegall*, the salvage knight,
 Henceforth may not disdain, that womans hand
 Hath conquer'd you anew in second fight :
 For, whylome they haue conquer'd sea and land,
 And heauen it selfe, that nought may them withstand.
 Ne henceforth be rebellious vnto loue,
 That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
 Of noble mindes deriued from aboue :
 Which, beeing knit with vertue, neuer will remoue.

32

And you faire Lady knight, my dearest Dame,
 Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
 Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame ;
 And wiping out remembrance of all ill,
 Graunt him your grace ; but so that he fulfill
 The penance, which ye shall to him empark :
 For, Louers heauen must passe by sorowes hell.
 There-at full inly blushed *Britomart* ;
 But *Arthegall*, close smyling, ioy'd in secret bart.

33

Yet durst hee not make loue so suddenly,
 Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw
 From one to other so quite contrary :
 Besides, her modest countenance he saw
 So goodly graue, and full of Princely aw,
 That it his ranging fancie did refrain, e,
 And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds with-draw ;
 Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faire,
 Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand would re-
 (straine.)

34

But *Scudamour*, whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
 And feeble hope hung all this while suspense,
 Desiring of his *Amoret* to heare
 Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
 Her thus bespake : But sit, without offence
 Mote I request you tydings of my Loue,
 My *Amoret*, sith you her freed from thence,
 Where she captiued long, great woes did proue ;
 That where ye left, I may her seeke, as doth behoue.

35

To whom, thus *Britomart* ; Certes, Sir Knight,
 V What is of her become, or whither rest,
 I cannot vnto you aread aright.
 For, from that time I from Enchanters theft
 Her freed, in which yee her all hopelesse left,
 I her preferu'd from perill and from feare,
 And euermore from villanie her kept :
 Ne euer was there wight to me more deare
 Than she, ne vnto whom I more true loue did beare.

46

Till on a day, as through a desert wilde
 We trauelled, both weary of the way,
 We did alight, and sate in shadow mild ;
 Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay.
 But when as I did out of sleepe abray,
 I found her not, where I her left whyleare,
 But thought she wandred was, or gone astray.
 I call'd her loud, I sought her far and neare ;
 But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare.

37

V When *Scudamour* those heauy tydings heard,
 His hart was thrild with poynt of deadly feare ;
 Ne in his face or blood or life appear'd,
 But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steede,
 That yet of mortal stroke the founte doth beare :
 Till *Glaucé* thus : Faire Sir, be nought dismayd
 With needlesse dread, till certaintie ye heare :
 For, yet she may be safe, though some-what fraid ;
 It's best to hope the best, though of the worst afraid.

38

Nath'lesse, he hardly of her chearefull speech
 Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
 Shew'd change of better cheare : so sore a breach
 That sudden newes had made into his spright ;
 Till *Britomart* him fairely thus behight ;
 Great cause of sorrow, certes Sir ye haue :
 But comfort take : for, by this heuens light
 I vow, you dead or liuing not to leaue,
 Till I her find, and wreake on him that her did reau.

There-

There-with he rested, and well pleased was.
 So peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
 They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pass,
 Vnto some resting place which more befall;
 All being guided by Sir *Arthegall*.
 Where goodly solace was vnto them made,
 And daily feasting both in bowre and hall,
 Vntill that they their wounds well healed had,
 And weary limbes recur'd, after late vslage bad.

⁴⁰
 In all which time, Sir *Arthegall* made way
 Vnto the loue of noble *Britomart* :
 And with meeke seruice and much suit did lay
 Continuall siege vnto her gentle hart ;
 Which, being whylome launc't with loudly dart,
 More eath was new impressiō to receiue,
 How-euer she her paind with womanish art
 To hide her wound, that none might it perceiue :
 Vaine is the art that seekes it selfe for to deceiue.

⁴¹
 So well hee woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
 VVith faire entreaty and sweet blandishment,
 That at the length, vnto a bay he brought her,
 So as shee to his speeches was content
 To lend an eare, and softly to relent.
 At last, through many vowes which forth he pour'd,
 And many othes, shee yielded her content
 To be his Loue, and take him for her Lord,
 Till they with manage meet might finish that accord.

⁴²
 Tho, when they had long time there taken rest,
 Sir *Arthegall* (who all this while was bound
 Vpon an hard adventure yet in quest)
 Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
 To follow that, which he did long propound ;
 And vnto her his congee came to take.
 But her there-with full sore displeas'd he found,
 And loth to leaue her late betrothed Make ;
 Her dearest Loue full loth so shortly to forsake.

⁴³
 Yet hee with strong perswasions her asswaged,
 And wonne her will to suffer him depart ;
 For which, his faith with her he fast engaged,
 And thousand vowes from bottom of his hart,

That all so soone as he by wit or art
 Could that archiue, where-to he did aspire,
 He vnto her would speedily reuert :
 No longer space there-to hee did desire,
 But till the horned Moone three courses did expire.

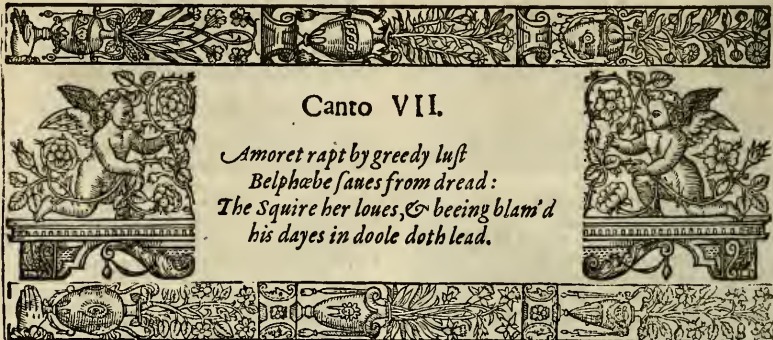
⁴⁴
 With which, she for the preient was appeas'd,
 And yielded leaue, how euer malcontent
 She iuly were, and in her mind displeas'd.
 So, early on the morrow next he went
 Forth on his way, to which he was ybent ;
 Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
 As whylome was the custome ancient.
 Mongit Knights, when on adventures they did ride,
 Saue that she alights him awhile accompanide.

⁴⁵
 And by the way, shee sundry purpose found
 Of this or that, the time for to delay,
 And of the perils where-to he was bound,
 The feare whereof seem'd much her to affray :
 But all she did was but to weare out day.
 Full often-times the leaue of him did take ;
 And oft againe devis'd some-what to say,
 Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make :
 So loth shee was his company for to forsake.

⁴⁶
 At last, when all her speeches she had spent,
 And new occasion sayld her more to find,
 She left him to his fortunes government,
 And back returned with right heauy mind,
 To *Scudamour*, who she had left behind :
 With whom she went to seeke faire *Amoret* ;
 Her second care, though in another kind ;
 For vertues onely sake (which doth beget
 True loue and faithfull friendship) she by her did set.

⁴⁷
 Backe to that desert forest they retired,
 Where sory *Britomart* had lost her late ;
 There they her sought, and every where inquired,
 Where they might tydings get of her estate ;
 Yet found they none. But by what haplesse fate,
 Or hard misfortune she was thence conuayd,
 And stolne away from her beloued Mate,
 Were long to tell ; therefore I heere will stay
 Vntill another tide, that I it finish may.





Canto VII.

*Amoret rapt by greedy lust
Belphebe saves from dread:
The Squire her loues, & beeing blam'd
his dayes in doole doth lead.*

Great God of Loue, that with thy cruell darts
Dooft conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And sett' it thy kingdome in the captiue harts
Of Kings and Keasars, to thy seruice bound,
VWhat glory, or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble Ladies tyranning so fore;
And adding anguish to the bitter wound,
With which their lues thou launcedst long afore,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more?

So whylome didst thou to faire *Florimell*,
And so and so to noble *Britomart*:
So doost thou now to her, of whom I tell,
The louely *Amoret*; whose gentle hart
Thou martyrest with sorrow and with smart,
In saluage forests, and in deserts wide,
VVith Beares and Tigers taking heauy part,
Withouten comfort, and withouten guide;
That pittie is to heare the perils which she ride.

So soone as she, with that braue *Brittonesse*,
Had left that Turneyment for beauties prize,
They traue'l'd long; that now for wearinesse,
Both of the way, and war-like exercise,
Both through a forest riding, did deuiſe
T'alight, and rest their weary limbes awhile.
There, heauy sleepe the eye-lids did surprise
Of *Britomart* after long tedious toyle,
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.

The whiles, faire *Amoret* (of nought affeard)
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure, or for need;
When suddenly behind her backe shee heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed:
That, ere she back could turne to taken heede,
Had vnawares her snatcht vp from the ground.
Feebly she shriekt; but so feebly indeed,
That *Britomart* heard not the shrilling sound,
There where through weary trauell she lay sleeping found.

It was to weat, a wilde and saluage man;
Yct was no man, but onely like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span,
All over-growne with haire, that could awpae
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore:
For, he liu'd all on rauin and on rape
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshy gore,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloody lips afore.

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging lowe,
In which he wont the reliques of his featt
And cruell poyle, which he had spar'd, to stowe:
And over it, his huge great nose did growe,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with blood;
And downe both sides, two wide long eares did glowe,
And raught downe to his waste, when vp he stood,
More great then th' eares of Elephants by *Indus* flood.

His waste was with a wreath of Ivi greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore:
For, all his haire was like a garment seene;
And in his hand a tall yonge oake he bore,
VVhose knotty snags were sharpened all afore,
And death'd in fire for Steele to be in sted.
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I haue not red:
But certes was with milke of Wolues and Tigers fed.

This vgly creature, in his armes her snatcht,
And through the forest bore her quite away,
VWith bryers and bushes all to rent and scratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
Which many a knight had fought so many a day.
He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing,
Ran till he came to th' end of all his way,
Vnto his Caue, farre from all peoples hearing, (ring.
And there hee threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fea-
For

9
For, she (deare Lady) all the way was dead,
Whilſt hee in armes her bore; but when ſhe felt
Her ſelfe downe foult, ſhe waked out of drea
Straight into grieſe, that her deare hart nigh ſwelt,
And eſt gan into tender teares to melt.
Then, when ſhe lookt about, and nothing found
But darkneſſe and drad horrou where ſhe dwelt,
She almoſt fell againe into a frownd;
N^o wif whether about ſhe wete, or vader ground.

10
VVith that, ſhe heard ſome one cloſe by her ſide
Sighing and fobbing fore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peces would diuide:
Which ſhe long liſtning, ſoſly aſkt againe
What miſter wight it was that ſo did plaine?
To whom, thus answer'd was: Ah! wretched wight,
That ſeekes to knowe anothers grieſe in vaine,
Vnwecting of thine owne like hapleſſe plight:
Selſe to forget to mind another, is ore-ſight.

11
Ay me! ſaid ſhee, where am I, or with whom?
Emong the liuing, or emong the dead?
What ſhall of me vnhappy maid become?
Shall death be th'end, or ought elſe worſe, aread.
Vnhappy maid, then answer ſhe, whoſe dread
Vntride, is leſſe then when thou ſhalt it try:
Death is to him that wretched life doth lead,
Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie,
That liues a loathed life, and wiſhing cannot die.

12
This diſmal day, hath thee a caytine made,
And vaſſall to the vileſt wretch aliu;
Whoſe curſed vſage and vngodly trade
The heauens abhorre, and into darkneſſe driue:
For, on the ſpoile of women he doth liue,
VVhoſe bodies chaſte, when euer in his powre
Hee may them catch, vnable to gaine-ſtriu;
He with his ſhamefull luſt doth firſt deſtowre,
And afterwards themſelues doth cruelly deuoure.

13
Now twenty dayes (by which the ſonnes of men
Diuide their works) haue paſt through heauen ſheene,
Since I was brought into this doolefull den;
During which ſpace, theſe ſory eyes haue ſcene
Seauen women by him ſlaine, and eaten cleene.
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman heere remaining beene,
Till thou can'ſt hither to augment our monc;
And of vs three, to morrow he will ſure eate one.

14
Ah! dreadfull tydings which thou dooſt declare,
Quoth ſhee, of all that euer hath been knowne:
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble brest endured hath, bnt none
Equall to this, where euer I haue gone.
But what are you, whom like vn lucky lot
Hath linkt with me in the ſame chaine at one?
To tell, quoth ſhe, that which ye ſee, needs not;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot.

15
But what I was, it irkes mee to reherſe;
Daughter vnto a Lord of high degree
That ioyd in happy peace, till Fates peruerſe
VVith guilefull loue did ſecrely agree,
To over-throwe my ſtate and dignity.
It was my lot to loue a gentle Swaine,
Yet was he but a Squire of lowe degree;
Yet was hee meet, vnleſſe mine eye did ſaine,
By any Ladies ſide for Lemant to haue laine.

16
But for his meaneneſſe and diſparagement,
My Sire (who mee too dearly well did loue)
Vnto my choiſe by no meanes would aſſent,
But often did my folly ſoule reprove.
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remoue,
But whether will'd or nill'd friend or foe,
I me reſolv'd the vtmoſt end to proue;
And rather then my Loue abandon ſo,
Both Sire, and friends, and all for euer to forgo.

17
Thence-ſorth, I fought by ſecret meanes to worke
Time to my will; and from his wrathfull ſight
To hide th'intent, which in my hart did lurke,
Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
So on a day, vnwecting vnto wight,
I with thar Squire agreed away to ſlit,
And in a priuy place, betwixt vs hight,
Within a Grove appointed him to meete;
To which I boldly came vpon my feeble feete.

18
But ah! vnhappy howe me thither brought:
For, in that place where I him thought to find,
There was I found, contrary to my thought,
Of this accuſed Carle of helliſh kind;
The ſhame of men, and plague of woman-kind:
Who truſting me, as Eagle doth his pray,
Me hither brought with him, as wiſt as wind,
Where yet vntouched till this preſent day,
I reſt his wretched thrall, the ſad *Aemylia*.

19
Ah! ſad *Aemylia*, then ſaid *Amoret*,
Thy ruefull plight I pity as mine owne.
But read to mee, by what deuſe or wit,
Haſt thou in all this time, from him vnknowne
Thine honour ſau'd, though into thraldome throwne?
Through help, quoth ſhe, of this old woman here
I haue ſo done, as ſhe to mee hath ſhowne:
For, euer when he burnt in luſtfull fire,
Shee in my ſtead ſupplide his beaſtiall deſire.

20
Thus, of their euils as they did diſcourſe,
And each did other much bewaile and monc;
Loe, where the villain ſelfe, their ſorrowes ſourſe,
Came to the Cauc; and rolling thence the ſtone,
Which wont to ſtop the mouth thereof, that none
Might iſſue forth, came rudely ruſhing in;
And ſoredding over all the ſtore alone,
Gan dight himſelfe vnto his wonted ſinne:
Which ended, then his bloody banquet ſhould beginne.

21
 VVhich, when-as fearefull *Amoret* perceiu'd,
 Shee fraid not th' ymost end thereof to try,
 But like a gaffly Gelt, whose wits are reau'd,
 Ran forth in hafte with hideous out-cry,
 For horrour of his shamefull villany.
 But after her full lightly he vp-rofe,
 And her purfew'd as fast as fhee did fly:
 Full fast thee flies, and farre afore him goes,
 Ne feesles the thornes & thickets prick her tender toes.

22
 Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale fhe stayes,
 But over-leapes them all, like Roebuck light,
 And through the thickest makes her might wyes;
 And euer-more when with regardfull fight
 Shee looking back, espies that grieftly wight
 Approching nigh, fhee gins to mend her pafe,
 And makes her feare a spurro to hafte her flight:
 More swift then *Myrrh* or *Daphné* in her race,
 Or any of the *Thracian* Nymphes in faluage chace.

23
 Long fo shee fled, and fo he follow'd long;
 Ne liuing ayde for her on earth appeares,
 But if the heauens helpeto redrelle her wrong,
 Moued with pity of her plentiful teares.
 It fortun'd *Belphebé* with her Peeres
 The woody Nymphes, and with that lonely boy,
 VV as hunting then the Libbards and the Beares
 In these wilde woods, as was her wonted ioy,
 To banish sloth, that oft doth noble minds annoy.

24
 It fo befell (as oft it fals in chace)
 That each of them from other funderd were,
 And that same gentle Squire arriu'd in place,
 Where this fame cur'd caytiue did appeare,
 Purfuing that faire Lady full of feare;
 And now he her quite over-taken had:
 And now he her away with him did beare
 Vnder his arme, as fceeming wondrous glad,
 That by his greunning laughter mote farre off berad.

25
 Which dreary fight the gentle Squire efpying,
 Doth hafte to crosse him by the neareft way,
 Led with that wofull Ladies pittious crying,
 And him assayles with all the might he may:
 Yet will not he the lovely spoyle downe lay,
 But with his craggy club in his right hand,
 Defends himselfe, and faues his gotten pray.
 Yet had it been right hard him to withstand,
 But that he was full light, and nimble on the land.

26
 There-to the villaine vsed craft in fight;
 For, euer when the Squire his *Iauelin* fhooke,
 He held the Lady forth before him right,
 And with her body, as a buckler, broke
 The puiffance of his intended froke.
 And if it chaunc't (as needs it must in fight)
 VVhil'ft he on him was greedy to bewroke,
 That any little blowe on her did light,
 Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

27
 Which subtle sleight did him encumber much,
 And made him oft, when he would strike, forbear;
 For, hardly could he come the carle to touch,
 But that he her must hurt, or hazard reare:
 Yet he his hand fo carefully did beare,
 That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
 And therein left the pike-head of his speare.
 A fream of cole-blacke bloud thence gush't amaine,
 That all her filken garments did with bloud bestaine.

28
 With that, he threw her rudely on the flore,
 And laying both his handsvpon his glauc,
 With dreadfull strokes let driue at him fo fore,
 That forc't him flie aback, himselfe to saue:
 Yet he there-with fo felly still did raue,
 That scarce the Squire his hand could once vp-reare,
 But (for advantage) ground vnto him gawe,
 Tracing and trauffering, now here, now there:
 For, bootlesse thing it was to thinke such blowes to beare.

29
 Whil'ft thus in battell they embused were,
Belphebé (raunging in that forest wide)
 The hideous noy of their huge strokes did heare,
 And drew there-to, making her care her guide.
 Whom, when that theefe approaching nigh espide,
 With bow in hand, and arrowes ready bent,
 He by his former combat would not bide,
 But fled away with ghastly dremiment,
 Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument.

30
 Whom, seeing flie, fhee speedly purfew'd
 With winged feet, as nimble as the wind;
 And euer in her bow shee ready shewed
 The arrow, to his deadly marke design'd:
 As when *Lasonaes* daughter, cruel kind,
 In vengeance of her mothers great disgrace,
 With fell despite her cruel arrowes tind
 Gain't wofull *Njobés* vnhappy race,
 That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

31
 So well she sped her, and fo far she ventred,
 That ere vnto his hellish den he raught,
 Euen as he ready was there to haue entred,
 Shee sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
 That in the very dore him over-caught,
 And in his nape arriuing, through it thrild
 His greedy throat, there-with in two distraught,
 That all his vitall spirits there-by spild,
 And all his hairy breast with gory bloud was filld.

32
 Whom, when on ground fhe groueling saw to roule,
 She ran in hafte his life to haue bereft:
 But ere she could him reach, the sinfull soule,
 Having his carrion corse quite senselesse left,
 Was fled to hell, furcharg'd with spoile and theft.
 Yet ouer him shee there long gazing stood,
 And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft
 His mighty limbes, whil'ft all with filthy blood
 The place there, over-flowne, seem'd like a suddaine flood.

Thence,

33
 Thence, forth the past into his dreadfull den,
 Where nought but darksome drearinesse she found,
 Ne creature saw, but harkned now and then
 Some little whispering, and soft groning found.
 With that, she askt, what ghosts there vnder ground
 Lay hid in horrour of eternall night?
 And bade them, if so be they were not bound,
 To come and shew themselves before the light,
 Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight.

34
 Then forth the sad *Aemylia* answered,
 Yet trembling euery ioynt through former feare;
 And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,
 A foule and lothsome creature did appeare;
 A Lemman fit for such a Louer deare.
 That moou'd *Belphæbe* her no lesse to hate,
 Then for to rue the others heauy cheare;
 Of whom she gan enquire of her estate.
 V Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

35
 Thence she them brought, toward the place where late
 She left the gentle Squire with *Amoret*:
 There stee him found by that new louely Mate,
 Who lay the whiles in twoune, full sadly set,
 From her faire eyes wiping the dewy wet,
 V Which softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
 And handling soft the hurts, which she did get.
 For, of that Carle she forely bruz'd had beene,
 Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene.

36
 V Which when the law, with suddaine glauncing eye,
 Her noble hart with sight thereof was filld
 With deepe disdain, and great indignity,
 That in her wrath she thought them both haue thild,
 V With that selfe arrow, which the Carle had killd:
 Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance fore,
 But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld;
 Is this the faith, she said, and said no more,
 But turn'd her face, and fled away for euermore.

37
 Hee, seeing her depart, arose vp light,
 Right sore agrieu'd at her sharpe reproofe,
 And follow'd fast: but when he came in sight,
 He durst not nigh approche, but kept aloofe,
 For dread of her displeasures vtmost proofe.
 And cuermore, when he did grace entreat,
 And fram'd speeches fit for his behoofe,
 Her mortall arrowes shce at him did threat,
 And forc't him back with foule dishonour to retreat.

38
 At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine,
 Yet found no ease of griefe, nor hope of grace,
 Vnto those woods he turned back againe,
 Full of sad anguish, and in heauy case:
 And finding there fit solitary place
 For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
 V Where hardly eye mote see bright heauens face
 For mossy trees, which couered all with shade
 And sad melancholy: there he his cabin made.

39
 His wonted war-like weapons all he broke,
 And threw away, with vow to vse no more,
 Ne thence-forth euer sinke in battell stroke,
 Ne euer word to speake to woman more;
 But in that wildernesse (of men forlore,
 And of the wicked world forgotten night)
 His hard mishap in dolour to deplore,
 And waste his wretched dayes in wofull plight;
 So on himselfe to wreake his follies owne deliight.

40
 And eke his garment, to be there-to meet,
 He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
 And his faire locks, that wont with oyntment sweet
 To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
 Hee let to growe, and grievly to concrew,
 Vncomb'd, vncurl'd, and carelesly vnshew;
 That in short time his face they over-grew,
 And ouer all his shouldlers did dispend,
 That who he whylome was, vneath was to be red.

41
 There he continued in this careful plight,
 Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
 Through wilfull penury consumed quights,
 That like a pined ghost he soone appeares.
 For, other foode then that wilde forest beares,
 Ne other drinke there did he neuer taste
 Then running water, tempered with his teares,
 The more his weakened body so to waste;
 That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at last.

42
 For, on a day (by fortune as it fell)
 His owne deare Lord Prince *Arthur* came that way,
 Seeking adventures where he mote heare tell;
 And as he through the wandring wood did stray,
 Hauing espide this cabin far away,
 He to it drew, to seee who there did wonne:
 Weening therein some holy Hermit lay,
 That did resort of sinfull people shunne;
 Or else some wood-man shrowded there from scorching
 (sunne.)

43
 Arriuing there, he found this wretched man,
 Spending his dayes in dolour and despaire;
 And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,
 All over-grown with rude and rugged haire;
 That albeit his owne deare Squire he were,
 Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all;
 But like strange wight, whom he had seene no where,
 Saluting him, gan into speech to fall,
 And pittie much his plight, that he'd like out-cast thrall.

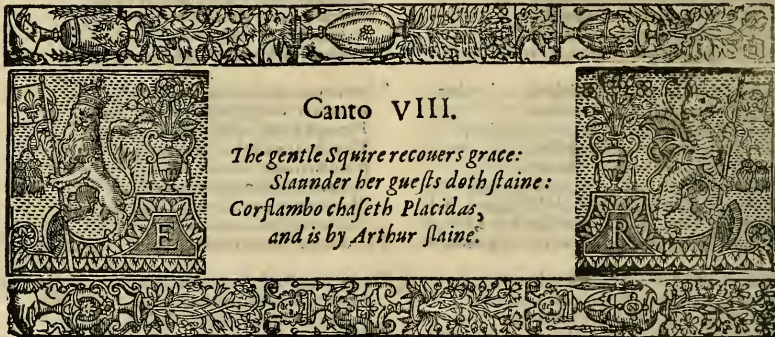
44
 But to his speech he answered no whit,
 But stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,
 Ne signe of sense did shew, ne common wit,
 As one with griefe and anguish over-cum,
 And vnto euery thing did answer Mum:
 And euer when the Prince vnto him spake,
 He louded lowely, as did him becum,
 And humble homage did vnto him make,
 Midst sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his sake.

At which his vncouth guile and vsage quaint,
 The Prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
 The cause of that his sorrowfull constrain;e;
 Yet weend by secret signes of manlinesse,
 Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
 That he whylome some gentle Swaine had beene,
 Traind vp in feates of armes and knightlinesse;
 Which he obseru'd, by that he him had seene
 To wield his naked sword, and try the edges keene.

And eke by that he saw on euery tree,
 How he the name of one engrauen had,
 Which, likely was his liefest Loue to bee,
 For whom he now fo solely was bestad;

VVhich was by him *BELPHOEBE* rightly rad.
 Yet who was that *Belphebe*, he ne wist;
 Yet saw he often how he wexed glad,
 When hee it heard, and how the ground he kist,
 Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist.

Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,
 And saw that all he said and did, was vaine,
 Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
 Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his paine,
 He left him there in languor to remaine,
 Till time for him should remedy prouide,
 And him restore to former grace againe.
 Which, for it is too long here to abide,
 I will deferre the end vntill another tide.



Canto VIII.

*The gentle Squire recouers grace:
 Slaunder her guests doth staine:
 Corflambo chafeth Placidus,
 and is by Arthur slaine.*

Ell said the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this,
 Which to this gentle Squire did happen late;
 That the displeasure of the mighty is
 Then death it selfe more drad and desperate:
 For, nought the fame may calme, ne mitigate,
 Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
 With sufferance soft, which rigour can abate,
 And haue the sterne remembrance wip't away
 Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infix'd lay.

Like as it fell to this vnhappy boy,
 Whose tender hart the faire *Belphebe* had
 With one sterne looke so daunted, that no ioy
 In all his life, which afterwards he had,
 He euer tasted; but with penance sad,
 And pensiu sorrow, pin'd and wore away,
 Ne euer laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad;
 But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
 As blasted bloom through heat doth languish & decay;

Till on a day (as in his wonted wife
 His doole he made) there chaunc't a Turtle-Doue
 To come, where he his dolours did deuise,
 That likewise late had lost her dearest Loue;

Which losse, her made like passion also proue.
 Who seeing his sad plight, her tender hart
 VVith deare compassion deepe did emmoue,
 That she gan mone his vnderseued smart,
 And with her dolefull accent, beare with him a part.

Shee, sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
 Her mournfull notes full pitiously did frame,
 And thereof made a lamentable lay,
 So sensibly compyl'd, that in the same
 Him seemed off he heard his owne right name.
 With that, he forth would poure so plenious teares,
 And beat his breast vnworthy of such blame,
 And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
 That could haue pearc't the harts of Tigers & of Beares.

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did vse,
 Withouten dread of perill to repaire
 Vnto his wonne; and with her mournfull Muse
 Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
 That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
 And quere day, for guerdon of her song,
 He part of his small feast to her would share;
 That at the last, of all his woe and wrong,
 Companion shee became, and so continu'd long.

6
Vpon a day, as shee him fate beside,
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as reliques did abide
Of all the bounty, which *Belphebé* threw
On him, whilst goodly grace shee did him shew:
Amongst the rest, a iewell rich he found,
That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap' like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

7
The same he tooke, and with a riband new
(In which his Ladies colours were) did bind
About the Turtles necke, that with the view
Did greatly solace his engrieu'd mind.
All vnawares the bird, when shee did find
Her selfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,
And flew away, as lightly as the wind:
Which suddaine accident him much dismaid,
And looking after long, did marke which way shee straid.

8
But, when as long he looked had in vaine,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weary eye returned to him againe,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his iewell he had lost so light,
And eke his deare companion of his care.
But that sweet bird departing, flew forth right
Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,
Vntill shee came wheree wonted his *Belphebé* faire.

9
There found shee her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
After late weary toyle, which shee had tride
In saluage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet.
There shee alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her, her mournfull plaint to make,
As was her wont: thinking to let her weete
The great tormenting grieffe, that for her sake
Her gentle Squire through her displeasure did partake.

10
Shee, her beholding with attentiu'e eye,
At length did marke about her purple brest
That precious iewell, which shee formerly
Had knowne right well, with colour'd ribband drest:
There-with shee rose in haste, and her address
With ready hand it to haue rest againe,
But the swift bird obeyd not her behest,
But swar'd afide, and there againe did stay;
Shee follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

11
And euer when shee nigh approach't, the Doue
Would sit a litle forward, and then stay
Till shee drew neare, and then againe remoue;
So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
And still from her escaping soft away:
Till that at length, into that forest wide
Shee drew her farr, and led with slowe delay.
In th'end, shee her vnto that place did guide,
Where-as that wofull man in languor did abide.

12
Eftsoones shee flew vnto his fearelesse hand,
And there a pittious ditty new devis'd,
As if shee would haue made him vnderstand,
His sorrowes cause to be of her depis'd,
Whom when shee saw in wretched weedes disguis'd,
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
Like ghost late risen from his Graue agriz'd,
Shee knew him not, but pittied much his case,
And wisht it were in her to doe him any grace.

13
Hee her beholding, at her feet downe fell,
And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,
And wash't the same with water, which shee did well
From his moist eyes, and like two streames proceed;
Yet spake no word, whereby shee might read
What mister wight hee was, or what hee ment:
But as one daunted with her preference dread,
Onely fewe ruefull looks vnto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

14
Yet nathemore, his meaning shee read,
But wondred much at this so selcouth case;
And by his perions secret seemlihed
Well weend, that hee had beene some man of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface:
That being mou'd with ruth shee thus bespake.
Ah! wofull man, what heauens hard disgrace,
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,
Or selfe disliked life, doth thee thus wretched make?

15
If heauen, then none may it redresse or blame,
Sith to his powre wee all are subiect borne:
If wrathfull wight, then foule rebuke and shame
Be theirs, that haue so cruell thee forlorne;
But if through inward grieffe, or wilfull scorn
Of life it be, then better doe auise.
For, hee whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
Thee grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not vse his gifts for thanklesse nigardise.

16
When so hee heard her say, eftsoones hee brake
His suddaine silence, which hee long had pent,
And sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake;
Then haue they all themselves against me bent:
For heauen (first author of my languishment)
Enuying my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruell one consent,
To cloud my daies in doolefull misery,
And make mee loath this life, still longing for to die.

17
Ne any but your selfe, O dearest dred,
Hath done this wrong; to wreake on worthlesse wight
Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred:
That when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
Ye may redresse, and mee restore to light.
Which sorry words, her mighty hart did mate
VVith mild regard, to see his ruefull plight,
That her in-burning wrath shee gan abate,
And him receiue againe to former fauours state.

18

In which, he long time afterwards did lead
 A happy life, with grace and good accord;
 Fearelesse of Fortunes change, or Enuies dread,
 And eke all mindelesse of his owne dear Lord
 The noble Prince, who neuer heard one word
 Of tydings, what did vnto him betide,
 Or what good fortune did to him afford;
 But through the endlesse world did wander wide,
 Him seeking euenmore, yet no where him descride;

19

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
 He chaunc't to come where those two Ladies late,
Amylia and *Amoret* abode,
 Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate;
 The one right feeble, through the euill rate
 Of foodes, which in her duresse she had found:
 The other, almost dead and desperate
 Through her late hurts, & through that haplesse wound,
 With which the Squire in her defence her fore affound.

20

Vvhom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rewe
 The euill case in which those Ladies lay;
 But most was moued at the pittious view
 Of *Amoret*, so neere vnto decay,
 That her great danger did him much dismay.
 Effoones that precious liquor forth he drew,
 Which he in store about him kept alway,
 And with few drops thereof did softly deaw
 Her wounds, that vnto strength restor'd her foone anew.

21

Tho, when they both recovered wereright well,
 He gan of them inquire, what euill gunde
 Them thither brought; and how their harmes befell.
 To whom they told all that did them betide,
 And how from thraldome vile they were vntide
 Of that same wicked Carle, by *Virgins* bond;
 Whose bloody corse they thew'd him there beside,
 And eke his Caue, in which they both were bond:
 At which he wondred much, when all those signes he fond.

22

And euer-more, he greatly did desire
 To knowe, what *Virgin* did them thence vnbind;
 And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
 Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
 But, when as nought according to his mind
 He could out-learne, he them from ground did reare
 (No seruice lothsome to a gentle kind)
 And on his war-like beast them both did beare,
 Himselfe by them on foot, to succour them from feare.

23

So, when that forest they had passed well,
 A little cottage farre away they spide,
 To which they drew, ere night vpon them fell;
 And entring in, found none therein abide,
 But one old woman sitting there beside,
 Vpon the ground in ragged rude attire,
 With filthy locks about her scattered wide,
 Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for ire,
 And there-out sucking venime to her parts entire.

24

A foule and loathly creature iure in sight,
 And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse:
 For, shee was stufft with rancour and despite
 Vp to the throat; that oft with bitternesse
 It forth would breake, and gush in great excesse,
 Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall,
 Gainst all that truth or vertue doe professe;
 Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall,
 And wickedly back-bite: Her name men *Slaunder* call.

25

Her nature is, all goodnesse to abuse,
 And causelesse crimes continually to frame;
 With which the guiltlesse persons may accuse,
 And steale away the crowne of their good name:
 Ne euer Knight so bold, ne euer Dame
 So chaste and loyall liu'd, but shee would striue
 Vvith forged caute them falsely to defame:
 Ne euer thing so well was doen aliuie,
 But the with blame would blot, & of due praise depriuie.

26

Her words were not as common words are ment,
 T' expresse the meaning of the inward mind;
 But noysome breath, and poynous spirit sent
 From inward parts, with cancrent malice liu'd,
 And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind;
 Which, passing through the eares, would pearce the hart,
 And wound the soule it selfe with griefe vnkind:
 For, like the stings of *Ages*, that kill with smart,
 Her spightfull words did prick, & wound the inner part.

27

Such was that *Hag*, vnmeet to host such guests,
 Whom greatest Princes Court would welcome faine;
 But need (that answers not to all requests)
 Bade them not looke for better entertaine;
 And eke that age despised nicenesse vaine,
 Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
 Which them to war-like discipline did traine,
 And manly limbs endur'd with little care,
 Against all hard mishaps, and fortunelesse misfare.

28

Then all that euening (welcomm'd with cold
 And chearelesse hunger) they together spent;
 Yet found no fault, but that the *Hag* did feold
 And raile at them with grudgefull discontent,
 For lodging there without her owne consent:
 Yet they endured all with patience milde,
 And vnto rest themselves all onely lent,
 Regardlesse of that queane so base and wilde,
 To be vnjustly blam'd, and bitterly reulde.

29

Heere well I weene, when as these rimes be red
 With mis-regard, that some rash witted wight,
 Vvwhose looter thought will lightly be misled,
 These gentle Ladies will misdeeme too light,
 For thus conuersing with this noble Knight;
 Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
 And hard to find, that heate of youthfull spright
 For ought will from his greedy pleasure spare,
 More hard for hungry steed t' abstaine from pleasant fare.

30
But antique age, yet in the infancie
Of time, did lue then like an innocent,
In simple truth and blamelesse chasticite,
Ne then of guile had made experiment;
But voyd of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for it selfe in soueraine awe:
Then loyall loue had royall regiment,
And each vnto his lust did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to with-drawe.

31
The Lion there did with the Lambe consort,
And eke the Doue fate by the Faulcons side;
Ne each of other feared fraude or tort,
But did in safe security abide,
Withouten penill of the stronger pride:
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old
(Where of it hight) and hauing flouidly tride
The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
And dared of all finnes the secrets to vnfold.

32
Then beauty, which was made to represent
The great Creators owne resemblance bright,
Vnto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
And made the baite of bestiall delight:
Then faire grew foule, & foule grew faire in sight;
And that which wont to vanquish God and Man,
Was made the vassall of the Victors might;
Then did her glorious flowre waxe dead and wan,
Depis'd and troden downe of all that ouer-ran.

33
And now it is so vtterly decayd,
That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,
But if few plants (preferu'd through heauenly ayde)
In Princes Court doe hap to sprout againe,
Dew'd with her drops of bounty soueraine,
Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
Sprung of the ancient stocke of Princes traine,
Now th'onely remnant of that royall breed,
Whose noble kind at first was sure of heauenly feed.

34
Tho, soone as day discovered hauens face
To sinfull men with darknesse ouer-dight,
This gentle crew, gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
And did themselves vnto their iourney dight.
So forth they yode, and forward softly pased,
That them to view had been an vnouth sight;
How all the way the Prince on foot-pase traced,
The Ladies both on horse, together fast embraced.

35
Soone as they thence departed were afore,
That shamefull Hig (the slauder of her sex)
Them follow'd fast, and them reuiled fore,
Him calling thiese, them whores; that much did vex
His noble hart: there-to she did annex
False crimes and facts, such as they neuer ment,
That those two Ladies much asham'd did wax:
The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
And ray'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyson spent.

36
At last, when they were pass'd out of sight,
Yet shee did not her spightfull speech forbeare,
But after them did barke, and still back-bite,
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:
Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
The stone, which pass'd stranger at him threwe;
So fite them seeing past the reach of eare,
Against the stones and trees did raile a lawe,
Till she had duld the sting, which in her tongs end grew.

37
They, passing forth, kept on their ready way,
With easie steps so soft as foote could stride,
Both for great feeblesse, which did oft assay
Faire Amoret, that scarceely shee could ride;
And eke through heavy armes, which sore annoyd
The Prince on foot, not wanted lo to fare:
Whose steady hand was faue his steed to guide,
And all the way from trotting hard to spare,
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

38
At length, they spide, where towards them with speed
A Squire came galloping, as he would flie;
Bearing a little Dw.rie before his steed,
That all the way full loud for ayde did cry,
That seem'd his strikes would rend the brazen sky:
VWhom after did a mighty man pursue,
Riding vpon a Dromedare on hie,
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would haue maz'd a man his dreadfull face to view.

39
For, from his fearefull eyes two fieric beames
More sharpe then poynts of needles did proceed,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
Full of sad powre, that poysonous bale did breed
To all, that on him: lookt without good heed,
And secretly his enemies did slay:
Like as the Batilsk, of serpents seed,
From poyrefull eyes close venim doth conuay
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

40
Hee all the way did rage at that same Squire,
And after him full many threatnings threwe,
With curses vaine in his avengefull ire:
But none of them (so fast away he flew)
Him over-tooke, before he came in view.
Where, when he saw the Prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud, his case to rew,
And reskew him through succour of his might,
From that his cruell foe, that him pursu'd in sight.

41
Eftsoones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies twaine
From lofty steed, and mounting in their stead
Came to that Squire, yet trembling euery vaine:
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread;
Who, as he gan the fame to him aread,
Lo, hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head:
That vnto death had doen him vnredrest,
Had not the noble Prince his ready stroke repress.

Who;

42
 VWho, thrusting boldly twixt him and the blowe,
 The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
 Vpon his shield; which lightly he did throwe
 Over his head, before the harme came neare.
 Nath'lesse, it fell with fo despiteous dreare
 And heauy sway, that hard vnto his crowne
 The shield it droue, and did the couering reare:
 There-with both Squire and Dwarfie did tumble downe
 Vnto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse swoune.

43
 VWhere-at, the Prince full wrath, his strong right hand
 In full avengement heaued vp on his,
 And strooke the Pagan with his steely brand
 So fore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
 He bowed lowe, and so awhile did lie:
 And sure, had not his massie iron mace
 Betwixt him and his hurt been happily,
 It would haue cleft him to the girding place:
 Yet as it was, it did astonish him long space.

44
 But, when he to himselfe return'd againe,
 All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare;
 And vow by *Maboue* that he should be flaine.
 With that, his murderous mace he vp did reare,
 That seemed nought the soufe thereof could beare,
 And there-with smote at him with all his might.
 But ere that it to him approached neare,
 The royall child, with ready quick fore-sight,
 Did shun the prooffe thereof, and it auoyded light.

45
 But ere his hand he could recure againe,
 To ward his body from the balefull stound,
 He smote at him with all his might and maine,
 So furiously, that ere he wist, he found
 His head before him tumbling on the ground.
 The whiles, his babbling tongue did yet blaspheme
 And curse his God, that did him fo confound;
 The whiles his life ran forth in bloody streame,
 His soule descended downe into the *Stygian* reame.

46
 Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe full glad
 To see his foe breathe out his spright in vaine:
 But that same Dwarfie right fory seem'd and sad,
 And howl'd aloud to see his Lord there slaine,
 And rent his haire, and scratcht his face for paine.
 Then gan the Prince at leasure to inquire
 Of all the accident, there hapned plaine,
 And what he was, whose eyes did flame with fire;
 All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

47
 This mighty man, quoth he, whom you haue slaine,
 Of an huge Giantesse whylome was bred:
 And by his strength, rule to himselfe did gaine
 Of many Nations into thalrdome led,
 And mighty kingdomes of his force adred:
 Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloody fight,
 Ne hosts of men with bannars brode dispred,
 But by the powre of his infectious fight,
 With which he killed all that came within his might.

48
 Ne was he euer vanquished afore,
 But euer vanquishit all with whom he fought;
 Ne was there man so strong but he downe bore,
 Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
 Vnto his bay, and captiued her thought.
 For, most of strength and beautie his desire
 Was spoyle to make, and waste them vnto nought,
 By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
 From his falle eyes, into their harts and parts entire.

49
 Therefore *Corflambo* was he cald aright,
 Though namelesse there his body now doth lie,
 Yet hath he left one daughter, that is right
 The faire *Pæana*; who seemes outwardly
 So faire, as euer yet law huing eye:
 And, were her vertue like her beautie bright,
 She were as faire as any vnder sky,
 But (ah!) shee giuen is to vaine delight,
 And eke too loole of life, and eke of loue too light.

50
 So as it fell, there was a gentle Squire
 That lov'd a Lady of high parentage;
 But for his meane degree might not aspire
 To match so high: her friends with count'lesse rage,
 Disswaded her from such a disparage.
 But shee, whose hart to loue was wholly leut,
 Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
 But firmly following her first intent,
 Resolud' with him to wend, gainst all her friends consent.

51
 So twixt themselues they pointed time and place:
 To which, when he according did repaire,
 An hard mishap and disuentrous case
 Him chaunc't; in stead of his *Amylia* faire
 This Giants sonne, that lyes there on the laire
 An headlesse heape, him vnawares there caught;
 And, all dismay'd through mercilesse despaire,
 Him wretched thrall vnto his dungeon brought,
 Where he remaines, of all vnsuccour'd and vnfought.

52
 This Giants daughter came vpon a day
 Vnto the prison in her ioyous glee,
 To view the thralls which there in bondage lay:
 Amongst the rest she chanced there to see
 This lovely swaine, the Squire of lowe degree;
 To whom shee did her liking lightly cast,
 And wooed him her Paramour to be:
 From day to day she woo'd and pray'd him fast,
 And for his loue, him promis't libertie at last.

53
 He, though affide vnto a former Loue,
 To whom his faith he firmly meant to hold,
 Yet seeing not how thence he mote remove,
 But by that means, which fortune did vnfold,
 Her granted loue, but with affection cold,
 To win her grace his libertie to get.
 Yet she him still detaines in captiue bold;
 Fearing least if she should him freely set,
 He would her shortly leaue, and former loue forget.

54
 Yet so much fauour shee to him hath hight
 About the rest, that he sometimes may space
 And walke about her gardens of delight,
 Having a Keeper still with him in place;
 Which Keeper is this Dwarfie, her deariest base,
 To whom the keyes of euery prison dore
 By her committed be, of speciall grace,
 And at his will may whom he list restore,
 And whom he list refuse, to be afflicted more.

55
 Whereof when tydings came vnto mine care
 (Full inly fory for the fertuent zeale,
 Which I to him as to my soule did beare)
 I thither went; where I did long conceale
 My selfe, till that the Dwarfie did me reueale,
 And told his Dame, her Squire of lowe degree
 Did secretly out of her prison steale;
 For, me he did mistake that Squire to bee:
 For, neuer two so like did liuing creature seee.

56
 Then was I taken, and before her brought:
 Who, through the likenesse of my outward hew,
 Beeing likewise beguiled in her thought,
 Gan blame me much for being so vntrew,
 To seeke by flight her fellowship t'eschew,
 That lov'd mee deare, as dearest thing aloue.
 Thence she commaunded me to prison new;
 Whereof I glad, did not gaine-say nor struie,
 But suffred that same Dwarfie me to her dungeon driue.

57
 There did I find mine onely faithfull friend
 In heauy plight and sad perplexitie;
 Whereof I lory, yet my selfe did bend,
 Him to recomfort with my company.
 But him the more agreeu'd I found thereby:
 For, all his ioy, he said, in that distresse,
 Was mine and his *Aemylia's* libertie.
Aemylia well he lov'd, as I more ghesse;
 Yet greater loue to me then her he did professe.

58
 But I, with better reason him aviz'd,
 And shew'd him, how through error & misthought
 Of our like persons eath to be disguiz'd,
 Or his exchange, or freedome might be wrought.
 Where-to full loth was he, ne would for ought
 Consent, that I, who stood all fearelesse free,
 Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
 Till fortune did performe it so decree:
 Yet over-rul'd, at last, he did to me agreee.

59
 The morrow next, about the wonted howre,
 The Dwarfie cald at the doore of *Amyas*,
 To come forth-with vnto his Ladies bowre.
 In stead of whom, forth came I *Placidus*,

And vnderstand, forth with him did pass.
 There, with great ioyance and with glad some glee,
 Of faire *Pæana* I receiued was,
 And oft imbrac't, as if that I were hee,
 And with kind words accoyd, vowing great loue to mee.

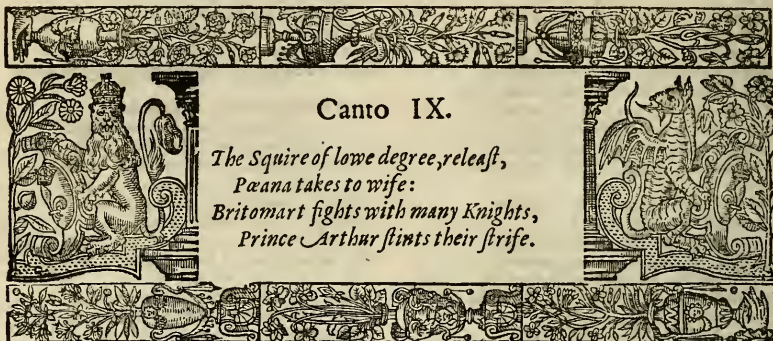
60
 Which I, that was not bent to former Loue,
 As was my friend, that had her long refus'd,
 Did well accept, as well it did behoue,
 And to the present need it wisely vs'd.
 My former hardnesse, first, I faire excus'd;
 And after, promis't large amends to make,
 With such smooth tearmes, her error I abus'd,
 To my friends good, more then for mine owne sake,
 For whose sole liberty, I loue and life did stake.

61
 Thence-forth, I found more fauour at her hand;
 That to her Dwarfie, which had me in his charge,
 She bade to lighten my too heauy band,
 And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.
 So on a day, as by the flowrie marge
 Of a fresh streame I with that Elfe did play,
 Finding no meanes how I might vs enlarge,
 But if that Dwarfie I could with me conuay,
 I lightly snatcht him vp, and with me bore away.

62
 There-at he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
 The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
 And me purfew'd; but nathemore would I
 Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
 But haue perforce him hither brought away.
 Thus as they talked, loe, where nigh at hand
 Those Ladies two (yet doubtfull through dismay)
 In presence came, desirous t'vnderstand
 Tydings of all, which there had hapned on the land.

63
 Where, soone as sad *Aemylia* did espie
 Her captiue Louers friend, young *Placidus*;
 All mindlesse of her wonted modestie,
 She to him ran, and him with straight embras
 Enfolding said, And liues yet *Amyas*?
 Hee liues, quoth he, and his *Aemylia* loues.
 Then lesse, said she, by all the woe I pass,
 With which my weaker patience fortune proues.
 But what mishap thus long him from my selfe remoues?

64
 Then gan he all this story to renew,
 And tell the course of his captiuitie;
 That her deare hart full deeply made to rew,
 And sigh full sore, to heare the misery,
 In which so long he mercilesse did lie.
 Then, after many teares and sorrowes spent,
 She deare besought the Prince of remedy:
 Who there-to did with ready will consent,
 And well perform'd, as shall appear by his event.



Canto IX.

*The Squire of lowe degree, releast,
Paana takes to wife:
Britomart fights with many Knights,
Prince Arthur stints their strife.*

Ard is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of loue together meet,
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether shall weigh the ballance downe; to
The deare affection vnto kindred sweet, (weet
Or raging fire of loue to woman-kind,
Or zeale of friends combin'd with vertues meet.
But of them all, the band of vertuous mind
Meseemes the gentle hart, should most assured bind.

For, naturall affection soone doth cesse,
And quenched is with *Cupid's* greater flame:
But faithfull friendship doth them both suppress,
And them with maiuring discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame.
For, as the soule doth rule the earthly mass,
And all the seruice of the body frame;
So loue of soule doth loue of body pass,
No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meanest brass.

All which who list by trial to assay,
Shall in this story find approued plaine;
In which, this Squires true friendship more did sway,
Then either care of Parents could restraine,
Or loue of fairest Lady could constrain.
For, though *Paana* were as faire as morne,
Yet did this trusty Squire with proud disdain,
For his friends sake her offered fauours scorne,
And the her selfe her sire, of whom she was yborne.

Now after that Prince *Arthur* graunted had,
To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swaine,
Who now long time had lyen in prison sad,
He gan aduise how best he mote darraine
That enterprize, for greatest glories gaine.
That headlesse Tyrants trunk he reard from ground,
And hauing ympt the head to it againe,
Vpon his vituall beast it firmly bound,
And made it so to ride, as it aliue was found.

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd
Before the rider, as he captiue were,
And made his Dwarf (though with vnwilling ayd)
To guide the beast, that did his maister beare,
Till to his Castle they approached neere.
Whom, when the watch that kept continuall ward
Saw comming home; all voyd of doubtfull feare,
He running downe, the gate to him vnbar;
Whom straight the Prince ensuing, in together far'd.

There he did find in her delicious boure,
The faire *Paana* playing on a Rote,
Complayning of her cruell Paramoure,
And singing all her sorrow to the note,
As she had learned readily by rote;
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight,
The Prince halfe rapt, began on her to dote:
Till better him bethinking of the right,
He her vnwares attach't, and captiue held by might.

Whence beeing forth produc't, when she perceiued
Her owne deare Sire, she cald to him for ayde.
But when of him no aunswere she receiued,
But saw him senselesse by the Squire vp-staid,
She weened well, that then she was betraid:
Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe, and waile,
And that same Squire of treason to vpbraid.
But all in vaine, her plaints might not preuaile,
Ne none there was to reskew her, ne none to baile.

Then tooke he that same Dwarf, and him compeld
To open vnto him the prison dore,
And forth to bring those thralls which there he held.
Thence, forth were brought to him aboue a score
Of Knights and Squires to him vnknowne afore:
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And vnto former liberty restore.
Amongst the rest, that Squire of lowe degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like himselfe to bee.
VVhom

9
Whom soone as faire *Æmilia* beheld,
And *Placidus*, they both vnto him ran,
And him embracing fast betwix them held,
Striuing to comfort him all that they can,
And kissing oft his visage pale and wan;
That faire *Paana* them beholding both,
Can both enuy, and bitterly to ban;
Through ialous passion weeping inly wroth,
To see the sight perforce, that both her eyes were loth.

10
But when awhile they had together been,
And diuersly conferred of their case;
She, though full oft she both of them had scene
Asunder, yet not euer in one place,
Began to doubt, when the them sawe embrace,
Which was the captiue Squire she lov'd so deare,
Deceiued through great likenesse of their face.
For, they so like in person did appeare,
That she weath discerned, whether whether were.

11
And eke the Prince, when as he them admired,
Their like resemblance much admired there,
And maz'd how Nature had so well disguized
Her worke, and counterfet her selfe so neare,
As if that by one patterne scene somewhere,
She had them made a Paragoue to be;
Or, whether it through skill, or error were.
Thus gazing long, at them much wondred he,
So did the other knights and Squires, which him did see.

12
Then gan they rancke that same Castle strong,
In which he found great store of hoorded treasures;
The which, that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without respect or measure,
Vpon all which the Briton Prince made feaure,
And afterwards continu'd there awhile,
To rest him selfe, and so laze in soft pleasure
Those weaker Ladies after weay toyle;
To whom he did diuide part of his purchast spoile.

13
And for more ioy, that captiue Lady faire
The faire *Paana* he enlarged free;
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire,
To feast and frolicke; nathemore would she
Shew glad some countenance nor pleasant glee:
But grieued was for losse both of her fire,
And eke of Lordship, with both land and fee:
But most she touched was with grieffe enrire,
For losse of her new Loue, the hope of her desire.

14
But her the Prince, through his well wonted grace,
To better tearme of myldnesse did entreat,
From that fowle rudenesse, which did her deface;
And that same bitter corsue, which did eat
Her tender heart, and made refraine from meat,
He with good thewes and speeces well applide,
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat.
For, though she were most faire, and goodly dide,
Yet she it all did mar, with cruelty and pride.

15
And for to shut vp all in friendly loue,
Sith loue was first the ground of all her grieffe,
That trusty Squire he wisely well did moue
Not to despise that Dame, which lov'd him liefte,
Till he had made of her some better prieffe,
But to accept her to his wedded wife.
Thereto he offered for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and Lordship during life:
He yeelded, and her tooke; so stinted all their strife.

16
From that day forth, in peace and ioyous blis,
They liv'd together long without debate:
Ne priuate iarre, ne spite of enimis
Could shake the safe assurance of their state.
And she, whom Nature did so faire create
That she mote match the fairest of her dayes,
Yet with lewd loues and lust intemperate
Had it defie't; thenceforth reformed her waies,
That all men much admir'd her change, & spake hir praise.

17
Thus when the Prince had perfectly compilde
These paires of friends in peace and settled rest;
Him selfe, whose minde did trauell as with childe
Of his old loue, concei'd in secret breast,
Resolved to pursue his former quest;
And taking leaue of all, with him did beare
Faire *Amoret*, whom Fortune by bequest
Had left in his protection whileaere,
Exchanged out of one into an other feare.

18
Feare of her safety did her not constraene.
For, well she wist now in a mighty hand,
Her person late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was, all dangers to withstand.
But now in feare of shame the more did stond,
Seeing her selfe all soly succourlesse,
Left in the Victors powre, like vassall bond;
Whose will her weakenesse could no way repress,
In case his burning lust should breake into excess.

19
But cause of feare sure had the none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The course of loose affection to forfall,
And lawelesse lust to rule with reasons lore;
That all the while he by his side her bore,
She was as safe as in a Sanctuary.
Thus many miles they two together wory,
To seeke their Loues dispersed diuersly,
Yet neither shew'd to other their hearts priuity.

20
At length they came, wher-as a troupe of Knights
They sawe together skirmishing, as seemed:
Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight;
But foure of them the battell best betemed,
That which of them was best, more not be deemed.
Those foure were they, from whom false *Florimell*
By *Braggadocchio* lately was re deemed;
To weete, sterne *Druons*, and lewd *Clari bell*,
Loue-luifh *Elandamour*, and lustfull *Paridell*.

21
Druons delight was all in single life,
 And vnto Ladies loue would lend no leasure:
 The more was *Claribell* enraged rife
 With feruent flames, and loued out of measure:
 So eke lov'd *Blandamour*, but yet at pleasure
 Would change his liking, and new Lemans proude:
 But *Paridell* of loue did make no threasure,
 But lusted after all that him did moue.
 So diuersly these foure disposed were to loue.

22
 But those two other, which beside them stood,
 Were *Britomart*, and gentle *Scudamour*,
 Who all the while beheld their wrathfull mood,
 And wondred at their impacable stoure,
 V whose like they neuer saw till that same houre:
 So dreadfull strokes each did at other driue,
 And layd on load with all their might and powre,
 As if that every dint the ghost would riue
 Out of their wretched corfes, and their liues deprive:

23
 As when *Dan Acolus* in great displeasure,
 For losse of his deare Loue by *Neptune* hent,
 Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure,
 Vpon the sea to wreake his fell intent:
 They breaking forth with rude vnruliment,
 From all foure parts of heauen, doe rage full fore,
 And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
 And all the world confound with wide vprore,
 As if in stead thereof, they *Chaos* would restore.

24
 Cause of their discord, and so fell debate,
 Was for the loue of that same snowy maid,
 V whom they had lost in Turneyment of late;
 And seeking long, to weete which way the straid
 Met here together: where, through lewd vpbraid
 Of *Até* and *Duessá* they fell out;
 And each one taking part in others aid,
 This cruell conflict raised there-about,
 V whose dangerous successe depended yet in dout.

25
 For, sometimes *Paridell* and *Blandamour*
 The better had, and bet the others backe;
 Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
 And on their foes did worke full cruell wrack:
 Yet neither would their fiend-like furie slack,
 But euermore their malice did augment;
 Till that vneath they forced were, for lack
 Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
 And rest themselues, for to recouer spirits spent.

26
 There gan they change their sides, and new parts take;
 For, *Paridell* did take to *Druons* side,
 For old despight, which now forth newly brake
 Gainst *Blandamour*, whom alwaies he enuide:
 And *Blandamour* to *Claribell* relide.
 So all afresh gan former fight renew:
 As when two Barkes, this caried with the tide,
 That with the wind, contrary courses sew,
 If wind and tide doe change, their courses change anew.

27
 Thence-forth, they much more furiously gan fare,
 As if but then the battell had begonne;
 Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks strong did spare,
 That through the clifts the vermeil bloud did spare,
 And all adowne their riuen sides did ranne.
 Such mortall malice, wonder was to see
 In friends profest, and fo great out-rage donne:
 But sooth is said, and tride in each degree,
 Faint friends when they fall out, most cruell foe-meu bee.

28
 Thus they long while continued in fight,
 Till *Scudamour*, and that same Briton maid,
 By fortune in that place did chance to light:
 Whom soone as they with wrathfull eye bewraide,
 They gan remember of the foule vp-braid,
 The which that Britonelle had to them donne,
 In that late Turney for the snowy maid;
 Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
 And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

29
 Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
 Of fell reuenge, in their malicious mood,
 They from themselues gan turne their furious ire,
 And cruell blades yet steeming with hot blood,
 Against those two let driue, as they were wood:
 Who wondring much at that so suddaine fit,
 Yet nought did dismayd, them stoutly well withstood;
 Ne yielded foot, ne once aback did flit,
 But being doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

30
 The war-like Dame was on her part assaid
 Of *Claribell* and *Blandamour* atone;
 And *Paridell* and *Druon* fiercely layd
 At *Scudamour*, both his professed fone.
 Foure charged two, and two surcharged one:
 Yet did those two themselues so brauely beare,
 That th'other litle gained by the lone,
 But with their owne repayed duely were,
 And vsury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

31
 Full often-times did *Britomart* assay
 To speake to them, and some emparlance moue;
 But they for nought their cruell hands would stay,
 Ne lend an eare to ought that might behoue.
 As when an eager malitiffe once doth proue
 The taste of bloud of some engored beast,
 No wordes may rate, nor rigour him remoue
 From greedy hold of that his bloudy feast:
 So litle did they harken to her sweet behest.

32
 Whom when the Briton Prince asfarre beheld
 With ods of so vnequall match opprest,
 His mighty hart with indignation sweld,
 And inward grudge filld his heröick breast:
 Eftsoones himselfe he to their ayde addressd.
 And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace,
 Diuided them, how euer loth to rest,
 And would them saue from battell to surcease,
 With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace.

33
But they so farre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;
Like to a storme, which hovers vnder sky
Long here and there, and round about doth sit,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and fleet,
First, from one coast, till nought thereof be dry;
And then another, till that likewise fleet;
And so from side to side, till all the world it weet.

34
But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The Prince yet beeing fresh vntoucht afore;
Who then with speches milde gan first diswade
From such foule out-rage, and them long forbore:
Till seeing them through suffrance hartned more,
Him selfe he bent their furies to abate:
And layd at them so sharply and so fore,
That shortly them compelled to retrate,
And beeing brought in danger, to relent too late.

35
But now his courage being thoroughly fired,
He meant to make them knowe their follies prise,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T'assuage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise.
At whose request he gan himselfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as list them to deuise:
Mongst which, the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske: who all that passed gan repeat;

36
And told at large, how that lame errant Knight,
To weat, faire *Britomart*, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight,
Both of their publique praise had them despoyled,
And also of their priuate Loues beguiled;
Of two, full hard to read the harder theft.
But shee, that wrongfull challenge soone assoyled,
And shew'd that she had not that Lady rest
(As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking leste.

37
To whom, the Prince thus goodly well replied;
Certes, sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame,
To rip vp wrong, that battell once hath tried;
Wherein the honour both of Armes ye shame,

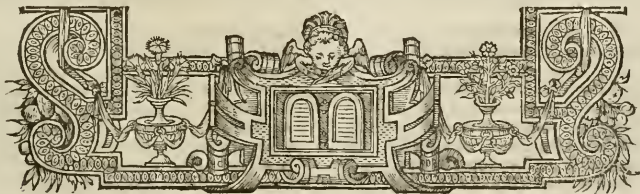
And eke the loue of Ladies soule defame;
To whom the world this franchise euer yeelded,
That of their loues choice they might freedom claime,
And in that right, should by all knights be shielded:
Gainst which melecemes this wayec wrongfully haue wic-
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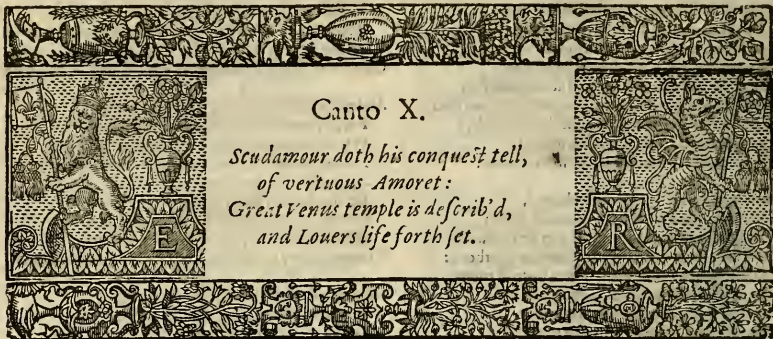
38
And yet, quoth she, a greater wrong remains:
For, I thereby my former Loue haue lost;
Whom seeking euer since with endlessse paines,
Hath me much sorow and much trauell cost:
Aye me! to see that gentle mayd so toft.
But *Scudamour*, then sighing deepe, thus said;
Certes, her losse ought me to sorrow most,
Whose right she is, where-euer she be fraide,
Through many perils won, and many fortunes waide.

39
For, from the first that I her loue profest,
Vnto this howre, this present lucklesse howre,
I neuer ioyed happinesse nor rest;
But, thus turmoild from one to other stowre,
I waste my life, and doe my dayes deuoure
In wretched anguish, and incessant woe,
Passing the measure of my feeble powre,
That liuing thus, a wretch, and louning so,
I neither can my loue, ne yet my life forgo.

40
Then good sir *Claribell* him thus bespake;
Now were it not sir *Scudamour* to you
Dislikefull paine, so sad a taske to take,
Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
Is now so well accorded all anew;
That as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to vs in order dew
All that adventure, which ye did assay
For that faire Ladies loue: past perils well apay.

41
So gan the rest him likewise to require;
But *Britomart* did him importune hard,
To take on him that paine: whose great desire
He glad to satisfie, him selfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd,
In that atchieuement, as to him befell:
And all those dangers vnto them declar'd:
Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.





Canto X.

*Scudamour doth his conquest tell,
of vertuous Amoret:
Great Venus temple is describ'd,
and Louers life forth set.*

Rue hee it said, what-euer man it said,
That loue with gall and hony doth abound:
But if the one be with the other way'd,
For every dram of hony therein found,
A pound of gall doth ouer it redound.
That I too true by triall haue approued:
For, since the day that first with deadly wound
My hart was lannc't, and learned to haue loued,
I neuer ioyed howre, but fill with care was moued.

And yet such grace is giuen them from aboue,
That all the cares and euill which they meer,
May nought at all their settled mindes remoue,
But seeme gainst common sense to them most sweet;
As boasting in their martyrdome vnmeet.
So all that euer yet I haue endured,
I count as nought, and tread downe vnder feet,
Sith of my Loue at length I rest assured,
That to disloyaltie she will not be allured.

Long were to tell the traueill and long toyle,
Through which this shield of loue I late haue wonne,
And purchas'd this peerelesse beauties spoile,
That harder may be ended, then begonne.
But since ye fo desire, your will be donne.
Then harke, ye gentle knights and Ladies free,
My hard mishaps, that ye may learne to shonne;
For, though sweet Loue to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

What time the fame of this renowned prise
Flew first abroad, and all mens eares possesst,
I hauing armes then taken, gan a wise
To winne me honour by some noble gest,
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought (so young mens thoughts are bold)
That this same braue emprize for me did rest,
And that both shield and she whom I behold,
Might be my lucky lot; sith all by lot we hold.

So, on that hard adventure forth I went,
And to the place of perill shortly came:
That was a temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
And farre renowned through exceeding fame:
Much more then that, which was in Paphos built,
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this fame;
Though all the pillours of the one were gilt,
And all the others panement were with Ivory spilt.

And it was seated in an Island strong,
Abounding all with delices most rare,
And wall'd by Nature gainst invaders wrong,
That none mote haue access, nor inward fare,
But by one way, that passage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wise,
With curious Corbes, and pendants grauen faire,
And (arched all with porches) did arise
On stately pillours, fram'd after the Dorick guise.

And for defence thereof, on th'other end
There reared was a Castle faire and strong,
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flanked both the bridges sides along,
Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong.
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights:
All twenty tride in warres experience long;
Whose office was, against all manner wights,
By all means to maintaine that Castles ancient rights.

Before that Castle was an open Plaine,
And in the midst thereof a pillour placed;
On which this shield, of many sought in vaine,
The shield of Loue, whose guerdon me hath graced,
Was hangd on high, with golden ribbands laced;
And in the Marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced,
*Blessed the man that well can vse his blis:
Whose-euer be the shield, faire Amoret be his.*

Which

9
Which when I read, my hart did inly yearne,
And pant with hope of that adventures hap :
Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
But with my speare vpon the shield did rap,
That all the Castle ringed with the clap.
Straight forth it flew'd a Knight all arm'd to prooffe,
And brauely mounted to his most misbap :
Who, staying nought to question from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunst from his horles hoofe.

10
Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune shortly him vnfated.
Eftsoones out sprung two more of equall mould ;
But I them both with equall hap defeated :
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
And left them growning there vpon the Plaine.
Then preacing to the pillow, I repeated
The read thereof for gurdon of my paine,
And taking downe the shield, with me did it retaine.

11
So forth without impediment I past,
Till to the Bridges viter gate I came :
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.
I knockt, but no man answerd me by name ;
I cald, but no man answerd to my clame.
Yet I persever'd still to knocke and call ;
Till at the last I spide within the same,
Where one stood peeping through a creuis small ;
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry there-withall.

12
That was to weete, the Porter of the place,
Vnto whose trust the charge thereof was lent :
His name was *Doubt*, that had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, th' other backward bent,
Therein resembling *Ianus* auncient,
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare :
And euermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proued perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not appeare.

13
On th' one side he, on th' other side *Delay*,
Behind the gate, that none her might espy ;
Whose manner was all passengers to stay,
And evertaine with her occasions fly ;
Through which some lost great hope vnheedily,
Which neuer they recouer might againe ;
And others quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languishing there in vnpiitted paine,
And seeking often entrance, afterwards in vaine.

14
Mee when as hee had priuily espide,
Bearing the shield which I had conquer'd late,
He kend it straight, and to me opened waie.
So in I past, and straight he clos'd the gate.
But being in, *Delay* in close awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
Feining full many a fond excuse to prate,
And time to steale the treasure of mans day ;
Whose smallest minut lost, no riches render may.

15
But by no meanes my way I would forflowe,
For ought that euer he could doe or say ;
But from my lofty steed dismounting lowe,
Past forth on foot, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and stones of rich assay,
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
(That like on earth no where I reckon may)
And vnderneath, the riuer rolling full
With murmure soft, that seem'd to serue the vworkmans

16
Thence, forth I passed to the second gate,
The *Gate of good desert*, whose goodly pride
And costly frame, were long here to relate.
The fame to all stood alwaies open wide :
But in the Porch did euermore abide
An hidious Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entrance with his spacious stride,
And with the terror of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else faime enter would.

17
His name was *Danger*, dradded ouer all,
V Who day and night did watch and duly ward,
From fearefull cowards, entrance to forstall,
And faint-hart-fooles, whom shew of perill hard
Could terrifie from Fortunes faire award :
For, oftentimes, faint harts, at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching fear'd ;
Vnworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from fairest hope, withouten further triall.

18
Yet many doughty Warriours, often tride
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sternesse of his looke abide ;
But soone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feele their courage cold.
Againe, some other, that in hard assaies
Were cowards knowne, and little count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
Crept in by stooping lowe, or stealing of the kaies.

19
But I, though meanest man of many moe,
Yet much disdeigning vnto him to lout,
Or creepe betwene his legs, so in to goe,
Resolv'd him to assault with manhood stout,
And either beat him in, or driue him out.
Eftsoones advauncing that enchanted shield,
With all my might I gan to lay about :
Which when he saw, the glauiue which he did wield
He gan forth-with' auaile, and way vnto me yield.

20
So, as I entred, I did backward looke,
For feare of harme, that might lie hid den there ;
And lo, his hind-parts (whereof heed I tooke)
Much more deformed fearefull vgly were,
Then all his former parts did eart appeare.
For, hatred, murthre, treason, and despight,
With many moe, lay in ambushment there,
Awaiting to entrap the warelles wight,
Which did not them preuent, with vigilant fore-sight.

21
Thus hauing past all perill, I was come
Within the compasse of that Islandspace;
The which did seeme vnto my simple doome,
The onely pleasant and delightfult place,
That euer troden was of footings trace.
For, all that Nature by her mother wit
Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,
Was there; and, all that Nature did omit,
Art (playing second Natures part) supplied it.

22
No tree, that is of count, in Greene-wood growes,
From lowest Iuniper to Cedar tall;
No floure in field, that dainty odour throwes,
And deckes his branch with blossomes ouer all,
But there was planted, or grew naturall:
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please it selfe withall;
Nor hart could wish for any quaint deuce,
But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.

23
In such luxurious plenty of all pleasure,
It seem'd a second paradice to bee,
So lawfully enricht with Natures treasure,
That if the happy soules, which doe possesse
Th' Elysian fields, and liue in lasting blesse,
Should happen this with liuing eye to see,
They soone would loathe their lesser happinesse,
And wish to life return'd againe to ghesse.
That in this ioyous place they mote haue ioyance free.

24
Fresh shadowes, fit to shroude from sunny ray;
Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in feason dew;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs did play;
Soft rumbling brookes, that gentle slumber drew;
High reared mounts, the lands about to view;
Lowe looking dales, disioind from common gaze;
Delightfull bowres, to solace Louers trow;
Falle Labyrinths, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which, by Nature made, did Nature selfe amaze.

25
And all without were walkes and alleys dight,
With diuers trees, enrang'd in euen rankes;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
And shadie seates, and sundry flowing bankes,
To sit and rest the walkers weary shankes:
And therein thousand payres of Louers walkt,
Praying their god, and yielding him great thanks,
Ne euer ought but of their true Loues talkt,
Ne euer for rebuke or blame of any bankt.

26
All these together by themselves did sport
Their spotlesse pleasures, and sweet loues content.
But farre away from these, another sort
Of Louers linkt in true harts consent:
Which loued not as these, for like intent,
But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,
Farre from all fraude, or fained blandishment;
Which in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
Braue thoughts and noble deeds did euer-more aspire.

27
Such were great *Hercules*, and *Hylus* deare;
True *Ionathan*, and *Dauid* trustie tryde;
Stout *Thebous*, and *Perithous* his feare;
Pylades, and *Orestes* by his side;
Milde *Titus*, and *Gessippus* without paide;
Damon and *Pythias*, whom death could not feuer:
All these, and all that euer had bene tyde,
In bands of friendship, there did liue for euer:
Whose liues, although decay'd, yet loues decayed neuer.

28
Which, when as I, that neuer tasted blifs,
Nor happy howe, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heauen then this;
And gan their godlesse happinesse enuy,
That being free from feare and icalouse,
Might frankly there their loues desire possesse;
Whil'ft I, through paines and perous icopardie,
Was forc't to seeke my lifes deare patronesse: (stresse,
Much dearer be the things, which come through hard di-

29
Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
Might not my steps with-hold, but that forth-right
Vnto that purpos'd place I did me draw,
Where-as my Loue was lodged day and night:
The temple of great *Venus*, that is hight
The *Queene of beauty*, and of loue the mother,
There worshipp'd of euery liuing wight;
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
That euer were on earth, all were they let together.

30
Not that same famous Temple of *Diane*,
Whose height all *Ephesus* did ouer-see,
And which all *Asia* sought with voves profane,
One of the worlds seauen wonders said to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that, which that wise King of *Iurie* framed,
With endlesse cost, to be th' *Almighties* fee;
Nor all that else through all the world is named
To all the heathen Gods, might like to this be clamed.

31
I, much admiring that so goodly frame,
Vnto the porch approacht, which open stood;
But therein fate an amiable Dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood:
Strange was her tire; for on her head a Crowne
Shee wore, much like vnto a Danisk hood,
Pouderd with pearle and stone; and all her gowne
Enuoven was with gold, that raught full lowe adowne.

32
On either side of her, two young men stood,
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrary natures each to other:
The one of them hight *Loue*, the other *Hate*.
Hate was the elder, *Loue* the younger brother;
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Then th' elder, and him may'stred still in all debate.

Nath'lesse,

33

Nath'lesse, that Dame so well them tempred both,
That she them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
Albe that *Hatred* was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
Vnwillling to behold that louely band.
Yet she was of sith grace and vertuous might,
That her commandment he could not withstand,
But bit his lip for felonous despight,
And gnasht his iron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

34

Concord shee cleeped was in common reed,
Mother of blessed *Peace*, and *Friendship* true;
They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,
And she herself likewise diuinely grew;
The which right well her workes diuine did shew:
For, strength, and wealth, and happinesse she lends,
And strife, and warre, and anger does subdew:
Of little much, of foes she maketh friends,
And to afflicted minds, sweet rest and quiet sends.

35

By her the heaven is in his course contained,
And all the world in state vnmooued stands,
As their Almighty Maker first ordained,
And bound them with inuiolable bands;
Else would the waters over-flowe the lands,
And fire deuoure the ayre, and hell them quight,
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
Shee is the nurse of pleasure and delight,
And vnto *Venus* grace the gate doth open right.

36

By her I entring, halfe dismayed was;
But shee in gentle wifely me entertayned,
And twixt her selfe and Loue did let me pass;
But *Hatred* would my entrance haue restrained,
And with his club me threatned to haue brayned,
Had not the Lady, with her powrefull speach,
Him from his wicked will vneith restrained;
And th' other eke his malice did empeach,
Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach.

37

Into the inmost Temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with Frankensence I found,
And odours rising from the altars flame.
Vpon an hundred Marble pillors round,
The rooffe vp high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crownes, and chaines, and girlonds gay,
And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which did Louers for their vovves did pay; (May
And all the ground was strow'd with flowres, as fresh as

38

An hundred Altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the Temple sweet,
Which rould in cloudes, to heauen did aspire,
And in them bore true Louers vovves entire:
And eke an hundred brazen cauldrons bright,
To bathe in ioy and amorous desire,
Eury of which was to a Damzell hight;
For, all the Priests were Damzels, in soft linnen dight.

39

Right in the midst the Goddesse selfe did stand,
Vpon an altar of some costly masse,
Whose substance was vneath to vnderstand:
For, neither pretious stone, nor durefull brasie;
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
Pure in aspect, and like to cryfall glasse,
Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme;
But being faire and briclike, likest glasse did seeme.

40

But it in shape and beauty did excell
All other Idoles which the heathen adore,
Faire passing that, which by surpassing skil
Phidias did make in *Paphos* Isle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke that life forlore,
Did fall in loue: yet this much fairer shined,
But couered with a slender veile afore;
And both her feet and legs together twined
Were with a snake, whose head & taile were fast combined.

41

The cause why she was couered with a veile,
VVas hard to knowe, for that her Priests the same
From peoples knowledge labour'd to conceale.
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame;
Nor any blemish which the worke mote blame;
But for (they say) she hath both kindes in one,
Both male and female, both vnder one name:
She fire and mother is her selfe alone;
Begets, and eke conceiues, ne needeth other none.

42

And all about her necke and shoulders flew
A flock of little louses, and sports, and ioyes,
VVith nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
VVhose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,
But like to Angels playing heavenly toyes;
The whil't their elder brother was away,
Cupid, their eldest brother; he enioyes
The wide kingdome of loue with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

43

And all about her altar, scattered lay
Great sorts of Louers pittiously complaining;
Some of their losse, some of their louses delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdainng,
Some fearing fraude, some fraudulently fayning,
As eury one had cause of good or ill.
Amongst the rest, some one through louses constraying.
Tormented fore, could not containe it fill,
But thus brake forth, that all the Temple it did fill;

44

Great *Venus*, Queene of beauty and of grace,
The ioy of Gods and men, that vnder skie
Dooft fairest shine, and most adorne thy place,
That with thy smiling looke doost pacifie
Theraging seas, and mak'st the stormes to flie:
Thee goddesse, thee the winds, the cloudes do feare,
And when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play, and pleasant Lands appeare,
And heauens laugh, & all the world shewes ioyous cheare.

Then doth the dædale earth throw foth to thee
 Ont of her fruitfull lap aboundant flowes:
 And then all living wights, soone as they see
 The Spring breake forth out of his luty bowres,
 They all do learne to play the Paramours;
 Firft do the merry birds, thy pretty pages,
 Priuily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
 Chirpe loud to thee out of their leany cages,
 And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

Then do the saluage beasts begin to play
 Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wanted food:
 The Lions rore, the Tigris loudly bray,
 The raging Bulls rebell through the wood,
 And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepest flood,
 To come where thou doest drawe them with desire:
 So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
 Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
 In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

So all the world by thee at first was made,
 And dayly yet thou doest the same repaire:
 Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
 Ne ought on earth that louely is and faire,
 But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre.
 Thou art the root of all that joyous is,
 Great god of men and women, queene of th'ayre,
 Mother of laughter, and well-spring of blisse,
 O graunt that of my loue at last I may not misse.

So did he say: but I with murmure soft,
 That none might heare the sorrowe of my heart,
 Yet inly groaning deep and sighing oft,
 Besought her to grante ease vnto my smart,
 And to my wound her gracios help impart.
 Whilest thus I spake, behold with happy eye
 I spyde, where at the Idoles feet apart
 A beuic of faire damzels close did lie,
 Wayting when as the Anthem should be sung on hie.

The first of them did seeme of riper yeares,
 And grauer countenance then all the rest;
 Yet all therest were eke her equall peares,
 Yet vnto her obeyed all the best.
 Her name was *Womanhood*, that she exprest
 By her sad semblant and demaunce flowre:
 For, stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
 Nerov'd at randon after gazers guise,
 Whose luring baytes oft-times doe heedlesse hearts entise.

And next to her fate goodly *Shamefastnesse*:
 Ne euer durst her eyes from ground vp-reare,
 Ne euer once did looke vp from her desse,
 As if some blame of euill she did feare,
 That in her cheekes maderoses oft appeare:
 And her against, sweet *Cherfulnessse* was placed,
 Whose eyes like twinkling stars in euening cleare,
 Were deckt with smyles, that all sad humors chased,
 And darted forth delights, the which her goodly graced.

And next to her fate sober *Modesstie*,
 Holding her hand vpon her gentle heart;
 And her against fate comely *Curtesie*,
 That vnto euery person knew her part;
 And her before was seated ouerthwart
 Soft *Silence*, and submisle *Obedience*,
 Both linkt together neuert to dispart,
 Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,
 Both giuldons of his Saints against their foes offence.

Thus fate they all around in fecemely rate:
 And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,
 Euen in the lap of *Womanhood* there fate,
 The which was all in lilly white arrayd,
 With siluer streames amongst the linnen stray'd;
 Like to the moer, when first her shining face
 Hath to the gloomy world it selfe bewray'd:
 That fate was fayrest *Amoret* in place,
 Shining with beauties light, and heauenly vertues grace.

Whom soone as I beheld, my heart gan throb,
 And wade in doubt, what best were to be donne:
 For, sacrilege me seem'd the Church to rob;
 And folly seem'd to leaue the thing vndonne,
 Which with so strong attempt I had begonne,
 Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,
 Which Ladies loue I heard had neuer wonne
 Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
 And by the lilly hand her labour'd vp to reare.

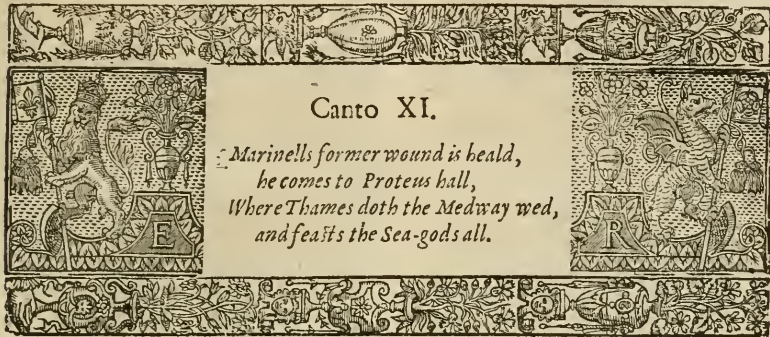
Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,
 And sharper rebuke, for being ouer-bold;
 Saying it was to Knight vntemely flame,
 Vpon a reclusé Virgin to lay hold,
 That vnto *Venus* seruices was fold.
 To whom I thus; Nay but it fitteth best,
 For *Cupids* man with *Venus* mayd to rest:
 For, ill your goddesse seruices are drest
 By Virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.

With that my shield I forth to her did showe,
 Which all that while I closely had conceald;
 On which when *Cupid* with his killing bowe
 And cruell shafts emblazon'd the beheld,
 At sight thereof shewas with terror queld,
 And sayd no more: but I which all that while
 The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
 Like wary Hynd within the weedy loyle,
 For no intreaty would forgoe so glorious spoyle.

And euermore vpon the goddesse face
 Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence:
 Whom when I tawe with amiable grace
 To laugh on me, and fauour my pretence,
 I was emboldned with more confidence:
 And nought for nicenesse nor for enuy sparing,
 In presence of them all forth led her thence,
 All looking on, and like astonisht staring,
 Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.

57
 Shee often prayd, and oft ena me besought,
 Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
 Sometime with witching smyles: but yet for nought,
 That euer she to mee could say or doe,
 Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe;
 But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
 By which I hardly past with much adoë:
 But that same Lady which me friended late
 In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

58
 No lesse did danger threaten me with dread,
 When as he saw me, maugre all his powre,
 That glorious spoile of beauty with me lead,
 Then *Cerberus*, when *Orpheus* did recoure
 His Leman from the *Stygian* Princes boure.
 But euermore my shield did me defend,
 Against the storme of euery dreadful stoure:
 Thus safely with my Loue I thence did wend.
 So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.



Canto XI.

*Marinells former wound is heald,
 he comes to Proteus hall,
 Where Thames doth the Medway wed,
 and feasts the Sea-gods all.*

1
BUt ah for pittie! that I haue thus long
 Left a faire Lady languishing in paine:
 Now weal-away, that I haue doen such wrong,
 To let faire *Florimell* in bands remaine,
 In bands of loue, and in sad thraldomes chaine:
 From which, vnlesse some heauenly powre her free
 By miracle, not yet appearing plaine,
 She lenger yet is like captiu'd to bee:
 That euen to thinke thereof, it inly pitties mee.

2
 Heere neede you to remember, how ere-wile
 Vnlovely *Proteus*, missing to his mind
 That Virgins loue to win by wit or wile,
 Her threw into a dungeon deepe and blind,
 And there in chains her cruelly did bind,
 In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:
 For, when as neither gifts nor graces kind,
 Her constant mind could moue at all he saw,
 He thought her to compell by cruelty and awe.

3
 Deepe in the bottome of an huge greatocke
 The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
 That neither yron barres, nor brazen locke
 Did need to gard from force, or secret theft
 Of all her Louers, which would her haue rest.
 For, wall'd it was with wates, which rig'd and ror'd
 As they the cliffe in peeces would haue cleft:
 Besides, ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
 Did waite about it, gaping grieisly, all begor'd.

4
 And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,
 And darkenesse drad, that neuer viewed day;
 Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,
 In which old *Styx* her aged bones alway
 (Old *Styx*, the Grandame of the Gods) doth lay.
 There did this lucklesse mayd three months abide,
 Ne euer cucning saw, ne mornings ray,
 Ne euer from the day the night deseride,
 But thought it all one night, that did no houres diuide.

5
 And all this was for loue of *Marinell*,
 Who her despis'd (ah! who would her despise?)
 And womens loue did from his hart expell,
 And all those ioyes that weake mankind entife.
 Nath'lesse, his pride full dearely he did prise;
 For, of a womans hand it was ywroke,
 That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
 Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
 Which *Britomart* him gaue, when he did her prouoke.

6
 Yet farre and neere the Nymph his mother sought,
 And many salues did to his sore apply,
 And many herbes did vse. But when as nought
 She saw could ease his rankling maladie,
 At last, to *Tryphon* shee for helpe did hie
 (This *Tryphon* is the Sea-gods fugeon hight)
 Whom thence besought to find some remedy:
 And for his paines, a whistle him beight,
 That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

So well that Leach did harke to her request,
 And did so well employ his carefull paine,
 That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
 And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:
 In which he long time after did remaine
 There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall;
 Who fore against his will did him retaine,
 For feare of perill, which to him mote fall,
 Through his too ventrous prowesse proued ouer all.

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there
 To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull seed,
 In honour of the Spousalls, which then were
 Betwixt the *Medway* and the *Thames* agreed.
 Long had the *Thames* (as we in records read)
 Before that day her wooed to his bed;
 But the proude Nymph, would for no worldly meed,
 Nor no enreatie to his loue be led;
 Till now at last relenting, she to him was wed.

So both agreed, that this their bridale feast
 Should for the gods in *Proteus* house be made;
 To which they all repayr'd, both moast and least,
 As well which in the mighty Ocean traide,
 As that in riuers swim, or brookes doe waide.
 All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
 And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I had,
 And endlesse memory, that note excell,
 In order as they came, could I recount them well.

Helpe therefore, ô thou sacred imp of *Ioue*,
 The nourling of Dame *Memory* his deare,
 To whom those rolles, layd vp in heauen aboue,
 And records of antiquite appeare,
 To which no wit of man may comen neare;
 Help me to tell the names of all those floods,
 And all those Nymphes, which then assembled were
 To that great banquet of the watry Gods,
 And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

First, came great *Neptune*, with his three-forkt Mace,
 That rules the Seas, and makes them rise or fall;
 His deawy locks did drop with brine apace,
 Vnder his Diademe imperial:
 And by his side, his Queene with Coronall,
 Faire *Amphitrité*, most diuinely faire,
 Whose Iuoy shoulders weren covered all,
 As with a robe, with her owne siluer haire:
 And deckt with pearls, which th'Indian seas for her prepare.

These marched farre afore the other crew;
 And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his trumpet shrill before them blew,
 For goodly triumph and great iollyment,
 That made the rocks to roare, as they were rent.
 And after them the royall issue came,
 Which of them sprung by lineall descent:
 First, the Sea-gods, which to themselves doe claime
 The powre to rule the billowes, and the waues to tame.

Phoreys, the father of that fatal brood,
 By whom those old Herôes wonne such fame;
 And *Glaucus*, that wife soothsayes vnderstood;
 And tragick *Inoes* Sonne, the which became
 A God of seas through his mad mothers blame,
 Now hight *Palemon*, and is Saylers friend;
 Great *Brones*, and *Afreaus*, that did shame
 Himselfe with incest of his kin vnked;
 And huge *Orion*, that doth tempests still portend.

The rich *Creatus*, and *Eurytus* long;
Negelus and *Pelias*, lonely brethren both;
 Mighty *Chrysaor*, and *Caius* strong;
Eurybulus, that calmes the waters wroth;
 And faire *Euphæmus*, that vpon them go'th
 As on the ground, without difmay or dread:
 Fierce *Eryx*, and *Albins*, that know'th
 The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;
 And sad *Asopus*, comely with his hoarie head.

There also, some most famous founders were
 Of puissant Nations, which the world possesse;
 Yet sonnes of *Neptune*, now assembled here:
 Auncient *Ogyges*, euen th'auncientest,
 And *Inachus*, renowm'd about the rest;
Phœnix, and *Aon*, and *Pelafgus* old,
 Great *Belus*, *Phœax*, and *Agenor*, best;
 And mighty *Albion*, father of the bold
 And war-like people, which the *Britaine* Islands hold.

For, *Albion*, the sonne of *Neptune* was;
 Who for the proefe of his great puissance,
 Out of his *Albion* did on dry-foot pass
 Into old *Gall*, that now is cleeped *France*,
 To fight with *Hercules*, that did advance
 To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might:
 And there his mortall part by great mischance
 Was slaine: but that which is th'immortall spright
 Liues still: and to this feast with *Neptunes* seed was dight.

But what doe I their names seeke to reherse,
 Which all the world haue with their issue filld?
 How can they all in this so narrow verse
 Contained be, and in small compasse hild?
 Let them record them, that are better skild,
 And knowe the monuments of passed times:
 Onely what needeth, shall be here fulfilld,
 T'expresse some part of that great equipage,
 Which from great *Neptune* doe deriue their parentage.

Next, came the aged *Ocean*, and his Dame,
 Old *Tethys*, th'oldest two of all the rest;
 For, all the rest, of those two Parents came,
 Which afterward both sea and land possesse:
 Of all which, *Nereus*, th'eldest and the best,
 Did first proceed, then which none more vpright,
 Ne more sincere in word and deed profest;
 Most void of guile, most free from foule despight,
 Dooing himselfe, and teaching others to doe right.

There-to

19
 Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
 And could the ladden of the Gods unfold,
 Through which, when *Paris* brought his famous prize
 The faire *Tindarid* lasse, he him fortholde,
 That her all *Greece* with many a champion bold
 Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
 Proud *Priams* towne. So wifely *Nereus* old,
 And so well skild; nath' lesse he takes great ioy
 Oft-times amongst the wanton Nymphes to sport and toy.

20
 And after him the famous riuers came,
 Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:
 The fertile Nile, which creates new doth frame;
 Long *Rhodious*, whose fourfe springs from the skie;
 Faire *Ister*, flowing from the Mountaines hie;
 Diuine *Scamander*, purpled yet with blood
 Of *Greekes* and *Troians*, which therein did die;
Pactolus, glistering with his golden flood,
 And *Tigris* fierce, whose streams of none may be withstood

21
 Great *Ganges*, and immortal *Euphrates*,
 Deepe *Indus*, and *Mæander* intricate,
 Slow *Pencus*, and tempestuous *Phafides*,
 Swift *Rhene*, and *Alpheus* still immaculate:
Oraxes, feared for great *Cyrus* fate;
Tybris, renowned for the *Romaines* fame,
 Rich *Oranochy*, though but knowne late;
 And that huge Riuer, which doth beare his name
 Of warlike *Amazons*, which do possesse the same.

22
 Ioy on those warlike women, which so long
 Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold;
 And shame on you, ô men, which boast your strong
 And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and bold,
 Yet quail in conquest of that land of gold.
 Put this to you, ô *Britons*, most pertaines,
 To whom the right hereof it selfe hath fold;
 The which, for sparing little cost or pains,
 Lose so immortal glory, and so endlesse gaines.

23
 Then was there heard a most celestial sound
 Of dainty musicke, which did next entew
 Before the spouse: that was *Arion* crown'd;
 Who playing on his harpe, vnto him drew
 The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew,
 That euen yet the *Dolphin*, which him bore
 Through the *Agean* seas from *Pirates* view,
 Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
 And all the raging seas for ioy forgot to rore.

24
 So went he playing on the watry *Playne*.
 Soone after whom the loucly *Bridegroom* came,
 The noble *Tbamis*, with all his goodly traine;
 But him before there went, as beitt became,
 His auncient parents, namely th' auncient *Thame*.
 But much more aged was his wife then he,
 The *Oaze*, whom men do *Isis* rightly name;
 Full weake and crooked creature seemed she,
 And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could see.

25
 Therefore on either side she was sustained
 Of two small grooms, which by their names were hight
 The *Churne*, and *Charwell*, two small streames, which
 Them selues her footing to direct aright, (pained
 Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight:
 But *Thame* was stronger, and of better stay;
 Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
 With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
 Deawed with siluer drops, that trickled downe away.

26
 And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
 With bowed backe, by reason of the lode,
 And auncient heauy burden, which he bore
 Of that faire Citie, wher in make-abode
 So many learned impes, that shoot abroad,
 And with their branches spred all *Britany*,
 No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.
 Ioy to you both, ye double nourfery,
 Of Arts: but *Oxford* thine doth *Thame* most glonfiry.

27
 But he their sonne full fresh and iolly was,
 All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
 On which the waues, glittering like *Cryfall* glasse,
 So cunningly enwouen were, that few
 Could weenen, whether they were fawle or trow.
 And on his head like to a *Coronet*
 He wore, that seemed strange to common view,
 In which were many *Towres* and *Castles* set,
 That it encompassed round as with a golden fret.

28
 Like as the mother of the gods, they say,
 In her great iron charet wents to ride,
 When to *Ioues* palace she doth take her way;
 Old *Cybelé*, arrayd with pompous ride,
 Wearing a *Diademe* embattild wide
 With hundred turrets, like a *Tourbant*.
 With such in one was *Thamis* beaufid;
 That was to ween, the famous *Troynount*,
 In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.

29
 And round about him many a pretty Page
 Attended duely, ready to obey;
 All little Riuers, which owe vassallage
 To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:
 The chaulky *Kenet*, and the *Thetis* gray,
 The morish *Cole*, and the soft sliding *Breane*,
 The wanton *Lee*, that oft doth lose his way,
 And the full *Darent*, in whose waters cleane
 Ten thousand fishes play, and decke his pleasant streame.

30
 Then came his neighbour *floods*, which nigh him dwell,
 And water all the *English* soile throughout;
 They all on him this day attended well;
 And with meet seruice waited him about;
 Ne one disdaind lowe to him to lout:
 No not the stately *Seuerne* grudg'd at all,
 Ne storming *Humber*, though he looked stout;
 But both him honor'd as their principall,
 And let their swelling waters lowe before him fall.

31
 There was the speedy Tamar, which diuides
 The Cornist, and the Deuouish confines;
 Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,
 And meeting Plim, to Plimmoud; thence declines:
 And Dart, nigh cloakt with fands of tinny mines.
 But Auon marched in more stately path,
 Proud of his Adamants, with which he shines
 And glisters wide, as als of wondrous Bath,
 And Brittow faire, which on his waues he buildd hath.

32
 And there came Stoure with terrible aspect,
 Bearing his fixe deformed heads on hie,
 That doth his course through Blandford Plains direct,
 And washeth Winborne meades in fealon drie.
 Next him, went Wylibourne with passage flye,
 That of his wylinesse his name doth take,
 And of him selfe doth name the shire thereby:
 And Mole, that like a nousling Mole doth make
 His way still vnder ground, till Thamis he ourtake.

33
 Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
 Like a wood god, and flowing fust to Rhy:
 And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods
 The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
 And Clare, and Harwitch both doth beautifie:
 Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwich wall,
 And with him brought a present ioyfully
 Of his owne fish vnto their festiuall, (call.
 Whose like none else could sliewe, the which they Ruffins

34
 Next these, the plentiful Ouse came far from land,
 By many a City, and by many a Towne,
 And many Rivers, taking vnder hand
 Into his waters, as he passeth downe
 The Cle, the Were, the Gaunt, the Sture, the Rowne.
 Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge sit,
 My mother Cambridge, whom as with a Crowne
 He doth adorn, and is adorn'd of it
 With many a gentle Muse, and many a learned wit.

35
 And after him the fatall Welland went,
 That if old sayes prone true (which God forbid)
 Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
 And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
 Then shine in learning, more then euer did
 Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.
 And next to him the Nene downe softly slid;
 And bountious Trent, that in him selfe enscames
 Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry streames.

36
 Next these came Tyne, along whose stony banke
 That Romane Monarch built a brazen wall,
 Which mote the feeble Britons strongly flanke
 Against the Picts, that swarmed ouer all,
 Which yet thereof Gualfeur they do call:
 And Twede the limit betwixt Logris land
 And Albany: and Eden though but small,
 Yet often stainde with blood of many a band
 Of Scots and English both, that rynd on his strand.

37
 Then came those fixe sad brethren, like forlorne,
 That whylome were (as antique fathers tell)
 Sixe valiant Knights, of one faire Nymph yborne,
 Which did in noble deeds of armes excell,
 And wonned there, where now Yorke people dwell;
 Still Vre, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of might,
 High Swale, vnquiet Nyde, and troublous Skell;
 All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
 Slew cruelly, and in the riuer drowned quight.

38
 But past not long, ere Brutus warlike sonne
 Locrinus them aueng'd, and the same date,
 Which the proud Humber vnto them had donne,
 By equall doome repayd on his owne pate:
 For, in the selfe same riuer, where he late
 Had drenched them, he drowned him againe;
 And nam'd the Riuer of his wretched fate;
 Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
 Oft tossed with his stormes, which therein still remaine.

39
 These after, came the stony shallow Lone,
 That to old Loncafter his name doth lend;
 And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
 Did call diuine, that doth by Chester tend;
 And Conway, which out of his streame doth fend
 Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall,
 And Lindus that his pikes doth most commend,
 Of which the auncient Lincolne men do call,
 All these together marched toward Proteus hall.

40
 Ne thence the Irish Riuers absent were,
 Sith no lesse famous then the rest they be,
 And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
 Why should they not likewise in loue agree,
 And ioy likewise this solemne day to see?
 They laue it all, and present were in place;
 Though I them all according their degree,
 Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
 Nor read the saluage countries, through which they passe.

41
 There was the Liffie, rolling downe the sea,
 The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,
 The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,
 The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,
 Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
 Is call'd Blacke water, and the Liffar deepe;
 Sad Trowis, that once his people ouerranne,
 Strong Alto tumbling from Slewlogher steep,
 And Mulla mine, whose waues I whilom taught to weep.

42
 And there the three renowned brethren were,
 Which that great Giant Blomius begot
 Of the faire Nymph Rheisja wandring there.
 One day, as she to hunne the season hot,
 Vnder Slewblomme in shady groue was got,
 This Gyant found her, and by force deslow'd:
 Whereof conceiuing, she in time forth brought
 These three faire sons, which being thence forth powd
 In three great riuers ran, and many countries scowd.

43
The first, the gentle Shure; that making way
By sweet Clonmell, adomes rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborne Newre, whose waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rosseponce board;
The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
Great heapes of Salmon in his deepe bosome:
All which long fundred, doe at last accord
To ioine in one, ere to the sea they come,
So flowing all from one, all one at last become.

44
There also was the wide embayed Mayre,
The pleasant Bandon crown'd with many a wood,
The spreading Lec, that like an Island faire
Encloseth Corke with his diuided flood;
And balefull Oure, late stay'd with English blood:
With many more, whose names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order seemely good
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To doe their duefull seruice, as to them befell.

45
Then came the Bride, the louing *Medua* came,
Clad in a vesture of vnknowne geare,
And vncouth fashion, yet her well became;
That seem'd like siluer, sprinkled here and there
With glittering spangs, that did like starrs appeare,
And wa'd vpon, like water Chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet euery where
Bewray'd it selfe, to let men plainly wor,
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not.

46
Her goodly lockes a downe her backe did flowe
Vnto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throwe
To all about, and all her shoulders spred
As a new spring; and likewise on her head
A Chapelet of sundry flowres the wore,
From vnder which the dewy humour, shed,
Did trickle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed little drops, which doe the morne adore.

47
On her, two pretty handmaids did attend,
One cald the *Thyise*, the other cald the *Crane*;
Which on her waited, things amisse to mend,
And both behind vp-held her spredding traine;
Vnder the which, her feet appeared plaine,
Her siluer feet, faire washt against this day:
And her before there pased Pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The *Downe* & cke the *Frisb*, both which prepar'd her way.

48
And after these the Sea Nymphs marched all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their sire *Nerides* men call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare;

The gray-eyde *Doris*: all which, fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had.
Swift *Proto*, milde *Eucraté*, *Thetis* faire,
Soft *Spio*, sweet *Endoré*, *Sao* lad,
Light *Devo*, wanton *Glancé*, and *Galené* glad;

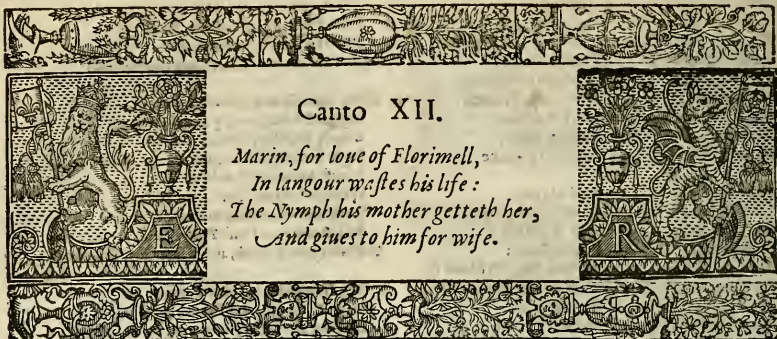
49
White hand *Eumica*, proud *Dinamené*,
Ioyous *Thalia*, goodly *Amphitrite*,
Louely *Pasithe*, kinde *Eulimené*,
Light foote *Cymathoe*, and sweete *Melite*,
Fairest *Pherusa*, *Phao* lilly white,
Wondred *Agaué*, *Poris*, and *Nesida*,
With *Erato* that doth in loue delight,
And *Panope*, and wife *Protondeca*,
And Inowy neckt *Doris*, and milkewhite *Galathea*;

50
Speedy *Hippochoé*, and chaffe *Altea*,
Large *Lisanassa*, and *Pronaa sage*,
Euagoré, and light *Pontoporea*,
And she, that with her least word can asswage
The surging seas, when they doe forest rage,
Cymodocé, and stout *Autonoé*,
And *Nesio*, and *Eioné* well in glawe,
And seeming still to smile, *Glauconomé*,
And she that hight of many hefts *Polynomé*;

51
Fresh *Alimeda*, deckt with girland greene;
Hyponoe, with salt bedeauid wreits:
Laomedia, like the cry stall sheene;
Liagoré, much pray'd for wife behests;
And *Psamathé*, for her broad snowy breasts;
Cymo, *Eupompé*, and *Themisté* iust;
And she that vertue loues and vice detests,
Euarna, and *Menippé* true in trust,
And *Nemerte*a learned well to rule her lust.

52
All these the daughters of olde *Nereus* were,
Which haue the sea in charge to them assignde,
To rule his tides, and surges to vp-rette,
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to vp-binde,
And sailers saue from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
And yet besides, three thousand more there were
Of th' Oceans seede, but *Ioues* and *Phæbus* kind;
The which in fouds and fountaines doe appeare,
And all mankinde do nourish with their waters cleare.

53
The which, more eath it were for mortall wight,
To tell the fands, or count the starrs on hie,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right,
But well I wote, that these which I descry,
Were present at this great solemnity:
And there amongst the rest, the mother was
Of lucklesse *Marinell*, *Cymodocé*;
Which, for my Mufe her selfe now tyred has,
Vnto an other Canto I will ouer-pas.



Canto XII.

*Marin, for loue of Florimell,
In langour wastes his life :
The Nymph his mother getteth her,
And giues to him for wife.*



1
What an endlesse worke haue I in hand,
To count the seas abundant progeny !
Whose fruitfull seed far passeth those in land,
And also those which wonne in th'azure sky.

Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the seas posteritie :
So fertile be the fouds in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation.

2
Therefore the antique wizards well inuented,
That *Venus* of the foamy Sea was bred ;
For that the seas by her are most augmented :
Witnesse th'exceeding fry, which there are fed,
And wondrous tholes, which may of none be read.
Then blame me not, if I haue err'd in count
Of gods, of Nymphs, of Riuers yet vnread :
For, though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those same were there, which earst I did recount.

3
All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That *Proteus* house they fill even to the dore ;
Yet were they all in order, as besell,
According their degrees, disposed well.
Amongst the rest, was faire *Cynodocé*,
The mother of vnlicky *Marinell*,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the gods when they at banquet be.

4
But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortall fire, though of immortal wombe,
He might not with immortal food be fed,
Ne with th'eternall gods to banquet come ;
But walkt abroad, and round about did rome,
To view the building of that vnouth place,
That seem'd vnlike vnto his earthly home :
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There vnto him betid a disaduentrous case.

5
Vnder the hanging of an hidcous cliffe,
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That pitiously complaind her carefull griefe,
Which neuer she before disclos'd to none,
But to her selfe her sorrowe did bemoane,
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That truth it moued in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grieuous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the Maine.

6
Though vaine I see my sorrowes to vnfold,
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare ;
Yet hoping, griefe may lessen being tolde,
I will them tell though vnto no man neare :
For, heauen that vnto all lends equall care,
Is faire from hearing of my heauy plight ;
And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
Cares not what euills hap to wretched wight ;
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

7
Yet loe, the seas I see by often beating,
Do pearce the Rockes, and hardest marble weares ;
But his hard rocky heart for no entreating
Will yeeld ; but when my pitious plaints he heares,
Is hardned more with my abundant teares.
Yet though he neuer list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I neuer of my loue repent,
But ioy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

8
And when my weary ghost with griefe out-worne,
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plaint vnto his eares be borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes protest,
To lether die, whom he might haue redrest.
There did she pause, inforced to giue place,
Vnto the passion, that her heart opprest.
And after she had wept and way'd a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case :

Ye gods of seas, if any gods at all
 Haue care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
 By one or other way me woeful thrall
 Deliuer hence out of this dungeon strong,
 In which I dayly dying am too long.
 And if ye deeme me death, for louing one
 That loues not me, then doe it not prolong,
 But let me dy and end my dayes atone,
 And let him liue vnlovd, or loue him selfe alone.

But if that life ye vnto me decree,
 Then let me liue, as louers ought to doe,
 And of my lifes deare Lone be bloued be :
 And if he should through pride your doom vndoe,
 Do you by durezza him compell thereto,
 And in this prison put him here with me :
 One prison fittest is to hold vs two :
 So had I rather to be thrall, then free ;
 Such thralldome or such freedome let it surely be.

But o vaine iudgement, and conditions vaine,
 The which the prisoner points vnto the free !
 The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
 He where he list goes loofe, and laughs at me.
 So euer loofe, so euer happy be.
 But where so loofe or happy that thou art,
 Know *Marinell* that all this is for thee.
 With that she wept and wail'd, as if her heart
 Would quite haue burst through great abundance of her

All which complaint when *Marinell* had heard,
 And vnderstood the cause of all her care
 To come of him, for vsing her so hard,
 His stubborne heart, that neuer felt misfare,
 Was toucht with soft remorse and pity rare ;
 That euen for grieffe of miode he oft did grone,
 And inly wish, that in his powre it were
 Her to redresse : but since he meanes found none,
 He could no more but her great misery bemone.

Thus whilst his stony heart was toucht with tender ruth,
 And mighty courage something mollified,
 Dame *Venus* sonne that tameth stubborne youth
 With iron bit, and maketh him abide,
 Till like a Victor on his backe he ride,
 Into his mouth his mysterying bridle threw,
 That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride :
 Then gan he make him tread his steps aew,
 And learne to loue, by learning louers paines to rew.

Now gan he in his griued minde deuise,
 How from that dungeon he might her enlarge ;
 Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise
 To *Proteus* selfe to lue for her discharge :
 But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
 Ganst womens loue, long giuen him in vaine.
 Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe
 Her forth to fetch, and *Proteus* to constraime :
 But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe.

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
 And with him beare, where none of her might knowe.
 But all in vaine : for why he found no way
 To enter in, or ilsew forth belowe ;
 For, all about that rocke the sea did flowe.
 And though vnto his will she giuen were,
 Yet without ship or boat her thence to rowe
 He wist not how, her thence away to beare ;
 And danger well he wist long to continue there.

At last, when as no meanes he could inuent,
 Backe to him selfe, he gan returne the blame,
 That was the author of her punishment ;
 And with vile curses, and reproachfull shame
 To damne himselfe by eury euill name,
 And deeme vnworthy or of loue or life,
 That had despis'd so chaste and faire a Dame,
 Which him had fought through trouble and long strife ;
 Yet had refus'd a god that her had fought to wife.

In this sad plight he walk'd here and there,
 And romd round about the rocke in vaine,
 As he had lost him selfe, he wist not where ;
 Oft listning if he mote her heare againe ;
 And still benoning her vnworthy paine :
 Like as an Hynde whose calfe is faire vnwares
 Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
 An hundred times about the pit side fares,
 Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaued cares.

And now by this, the feast was thoroughly ended,
 And eury one gan homeward to resort :
 Which seeing, *Marinell* was fore offended,
 That his departure thence should be so short,
 And leaue his Lone in that sea-walled fort,
 Yet durst he not his mother disobay ;
 But her attending in full seemely fort,
 Did march amongst the many all the way :
 And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
 In solitary silence farre from wight,
 He gan record the lamentable towre,
 In which his wretched Loue lay day and night,
 For his deare sake, that ill deseru'd that plight :
 The thought whereof empear'd his heart so deepe,
 That of no worldly thing he tooke delight ;
 Ne daily food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
 But pyn'd, & mourn'd, & languisht, and alone did weepe ;

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
 Gan fade, and liuely spirits deaded quight :
 His cheek-bones rawe, and eye-pits hollow grew,
 And brawny armes had lost their knownen might,
 That nothing like himself he seem'd in sight.
 Ere long, so weake of limbe, and sicke of loue
 He woxt, that longer he n'ote stand vpright,
 But to his bed was brought, and layd aboue,
 Like raeull ghost, vnable once to stirre or moue.

Which when his mother sawe, she in her mind
Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene.
Ne could by search nor any meanes out-find
The secret cause and nature of his teene,
Whereby she might apply some medicine ;
But, weeping day and night did him attend,
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne :
Which grien'd her more, that she it could not mend ;
To see an helpelesse euill, double griefe doth lend.

Nought could the read the roote of his disease,
Ne weene what mister malady it is,
Whereby to seeke some meanes it to appease.
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amiss,
That that same former fatall wound of his
Why leare by *Tryphon* was not thoroughly healed,
But closely rankled vnder th' orifice:
Least did she thinke, that wh' he most concealed,
That loue it was, which in his heart lay vnreuealed.

Therefore to *Tryphon* she againe doth haste,
And him doth chide as false and fraudulent,
That fayld the trust, which she in him had plac't,
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent:
Who now was false into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not thoroughly cured.
So backe he came vnto her Patient;
Where searching euery part, her well assured,
That it was no old sore, which his new paine procured ;

But that it was some other malady,
Or griefe vnknowne, which he could not discern: e
So left he her withouten remedy.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake and yerne,
And inly troubled was, the truth to learne.
Vnto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speeches, now with threatnings sterne,
If ought lay hidden in his griened thought,
It to recale: who still her answer'd, there was nought.

Nath'lesse she rested not to satisfide:
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
Vnto the shyny heauen in haste she hide,
And thence *Apollo* king of Leaches brought.
Apollo came; who soone as he had sought
Through his disease, did by and by ont-find,
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engriened minde;
Which loue he read to be, that leads each liuing kind.

Which when he had vnto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret, and greatly grieue.
And comming to her sonne, gan hit to scold,
And chyd at him, that made her misbelicue:
But afterwards she gan him soft to stricke,
And wooe with faire intreaty, to disclose,
Which of the Nymphs his heart to fore did micue.
For, sure she weend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately seen, that for his Loue he chose.

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,
That warn'd him of womens loue beware;
Which being meant of mortall creatures feed,
For loue of Nymphes she thought he need not care,
But promist him what-euer wight she were
That she her loue to him would shortly gaine.
So he her told: but soone as she did heare
That *Florimell* it was, which wrought his paine,
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieue in euery vaine.

Yet since she sawe the streight extremitie,
In which his life vnluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the propheticie,
Whether old *Proteus* true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a mayd.
It's late in death of danger to adize,
Or loue forbid him, that is life denyd:
But rather gan in troubled mind deuize,
How she that Ladies libertie might enterprize.

To *Proteus* selfe to sue, she thought it vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe:
Nor vnto any meane to complaine,
But vnto great king *Neptune* selfe did goe,
And on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit vnto his maiestic,
To grant to her, her sonnes life, which his foe
A cruell Tyrant had presumptuously
By wicked doome condemn'd, a wretched death to die:

To whom god *Neptune* sottly smyling, thus;
Daughter, me teemes of double wrong ye plaine,
Gaiint one that hath both wronged you, and vs:
For, death t'ward I ween'd did appertaine
To none, but to the seas sole Sovereigne.
Read therefore who it is, which this hath wrought,
And for what cause; the truth discover plaine.
For, neuer wight so euill did or thought,
But would some rightfull cause pretend, though rightly

To whom she answer'd; Then it is by name,
Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my sonne to die;
For that a waif, the which by fortune came
Vpon your seas, he claym'd as property:
And yet nor his, nor his in equite,
But yours the waif by high prerogatiue.
Therefore I humbly craue your Maiestie,
It to repleue, and my sonne repricue:
So shall you by one gift saue all vs three aliue.

He granted it: and streight his warrant made,
Vnder the sea-gods scale autenticall,
Commanding *Proteus* straight t'enlarge the mayd,
Which wandring on his seas imperiall
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall.
Which the receiving with meeke thankfulnessse,
Departed straight to *Proteus* therewithall:
Who, reading it with inward loathfulnessse,
Was griued to restore the pledge, he did possesse.

33
 Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
 But vnto her deliuered *Floismell*.
 Whom she receiuing by the lilly hand,
 Admir'd her beauty much, as she mote well:
 For, she all liuing creatures did excell;
 And was right iorouse that she gotten had
 So faire a wife for her sonne *Marinell*.
 So home with her she streight the virgin lad,
 And shewed her to him, then being fore bestad.

34
 Who soone as he beheld that angels face,
 Adorn'd with all diuine perfection,
 His cheared heart est' soones away gan chase
 Sad death, reuiued with her sweet inspection,

And feeble spirit inly felt refection;
 As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
 That feesle the warmth of sunny beames refection,
 Liftes vp his head, that did before decline,
 And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sunshine.

35
 Right so him selfe did *Marinell* vpreare,
 When he in place his dearest Loue did spy;
 And though his limbs could not his body beare,
 Ne former strength returne so suddenly,
 Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly.
 Ne lesse was she in secret heart affected,
 But that she masked it with modesty,
 For feare she should of lightnesse be detected:
 Which to another place I leaue to be perfected.

The end of the fourth Booke.

X 4

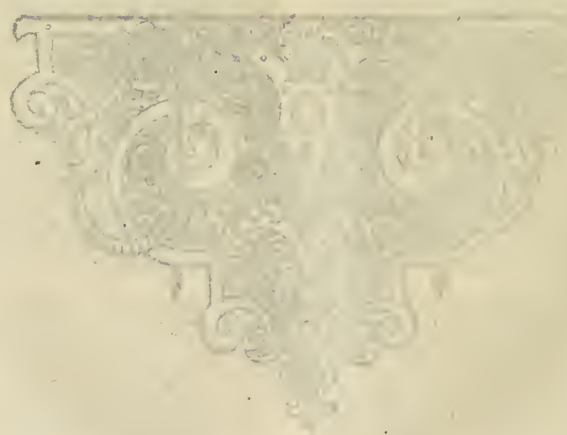
Canto



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44





THE FIFTH BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING

The Legend of AR THE GALL.

OR

Of Justice.

Soft as I, with state of present time,
The image of the antique world compare,
When as mans age was in his freshest prime,
And the first blossome of faire vertue bare,
Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these which are,
As that, through long continuance of his course,
Me seemes the world is runne quight out of square,
From the first point of his appointed course,
And being once amisse growes daily worse and worse.

For, from the golden age, that first was named,
It's now at earst become a stony one;
And men themselues, the which at first were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone:
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by *Pyrrha* and *Dencalion*:
And if then those may any worse beared,
They into that ere long will be degenerated.

Let none then blame me, if in discipline
Of vertue and of civill vses lore,
I doe not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes, which are corrupted fore,

But to the antique vsé, which was of yore,
When good was onely for it selfe desired,
And all men fought their owne, and none no more;
When Iustice was not for most meed out-hyred,¹
But simple Truth did raigne, and was of all admired.

For, that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so vs'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
As all things else in time are changed quight.
Ne wonder; for the heauens reuolution
Is wandred farre from, where it first was pight,
And so do make contrarie constitution
Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution.

For, who so list into the heauens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
Shall find that from the point, where they first tooke
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
They all are wandred much; that plaine appears.
For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and *Helle* from their stepdames feares,
Hath now forgot, where he was plac't of yore,
And shouldred hath the Bull, which faire *Europa* bore.

And

6
 And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne
 So hardly butted those two twinnes of *Ioue*,
 That they haue crusht the Crab, and quite him borne
 Into the great *Nemean* lions groue.
 So now all range, and do at randon roue
 Our of their proper places farre away,
 And all this world with them amisse do moue,
 And all his creatures from their course afraie,
 Till they arriue at their last ruinous decay.

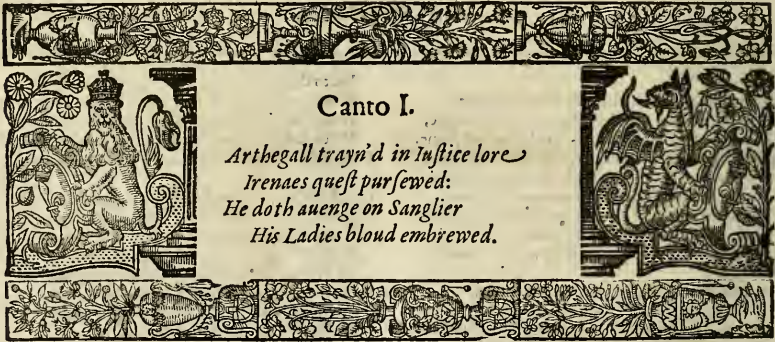
7
 Ne is that same great glorious lamp of light,
 That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
 In better case, ne keeps his course more right,
 But is miscarried with the other Spheres.
 For, since the tearm of fourteene hundred years
 That learned *Ptolomee* his height did take,
 He is declined from that marke of theirs,
 Nigh thirty minutes, to the Southerne lake;
 That makes me feare in time he will vs quite forsake.

8
 And if to those *Ægyptian* wisards old,
 Which in *Star-read* were wont haue best insight,
 Faith may be giuen, it is by them told,
 That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes hight,
 Foure times his place he shifited hath in sight,
 And twice hath risen, where he now doth West,
 And wested twice, where he ought rise aright.
 But most is *Mars* amisse of all the rest,
 And next to him old *Saturne*, that was wont be best.

9
 For, during *Saturnes* ancient raigne, it's sayd,
 That all the world with goodnesse did abound:
 All loued vertue, no man was affrayd
 Of force, ne fraud in wright was to be found:
 No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trumpets found,
 Peace vniuersall raignd amongst men and beasts,
 And all things freely grew out of the ground:
 Iustice fate high ador'd with solemne feasts,
 And to all people did diuide her drad behests;

10
 Most sacred vertue she of all the rest,
 Resembling God in his imperiall might;
 Whose foueraigne powre is herein most exprest,
 That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
 And all his workes with iustice hath bedight.
 That powre he also doth to Princes lend,
 And makes them like him selfe in glorious sight,
 To sit in his owne seat, his cause to end,
 And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

11
 Drad foueraigne goddesse, that doest highest sit
 In seate of iudgement, in th'Almighties stead,
 And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
 Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,
 That furthest Nations filles with awefull dread,
 Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
 That dare discourse of so diuine a read,
 As thy great iustice prayed ouer all;
 The instrument wherof loc here thy *Arthegall*.



1
THough vertue then were held in highest price,
 In those old times, of which I doe entreat,
 Yet then likewise the wicked seed of vice
 Began to spring; which shortly grew full great,
 And with their bonghes the gentle plants did beat.
 But enermore some of the vertuous race
 Rose vp, inspired with herboicke heat,
 That crott the branches of the fiend base,
 And with strong hand their fruitfull ranknes did deface.

2
 Such first was *Bacchus*, that with furious might
 All th'East, before vntam'd, did ouerronne,
 And wrong repressed, and establisht right,
 Which laweless men had formerly fordonne.
 There Iustice first her princely rule begonne.
 Next, *Hercules* his like example stewed,
 Who all the West with equall conquest wonne,
 And monstrous tyrants with his club subdewed;
 The club of Iustice drad, with kingly powre endewed.

And

And such was he, of whom ³ I haue to tell,
 The Champion of true Iustice, *Arthegall*.
 Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
 An hard aduenture, which did then befall,
 Into redoubted perill forth did call;
 That was, to succour a distressed Dame,
 Whom a strong tyrant did vnjustly thrall,
 And from the heritage, which he did clame,
 Did with strong hand withhold: *Grantorto* was his name.

Wherefore the Lady, which *Irena* hight,
 Did to the Faery Queene her way addresse;
 To whom complaining her afflicted plight,
 She her besought of gracious redresse.
 That foueraigne Queene, that mighty Emperesse,
 Whose glorie is to ayde all suppliants pore,
 And of weake Princes to be Patronesse,
 Chose *Arthegall* to right her to restore;
 For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous lore.

For, *Arthegall* in iustice was vpbrought
 Euen from the cradle of his infancie,
 And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
 By faire *Astraea*, with great industry,
 Whil'st here on earth she liued mortally.
 For, all the world from his perfection fell
 Into all filth and foule iniquity,
Astraea here amongst earthly men did dwell,
 And in the rules of iustice them instructed well.

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,
 Vpon a day she found this gentle childe,
 Amongst his peeres playing his childish sport:
 Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
 She did allure with giftes and speeches milde,
 To wend with her. So thence him farre she brought
 Into a caue from company exile,
 In which she nourished him, till yeares he raught,
 And all the discipline of iustice there him taught.

There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong
 In equal ballance with duerecompence,
 And equity to measure out along,
 According to the line of conscience,
 When so it needs with rigour to dispence.
 Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
 She caused him to make experience
 Vpon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find,
 With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught,
 In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
 Vntill the ripensse of mans yeares he raught;
 That euen wilde beasts did feare his awefull sight,
 And men admyr'd his ouer-ruling might;
 Ne any liv'd on ground, that durst withstand
 His dreadfull heat, much lesse him match in sight,
 Or bide the honor of his weakfull hand,
 When-so he list in wrath lift vp his steely brand.

Which steely brand, to make him dradded more,
 She gaue vnto him, gotten by her slight
 And earnest search, where it was kept in store
 In *Ioues* eternall house, vnwist of wight,
 Since he himselfe it vs'd in that great fight
 Against the *Titans*, that whylome rebelled
 Gainst highest heauen; *Chrysaor* it was hight;
Chrysaor, that all other swords excelled,
 Well prov'd in that same day, when *Ioue* those Gyants quell-
 (Ic).

For, of most perfect metall it was made,
 Temp'd with Adamant amongst the fame,
 And garnisht all with gold vpon the blade
 In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,
 And was of no lesse vertue, then of fame.
 For, there no substance was so firm and hard,
 But it would pierce or cleaue, where-so it came;
 Ne any armour could his dint out-ward,
 But where-soeuer it did light, it throughly snar'd.

Now, when the world with sinne gan to abound,
Astraea loathing lenger here to space
 Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
 Return'd to heauen, whence she deriv'd her race;
 Where she hath now an euerlasting place,
 Mongst those twelve signes, which nightly we doe see
 The heauens bright-shining budrick to enchace;
 And is the *Virgin*, fixt in her degree:
 And next her selfe, her righteous ballance hanging bee.

But when she parted hence, she left her groom
 An yron man, which did on her attend
 Always, to execute her stedfast doome,
 And willed him with *Arthegall* to wend,
 And do what euer thing he did intend.
 His name was *Talus*, made of yron mould,
 Immouable, resistlesse, without end;
 Who, in his hand, an yron flail did holde,
 With which he thresh't out falsehood, & did truth vnfolde.

He now went with him in this new inquest,
 Him for to aide, if aide he chaunc'd to need,
 Against that cruell Tyrant, which oppress
 The faire *Irena* with his foule misdeed,
 And kept the Crowne in which she should succeed.
 And now together on their way they bin
 When as they sawe a Squire in squallid weed,
 Lamenting fore his sorrowfull sad tye,
 With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred eyne.

To whom as they approached, they espide
 A sory sight, as euer scene with eye;
 An headlesse Ladie lying him beside,
 In her owne blood all wallow'd woefully,
 That her gay clothes did in discolour die.
 Much was he moued at that ruefull sight;
 And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly;
 He askt, who had that Dame so foully dight;
 Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

Ah!

15
Ah! woe is me, and weal-away, quoth he,
Bursting forth teares, like springs out of a banke,
That euer I this difmall day did see:
Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke;
Yet little losse it were, and mickle thanke,
If I should grant that I haue doen the same,
That I mote driok the cup, whereof the dranke:
But that I should dy guilty of the blame,
The which another did, who now is fled with shame.

16
Who was it then, sayd *Arthegall*, that wrought?
And why? doe it declare vnto me trew.
A knight, sayd he, if knight he may be thought,
That did his hand in Ladies blood imbrow,
And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
This day as I in solace fate hereby
With a faire Loue, whose losse I now do rew,
There came this knight, hauing in company
This lucklesse Lady, which now here doth headlesse lie.

17
He, whether mine seem'd fayer in his eye,
Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
Would change with me; but I did it deny:
So did the Ladies both as may be knowen,
But he, whose spirit was with pride vp-blowne,
Would not so rest contented with his right,
But hauing from his courser her downe-thrownen.
Pro me rett mine away by lawlesse might,
And on his steed her fet, to beare her out of sight.

18
Which when his Lady sawe, she follow'd fast,
And on him catching holde, gon loud to crie
Not so to leaue her, nor away to cast,
But rather of his hand besought to die.
With that, his sword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one stroke crompt off her head with scorne,
In that same place, whereas it now doth lie.
So he my lone away with him hath borne,
And left me hère, both his & mine owne Loue to mourne.

19
Aread, sayd he, which way then did he make?
And by what markes may he be knowne againe?
To hope, quoth he, him soone to ouertake,
That hence so long departed, is but vaine:
But yet he pricked ouer yonder Plaine;
And as I marked, bore vpon his shield,
By which its casie him to knowe againe,
A broken sword within a bloody field;
Expressing well his nature which the same did wield.

20
No sooner sayd, but straight he after sent
His yron page, who him purfew'd so light,
As that it seem'd aboute the ground he went:
For, he was swift as swallow in her sight,
And strong as Lion in his lordly might.
It was not long, before he ouertooke
Sir *Sanzler*: (so cleeped was that Knight)
Whom at the first he ghesled by his looke,
And by the other markes, which of his shield he took.

21
He bade him stay, and backe with him retire;
Who full of scorne to be commanded so,
The Lady to alight did eft require,
Whilft he reformed that vnciuill foe:
And freight at him with all his force did goe.
Who mow'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
Is lightly stricken with some stones throwe;
But to him leaping, lent him such a knocke,
That on the ground he layd him like a senselesse blocke.

22
But ere he could him selfe recure againe,
Him in his Iron pawe he seized had;
That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine,
He found him selfe vnwiſt, fo ill bestad,
That lim he could not wag. Thence he him lad,
Bound like a beast appointed to the stall:
The sight whereof the Lady fore adrad,
And sayn'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
But he her quickly stayd, and forc't to wend withal.

23
When to the place they came, where *Arthegall*
By that same careful Squire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demaund of all,
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide.
Who with stern countenance and indignant pride
Did aunswere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
And his accuser thereupon descide:
For, neyther he did shed that Ladies blood,
Nor tooke away his Loue, but his owne proper good.

24
Well did the Squire perceiue him selfe too weake,
To answer his defiance in the field,
And rather chose his challenge off to breake,
Then to approue his right with speare and shield.
And rather guilty chose him selfe to yield.
But *Arthegall* by signes perceiuing plaine,
That he it was not, which that Lady kild,
But that strange Knight, the fairer Loue to gaine,
Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to straine;

25
And sayd, Now sure this doubtfull causes right
Can hardly be by Sacrament be tride,
Or else by ordele, or by bloody fight;
That ill perhaps mote fall to either side.
But if ye please, that I your cause decide,
Perhaps I may all further quarell end,
So ye will sweare my iudgement to abide.
Thereto they both did frankly condiscend,
And to his doome with listfull eares did both attend.

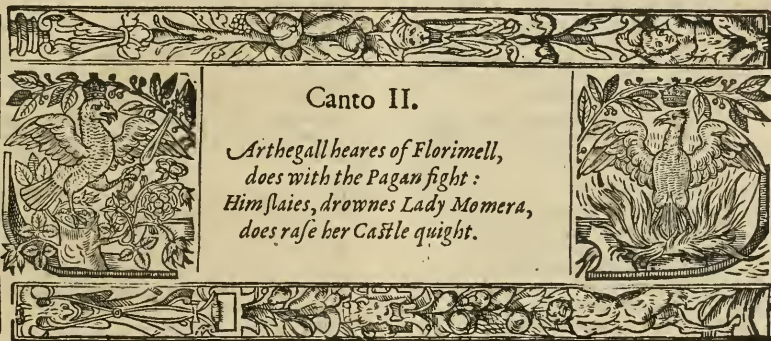
26
Sith then, sayd he, ye both the dead deny,
And both the liuing Lady claime your right,
Let both the dead and liuing equally
Diuided be betwixt you herein sight,
And each of either take his share aright.
But looke who does dissent from this my read,
He for a twelue moneths day shall in despight
Beare for his penance that same Ladies head;
To witnesse to the world, that she by him his dead.

²⁷
 VVell pleased with that doome was *Sangliere*,
 And offered straight the Lady to be slaine.
 But that same Squire, to whom she was more deere,
 When as he sawe she should be cut in twaine,
 Did yield, she rather should with him remaine
 Aliue, then to himselfe be shared dead:
 And rather then his Loue should suffer paine,
 He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head.
 True loue despiseth shame, when life is cald in dread.

²⁸
 Whom when so willing *Arthegall* perceaued;
 Not so thou Squire, he said, but thine I deeme
 The huing Lady, which from thee he reaued:
 For, worthy thou of her doost rightly seeme.
 And you, sir Knight, that loue so light esteeme,
 As that ye would for litle leaue the same,
 Take here your owne, that doth you best beleeeme,
 And with it beare the burden of defame;
 Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abroad your shame.

²⁹
 But *Sangliere* disdaind much his doome,
 And iternly gan repine at his behest;
 Ne would for ought obey, as did become,
 To beare that Ladies head before his breast.
 Vntill that *Talus* had his pride represt,
 And forced him, maulgre, it vp to reare.
 Who, when he saw it bootlesse to resist,
 He tooke it vp, and thence with him did beare,
 As rated Spaniell takes his burden vp for feare.

³⁰
 Much did that Squire Sir *Arthegall* adore,
 For his great iustice, held in high regard;
 And (as his Squire) him offered euermore
 To serue, for want of other meet reward,
 And wend with him on his adventure hard.
 But he thereto would by no meanes consent;
 But leauing him, forth on his iourney far'd:
 Ne wight with him but onely *Talus* went;
 They two enough t'encounter an whole Regiment.



Canto II.

*Arthegall heares of Florimell,
 does with the Pagan fight:
 Him slaies, drownes Lady Momera,
 does rase her Castle quight.*

¹
Nought is more honorable to a Knight,
 Ne better doth befeeme braue cheualry,
 Then to defend the feeble in their right,
 And wrong redresse in such as wend awry.
 Whilome those great Heröes got thereby
 Their greatest glory, for their rightful deeds,
 And place deserued with the Gods on hie.
 Herein the nobleste of this knight excedes,
 Who now to perils great for iustice sake proceeds.

²
 To which as hee now was vpon the way,
 He chaunc't to meet a Dwarfie in halty course;
 Whom herequir'd his forward haste to stay,
 Till he of tydings mote with him discourse.
 Loth was the Dwarfie, yet did he stay perforce,
 And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
 As to his memory they had recourse:
 But chiefly of the fairest *Florimell*,
 How she was found againe, and spoulsde to *Marinell*.

³
 For, this was *Dony*, *Florimells* owne Dwarfie;
 Whom hauing lost (as ye haue heard whylcare)
 And finding in the way the scattered scarfe,
 The fortune of her life long time did feare.
 But, of her health when *Arthegall* did feare,
 And safe returne, he was full inly glad;
 And askt him where, and when her bridale cheare
 Should be solemniz'd: for, if time he had,
 He would be there, and honour to her spoufall ad.

⁴
 Within three dayes, quoth hee, as I do heare,
 It will be at the Castle of the *Strond*;
 What time, if nought me let, I will be there
 To doe her seruice, so as I am bond.
 But in my way a little here beyond,
 A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
 That keeps a Bridges passage by strong hond,
 And many errant Knights hath there fordonne:
 That makes all men for feare that passage for to shonne.

Y.

What

5
 VVhat misfer wight, quoth he, and how far hence
 Is he, that doth to trauellers such harmes?
 He is, said he, a man of great defence;
 Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;
 And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
 With which his daughter doth him still support;
 Hauing great Lordships got and goodly farmes,
 Through strong oppression of his powre extort;
 By which he fill them holds, & keepes with strong effort.

6
 And daily hee his wrongs encreaseth more:
 For, neuer wight he lets to passe that way,
 Ouer his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,
 But he him makes his passage-penny pay:
 Else he doth hold him back, or beat away.
 Thereto he hath a groom of euill guise,
 Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
 Which pils and pils the poore in pitious wise;
 But he himselfe vpon the rich doth tyrannize.

7
 His name is hight *Pollenté*, rightly so
 For that he is so puissant and strong,
 That with his powre he all doth ouer-go,
 And makes them subiect to his mighty wrong;
 And some by sleight he eke doth vnderfong.
 For, on a bridge he custometh to fight,
 Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
 And in the same are many trap-fals pight, (sight.
 Through which the rider downe doth fall through ouer-

8
 And vnderneath the same a riuer flowes,
 That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall;
 Into the which whom-so he ouer-throwes,
 All destitute of helpe, doth headlong fall:
 But he himselfe, through practise vsuall,
 Leapes forth into the flood, and there assaies
 His foe, confused through his suddaine fall,
 That horse and man he equally dismaies,
 And eyther both them drownes, or trayterously slaies.

9
 Then doth he take the spoyle of them at will,
 And to his daughter brings, that dwels thereby:
 Who all that comes doth take, and there-with fill
 The coffers of her wicked thesaurie;
 Which she with wrongs hath heaped vp so hy,
 That many Princes sise in wealth exceeds,
 And purchaft all the countrey lying ny
 With the renewer of her plentious meedes;
 Her name is *Munera*, agreeing with her deedes.

10
 There-to shee is full faire, and rich attired,
 With golden hands and siluer feete beside,
 That many Lords haue her to wife desired:
 But she them all despiseth for great pride.
 Now by my life, said he, and God to guide,
 None other way will I this day betake,
 But by that Bridge, where-as he doth abide:
 Therefore me thither lead. No more he spake,
 But thitherward forth-right his ready way did make.

11
 Vnto the place he came within awhile,
 Where on the Bridge he ready armed saw
 The Sarazin, awayning for some spoile.
 Who as they to the passage gan to draw,
 A villaine to them came with scull all raw,
 That passage-money did of them require,
 According to the custome of their law,
 To whom he answered wrooke, lo, there thy hire;
 And with that word him strooke, that stricight he did expire.

12
 Which, when the Pagan saw, he waxed wroth,
 And straight himselfe vnto the fight addrest;
 Ne was Sir *Arthegall* behind: so both
 Together ran with ready speares in rest.
 Right in the midst, where-as they brest to brest
 Shoud meet, a trap was letten downe to fall
 Into the flood: straight leapt the Carle vnblest,
 Well weening that his foe was false withall:
 But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

13
 There beeing both together in the flood,
 They each at other tyrannously flew;
 Ne ought the water cooled their hot blood,
 But rather in them kindled choler new.
 But theret the Paynim, who that vse well knew
 To fight in water, great advantage had,
 That often-times him nigh he over-threw:
 And eke the coufer, where-vpon he rad,
 Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his back bestrad.

14
 Which oddes when as Sir *Arthegall* espide,
 He saw no way, but close with him in haste;
 And to him driving strongly downe the tide,
 Vpon his iron coller griped fast,
 That with the strait, his wend and nigh he brast.
 There they together stroue and struggled long,
 Either the other from his steed to cast,
 Ne cuer *Arthegall* his griple strong
 For any thing would slack, but still vpon him hong.

15
 As when a Dolphin and a Seale are met,
 In the wide champion of the Ocean Plaine,
 With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
 The maisterdome of each by force to gaine,
 And dardfull battaile twixt them do darraine:
 They snaf, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,
 That all the sea (disturbed with their traine)
 Doth frie with some aboute the farges hore:
 Such was betwixt these two the troublefome yprore.

16
 So *Arthegall*, at length, him forc't forsake
 His horses back, for dread of beeing drownd,
 And to his handy swimming him betake.
 Eftsoones himselfe he from his hold vnbound,
 And then no ods at all in him he found:
 For, *Arthegall* in swimming skilfull was,
 And durst the depth of any water found.
 So ought each Knight, that vse of perill has,
 In swimming be expert, through waters force to pass.

Then

17
Then very doubtfull was the warres euent,
Vncertaine whether had the better side:
For, both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well traind and throughly tride.
But *Arthegall* was better breath'd beside,
And towards th'end, grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puillance, ne beare himselfe vp-right,
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

18
But *Arthegall* purfew'd him still so neare,
With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
That as his head he gan a little reare
Above the brinke, to tread vpon the land,
He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand,
It bit the earth for very fell despight,
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whose goodnesse he despairod quight,
Or curst the hand, which did that vengeance on him dight.

19
His corps was carried downe along the Lee,
Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stained:
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
He pitcht vpon a pole on high ordained;
Where many yeeres it afterwards remained,
To be a mirror to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is contained,
That none of them the feeble over-reen,
But alwaies doe their powre within iust compasse pen.

20
That done, vnto the Castle he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blasphemy deside,
Bearing with stones downe from the battulment,
That he was forced to with-draw aside;
And bade his scruaunt *Talus* to inuent
Which way he enter might, without endangerment.

21
Eftsoones his Page drew to the Castle gate,
And with his iron flae at it let fly,
That all the Warders it did fore amate,
The which ere-while spake so reprochfully,
And made them stoupe, that looked earst so hie.
Yet still he bet, and bounst vpon the dore,
And thundred strokes thereon so hideously,
That all the peece he shaked from the flore,
And filled all the house with feare and great vp-rote.

22
With noife whereof, the Lady forth appeared
Vpon the Castle wall; and when she saw
The dangerous state in which she stood, she feared
The sad effect of her neere overthrow;
And gan intreat that iron man belowe,
To cease his out-rage, and him faire befought,
Sith neither force of stones which they did throwe,
Nor powre of charmes, which she against him wrought,
Might otherwise preuaile, or make him cease for ought.

23
But, when as yet she saw him to proceed,
Vnmoou'd with prayers, or with pittious thought,
She meant him to corrupt with goodly meed;
And caus'd great sacks, with endlesse riches fraught,
Vnto the battulment to be vp-brought,
And powred forth over the Castle wall,
That the might win some time (though dearly bought)
Whil'st he to gathering of the gold did fall.
But he was nothing moou'd, nor tempted there-withall;

24
But still continu'd his assault the more,
And layd on load with his huge iron flae,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his maister to assaile.
VWho beeing entred, nought did then auail
For wight, against his powre themselues to reare:
Each one did flie; their harts began to faile,
And hid themselves in corners here and there;
And eke their dame, halfe dead, did hide her selfe for feare.

25
Long they her fought, yet no where could they find her,
That sure they ween'd she was escap't away:
But *Talus*, that could like a lume-bound wind her,
And all things secret wisely could bewray,
At length found out, where as shee hidden lay
Vnder an heape of gold. Thence he her drew
By the faire locks, and foully did array,
Withouten pity of her goodly hew,
That *Arthegall* himselfe her seemed best plight did rew.

26
Yet for no pittie would he change the course
Of Iustice, which in *Talus* hand did lye;
Who rudely hal'd her forth without remorse,
Still holding vp her suppliant hands on hie,
And kneeling at his feet submissively.
But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
And eke her feet, those feet of siluer try
(Which fought vnrighteousnesse, and iustice sold)
Chopt off; and nayld on high, that all might them behold.

27
Her selfe then tooke he by the slender waste,
In vaine loude crying, and into the flood
Ouer the Castle wall adowne her cast,
And there her drowned in the dirty mud:
But the streame wast away her guilty mud.
Thereafter, all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The spoyle of peoples euill gotten good,
The which her fire had scrap't by hooke and crooke,
And burning all to ashes, pour'd it downe the brooke.

28
And lastly, all that Castle quite he rased,
Euen from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when *Talus* throughly had performed,
Sir *Arthegall* vndid the euill fashion,
And wicked customes of that Bridge reformed.
Which done, vnto his former iourney he retourned.

29
 In which they meaur'd mickle weary way,
 Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew;
 By which as they did trauell ou a day,
 They saw before them, far as they could view,
 Full many people gathered in a crew;
 Whose great assembly they did much admire,
 For, neuer there the like relor they knew.
 So towards them they coasted, to enquire:
 What thing so many nations met, did there desire.

30
 There they beheld a mighty Giant stand
 Vpon a rock, and holding forth on hie
 An huge great paire of ballaunce in his hand,
 With which he boasted in his surquedry,
 That all the world he would weigh equally,
 If ought he had the same to counterpoys.
 For want whereof, he weighed vanity,
 And filld his ballaunce full of idle toys:
 Yet was admired much of foollis, women, and boyes.

31
 He said, that he would all the earth vp-take,
 And all the sea, diuided each from either:
 So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
 And one of th'ayre, without or wind, or weather:
 Then would he ballaunce heauen and hell together,
 And all that did within them all containe;
 Of all whose weight, he would not misse a feather:
 And looke what surplus did of each remaine,
 He would to his owne part restore the same againe.

32
 For why, he said, they all vnquall were,
 And had encroched vpon others share;
 Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
 Had worne the earth: so did the fire the ayre;
 So all the rest did others parts empire.
 And so were Realmes and Nations run awry.
 All which he vnderooke for to repaire,
 In fort as they were formed aunciently;
 And all things would reduce vnto equality.

33
 Therefore the vulgar did about him flock,
 And cluster thicke vnto his leasings vaine;
 Like foolish flies about an hony crock,
 In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
 And vncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
 All which, when *Arthegall* did see, and heare,
 How he misled the simple peoles traine,
 In Ideignfull wife he drew vnto him neare,
 And thus vnto him spake, without regard or feare;

34
 Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
 And all things to an equal to restore,
 In stead of right, me fecemes great wrong doost shew,
 And far about thy forces pitch to fore.
 For, ere thou limit what is lesse or more
 In euery thing, thou oughtest first to knowe,
 What was the poyle of euery part of yore:
 And looke then how much it doth ouer-flowe,
 Or faile thereof, so much is more then iust to trowe.

35
 For, at the first, they all created were
 In goodly measure, by their Makers might;
 And weighed out in ballaunces to nere,
 That not a dram was missing of their right.
 The earth was in the middle centre pight,
 In which it doth immoucaable abide,
 Hemd in with waters, like a wall in sight:
 And they with ayre, that not a drop can slide:
 All which the heaucens containe, & in their courtes guide.

36
 Such heavenly iustice doth among them raine,
 That euery one doe knowe their certaine bound,
 In which they doe these many yeares remaine;
 And mongst them all no change hath yet been found.
 But if thou now should'st weigh them new in pound,
 We are not sure they would so long remaine:
 All change is perillous, and all chaunce vnfound.
 Therefore leaue off to weigh them all againe,
 Till we may be assur'd they shall their courle retaine.

37
 Thou foolish Elfe, said then the Giant wroth,
 Seest not how badly all things present bee,
 And each estate quite out of order go'th?
 The sea it selfe doost thou not plainly see
 Encroché vpon the land there vnder thee;
 And th'earth it selfe how daily it's iucreat,
 By all that dying to it turned bee?
 Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
 And from the most, that some were giuen to the least?

38
 Therefore, I will throwe downe those Mountaines hie,
 And make them leuell with the lowely Plaine;
 These trowing rocks, which reach vnto the skie,
 I will thrust downe into the deepest Maine,
 And as they were, them equalize againe.
 Tyrants that make men subiect to their law,
 I will suppress, that they no more may raigne;
 And Lordings curbe, that commons ouer-aw;
 And all the wealth of rich men, to the poore will draw.

39
 Of things vnscene how canst thou deeme aright,
 Then answered the righteous *Arthegall*,
 Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
 What though the sea with waves continuall
 Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all:
 Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought;
 For, whatsoeuer from one place doth fall,
 Is with the tide vnto another brought:
 For, there is nothing lost, that may be found, if sought.

40
 Likewise, the earth is not augmented more,
 By all that dying into it doe fade.
 For, of the earth they formed were of yore;
 How-euer gay their blossome or their blade
 Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
 What wrong then is it, if that when they die,
 They turne to that whereof they first were made?
 All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
 All creatures must obey the voyce of the most Hie.

41
They liue, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
Ne euer any asketh reason why.
The hills doe not the lowly dales disdain;
The dales doe not the lofty hills enuy.
He maketh Kings to sit in souerainty;
He maketh subiects to their power obey;
He pulleth downe, he setteth vp on hie;
He giues to this, from that he takes away;
For, all wee haue is his: what he list doo, he may.

42
What-euer thing is done, by him is donne,
Ne any may his mighty will with-stand;
Ne any may his soueraine power shonne,
Ne looke that he hath bound with steadfast band.
In vaine therefore doost thou now take in hand,
To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
Whose counsels depth thou canst not vnderstand,
Sith of things subiect to thy daily view
Thou doost not knowe the causes, nor their courses dew.

43
For, take thy ballaunce (if thou be so wise)
And weigh the wind that vnder heauen doth blowe;
Or weigh the light, that in the East doth rise;
Or weigh the thought, that frō mans mind doth flowe:
But, if the weight of these thou canst not shoue,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall.
For, how canst thou those greater secrets knowe,
That doost not knowe the least thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the small.

44
There-with the Giant much abashed said,
That he of little things made reckoning light;
Yet the least word that euer could be layd
Within his ballaunce, he could weigh aright.
Which is, said he, more heauy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else the true?
He answered, that he would try it straight.
So he the words into his ballaunce threw:
But straight the winged words out of his ballaunce flew.

45
Wroth wext he then, and said, that words were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide.
But he could iustly weigh the wrong or right.
Well then, said *Arthegall*, let it be tride.
First in one ballaunce let the true aside.
He did so first, and then the false he laid
In th' other scale; but still it downe did slide,
And by no means could in the weight be staid.
For, and by no means the false will with the truth be way'd.

46
Now take the right likewise, said *Arthegall*,
And counterpoise the same with so much wrong.
So first the right he put into one scale;
And then the Giant strove with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong.
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay,
Might not it poise; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chaust, and proued euery way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a little right downe lay.

47
VVhich when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his ballaunces haue broken:
But *Arthegall* him fairly gan aswage,
And said; Be not vpon thy ballaunce wroken:
For, they doe nought but right or wrong betoken;
But in the mind the doome of right must bee;
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
The care must be the ballaunce, to decree
And iudge, whether with truth or falshood they agree.

48
But set the truth and set the right aside
(For, they with wrong or falshood will not fare)
And put two wrongs together to be tride,
Or else two falses, of each equall share;
And then together doe them both compare;
For, truth is one, and right is euer one.
So did he, and then plaine it did appeare,
Whether of them the greater were atone.
But right late in the middelt of the beame alone.

49
But hee the right from thence did thrust away,
For, it was not the right, which he did seeke;
But rather stroue extremities to wey,
Th' one to diminish, th' other for to eeke.
For, of the meane he greatly did misleeke.
Whom when to lewdly minded *Talus* found,
Approching nigh vnto him cheeke by cheeke,
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And downe the rock him throwing, in the sea him dround.

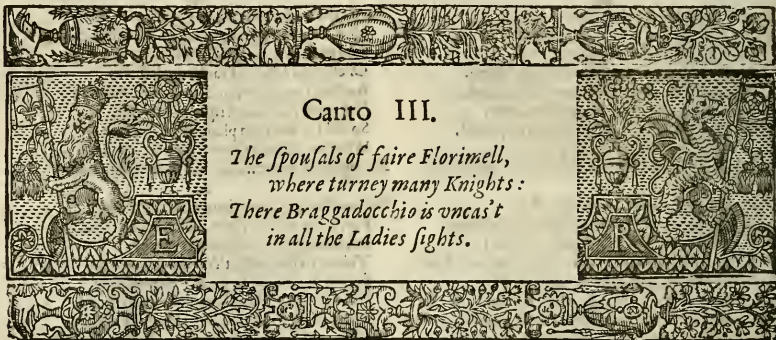
50
Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest driues
Vpon a rock with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces riuies,
And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
Does make her selfe misfortunes pittious pray:
So downe the cliff the wretched Giant tumbled;
His batted ballaunces in peeces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled:
So was the high aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

51
That when the people, which had there-about
Long waited, saw his suddaine desolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining, to stirre vp ciuill faction,
For certaine losse of so great expectation.
For, well they hoped to haue got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innouration.
Therefore resolving to reuenge his blood,
They rose in armes, and all in battell-order stood.

52
Which lawlesse multitude him comming to
In war-like wise, when *Arthegall* did view,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to do.
For, loth he was his noble hands t' embrew
In the base blood of such a rascall crew:
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd least they with shame would him persue.
Therefore he *Talus* to them sent, t' inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

But soone as they him nigh approaching spide,
 They gan with all their weapons him asslay,
 And rudely strooke at him on euery side:
 Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay.
 But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
 He like a swarme of flies them overthrow;
 Ne any of them durst come in his way,
 But heere and there before his presence flew,
 And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his view:

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
 Flowne at a flush of Ducks, fore by the brooke,
 The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull sight
 Of death, the which them almost over-tooke,
 Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke,
 Amongst the flags and covert round about.
 When *Talus* saw they all the field forsooke,
 And none appear'd of all that rascall rout,
 To *Arthegall* he turn'd, and went with him throughtout.



Canto III.

*The sponsals of faire Florimell,
 where turney many Knights:
 There Braggadocchio is vnca'st
 in all the Ladies fights.*

After long stormes and tempests over-blowne,
 The sun at length his ioyous face doth cleare:
 So when as fortune all her spight hath showane,
 Some blissfull houres at last must needs appeare;
 Elite should afflicted wights oft-times despeire.
 So comes it now to *Florimell* by tourne,
 After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
 In which captiu'd shee many moneths did mourne,
 To taste of ioy, and to wont pleasures to retourne.

Who, being freed from *Proteus* cruell band
 By *Marinell*, was vnto him affide,
 And by him brought againe to Faerie land;
 Where he her spous'd, and made his ioyous bride,
 The time and place was blazed farre and wide;
 And solemne feasts and giuists ordan'd therefore.
 To which there did resort from euery side
 Of Lords and Ladies infinite great flore;
 Ne any Knight was absent that braue courage bore.

To tell the glory of the feast that day,
 The goodly seruice, the deuisefull sights,
 The Bridegroomes state, the Brides most rich atay,
 The pride of Ladies, and the worth of Knights,
 The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
 Were worke fit for an Herald, not for me:
 But for so much as to my lot herelights,
 That with this present treatise doth agree,
 True vertue to aduance, shall here recounted bee.

When all men had with full satiety
 Of meates and drinks their appetites suffiz'd,
 To deedes of armes and prooffe of cheualrie
 They gan themselves adresse, full rich aguz'd,
 As each one had his furnitures deuiz'd.
 And first of all issu'd *Sir Marinell*,
 And with him fixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
 To chalenge all in right of *Florimell*,
 And to maintaine, that shee all others did excell.

The first of them was hight *Sir Orimont*,
 A noble knight, and trnde in hard affaies:
 The second had to name *Sir Bellisont*,
 But second vnto none in prowesse praise;
 The third was *Brunell*, famous in his dayes;
 The fourth *Ecaflor*, of exceeding might;
 The fift *Armeddan*, skild in louely layes;
 The sixt was *Lansacke*, a redoubted Knight:
 All fixe well scene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight.

And them against came all that list to giuft,
 From euery coast, and country vnderfenne:
 None was debar'd, but all had leaue that list.
 The trumpets sound; then all together runne.
 Full many deedes of armes that day were donne,
 And many knights vnhorst, and many wounded,
 As fortune fell; yet little lost or wonne:
 But all that day the greatest praise redounded
 To *Marinell*, whose name the Heralds loud resounded.

7
The second day, so soone as morrow light
Appear'd in heauen, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With diuerse fortune fit for such a game,
In which all stroue with perill to win fame.
Yet whether side was Victor, n'ore be ghest:
But at the last, the trumpets did proclame
That *Marinell* that day deserued best.
So they disparted were, and all men went to rest.

8
The third day came, that should due triall lend
Of all the rest, and then this war-like crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There *Marinell* great deeds of armes did shew;
And through the thickest like a Lyon flew,
Rasling off helmets, and riuing plates asunder,
That euery one his danger did ciew.
So terribly his dreadful strokes did thunder,
That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder.

9
But what on earth can alwaies happy stand?
The greater prowesse greater perils find.
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
That they haue him enclosed so behind,
As by no meanes he can himselfe out-wind.
And now perforce they haue him prisoner taken;
And now they doe with captiue bands him bind;
And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
Vnlesse some succour had in time him overtaken.

10
It fortun'd, whilst they were thus ill beset,
Sir *Arthegall* into the Tilt-yard came,
With *Braggadocchio*, whom he lately met
Vpon the way, with that his snowy Dame.
Where, when he vnderstood by common fame,
What euill hap to *Marinell* betid,
Hee much was mou'd at so vnworthy shame,
And straight that boaster prayd, with whom he rid,
To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.

11
So forth he went, and soone them over-hent,
VWhere they were leading *Marinell* away,
Whom he assild with dreadfull hardiment,
And forc't the burden of their prize to stay.
They were an hundred knights of that array;
Of which th'one halfe vpon himselfe did set,
Th'other stayd behind to gard the pray.
But he ere long the former sinit bet;
And from th'other sinit, soone the prisoner fet.

12
So backe he brought Sir *Marinell* againe;
Whom hauing quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together ioyned might and maine,
To set afresh on all the other crew.
Whom with fore hauock soone they overthrew,
And chased quite out of the field, that none
Aganst them durst his head to perill shew.
So were they left Lords of the field alone:
So *Marinell* by him was rescu'd from his fone.

13
Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To *Braggadocchio* did his shield restore:
VWho all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious store
That his false Ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trumpets sound, and Iudges rose,
And all these knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall, to listen whole
The honour of the prize should be adiudg'd by those.

14
And thither also came in open fight
Fairst *Florimell*, into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon vnto euery knight,
And best to him, to whom the best should fall.
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the girdon yield;
VWho came not forth: but for Sir *Arthegall*
Cam: *Braggadocchio*, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the Sunne, broad blazed in a golden field.

15
The sight whereof did all with gladness fill:
So vnto him they did addeeme the prise
Of all that Triumph. Then the trumpets shrill
Doe *Braggadocchio*'s name retounded thrise:
So courage lent a cloake to cowardise.
And then to him came fairest *Florimell*,
And goodly gan to greet his braue emprise,
And thousand thanks him yield, that had so well
Approu'd that day, that she all others did excell.

16
To whom the boaster, that all knights did blot,
With proud disdain did scornfull aunswere make;
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake,
VWhom on his perill he did vndertake,
Both her, and eke all others to excell:
And further did vncomly speeches craue.
Much did his words the gentle Lady quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did tell.

17
Then forth he brought his snowy *Florimele*,
Whom *Trompart* had in keeping there beside,
Covered from peoples gaze with a veile.
Whom when discouered they had throughly eyde,
With great amazement they were stupide;
And said, that surely *Florimell* it was,
Or, if it were not *Florimell* to tride,
That *Florimell* her selfe she then did pass.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

18
Which when as *Marinell* beheld likewise,
He was there-with exceedingly dismayd:
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to deuise:
But like as one, whom fiends had made afraid,
He long astonish'd stood: ne ought he said,
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eyes
He gaz'd still vpon that snowy maid:
Whom euer as he did the more auize,
The more to be true *Florimell* he did surmise.

19

As when two sunnes appeare in th'azure sky,
 Mounted in *Phæbus* charet fieric bright;
 Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
 And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming light,
 All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
 Not knowing Natures worke, nor what to weene,
 Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright:
 So stode Sir *Marinell*, when he had seene
 The semblant of this false by his faire beauties *Queene*.

20

All which, when *Arthegall* (who all this while
 Stode in the preale close couer'd) well aduised,
 And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse guile,
 He could no longer beare, but forth islewed,
 And vnto all himselfe there open shewed:
 And to the boaster said; Thou losell base,
 That hast with borrowed plumes thy selfe endewed,
 And others worth with leasings doost deface,
 VVhen they are all restor'd, thou shalt rest in disgrace.

21

That shield which thou doost beare, was it indeed
 Which this dayes honour sau'd to *Marinell*;
 But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,
 Which didst that seruice vnto *Florimell*.
 For prooffe, shew forth thy sword, and let it tell,
 What stroakes, what dreadfull stoure it stir'd this day:
 Or shew the wounds, which vnto thee befell;
 Or shew the sweat, with which thou diddest way
 So sharp a battell, that so many did dismay.

22

But this the sword, which wrought those cruell stounds,
 And this the arme, the which that shield did beare,
 And these the signes (so shewed forth his wounds)
 By which that glory gotten dooth appeare.
 As for this Lady which he sheweth here,
 Is not (I wager) *Florimell* at all;
 But some fayre Fraucion, fit for such a fere,
 That by misfortune in his hand did fall.
 For prooffe whereof, he bade them *Florimell* forth call.

23

So forth the noble Lady was ybrought,
 Adorn'd with honour and all comely grace:
 Whereto her bashfull shamefastnesse ywrought
 A great increase in her faire blushing face;
 As *Roses* did with *Lillies* interlace.
 For, of those words, the which that boaster threw,
 She inly yet conceiv'd great disgrace.
 Whom when as all the people such did view,
 They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did shew.

24

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
 Like the true Saint beside the Image set;
 Of both their beauties to make paragone,
 And triall, whether should the honour get.
 Straight way so soone as both together met,
 Th'enchanted *Danzell* vanish into nought:
 Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
 Ne of that goodly hew remained ought,
 But th'empty girdle, which about her waste was wrought.

25

As when the daughter of *Thasmanes* faire,
 Hath in a watry clowd displayed wide
 Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre,
 That all men wonder at her colours pride;
 All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
 The glorious picture vanisheth away,
 Ne any token doth thereof abide:
 So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
 And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

26

Which when as all, that present were, beheld,
 They striken were with great astonishment;
 And their faint harts with senselesse horror quell'd,
 To see the thing that seem'd so excellent,
 So stolen from their fancies wonderment;
 That what of it became, none vnderstood.
 And *Braggadocchio* selfe with deriment
 So daunted was in his despayring mood,
 That like a lifelesse corse immouceable he stood.

27

But *Arthegall* that golden belt vp-rooke,
 The which of all her spoyle was onely left;
 Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
 But *Florimells* owne girdle, from her rest,
 While she was flying, like a weary west,
 From that foule monster, which did her compell
 To perils great; which he vnbackling est,
 Presented to the fairest *Florimell*:
 Who rouod about her tender waste it fitted well.

28

Full many Ladies often had assayd,
 About their middles that faire belt to knit;
 And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd:
 Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
 Till *Florimell* about her fastned it.
 Such power it had, that to no womans waste
 By any skill or labour it would fit,
 Vnlesse that shee were continent and chaste,
 But it would loofe or breake, that many had disgrac't.

29

Whil'ft thus they busied were bout *Florimell*,
 And boastfull *Braggadocchio* to defame,
 Sir *Guyon* (as by fortune then befell)
 Forth from the thickest preace of people came,
 His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to clame;
 And th'one hand seizing on his golden bit,
 With th'other drew his sword: for, with the same
 He meant the thiefe there deadly to haue smit:
 And had he not been held, he nought had faild of it.

30

Thereof great hurly burly moued was
 Throughtout the hall, for that same war-like horse.
 For, *Braggadocchio* would not let him pass;
 And *Guyon* would him algates haue perforce,
 Or it approue vpon his carion corse,
 Which troublous stirre when *Arthegall* perceiu'd,
 He nigh them drew, to stay th'avengers force;
 And gan inquire, how was that steed bereau'd,
 Whether by might extort, or else by slight deceau'd.

Who, all that pittious story, which befell
 About that wofull couple, which were slaine,
 And their young bloody babe to him gan tell;
 With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
 His horse purloyned was by subtil traine:
 For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight.
 But he for nought could him there-to constrain:
 For, as the death he hated such despight,
 And rather had to lose, then try in armes his right.

Which, *Arthegall* well hearing, though no more
 By law of armes there neede ones right to try,
 As was the wont of war-like Knights of yore,
 Then that his foe should him the field deny:
 Yet further right by tokens to desery,
 He askt, what priuie tokens he did beare.
 If that, said *Guyon*, may you satisfie,
 Within his mouth a black spot doth appeare,
 Shap't like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it there.

Whereof to make due triall, one did take
 The horse in hand, within his mouth to looke:
 But with his heeles so forely he him strake,
 That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
 That neuer word from that day forth he spoke.
 Another that would seeme to haue more wit,
 Him by the bright embrodered head-stall tooke:
 But by the shoulder him to fore he bit,
 That he him maimed quite, and all his shoulder split.

Ne he his mouth would open vnto wight,
 Vntill that *Guyon* selfe vnto him spake,
 And called *Brigadore* (so was he hight):
 Whose voyce loo stoo as he did vnder take,
 Eft-soones he stood as still as any stake,
 And suffred all his secret marke to see:
 And when-as he him nam'd, for ioy he brake
 His bands, and follow'd lum with gladfull glee,
 And friske, and slong aloft, and louted lowe on knee.

Thereby *Sir Arthegall* did plaine areed,
 That vnto him the horse belongd, and said;
 Lo, there *Sir Guyon*, take to you the steed,
 As be with golden saddle is arraid:
 And let that lotell, plainly now displaid,
 Hence fare on foote, till he an horse haue gaind.
 But the proud boaster gan his doome vpbraid,
 And him reuil'd, and rated, and disdaind,
 That iudgement so vnjust against him had ordaind.

Much was the Knight incenit with his lewd word,
 To haue reuenged that his villeny:
 And thrice did lay his hand vpon his sword,
 To haue him slaine, or dearly doen aby.
 But *Guyon* did his choler pacifie,
 Saying, *Sir Knight*, it would dishonour bee
 To you, that are our iudge of equity,
 To wreake your wrath on such a Carle as hee:
 It's punishment enough, that all his shame doe see.

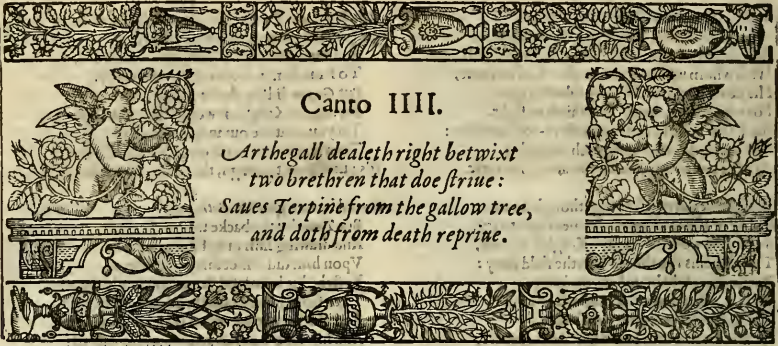
So did he mitigate *Sir Arthegall*;
 But *Talus* by the backe the boaster hent,
 And drawing him out of the open hall,
 Vpon him did inflict this punishment.
 First, he his beard did shaue, and foully stent:
 Then from him rest his shield, and it' enrent,
 And blotted out his armes with falshood blent,
 And him selfe basfuld, and his armes vnherst,
 And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour sperst.

The whiles, his guilefull grome was fled away:
 But vaine it was to thinke from him to fle.
 Who over-taking him, did difarray,
 And all his face deform'd with infamy,
 And out of Court him scourged openly.
 So ought all faytours, that true knight hood shame,
 And armes dishonour with base villanie,
 From all braue knights be banisht with defame:
 For, oft their lewdnes bloteth good deserts with blame.

Now, when these counterfeiters were thus vncafed
 Out of the fore-side of their forgery,
 And in the sight of all men cleare disgraced,
 All gan to iest and gibe full merly
 At the remembrance of their knaury.
 Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
 To thinke with how great vaunt of brauery
 He them abused, through his subtil flights,
 And what a glorious shew he made in all their sights.

There leaue we them in pleasure and repast,
 Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,
 And taking vsury of time fore-past,
 With all deare delices and rare delights,
 Fit for such Ladies and such louely knights:
 And turne we heere to this faire furrowes end
 Our weary yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
 That when as time to *Arthegall* shall tend,
 We on his first adventure may him forward send.





Canto IIII.

*Arthegall dealeth right betwixt
two brethren that doe strue:
Saues Terpine from the gallow tree,
and doth from death reprine.*

Ho-so vpon himselfe will take the skill,
True Iustice vnto people to diuide,
Had need haue mighty hands; for to fulfill
That, which he doth with righteous dōome de-
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride,
For, vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong-dooers Iustice to deride,
Vnlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might,
For, powre is the right hand of Iustice truly high;

Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise,
The charge of Iustice giuen was in trust,
That they might execute her iudgements wise,
And with their might beate downe leucentious lust,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence iust:
Whereof no brauer precedent this day
Remaines on earth, prefer'd from iron rust
Of rude obliuion, and long times decay,
Then this of *Arthegall*, which heere we haue to say.

Who, hauing lately left that louely paire,
Enlinked fast in wedlocks loyall bond,
Bold *Marinell* with *Florimell* the faire,
With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,
Departed from the Castle of the *Strond*,
To followe his adventures first intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great iron groome, his gard and government.

With whom, as he did passe by the sea shore,
He chaun't to come, where-as two comely Squires,
Both brethren, whom one wombe together bore,
But stirred vp with different desires,
Together stroue, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And them beside, two seemely Damzels stood,
By all meanes seeking to aswage their ires,
Now with fair words; but words did litle good: (mood.
Now with sharp threats; but threats the more increast their

And there before them stood a Coffer strong,
Fast bound on eury side with iron bands,
But seeming to haue suffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt vpon the sands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands,
Seem'd that for it these Squires at odds did fall,
And bent against themselves their cruell hands,
But euermore those Damzels did forefall
Their furious encounter, and their fierceneesse pall.

But firmly fixt they were, with dint of sward,
And battailes doubtfull prooffe their rights to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would iustifie,
So stood they both in readinesse there-by,
To ioyne the combate with cruell intent;
When *Arthegall*, arriuing happily,
Did stay awhile their greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

To whom the elder did this aunswere frame;
Then weete ye Sir, that we two brcthen be,
To whom our sire, *Milesto* by name,
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two Islands, which ye there before you see,
Not farre in sea; of which the one appears
But like a little Mount of small degree;
Yer was as great and wide ere many yeares,
As that same other Isle, that greater bredth now beares.

But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
And this decouring Sea that nought doth spare,
The most part of my Land hath washt away,
And throwne it vp vnto my brothers share:
So his encreased, but mine did empaire,
Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
That further maid, highly *Philtera* the faire,
With whom a goodly dowre I should haue got,
And should haue ioyned been to her in wedlocks knot.

Then

9
Then did my younger brother *Amidas*,
Loue that same other *Danzell*, *Lucy* bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was:
Her vertue was the dowre, that did delight.
What better dowre can to a Dame be hight?
But now when *Philtra* saw my lands decay,
And former liuelod faile, she left me quight,
And to my brother did ellope straight way:
Who taking her from me, his owne Loue left astray.

10
Shee, seeing then her selfe forsaken fo,
Through dolorous despaire, which she conceiued,
Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throwe,
Thinking to haue her griefe by death bereaued.
But see how much her purpose was deceaued.
Whil'st thus, amidst the billowes beating of her,
Twixt life and death, long to and fro she weaued,
She chaunc't vniwares to light vpon this coffer,
Which to her in that danger hope of life did offer.

11
The wretched maid, that erst desir'd to die,
When as the paine of death she tasted had,
And but halfe seene his vgly vniomick,
Gan to repent that shee had been so mad,
For any death to change life though most bad:
And catching hold of this Sea-beaten chest,
The lucky Pylot of her passage sad,
After long tossing in the seas distrest,
Her weary Barke at last vpon mine Isle did rest:

12
Where I by chaunce then wandering on the shore,
Did her espy, and through my good endeuour,
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatred sore
Her to haue swallow'd vp, did help to saue her.
She then in recompence of that great fauour,
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
The portion of that good which Fortune gaue her,
Together with herselfe in dowry free:
Both goodly portions; but of both, she better see.

13
Yet in this coffer, which she with her brought,
Great threasure sithence we did find contained;
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought.
But this same other *Danzell* since hath fained,
That to herselfe that threasure appertained;
And that shee did transport the same by sea,
To bring it to her husband new ordained,
But suffred cruell shipwrack by the way.
But whether it be so or no, I cannot say.

14
But whether it indeed be so or no,
This doe I say, that what so good or ill
Or God or Fortune vnto me did throwe
(Not wronging any other by my will)
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.
And though my land he first did winne away,
And then my Loue (though now it litle skill)
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray;
But I will it defend, whil'st euer that I may.

15
So hauing said, the younger did ensue:
Full true it is, what-so about our land
My brother here declared hath to you:
But not for it this ods twixt vs doth stand,
But for this threasure throwne vpon his strand;
Which well I proue, as shall appeare by triall,
To be this Maides, with whom I fastned hand,
Knowne by good markes, and perfect good espiall:
Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall.

16
When they thus ended had, the Knight began;
Certes, your strife were easie to accord,
Would ye remit it to some righteous man.
Vnto your selfe, said they, we giue our word,
To bide what iudgement ye shall vs afford.
Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
Vnder my foote let each lay downe his sword,
And then you shall my sentence vnderstand.
So each of them layd downe his sword out of his hand.

17
Then *Arthegall*, thus to the younger said;
Now tell me *Amidas*, if that ye may,
Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd
Vnto your part, and plucked from his away,
By what good right doe you with-hold this day?
What other right, quoth he, should you esteeme,
But that the sea it to my share did lay?
Your right is good, said he, and so I deeme,
That what the sea vnto you sent, your owne should seeme.

18
Then turning to the elder, thus he said;
Now *Bracidas*, let this likewise be shewne;
Your brothers threasure, which from him is straid,
Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
By what right doe you claime to be your owne?
What other right, quoth he, should you esteeme,
But that the sea hath it vnto me throwne?
Your right is good, said he, and so I deeme,
That what the sea vnto you sent, your owne should seeme.

19
For, equal right in equall things doth stand;
For, what the mighty Sea hath once possesst,
And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
Whether by rage of waues, that neuer rest,
Or else by wrack, that wretches hath distrest,
He may dispose by his imperiall might,
As thing at randon left, to whom he list.
So *Amidas*, the land was yours first right,
And so the threasure yours is *Bracidas* by right.

20
When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
Both *Amidas* and *Philtra* were displeas'd:
But *Bracidas* and *Lucy* were right glad,
And on the threasure by that iudgement seized.
So was their discord by this doome appeas'd,
And each one had his right. Then *Arthegall*
When as their sharpe contention he had ceas'd,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old queet, the which him forth did call.

21
 So, as he trauelled vpon the way,
 He chanc't to come, where happily he spide
 A rout of many people farre away;
 To whom his courfe he haftily applide,
 To weete the caufe of their affemblance wide.
 To whom when he approached neere in fight
 (An vncouth fight) he plainly then defcried
 To be a troupe of women, war-like dight,
 With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.

22
 And in the midft of them he faw a Knight,
 With both his hands behind him pinnoed hard,
 And round about his necke an halter tight,
 As ready for the gallow tree prepar'd:
 His face was couer'd, and his head was bar'd,
 That who he was, vneath was to defcry;
 And with full beaury hart with them he far'd,
 Griev'd to the foule, and groning inwardly,
 That he of womens hands fo bafe a death should dy.

23
 But they like tyrants, mercileffe the more,
 Reioycd at his miserable cafe,
 And him reviled, and reproched fore
 With bitter taunts, and tearmes of vile difgrace.
 Now when as *Arbeggall*, arriu'd in place,
 Did aske, what caufe brought that man to decay,
 They round about him gan to fwarme apace,
 Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
 And to haue wrought vnwares fome villanous affay.

24
 But he was foone aware of their ill mind,
 And drawing backe, deceiu'd their intent;
 Yet though him felfe did shame on woman-kind
 His mighty hand to fhend, he *Talus* sent
 To wreck on them their follies hardiment:
 Who with few fowces of his yron flae,
 Difperfed all their troupe incontinent,
 And sent them home to tell a pittious tale
 Of their vaine prowefse, turned to their proper bale.

25
 But that fame wretched man, ordaynd to die,
 They left behind them, glad to be fo quit:
 Him *Talus* tooke out of perplexitie,
 And horreur of foule death for Knight vnfit,
 Who more then losse of life ydreaded it;
 And him restoring vnto liuing light,
 So brought vnto his Lord, where he did fit,
 Beholding all that womanish weake fight;
 Whom foone as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight:

26
 Sir *Terpine*, hapleffe man, what make you here?
 Or haue you loft your felfe, and your difcretion,
 That euer in this wretched cafe ye were?
 Or haue ye yielded you to proude oppreffion
 Of womens powre, that boaft of mens fubiection?
 Or elfe, what other deadly difmall day
 Is falne on you, by heauens hard direction,
 That ye were runne fo fondly far aftray,
 As for to lead your felfe vnto your owne decay?

27
 Much was the man confounded in his mind,
 Partly with shame, and partly with difmay,
 That all astonifht hee himfelfe did find,
 And little had for his excufe to fay,
 But onely thus: Moft hapleffe well ye may
 Me iuftly tearme, that to this shame am brought,
 And made the fcorne of Knighthood this fame day.
 But who can fcape, what his owne fate hath wrought?
 The worke of heauens will furpafseth humane thought.

28
 Right true: but faulty men vie oftentimes
 To attribute their folly vnto fate,
 And lay on heauen the guilt of their owne crimes.
 But tell, Sir *Terpine*, ne let you amate
 Your misery, how fell ye in this fate.
 Then fith yee needs, quoth he, will know my shame,
 And all the ill which chaunc't to me of late,
 I fhortly will to you rehearfe the fame,
 In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

29
 Being defirous (as all Knights are wont)
 Through hard adventures deedes of armes to try,
 And after fame and honour for to hunt,
 I heard report that farre abroad did flie,
 That a proud Amazon did late defie
 All the braue Knights that hold of Maidenhead,
 And vnto them wrought all the villany
 That she could forge in her malicious head,
 Which fome hath put to shame, and many done be dead.

30
 The caufe, they fay, of this her cruell hate,
 Is for the sake of *Bellodane* the bold,
 To whom the bore moft feruent loue of late,
 And wooed him by all the waies she could:
 But when she fawe at laft, that he ne would
 For ought or nought be wonne vnto her will,
 She turn'd her loue to hatred manifold,
 And for his fake, vow'd to doe all the ill
 Which fhe could do to Knights: which now she doth fulfill.

31
 For, all thofe Knights, the which by force or guile
 She doth fubdue, she foully doth entreat.
 Firft, she doth them of war-like armes depouile,
 And clothe in womens weedes: and then with threat
 Doth them compell to worke, to earne their meat,
 To spin, to card, to fewe, to wafh, to wring;
 Ne doth she giue them other thing to eate
 But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
 Them to difable from reuenge adventuring.

32
 But, if through stout difdaine of manly mind,
 Any her proud obferuance will withftand,
 Vpon that gibbet, which is there behind,
 She caufeth them be hang'd vp out of hand;
 In which condition I right now did ftand.
 For, being overcome by her in fight,
 And put to that bafe feruice of her band,
 I rather chofe to die in lynes defpight,
 Then lead that shameful full life, vnworthy of a Knight.

How

How hight that Amazon (sayd *Arthegall*)?
 And where, and how far hence does she abide?
 Her name, quoth he, they *Radigund* doe call,
 A Princeesse of great powre; and greater pride,
 And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tried,
 And sundry battells, which she hath atchieued
 With great successe, that her hath glorified,
 And made her famous, more then is belieued;
 Ne would I it haue ween'd, had I not late it priued.

Now sure, sayd he, and by the faith that I
 To Maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
 I will not rest, till I her might doe try,
 And venge the shame, that she to Knights doth stowe.
 Therefore Sir *Terpin* from you lightly throwe
 This squalid weede, the patterne of despair,
 And weend with me, that ye may see and knowe,
 How Fortune will your ruin'd name repaire, (paire.
 And Knights of Maydenhead, whose praise she would em-

With that, like one that hopelesse was repriv'd
 From deathes dore, at which he lately lay,
 Those yron fetters, wherewith he was giu'd,
 The badges of reproach, he threw away,
 And nimble did him dight to guide the way
 Vnto the dwelling of that Amazone.
 Which was from thence not past a mile or tway;
 A goodly City, and a mighty one,
 The which of her owne name she called *Radegone*.

Where they arriuing, by the watchman were
 Defered straight: who all the city warn'd,
 How that three warlike persons did appeare,
 Of which the one him seem'd a Knight all armed,
 And th'other two well likely to haue harmed.
 If soones the people all to harness ran,
 And like a sort of bees in clustres swarmed:
 Ere long, their Queene her self, arm'd like a man,
 Came forth into the rout, and them r'array began.

And now the Knights, being arriued neare,
 Did beat vpon the gates to enter in,
 And at the Porter (scorning them so few,
 Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
 To teare his flesh in peeces for his sinne.
 Which when as *Radigund* there comming heard,
 Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
 She bad that straight the gates should be vnbar'd,
 And to them way to make, with weapons well prepar'd.

Soone as the gates were open to them set,
 They pressed forward, entrance to haue made.
 But in the middle way they were ymet
 With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which them stayd,
 And better bad aduise, ere they assayd
 Vnknown perill of bold womens pride.
 Then all that rout vpon them rudely layd,
 And heaped strokes so fast on euery side,
 And arrowes hayld so thicke, that they could not abide.

But *Radigund* her selfe, when she espide
 Sir *Terpin*, from her direfull doome acquit,
 So cruell doale amongst her maides diu'de,
 T'auenge that shame, they did on him commit;
 All sodainely coflam'd with furious fit,
 Like a fell Lionesse at him the flew,
 And on his head-peece him so fiercely smit,
 That to the ground him quite she ouerthrew,
 Dismayd so with the stroke, that he no colours knew.

Soone as she saw him on the ground to grouell,
 She lightly to him leapt; and in his necke
 Her proud foot setting, at his head did leuell,
 Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake,
 And his contempt, that did her judgement breake:
 As when a Beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
 Vpon the carcase of some beast too weake,
 Proudly stands ouer, and a while doth pause,
 To heare the pitious beast pleading her plaintiffe cause.

Whom when as *Arthegall* in that distresse
 By chance beheld, he left the bloody slaughter,
 In which he swam, and ran to his redresse.
 There her assaying fiercely to flye, he raught her
 Such a huge stroke, that it of sense distraught her:
 And had she not it warded warily,
 It had repriv'd her mother of a daughter.
 Nath'lesse for all the powre she did apply,
 It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly eye;

Like to an Eagle in his kingly pride,
 Soring through his wide Empire of the aire,
 To weather his broad sayles, by chance hath spide
 A Goshauke, which hath seized for her share
 Vpon some fowle, that should her feast prepare;
 With dreadfull force he flies at her byliue,
 That with his sounce, which none endure dare,
 Her from the quarry he away doth drine,
 And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rine.

But soone as she her sense recouerd had,
 She fiercely towards him her selfe gan dight,
 Through vengeful wrath & disdainfull pride halfe mad:
 For, neuer had she suffred such despite,
 But ere she could ioyne hand with him to fight,
 Her warlike maydes about her flocke so fast,
 That they disparted them, maugre their might,
 And with their troupes did far aunder cast:
 But amongst the rest the fight did vntill cuning last.

And every while, that mighty yron man,
 With his strange weapon, neuer wont in warre,
 Them sorely vext, and courst, and ouer-ran,
 And broke their bowes, and did their shooting marre,
 That none of all the manie once did darre
 Him to assault, nor once approach him nie;
 But like a sort of sheepe disperst farre
 For dread of their deuouring enemy,
 Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

45
 But when as daies faire shiny beame, yclowded
 With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
 Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
 Bold *Radigund* (with sound of trump on hight)
 Caus'd all her people to surcease from fight;
 And gathering them vnto her cities gate,
 Made them all enter in before her fight,
 And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
 To be conuayed in, ere she would once retrace.

46
 When thus the field was voyded all away,
 And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight
 (Weary of toyle and trauell of that day)
 Caus'd his pavilion to be richly pight
 Before the Citie gate, in open fight;
 Where he him selfe did rest in safety,
 Together with fir *Terpin* all that night:
 But *Talus* vs'd in times of icopardie
 To keepe a nightly watch, for dread of treachery.

47
 But *Radigund* full of heart-gnawing griefe,
 For the rebuke, which she sustain'd that day,
 Cou'd take no rest, ne would receiue reliefe;
 But tossed in her troublous minde, what way
 She mote reuenge that blot, which on her lay.
 There she resolu'd, her selfe in single fight
 To try her Fortune, and his force assay,
 Rather then see her people spoyled quight,
 As she had seene that day a disauentrous fight.

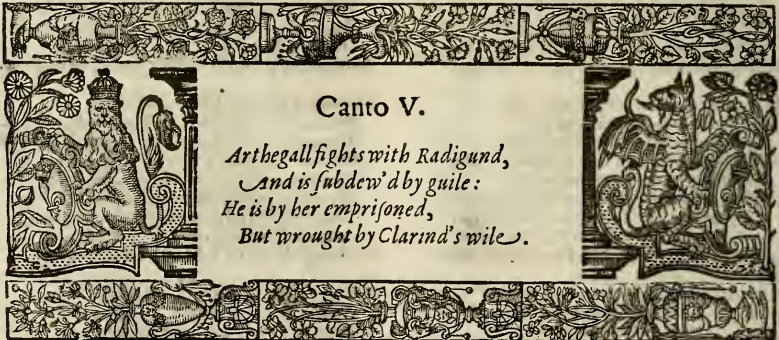
48
 She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
 Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,
 Her name was *Clarinda*, and thus to her sayd;
 Goe danzell quickly, do thy selfe addresse

To do the message, which I shall expresse.
 Goe thou vnto that stranger Faery Knight,
 Who yesterday droue vs to such distresse;
 Tell, that to morrow I with him will fight,
 And try in quall field, whether hath greater might.

49
 But these conditions do to him propound,
 That if I vanquish him, he shall obay
 My lawe, and euer to my love be bound;
 And so will I, if me he vanquish may,
 What-euer he shall like to doe or say:
 Goe streight, and take with thee, to witnesse it,
 Sixe of thy fellows of the best array,
 And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
 And bid him eate; henceforth he oft shall hungry sit.

50
 The Damzell streight obeyd: and putting all
 In readinesse, forth to the Towne-gate went;
 Where founding loud a Trumpet from the wall,
 Vnto those warlike Knights she warning sent.
 Then *Talus*, forth issewing from the tent,
 Vnto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
 To weeten what that trumpets founding ment:
 Where that fame Damzell loudly him bespake,
 And shew'd, that with his Lord she would emperiance make.

51
 So he them streight conducted to his Lord;
 Who, as he could, them goodly well did greece,
 Till they had told their message word by word:
 Which he accepting well, as he could weete,
 Them fairely enterayn'd with cur'ties meete,
 And gaue them gifts and things of deare delight.
 So backe againe they homeward turn'd their feete.
 But *Arthegall* him selfe to rest did dight,
 That he mote fresher be against the next daies fight.



Canto V.

*Arthegall fights with Radigund,
 And is subdew'd by guile:
 He is by her emprisoned,
 But wrought by Clarinda's wile.*

So soone as da, forth dawning from the East,
 Nights humid curtaine from the heavens with-
 And early calling forth both ma & beast, (drew
 Commanded them their dayly works renew,

These noble warriors, mindefull to pursue
 The last dayes purpose of their vowed fight,
 Them selues thereto prepar'd in order dew:
 The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight;
 And th' Amazon, as best it lik't her selfe to dight.

2
 All in a Camis light of purple silke
 Wouen vpon with siluer, subtly wrought,
 And quilted vpon fatten white as milke,
 Trayled with ribbands diuerfly distraught,
 Like as the workeman had their courtes taught;
 Which was short tucked for light motion
 Vp to her ham: but when the list, it aught
 Downe to her lowest beele, and thereupon
 She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

3
 And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
 Basted with bends of gold on euery side,
 And mailes betwene, and laced close afore:
 Vpon her thigh her Cemitare was tide,
 With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;
 And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
 Vpon the bosse with stones, that shined wide,
 As the faire Moone in her most full aspect,
 That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect.

4
 So forth she came out of the City gate,
 With stately port and proud magnificence,
 Guarded with many damzels, that did waite
 Vpon her person for her sure defence,
 Playing on shauimes and trumpets, that from hence
 Their sound did reach vnto the heauens hight.
 So forth into the field she marched thence,
 Where was a rich Pavilion ready pight,
 Her to receiue, till time they should begin the fight.

5
 Then forth came *Arthegall* out of his tent,
 All arm'd to point, and first the lists did enter:
 Soone after eke came she, with fell intent,
 And countenance fierce, as hauing fully bent her,
 That battels vnto most triall to aduenter.
 The Lists were closed fast, to barre the rout
 From rudely pressing to the middle center;
 Which in great chaipes them circled all about,
 Wating, how Fortune would resolute that dangerous doubt.

6
 The Trumpets sounded, and the field began;
 With bitter strokes it both began, and ended.
 She at the first encounter on him ran
 With furious rage, as if she had intended
 Out of his breast the very heart had rended:
 But he that had like tempests often ride,
 From that first flawe, him selfe right well defended.
 The more she rag'd, the more he did abide;
 She hew'd, she foyn'd, she last, she laid on euery side.

7
 Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
 Weening at last to win aduantage new;
 Yet still her cruelty encreased more,
 And though powre fayld, her courage did accrew:
 Which sayling, he gan fiercely her purfew;
 Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
 The stubbornne metall seeketh to subdew,
 Soone as he feeles it moltsid with heat,
 With his great Iron sledge doth strongly on it beat.

8
 So did Sir *Arthegall* vpon her lay,
 As if she had an iron anduile beene,
 That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
 Out of her steely armes were flashing seene,
 That all on fire ye would her surely weene.
 But with her shield he well her selfe she warded,
 From the drad danger of his weapon keene,
 That all that while her life she safely garded:
 But he that helpe from her against her will discarded.

9
 For, with his trenchant blade at the next blowe
 Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
 That halfe her side it selfe did naked showe,
 And thenceforth vnto danger opened way.
 Much was she moued with the mighty sway
 Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew,
 And like a greedy Beare vnto her pray,
 With her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew,
 That glancing down his thigh, the purple blood forth drew.

10
 Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
 And to vpbraid that chance which him mis-fell,
 As if the prize she gotten had almost,
 With spightfull speeches, sitting with her well;
 That his great heart gan inwardly to swell
 With indignation, at her vaunting vaine,
 And at her strooke with puifance fearefull fell;
 Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
 That shattered all to peeces round about the Plaine.

11
 Hauing her thus disarmed of her shield,
 Vpon her helmet he againe her strooke,
 That downe she fell vpon the grassie field,
 In senselesse swoone, as if her life forooke,
 And pangs of death her spirit ouertooke.
 Whom when he sawe before his foote prostrated,
 He to her leapt, with deadly dreadfull lookes,
 And her sunshiny helmet soone vnaced,
 Thinking at once both head and helmet to haue rased.

12
 But when as he discouered had her face,
 He sawe his senses strange astonishment,
 A miracle of Natures goodly grace,
 In her faire visage voide of ornament,
 But bath'd in blood and sweat together ment;
 Which, in the rudeness of that euill plight,
 Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:
 Like as the Moone in foggie winters night,
 Doth seeme to be her selfe, though darkned be her light.

13
 At sight thereof his cruell minded heart
 Empeared was with pittifull regard,
 That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
 Cursing his hand that had that visage mard:
 No hand so cruell, nor no heart so hard,
 But ruth of beauty will it mollifie.
 By this, vpstarting from her swoone, she start'd
 A while about her with confused eye:
 Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenly.
 A a 2

Soone

14

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy,
 Standing with empty hands all weaponlesse,
 With fresh assault vpon him she did fly,
 And gan renew her former cruellesse:
 And though he stily retyr'd, yet narhelesse
 With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;
 And more encreast her outrage merciellesse,
 The more that he with meeke intreaty prayd,
 Her wrathfull hand from greedy vengeance to haue stayd.

15

Like as a Puttocke hauing spide in sight
 A gentle Falcon sitting on an hill,
 Whose other wing, now made vnmeet for flight,
 Was lately broken by some fortune ill;
 The foolish Kyte, led with licentious will,
 Doth beate vpon the gentle bird in vaine,
 With many idle stoups her troubling still:
 Euen so did *Rasigund* with bootlesse paine
 Annoy this noble Knight, and forely him constrain.

16

Nought could he do, but shun the drad despight
 Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retire,
 And with his single shield, well as he might,
 Beare-off the burden of her raging ire;
 And euermore he gently did desire,
 To stay her strokes, and he him selfe would yield:
 Yet nould she hearke, ne let him once respire,
 Till he to her deliuered had his shield,
 And to her mercy him submitted in plaine field.

17

So was he ouercome, not ouercome,
 But to her yeelded of his owne accord;
 Yet was he iustly dammed by the doome
 Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse word,
 To be her thrall, and seruice her afford,
 For, though that he first victory obtayned,
 Yet after by abandoning his sword,
 He wilfull lost, that he before attained.
 No fayrer conquest, then that with goodwill is gayned.

18

Tho, with her sword on him she fastling strooke,
 In signe of true subiection to her power,
 And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke.
 But *Terpine* bome to a more vnhappy howre,
 As he, on whom the lucklesse starres did lowre,
 She caus'd to be attach't, and forthwith led
 Vnto the crooke r'abide the balefull strove,
 From which he lately had through reskew fled:
 Where he full shamefully was hanged by the head.

19

But when they thought, on *Talus* hands to lay,
 He with his iron haile amongst them thondred,
 That they were faine to let him scape away,
 Glad from his company to be so sondred;
 Whose presence all their troups so much encombred,
 That th'heapes of those, which he did wound and slay,
 Besides therest dismayd, might not be nombred:
 Yet all that while he would not once assay
 To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it iust t'obay.

20

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
 Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
 And caus'd him to be disarmed quight
 Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
 With which whylome he gotten had great fame:
 In stead whereof the made him to be dight
 In womans weeds, that is to Manhood shiame,
 And put before his lap an apron white,
 In stead of Curiets and bafes fit for fight.

21

So being clad, she brought him from the field,
 In which he had bene trayned many a day,
 Into a long large chamber, which was field
 With moniments of many knights decay,
 By her subdewed in victorious fray:
 Amongst the which she caus'd his warlike armes
 Be hangd on high, that mote his shame bewray;
 And broke his sword, for feare of further harmes,
 With which he went to stirre vp battailous alarmes.

22

There entred in, he round about him saw
 Many braue Knights, whose names right well he knew,
 There bound t'obay that Amazons proud law,
 Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
 That his bigge heart loth'd so vncomely view.
 But they were forc't, through penurie and pine,
 To doe those workes, to them appointed dew:
 For, nought was giuen them to sup or dyne,
 But what their hands could eare by twisting linnen twyne.

23

Amongst them all, she placed him most lowe,
 And in his hand a distaffe to him gaue,
 That he thereon should spin both flaxe & tow:
 A fordid office for a mind so braue.
 So hard it is to be a womans slaue.
 Yet he it took in his owne selves despight,
 And thereto did himselfe right well behaue,
 Her to obay, sith he his faith had plight,
 Her vassall to become, if the him wonne in fight.

24

Who had him seene, imagine mote thereby,
 That whylome hath of *Hercules* been tolde,
 How for *Iolus* sake he did apply
 His mighty hands, the distaffe vile to holde,
 For his huge club, which had subdew'd of olde
 So many monsters, which the world annoyed;
 His Lions skin chaung'd to a pall of golde,
 In which forgetting warres he only ioyed
 In combats of sweet Loue, and with his mistresse toyed.

25

Such is the cruelty of women-kynd,
 When they haue shaken off the shamefast band,
 With which wise Nature did them strongly bynd
 T'obay the heaits of mans well ruling hand,
 That then all rule and reason they withstand,
 To purchase a licentious liberty.
 But vertuous women wisely vnderstand,
 That they were borue to bafe humility,
 Vnlesse the heauens them list to lawfull souerainty.

26.
Thus there long while continu'd *Arthegall*,
Scrving proud *Radigund* with true subiection;
How-euer it his noble heart did gall,
T'obay a womans tyrannous direction,
That might haue had of life or death election:
But hauing chofen, now he might not change.
During which time, the warlike Amazon,
Whose wandring fancy after lust did range,
Gan cast a secret liking to this captiue strange.

27
Which long concealing in her court brest,
She chaw'd the cud of louers carefull plight;
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
Being fast fixed in her wounded sight,
Burit tormented her both day and night:
Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord,
To serue the lowely vassall of her might,
And of her seruant make her soueraigne Lord:
So great her pride, that she such balence much abhord.

28
So much the greater still her anguish grew,
Through stubborne handling of her loue-sicke heart;
And still the more she stroue it to subdew,
The more the still augmented her owne smart,
And wyder made the wound of th' lidden dart.
At last, when long she struggled had in vaine,
She gan to soupe, and her proud mind conuert
To meeke obeylance of loues mighty raine,
And him entreat for grace, that had procur'd her paine.

29
Vnto her selfe in secret she did call
Her nearest handmaid whom first most did trust,
And to her sayde; *Clarinda*, whom of all
I trust aliuie, sith I thee fostred first;
Now is the time, that I vntimely must
Thee of make tryall, in my greatest need:
It is so hapned, that the heauens vniust,
Spighing my happy freedome, haue agreed,
To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to breed.

30
With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
To hide the blush which in her visage rose,
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
Decking her cheek with a vermilion rose:
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And to her turning, thus began againe;
This griefs deep wound I would to thee disclose,
Thereto compelled through heart-murd'ring paine,
But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still retrain.

31
Ah my deare dread (sayd then the faithfull Mayd)
Can dread of ought your dreadlesse heart withhold,
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
And dare euen Deaths most dreadfull face behold?
Say on my soueraigne Lady, and be bold.
Doth not your hand-mayds life at your foot lie?
Therewith much comforted, she gan vnfold
The cause of her conceiued malady,
As one that would confesse, yet fauine would it deny.

32
Clarinda, sayd she, thou see'st yond Fayry Knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne braue minde
Subiected hath to my vnequall might;
What right is it, that he should thraldome finde,
For lending life to me a wretch vnkinde,
That for such good him recompence with ill?
Therefore I cast, how I may him vnbinde,
And by his freedome get his free good-will;
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still:

33
Bound vnto me, but not with such hard bands
Of strong compulsion, and streight violence,
As now in miserable state he stands;
But with sweet loue and sure beneuolence,
Voide of malicious minde, or foule offence.
To which if thou canst win him any way,
Without discouery of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meed of him I purchase may,
And eke with gratefull seruice me right well apay.

34
Which that thou maist the better bring to passe,
Loe here this ring, which shall thy warrant be,
And token true to olde *Eumenias*,
From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
That in and out thou mayst haue passage free.
Goe now, *Clarinda*, we'll thy wits aduise,
And all thy forces gather vnto thee;
Armies of louely lookes, and speeches wise,
With which thou canst euen *Ioue* himselfe to loue entise.

35
The trusty mayd, conceiuing her intent,
Did with fure promise of her good endeavour,
Gue her great comfort, and some hearts content.
So from her parting, she thenceforth did labour
By all the meanes the might, to curry fauour
With th' Elfin Knight, her Ladies best beloved;
With daily shew of courteous kind behauiour,
Euen at the marke-white of his hart the roued,
And with wide glancing words, one day she thus him pro-
(ued;

36
Vnhappy Knight, vpon whose hopelesse state
Fortune, enuying good, hath felly frowned,
And cruell heauens haue heapt an heauie fate;
I rewe that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned
In stupid sorrow, sith thy iuster merit
Might else haue with felicity been crowned:
Looke vp at last, and wake thy dulled spirit,
To thinke how this long death thou mightest dishnerit.

37
Much did he maruell at her vncouth speech,
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceiue;
And gan to doubt, least she him sought t'appeach
Of treason or some guilefull traine did weaue,
Through which the might his wretched life bereaue.
Both which to barre, he with this answere met her;
Faie Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceiue)
Of my mishaps, art mou'd to wish me better,
For such your kind regard, I can but rest your detter.

38
Yet weete ye well, that to a conrage great
It is no lesse befeming, well to beare
The storme of Fortunes frowne, or heauens threat,
Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
Timely to ioy, and carry comely cheare.
For, though this cloud haue now me ouer-cast,
Yet doe I not of better times despaire;
And, though (vnlike) they should for euer last,
Yet in my truths assurance I rest fixed fast.

39
But what so stony minde (she then replide)
But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
Would to his hope a windowe open wide,
And to his fortunes helpe make ready way?
Vnworthy sure, quoth he, of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke purfew, if he attaine it may.
Which speeches she applying to the scope
Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope;

40
Then why dost not, thou ill aduized man,
Make meanes to winne thy liberty forlorne,
And try if thou by faire entreaty can
Moue *Radigund*? who though she still haue worne
Her dayes in warre, yet (weete thou) was not borne
Of Beares and Tigres, nor so saluage minded,
As that, albe all loue of men she scorne,
She yet forgets, that she of men was kynded:
And sooth offeene, that proudest harts base loue hath blind-
(ded.)

41
Certes *Clarinda*, not of cancred will,
Sayd she, nor obstinate disdainfull mind,
I haue forbore this duty to fulfill:
For, well I may this weene, by that I finde,
That she a Queene and come of Princely kinde,
Both worthy is for to besewd vnto,
Chieffy by him, whose life her law doth bind,
And eke of powre her owne dowme to vndo,
And als' of Princely grace to be enclin'd thereto.

42
But want of meanes hath becne mine onely let
From seeking fauour, where it doth abound;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to your selfe should rest for euer bound,
And ready to deserue what grace I found.
She feeling him thus bite vpon the baite,
Yet doubting least his hold was but vsound,
And not well fastened, would not strike him strayt,
But drew him on with hope, fit leasure to awaite.

43
But foolish Mayd, whiles heedlesse of the hook,
She thus oft-times was beating off and on,
Through slippery footing, fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confusion.
For, seeking thus to salue the Amazon,
She wound was with her deceptiues owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
Conciued close in her beguiled heart,
To *Arthegall*, through pittie of his causelesse smart.

44
Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,
Ne to him selfe, for doubt of being sdayned,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feare her mistris should haue knowledge gayned,
But to her selfe it secretly retained,
Within the closet of her conuert brest:
The more thereby her tender heart was payned.
Yet to awaite fit time she weened best,
And faerely did dissemble her sad thoughts vnest.

45
One day her Lady, calling her apart,
Gan to demaund of her some tydings good,
Touching her loues successe, her lingring smart.
Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,
As one adaw'd, and halfe confused flood;
But quickly she it ouer-past, so soone
As she her face had wypt, to fresh her blood:
Tho, gan she tell her all, that she had donne,
And all the wayes she fought his loue for to haue wonne:

46
But sayd, that he was obstinate and sterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine;
Ne would be taught with any tearms, to learne
So fond a lesson, as to loue againe.
Dier rather would he in penurious paine,
And his abridged dayes in dolour waste,
Then his foes loue or liking entertaine:
His resolution was both first and last,
His body was her thrall, his heart was freely plac't.

47
Which when the cruell Amazon perceiued,
She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell despight, which she conceiued,
To be so scorned of a base borne thrall,
Whose life did lie in her least eye-lids fall;
Of which the vow'd with many a cursed threat,
That she therefore would him ere long forsithall.
Nath'lesse when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan entreat.

48
What now is left *Clarinda*? what remains,
That we may compass this our enterprize?
Great shame to lose so long employed paynes;
And greater shame t'abide so great misprize,
With which he dares our offers thus despize.
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gracious mercy by this wize,
I will awhile with his first folly beare,
Till thou haue tride againe, & tempted him more neare.

49
Say, and do all, that may thereto prouaile;
Leaue nought vnpromist, that may him perswade;
Life, freedom, grace, and gifts of great auaille;
With which the gods themselues are milder made:
Thereto adde art, euen womens witty trade,
The art of mighty words, that men can charme;
With which in case thou canst him not inuade,
Let him feele hardnesse of thy heauy arme: (charme.)
Who will not stoupe with good, shall be made stoupe with
Some

Some of his diet doe from him withdrawe;
 For, I him finde to be too proudly fed.
 Giue him more labour, and with streighter lawe,
 That he with worke may be forwaried.
 Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
 That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
 And lay vpon him, for his greater dread,
 Cold iron chaines, with which let him be tide;
 And let, what-euer he desires, be him denide.

When thou hast all this doon, then bring me newes
 Of his demeaner: thenceforth not like a Louer,
 But like a Rebelle stout I will him vse.
 For, I resolute this sieg not to giue ouer,
 Till I the conquest of my will recouer.
 So she departed, full of grieue and saine,
 Which inly did to great impatience moue her.
 But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
 Vnto the prison, where her heart did thrall remaine.

There all her subtil nets she did vnfold,
 And all the engins of her wit display;
 In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,
 And of his innocence to make her pray.
 So cunningly she wrought her crafts as lay,
 That both her Lady, and her selfe withall,
 And eke the knight atonce she did betray:
 But most the knight, whom she with guilefull call
 Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

As a bad Nurse, which faying to receiue
 In her owne mouth the food, meant for her child,
 Withholdes it to her selfe and doth deceiue
 The infant, so for want of nour'ture spoyld:
 Euen so *Clarinda* her owne Dame beguil'd,
 And turn'd the trust, which was in her affide,
 To feeding of her priuate fire, which boyld
 Her inward breast, and in her entrayles fryde,
 The more that she it fought to couer and to hide.

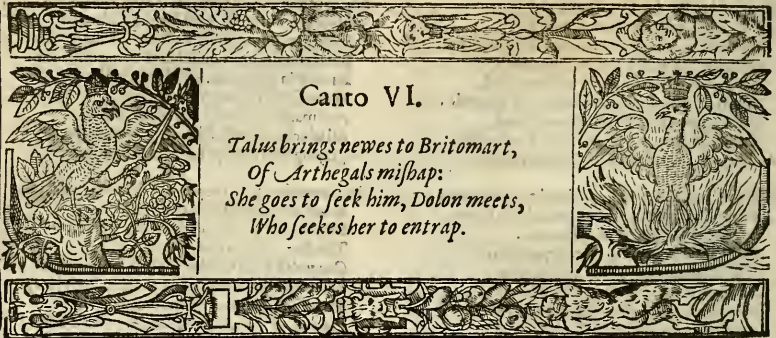
For, comming to this knight, she purpose fayned,
 How earnest suit she earst for him had made
 Vnto her Queene, his freedome to haue gayned;
 But by no meanes could her thereto perswade:
 But that in steade thereof, she sternely bade
 His misery to be augmented more,
 And many iron bands on him to lade.
 All which nath'lesse she for his loue forbore:
 So praying him t'accept her seruice euermore.

And more then that, she promiseth that she would,
 In case she might finde fauour in his eye,
 Deuize how to enlarge him out of holde.
 The Fairy glad to gaine his liberty,
 Can yeeld great thanks for such her curtesie;
 And with faire words (fit for the time and place)
 To feed the humour of her malady,
 Promist, if she would free him from that case,
 He would by all good means he might, deserue such grace.

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
 Yet neuer meant he in his noble mind,
 To his owne absent Loue to be vtrew:
 Ne euer did deceitful *Clarinda* finde
 In her false heart, his bondage to vnbinde;
 But rather how she mote him faster tye.
 Therefore vnto her mistresse most vnkinde
 She daily told, her loue he did desie;
 And him she told, her Dame his freedome did deny.

Yet thus much friendship she to him did shoue,
 That his scarce diet somewhat was amended,
 And his worke lessened, that his loue mote growe:
 Yet to her Dame him still she discommended,
 That she with him mote be the more offended.
 Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
 Of both beloued well, but little frended;
 Vntill his owne true Loue his freedome gayned,
 Which in an other Canto will be best containd.





Canto VI.

*Talus brings newes to Britomart,
Of Arthegals mishap:
She goes to seek him, Dolon meets,
Who seekes her to entrap.*

¹
Some men, I wote, will deeme in *Arthegall*
 Great weakenesse, and report of him much ill,
 For yeelding to himselfe a wretched thrall,
 To th'insolent commaund of womens will;
 That all his former praise doth fowly spill.
 But he the man, that lay or do so dare,
 Be well aduiz'd, that he stand steadfast still:
 For, neuer yet was wight so well aware,
 But he at first or last was trapt in womens snare.

²
 Yet in the strenghtesse of that captiue state,
 This gentle knight himselfe so well behaued,
 That notwithstanding all the subtill bait,
 With which those Amazons his loue still craued,
 To his owne Loue his loyalty he saued:
 Whose character in th'Adamantine mould
 Of his true heart so firmly was engraued,
 That no new loues impression euer could
 Bereaue it thence: such blot his honour blemish should.

³
 Yet his owne Loue, the noble *Britomart*,
 Scarleso conceined in her ielous thought,
 What time sad tydings of his balefull smart
 In womans bondage, *Talus* to her brought;
 Brought in vntimely houre, ere it was fought.
 For, after that the vtmost date, asynde
 For his returne, she waited had for nought,
 She gan to cast in her mid'doubtfull minde
 A thousand feares, that loue-sicke fancie's faime to finde.

⁴
 Sometime she feared, least some hard mishap
 Had him misfaine in his aduenturous quest:
 Sometime least his false foe did him entrap
 In traytrous trayne, or had vnwares opprest:
 But most she did her troubled minde inolest,
 And secretly afflic't with ielous feare,
 Least some new loue had him for her posselt;
 Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,
 To thinke of him so ill: yet could she not forbear.

⁵
 One while she blam'd her selfe; another while
 She him condem'n'd, as trustlesse and vntrew:
 And then, her griefe with errour to beguile,
 She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
 As if before she had not counted trew.
 For houres, but dayes; for weekes that passed were,
 She tolde but moneths, to make them seeme more fewe:
 Yet when she reckned them, still drawing neare,
 Each hour did seeme a moneth, & every moneth a yeere.

⁶
 But when as yet she sawe him not returne,
 She thought to send some one to seek him out;
 But none she found so fit to serue that turne,
 As her owne selfe, to ease her selfe of doubt.
 Now she deuiz'd amongst the warlike rout
 Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant knight;
 And then againe resolv'd to hunt him out
 Amongst loose Ladies, lapped in delight:
 And then both Knights enuide, and Ladies eke did spight.

⁷
 One day, when as the long had fought for ease
 In euery place, and euery place thought best,
 Yet found no place, that could her liking please,
 She to a window came, that opened West,
 Towards which coast her Loue his way addrest.
 There looking forth, she in her heart did find
 Many vaine fancies, working her vnrest;
 And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then winde,
 To beare vnto her Loue the message of her minde.

⁸
 There as she looked long, at last the spide
 One comming towards her with hasty speede:
 Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descride,
 That it was one sent from her Loue indeed.
 Who when he nigh approacht, the more arede
 That it was *Talus*, *Arthegall* his groomer;
 Whereat her heart was filld with hope and drede;
 Ne would she stay, till he in place could come,
 But ran to meet him forth, to knowe his tydings somme.

9
Euen in the dore him meeting, she begun;
And where is he thy Lord, and how farre hence?
Declare attonce; and hath he lost or wun?
The yron man, albe he wanted sense
And sorrowes feeling, yet with conscience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And stood still mute, as one in great confusion,
As if that by his silence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning, then him selfe it spake.

10
Till she againe thus sayd; *Talus* be bold,
And tell what-euer it be, good or bad,
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold.
To whom he thus at length; The tydings sad,
That I would hide, will needs, I see be rad.
My Lord (your Loue) by hard mishap doth lie
In wretched bondage, wofully bestad.
Ay me, quoth she, what wicked destiny?
And is he vanquilt by his tyrant enemy?

11
Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe;
But by a Tyrannesse, he then replide,
That him captiued hath in haplesse woe.
Cease thou bad newes-man: badly doest thou hide
Thy Matters shame, in harlots bondage tide.
The rest my selfe too readily can spell.
With that, in rage she turn'd from him aside
(Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell)
And to her chamber went like solitary Cell.

12
There she began to make her monefull plaint
Against her Knight, for being so vntrew;
And him to touch with falsehoods fowle attaint,
That all his other honor ouerthrew,
Of't did she blame her selfe, and often rewe,
For yeelding to a strangers loue so light,
Whose life and manners strange she neuer knew;
And euermore she did him sharply twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly plight.

13
And then she in her wrathfull will did cast,
How to reuenge that blot of honour blent;
To fight with him, and goodly die her last:
And then againe she did her selfe torment,
Inflitting on her selfe his punishment.
A while she walkt, and chaunt; a while she threw
Her selfe vpon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did she not lament with loud slew,
As women wont, but with deepe sighes, and singults few.

14
Like as a wayward childe, whose sounder sleepe
Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth set himselfe to weepe;
Ne can be stild for all his nurses might,
But kicks, and squals, and shriekes for fell despight:
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing;
Now seeking darknesse, and now seeking light;
Then craving sucke, and then the sucke refusing;
Such was this Ladies fit, in her Loues fond accusing.

15
But when she had with such vnquiet fits
Her selfe there close afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She vnto *Talus* forth return'd againe,
By change of place seeking to ease her paine;
And gan enquire of him, with mylder mood,
The certaine cause of *Arthegalls* detain:
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

16
Ah weal-away! sayd then the iron man,
That he is not the while in state to woo;
But lies in wretched thraldome, weak and wan,
Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now vndo.
Sayd I not then, quoth she, ere-while aright,
That this is things compact betwix you two,
Me to deceiue of faith vnto me plight,
Since that he was not forc't, nor overcome in fight?

17
With that, he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discourse of his captiuaunce sad,
In fort as ye haue heard the same of late.
All which, when she with hard endurance had
Heard to the end, she was rightfore bestad,
With sodaine founds of wrath and grieffe attone;
Ne would abide, till she had aunswere made;
But streight her selfe did dight, and armor don;
And mounting to her steede, bad *Talus* guide her on.

18
So forth she rode vpon her ready way,
To seeke her Knight, as *Talus* her did guide:
Sadly she rode, and neuer word did say,
Nor good nor bad, ne euer lookt aside,
But still right downe, and in her thought did hide
The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce auengement of that womans pride,
Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,
And so great honour with fo fowle reproach had blent.

19
So as she thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of grieffe and inward paine,
She chaunc't to meece, toward the euen-tide
A Knight, that softly pased on the Plane,
As if him selfe to solace he were faioce.
Well shot in yeaeres he seem'd, and rather bent
To peace, then needlesse trouble to constraime,
As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest semblant, that no euill ment.

20
He, coming neere, gan gently her salute
With courteous words, in the most comely wize;
Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
Then tearme to entertaine of common guize,
Yet rather then the kindnesse would despize,
She would her selfe displease, so him requite.
Then gan the other further to deuize
Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,
And many things demand, to which she answerd light.

21
For, little lust had she to talke of ought,
Or ought to heare, that mote delightfull bee;
Her minde was whole possessed of one thought,
That gaue none other place. Which when as hee
By outward signes (as well he might) did see,
He list no lenger to vse loathfull speach,
But her besought, to take it well in gree,
Sith shady damp had dimd the heauens reach,
To lodge with him that night, vnles good cause impeach.

22
The Championesse, now seeing night at dore,
Was glad to yeeld vnto his good request:
And with him went without gaine-saying more.
Not farre away, but little wide by West,
His dwelling was, to which he him address;
Where soone arriuing they receiued were
In seemely wise, as them besemed best:
For, he their Host them goodly well did cheare,
And talkt of pleasant things, the night away to weare.

23
Thus passing thr' euening well, till time of rest,
Then *Britomart* vnto a bowre was brought;
Where groomes awayed her to haue vndrest.
But she ne would vndressed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much besought.
For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgoe
Those warlike weeds, till she reuenge had wrought
Of a late wrong vpon a mortall foe:
Which she would iure performe, betide her weale or woe.

24
Which when her Host percei'd, right discontent
In minde he grew, for feare lest by that art
He should his purpose misse, which close he ment:
Yet taking leaue of her, he did depart.
There all that night remained *Britomart*,
Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe grieued,
Not suffring the least twinkling sleepe to start
Into her eye, which th' heart mote haue relieued:
But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight retriued.

25
Ye guilty eyes, sayd she, the which with guile
My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
My life now to, for which a little while
Ye wil not watch? false watches, weal-away,
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Vnto your losse: and now needs will ye sleep?
Now ye haue made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather weepe,
To thinke of your nights want, that should ye waking keep.

26
Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
In wayfull plaints, that none was to appease;
Now walking soft, now sitting still vpriight,
As sundry change her seemed best to eate.
Ne lesse did *Talus* suffer sleepe to leaze
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great disease;
Like to a spaniell wayting carefullly
Least any should betray his Lady treacherously.

27
What time the native Bel-man of the night,
The bird that warn'd *Peter* of his fall,
First rings his silver bell t' each sleepey wight,
That should their minds vp to deuotion call,
She heard a wondrous noise below the hall.
All sodainly the bed, where she should lie,
By a false trap was led adowne to fall
Into a lower room, and by and by
The loft was rayfd againe, that no man could it spie.

28
With sight whereof she was dismayd right fore,
Perceiuing well the treason, which was ment:
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would ensue of that euent.
It was not long, before she heard the found
Of armed men, comming with close intent
Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull sound
She quickly caught her sword, & shield about her bound.

29
With that, there came vnto her chamber dore
Two Knights, all armed ready for to fight;
And after them full many other more,
A rascall rout, with weapons rudely dight.
Whom soone as *Talus* spide by glimse of night,
He started vp, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his threshere ready keight.
They, seeing that, let driue at him streight way,
And round about him preace in riotous array.

30
But soone as he began to lay about
With his rude iron slaile, they gan to fly,
Both armed Knights, and eke vnarmed rout:
Yet *Talus* after them apace did ply,
Where-euer in the darke he could them spy;
That here and there like scattered sheep they lay.
Then backe returning, where his Dame did lie,
He to her tolde the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

31
Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning
To be auenged for so fowle a deede,
Yet being forc't abide the dayes returning,
She there remain'd, but with right wary heed,
Least any more such practice should proceed.
Now mote ye knowe (that which to *Britomart*
Vnknown was) whence all this did proceed:
And for what cause so great mischieuous smart
Was meant to her, that neuer euill meant in heart.

32
The goodman of this house was *Dolon* hight,
A man of subtil wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had been a knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde
Of life: for, he was nothing valorous,
But with flie shifts and wiles did vndermiade
All noble knights, which were aduenturous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

33
 He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes,
 Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
 Of all that on this earthly compas wones:
 The eldest of the which was flaine erwhile
 By *Arthegall*, through his owne guilty wile;
 His name was *Guizer*: whose vntimely fate
 For to auenge, full many treasons vile
 His father *Dolon* had deuiz'd of late
 With these his wicked sons, and shew'd his cancred hate.

34
 For sure he weend, that this his present guest
 Was *Arthegall*, by many tokens faired;
 But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,
 Which still was wont with *Arthegall* remaine;
 And therefore meant him surely to haue flaine:
 But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,
 She was preferred from that traytrous traine.
 Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
 Ne sufficd slothfull slepe her eye-lids to oppresse.

35
 The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
 Discouered had the light to liuing eye,
 She forth issew'd cut of her loathed bowre,
 With full intent r'auenge that villanie,
 On that vile man, and all his family.
 And comming downe to seeke them, where they wond,
 Nor fire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie:
 Each rowme she sought, but them all empty fond:
 They all were fled for feare; but whether, neither kond.

36
 She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,
 But tooke her steed; and thereon mounting light,
 Gan her addresse vnto her former way.
 She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
 But that she sawe, there present in her sight,
 Those two false brethren, on that perilous Bridge,
 On which *Pollente* with *Arthegall* did fight.
 Streight was the passage like a ploughed ridge,
 That if two met, the one mote needs fall ouer the lidge.

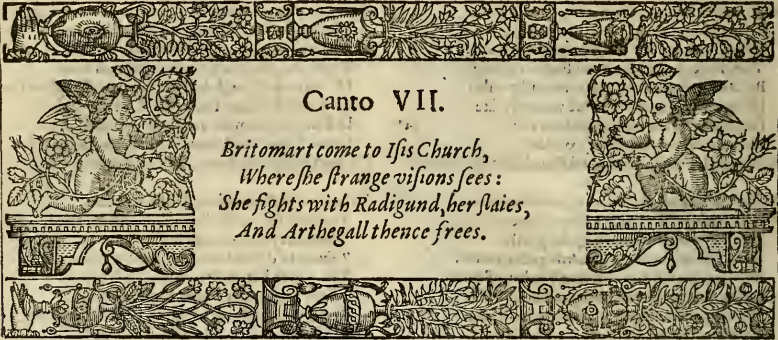
37
 There they did thinke them selues on her to wreake:
 Who as she nigh vnto them drew, the one
 These vile reproches gan vnto her speake;
 Thou recerst false traytoure, that with lone
 Of armes hast knighthood stolne, yet Knight art none,
 No more shall now the darknesse of the night
 Defend thee from the vengeance of thy sone;
 But with thy bloud thou shalt appeale the spright
 Of *Guizer*, by thee flaine, and murdered by thy flight.

38
 Strange were the words in *Britomartis* eare;
 Yet stayd she not for them, but forward faired,
 Till to the perilous bridge she came: and there
Talus descri'd, that he might haue prepared
 The way to her, and those two losels feared.
 But she therat was wroth, that for despight
 The glauncing sparkles through her beuer glared,
 And from her eyes did flash out fiery light,
 Like coales, that through a siluer Censer sparkle bright.

39
 She stayd not to aduize which way to take;
 But putting spurres vnto her fiery beast,
 Thorough the midd of them she way did make.
 The one of them, which most her wrath increast,
 Vpon her speare she bore before her beast,
 Til to the Bridges further end she past;
 Where falling downe, his challenge he releast:
 The other ouer side the Bridge she cast
 Into the Riuer, where he drunk his deadly last.

40
 As when the flashing *Leuin* haps to light
 Vpon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare,
 That way betwixt them none appears in sight;
 The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare
 Th'one from the earth, and through the aire doth beare;
 The other it with force doth ouerthrowe,
 Vpon one side, and from his rootes doth reare:
 So did the Championesse those two there strowe,
 And to their fire their carcasses left to bestowe.





Canto VII.

*Britomart come to Isis Church,
Where she strange visions sees:
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
And Art he gall thence frees.*

Nought is on earth more sacred or diuine,
That gods and men doe equally adore,
The this same vertue, that doth right define:
For th' heu'ns theſe clues, whēce mortal mē implor
Right in their wrōgs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of highest love, who doth true iustice deale
To his inferior gods, and cuer more
Therewith contains his heavenly Common-weale:
The skill whereof to Princes hearts he doth reueale.

Well therefore did the antique world inuent,
That Iustice was a god of soueraine grace,
And altars vnto him, and temples lent,
And heavenly honors in the highest place;
Calling him great *Oſyris*, of the race
Of th' old *Ægyptian* Kings, that whilome were;
With fayned colours shading a true case:
For, that *Oſyris*, whilest he liued here,
The iustest man aliue, and truest did appeare.

His wife was *Isis*, whom they likewise made
A goddesse of great power and fouerainty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of Iustice, which is Equity,
Whereof I haue to treat here presently.
Vnto whose temple when as *Britomart*
Arriued, shee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
But *Talus* mote not be admitted to her part.

There she receiued was in goodly wize
Of many Priests, which duely did attend
Vpon the rites and daily sacrifice,
All clad in linnen robes with siluer hemd;
And on their heads with long locks comely kemd
They wore rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,
To shew that *Isis* doth the Moone portend:
Like as *Oſyris* signifies the Sunne,
For that they both like race in equall iustice runne.

The Championesse, them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did beholde,
Borne vpon stately Pillors, all dispreed
With shining golde, and arched ouer-head,
She wondred at the workmans passing skall,
Whose like before she neuer saw nor red;
And thereupon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could neuer gaze her fill.

Thence, forth vnto the Idoll they her brought,
The which was framed all of siluer fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hem'd all about with fringe of siluer twine.
Vpon her head she wore a crowne of gold,
To shoue that she had powre in things diuine;
And at her feete a Crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

One foote was set vpon the Crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand,
So meaning to suppress both forged guile,
And open force: and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white slender wand.
Such was the goddesse; whom when *Britomart*
Had long beheld, her selfe vpon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble heart
Vnto her selfe her silent prayers did impart.

To which, the Idoll as it were inclining,
Her wand did moue, with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sense defining.
Who, well perceiuing, how her wand she hookes,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this, the day with dampe was ouer-cast,
And ioyous light the house of *Ioue* forooke:
Which when she sawe, her helmet she vnlaet,
And by the Altars side her selfe to slumber plac't.

9
For, other beds the Priests there vsed none,
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lye,
And bake their sides vpon the cold hard stone,
T' enure themselves to sufferance thereby;
And proud rebellious flesh to mortifie.
For, by the vow of their religion,
They tied were to stedfast chastitie,
And continence of life; that, all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their deuotion.

10
Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine: for, wine, they say, is blood;
Euen the bloud of Giants, which were slaine
By thundring *Ioue* in the Phegreaun Plaine.
For which the earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her sonnes, which gainst them did rebell,
With inward grieffe and malice did against them swell.

11
And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
The fruitfull Vine; whose liquor bloody red,
Hauing the minds of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stirre vp old rebellious thought,
To make new warre against the Gods againe:
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof refraine;
Ne, within reasons rule, her madding mood containe.

12
There, did the war-like Maid her selfe repose,
Vnder the wings of *Iris* all that night;
And with sweet rest her heauy eyes did close,
After that long daies toile and weary plight.
Where, whil't her earthly parts with loift delight
Of senselesse sleepe did deeply drowne d lie,
There did appeare vnto her heavenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close imply
The courte of all her fortune and posteritic.

13
Her seem'd, as shee was dooing sacrifice
To *Iris*, deckt with Mitre on her head,
And linnen stole, after those Priestes guise,
All suddainly she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to robe of Scarlet red,
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold;
That euen she her selfe much wondered
At such a change, and ioied to behold
Her selfe, adorn'd with gems and iewels manifold.

14
And in the midst of her felicity,
An hideous tempest seemed from belowe,
To rise through all the Temple suddainly,
That from the Altar all about did blowe
The holy fire, and all the embers strowe
Vpon the ground: which, kindled priuily,
Into outrageous flames vnwares did growe,
That all the Temple put in icopardy
Of flaming, and her selfe in great perplexity.

15
With that, the Crocodile, which sleeping lay
Vnder the Idols feet in fearelesse bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible distay,
As beeing troubled with that stormy stowre;
And gaping greedy wide, did straight deuoure
Both flames and tempest: with which growen great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peerelesse powre,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eate;
But that the Goddesse with her rod him back did beate.

16
Tho, turning all his pride to humbleesse mecke,
Himselfe before her feet he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and loue of her to seeke:
Which she accepting, he so neere her drew,
That of his game shee soone enwombd grew,
And forth did bring a Lion of great might,
That shortly did all other beasts subdew.
With that, the waked, full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully dismayd through that so vncooth sight.

17
So, there-vpon long while the musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantastic,
Vntill she spide the lampe of lightsome day,
Vp-listed in the porche of heauen hie.
Then vp she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pass;
Where-as the Priestes she found full busily
About their holy things for morrow Mass:
Whom she saluting faire, faire refaluted was.

18
But by the change of her vnchearefull looke,
They might perceiue she was not well in plight;
Or that some persiueneffe to hart she tooke.
Therefore thus one of them (who seem'd in sight
To be the greatest, and the grauest wight)
To her bespake; Sir Knight, it seemes to me,
That thorough euill rest of this last night,
Or ill afraid, or much dismayd ye bee,
That by your change of cheare is casie for to see.

19
Certes, said she, sith ye so well haue spide
The troublous passion of my peniue mind,
I will not seeke the same from you to hide,
But will my cares vnfold, in hope to find
Your ayde, to guide me out of errour blind.
Say on, quoth he, the secret of your hart:
For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,
I am adiur'd, best counsell to impart
To all, that shall require my comfort in their smart.

20
Then gan shee to declare the whole discourse
Of all that vision which to her appear'd,
As well as to her minde it had recourse.
All which when he vnto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-harted man he fared,
Through great astonishment of that strange sight;
And with long locks vp-standing, stify staired,
Like one adawed with some dreadfull spright:
So, sil'd with heavenly fury, thus he her belight.

21
Magnifick Virgin, that in quaint disguise
Of British armes doost maske thy royall blood,
So to pursue a perillous emprise,
How could'st thou weene, through that disguised hood,
To hide thy state from beeing vnderstood:
Can from th'immortall Gods ought bidden bee?
They doe thy lineage, and thy Lordly bidd;
They doe thy Sure, lamenting sore for thee;
They doe thy Loue, forlorne in womens thraldom see.

22
The end whereof, and all the long euent,
They doe to thee in this same dreame discover.
For, that same Crocodile doth represent
The righteous Knight, that is thy faithfull Louer,
Like to *Ophis* in all iust enduer.
For, that same Crocodile *Ophis* is,
That vnder *Iphis* feet doth sleepe for euer:
To shew that clemencie oft, in things amiss,
Restraines those sterne benefits, & cruell doomes of his.

23
That Knight shall all the troublous stormes asswage,
And raging flames, that many foes shall reare,
To hinder thee from the iust heritage
Of thy Sires Crowne, and from thy Country deare.
Then shalt thou take him to thy loued fere,
And ioyne in equall portion of thy Realme:
And afterwards, a sonne to him shalt beare,
That Lion-like shall shew his powre extreame.
So blesse thee God, and giue thee ioyance of thy dreame.

24
All which when she vnto the end had heard,
She much was cas'd in her troublous thought,
And on those Priests bestowed rich reward:
And royall gifts of gold and siluer wrought,
She for a present to their Goddesse brought.
Then taking leaue of them, she forward went,
To seeke her Loue, where he was to be sought;
Ne rested till she came without relent
Vnto the land of Amazons, as she was beat.

25
Whereof when newes to *Radigund* was brought,
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confus'd in her troublous thought,
But fill'd with courage and with ioyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
Had long surceast, she bade to open bold,
That she the face of her new foe might see.
But when they of that iron man had told,
Which late her folke had slaine, shee bade the forth to hold.

26
So, there without the gate (as seem'd best)
She caus'd her Paullion be pight;
In which, stout *Britomart* her selfe did rest,
Whiles *Talus* watched at the dore all night.
All night likewise, they of the towne in fright,
Vpon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.
The morow next, so soone as dawning light
Bade do away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
The war-like Amazon out of her bowre did peepe;

27
And caus'd straight a Trumpet loud to shrill,
To warne her foe to battell soone be prest:
Who, long before awoke (for she full ill
Could sleepe all night, that in vngquiet breast
Did closely harbour such a ialous guest)
Was to the battell whilome ready fight.
Eftsoones that warriouresse with haughty crest
Did forth issue, all ready for the fight:
On th'other side her foe appeared soone in sight.

28
But ere they reared hand, the Amazone
Began the straight conditions to propound,
With which she vs'd still to tye her fone;
To serue her so, as she the rest had bound.
Which when the other heard, she sternely frownd
For high disdain of such indignity,
And would no longer treat, but bade them sound,
For, her no other tearmes should cuer tie
Then what prescribed were by lawes of Cheualrie.

29
The Trumpets sound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smote;
Ne either thought the others strokes to shun,
But through great furie both their skill forgot,
And practicke vse in armes: ne spared not
Their dainty parts, which Nature had created
So faire and tender, without staine or spot,
For other vses then they them translated;
Which they now hackt & hew'd, as if such vse they hated.

30
As when a Tigre and a Lionesse
Are met at spoiling of some hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedinesse:
But first the Tigre claws thereon did lay;
And therefore loth to loose her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stand;
To which the Lion strongly doth giue a say,
That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hand;
And therefore ought it haue, where cuer she it fond.

31
Full fiercely layd the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes vnmercifully sore:
Which *Britomart* withstood with courage stout,
And them repaid againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the grasse flore
Was fill'd with blood, which from their sides did flowe,
And gulch'd through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their lines did strowe,
Like fruitlesse seed, of which vntimely death should growe.

32
At last, proud *Radigund* with fell despight,
Hauing by chance espide advantage neare,
Let driue at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus vpraying, said; This token beare
Vnto the man whom thou doost loue so deare;
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gausst.
Which spightfull words she, sore engrieu'd to heare,
Thus answer'd; Lewdly thou my Loue deprauest,
Who shortly must repent that now so vainly brauest.

Nath'lesse,

33
Nath'lesse, that stroke so cruell passage found,
That glaucing on her shoulder plate, it bit
Vnto the bone, and made a grieuoly wound,
That she her shield through ringing smart of it
Could scarce vphold; yet loone she it requit.
For hauing force increast through furious paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit,
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud person lowe prostrated on the Plaine.

34
Where beeing layd, the wrathfull Brittonesse
Stayd not till she came to her selfe againe,
But in reuenge both of her Loues distresse,
And her late vile reproche, though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound, which fore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft.
Which dreadfull sight, when all her war-like traine
There present saw, each one (of sense berct)
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole Victor left.

35
But yet, so fast they could not home retrace,
But that swift *Talus* did the formost win;
And pressing through the preace vnto the gate,
Pelmeil with them attonce did enter in:
There then a pittious slaughter did begin:
For, all that euer came within his reach,
He with his iron slaile did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the Leach:
Liketo an hideous storme, which nothing may empeach.

36
And now by this, the noble Conqueresse
Her selfe came in, her glory to partake;
VVhere though reuengefull vow she did professe,
Yet when she saw the heapes which he did make,
Of slaughtred carcasses, her hart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almost riuie,
That she his fury willed him to slake:
For, else he sure had left not one aluie,
But all in his reuenge of spirit would depruie.

37
Tho, when she had his execution staid,
She for that iron prison did enquire,
In which her wretched Loue was captiue layd:
Which breaking open with indignat ire,
She entred in to all the parts entire.
VVhere when she saw that loely vncouth sight,
Of men disguiz'd in womanish attire,
Her hart gan grudge, for very deepe despight
Of so vnmanly maske, in misery midlight.

38
At last, when-as to her owne Loue she came,
Whom like disguise no lesse deformed had,
At sight thereof abasht with secreet shame,
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad,
To haue beheld a spectacle so sad:
And then too well belieu'd, that which to-fore
Iealous suspect as true vntruly drad,
Which vaine conceit now nourishing no more,
She sought with ruth to salue his sad misfortunes fore.

39
Not so great wonder and astonishment,
Did the most chaste *Penelopé* possesse,
To see her Lord, that was reported drent,
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
Come home to her in pittious wretchednesse,
After long trauell of full twenty yeares,
That she knew not his fauours likelynesse,
For many faeces, and many hoary haire:
But stood long staring on him, mongst vncertaine feares.

40
Ah! my deare Lord, what sight is this, quoth she,
What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t'embrew
In bloud of Kings, and great hoasts to subdew?
Could ought on earth so wondrous change haue
As to haue robd you of that manly hew? (wrought,
Could so great courage stooped haue to ought?
Then farewell fleshy force; I see thy pride is nought.

41
Thence, forth she straight into a bowre him brought,
And caus'd him thoe vncomely weedes vndight;
And in their steede for other rayment sought,
Whereof there was great store, and armours bright,
Which had been rest from many a noble Knight;
Whom that proud Amazon subdew'd had,
Whil'st Fortune fauour'd her successe in sight:
In which when-as she him anew had clad,
She was reuin'd, and ioi'd much in his semblance glad.

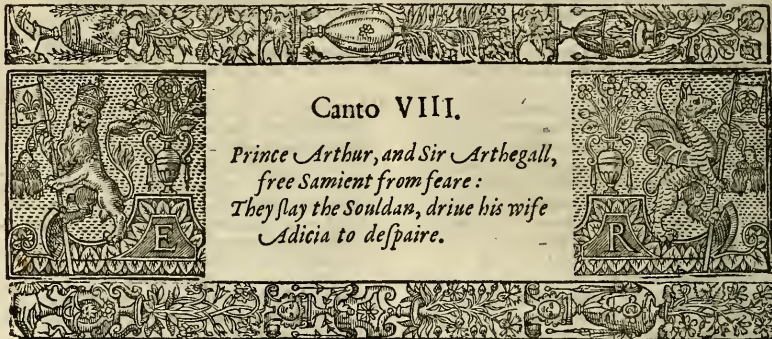
42
So, there awhile they afterwards remained,
Him to restre, and her late wounds to heale:
During which space the there as Princes raign'd,
And changing all that forme of common weale,
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long vsurpt; and them restoring
To mens subiection, did true Iustice deale:
That all they, as a Goddesse her adoring,
Her wisdom did admire, and harkned to her loring.

43
For, all those Knights, which long in captiue shade
Had throwed been, she did from thraldome freee;
And Magistrates of all that Citie made,
And gaue to them great huing and large fee:
And that they should for euer faithfull bee,
Made them sweare fealty to *Asthegall*.
Who when himselfe now well recur'd did see,
He purpos'd to proceed, what-so befall,
Vpon his first adventure, which him forth did call.

44
Full sad and sorrowfull was *Britomart*
For his departure, her new cause of grieue;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honour, which the tendred chiefe,
Consist'd much in that adventures prife.
The care whereof, and hope of his successe
Gaue vnto her great comfort and reliefe,
That womanish complaints she did repress,
And tempred for the time her present heauinesse.

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want her woe did more increase:
Then hoping that the change of ayre and place
Would change her paine, and sorrow some-what ease,

She parted thence, her anguish to appease.
Meane-while, her noble Lord *sir Arthegall*
Went on his way, ne euer howe he did cease,
Till he redeemed had that Lady thral:
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.



Canto VIII.

*Prince Arthur, and Sir Arthegall,
free Samient from feare:
They slay the Souldan, driue his wife
Adicia to despaire.*

Nought vnder heauen so strongly doth allure
The sense of man, & all his mind possesse,
As beauties lonely bait, that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigour to repress,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawne with the powre of an hart-robbing
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse, (eye,
That can with melting picaunce mollifie
Their hardned harts, enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

So whylome learn'd that mighty Iewish swaine,
Each of whose locks did match a man in might,
Te lay his spoiles before his Lemans traine:
So also did that great Ocean Knight.
For his Loues sake his Lions skin vndight:
And so did war-like *Antony* neglect
The worlds whole rule, for *Cleopatras* sight.
Such wondrous powre hath womens faire aspect,
To captiue men, and make them all the world reiect.

Yet could it not sterne *Arthegall* retaine,
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,
Which he had vnderant to *Gloriane*;
But left his Loue (albe her stroog request)
Faire *Britomart*, in languor and vnrest,
And rode himselfe vpon his first intent:
Ne day nor night did euer idly rest;
Ne night but onely *Talus* with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous gouernment.

So traouelling, he chaunc't farr off to heed
A Damzell, sying on a palfrey fast
Before two Knights, that after her did speed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chauc't,

In hope to haue her overhent at last:
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre out-went,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle agast,
With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent;
And euer as she rode, her eye was backward bent.

Soone after these, he saw another Knight,
That after those two former rode apace,
With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might:
So ran they all, as they had been at bace,
They being chased, that did others chase.
At length, he saw the hindmost overtake
One of those two, and force him turne his face;
How euer loth he were his way to slake,
Yet mote he algates now abide, and answere make.

But th'other still purswd the fearefull Maid;
Who still from him as fast away did flie,
Ne once for ought her speedy passage staid,
Till that at length she did before her spy
Sir Arthegall, to whom she straight did bie
With gladfull haste, in hope of him to get
Succour against her greedy enemy:
Who, seeing her approche, gan forward set
To saue her from her feare, and him from force to let.

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu'd still his course, and by the way
Thought with his speare him quite haue over-went.
So, both together ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met. But *Arthegall* was stronger,
And better skild in Tilt and Turnament,
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer
The two spears length; so mischief overmatcht the won-
And

8
 And in his fall, misfortune him mistooke;
 For, on his head vnhappily he pight,
 That his owne weight, his necke afunder broke,
 And left there dead. Meane while, the other Knight
 Defeated had the other faytour quight,
 And all his bowels in his body brast:
 Whom leauing therein that despiteous plight,
 He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
 His other fellow Pagan, which before him past.

9
 In stead of whom, finding there ready prest
 Sir *Arthegall*, without discretion
 He at him ran, with ready speare in rest:
 Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,
 Against him made againe. So both anon
 Together met, and strongly either strooke
 And broke their speares; yet neither has forgon
 His horses back, yet to & fro long flooke, (quooke.)
 And totred like two towres, which through a tempest

10
 But when againe they had recouered sense,
 They drew their swords, in mind to make amends
 For what their speares had sayld of their pretence.
 Which when the Damzell, who those deadly ends
 Of both her foes had seene, and now her friends
 For her beginning a more fearefull fray;
 She to them runnes in haste, and her haire rends,
 Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
 Vnall they both doe heare, what she to them will say.

11
 They stayd their hands, when she thus gan to speake;
 Ah! gentle Knights, what meane ye thus vnwise
 Vpon your selues anothers wrong to wreake?
 I am the wrongd, whom ye did enterprise
 Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise:
 Witnesse the Paynims both, whom ye may see
 There dead on ground. What doe ye then deuise
 Of more reuenge? if more, then I am shee,
 Which was the roote of all: end your reuenge on mee.

12
 Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about,
 To weet if it were true as she had told;
 Where, when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
 Eftsoones they gan their wrathfull hands to hold,
 And Ventailles reare, each other to behold.
 Tho, when as *Arthegall* did *Arthur* view,
 So faire a creature, and so wondrous bold,
 He much admired both his hart and hew,
 And touched with intire affection, nigh him drew;

13
 Saying, sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
 That all vnweeting haue you wrongd thus fore;
 Suffring my hand against my hart to stray:
 Which if ye please forgie, I will therefore
 Yield for amends my selfe yours euermore,
 Or what so please shall by you be red.
 To whom the Prince; Certes, me needeth more
 To craue the same, whom error so misled,
 As that I did mistake the liuing for the dead.

14
 But sith ye please, that both our blames shall die,
 Amends may for the trespasse soone be made,
 Sith neither is endmadg'd much thereby.
 So can they both themselues full eath perwade
 To faire accordance, and both faults to shade,
 Either embracing other louingly,
 And swearing faith to eithr on his blade,
 Neuer thence-forth to nourish enmity,
 But either others cause to maintaine mutually.

15
 Then *Arthegall* gan of the Prince enquire,
 What were those Knights which there on ground were
 And had recei'd their follies wither hite, (layd,
 And for what cause they chafed so that Maid.
 Certes, I wote not well, the Prince then said;
 But by adventure found them faring so,
 As by the way vnweetingly I strayd:
 And lo, the Damzell felice, whence all did growe,
 Of whom we may at will the whole occasion knowe.

16
 Then they that Damzell cald to them nic,
 And asked her, what were those two her sone,
 From whom she carst so fast away did sic;
 And what was she her selfe fo woe begone,
 And for what cause pursu'd of them attonce.
 To whom she thus; Then wote ye well, that I
 Doe serue a Queene, that not far hence doth wone,
 A Princesse of great powre and maiestie,
 Famous through all the world, and hoior'd far and nie.

17
 Her name *Mercilla* most men vscto call;
 That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,
 For her great bounty knowen over all,
 And soueraine grace, with which her royall Crowne
 She doth support, and strongly beateath downe
 The malice of her foes, which her enuy,
 And at her happinesse doe fret and frowne:
 Yet she her selfe the more doth magnifie,
 And cūen to her foes her mercies multiply.

18
 Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
 There is a mighty man, which wonnes hereby,
 That with most fell despight and deadly hate,
 Seekes to subvert her Crowne and dignity;
 And all his powre doth there-vnto apply:
 And her good Knights (of which so braue a band
 Serues her, as any Princesse vnder sky)
 He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
 Or to his part allures, and bribeth vnder hand.

19
 Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill
 Which he vnto her people does each day,
 But that he seekes by traytrons traines to spill
 Her person, and her sacred telfe to slay:
 That ô yee heauens defend, and turne away
 From her, vnto the miscreant himselfe,
 That neither hath religion nor fay,
 But makes his God of his vngodly pelfe,
 And Idols serues; so let his Idols serue the Elfe.

20
To all which cruell tyranny, they say,
Heis prouok'r, and stir'd vp day and night
By his bad wife, that hight *Adicia*,
Who counfels him (through confidence of might)
To breake all bonds of law, and rules of right.
For, she her selfe professeth mortall foe
To Iustice, and against her still doth fight,
Working to all that lone her, deadly woe,
And making all her Knights and people to do so.

21
Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best,
With that his wife in friendly wife to deale,
For stint of strife, and stablishment of rest
Both to her selfe, and to her Common-weale,
And all fore-past displeasures to repeale.
So me in message vnto her she sent,
To treat with her by way of enterdeale,
Of final peace and faire attonement,
Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

22
All times haue wont safe passage to afford
To messengers, that come for causes iust:
But this proud Dame, disdayning all accord,
Not onely into bitter tearmes forth brust,
Reuiling me, and rayling as she lust;
But lastly, to make proofe of vntoost shame,
Me like a dogge she out of dores did thrust,
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
That neuer did her ill, ne once deserued blame.

23
And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,
When I was gone, soone after me she sent,
These two false Knights, whom there y'lying see,
To be by them dishonoured and shent:
But thank be God, and your good hardiment,
They haue the price of their owne folly payd.
So said this Damzell, that hight *Samient*;
And to those knights, for their so noble ayd,
Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, & heaped thanks repaid.

24
But they, now hauing throughly heard and scene
All those great wrongs, the which that maid complained
To haue been done against her Lady Queene,
By that proud Dame, which her so much disdaind,
Were moued much thereat, and twixt them fained,
With all their force to worke auengement strong
Vpon the Souldan selfe, which it maintained;
And on his Lady, th'author of that wrong,
And vpon all those Knights that did to her belong.

25
But, thinking best by counterfet disguise
To their designe to make the easier way,
They did this complot twixt them selues deuise,
First, that sir *Arthegall* should him array,
Like one of those two Knights which dead there lay.
And then that Damzell, the sad *Samient*,
Should as his purchast prize with him conuay
Vnto the Souldans Court, her to present
Vnto his scornfull Lady, that for her had sent.

26
So, as they had deuiz'd, sir *Arthegall*
Him clad in th'armour of a Pagan Knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,
That Damzell, led her to the Souldans right.
Where, soone as his proud wife of her had sight
(Forth of her window as she looking lay)
Shee weened straight it was her Paynim Knight,
Which brought that Damzell, as his purchast pray;
And sent to him a Page, that mote direct his way.

27
Who, bringing them to their appointed place,
Offerd his seruice to disarme the Knight;
But he, refusing him to let vnlace,
For doubt to be discouered by his sight,
Kept himselfe still in his strange armour dight.
Soone after whom, the Prince arriued there;
And sending to the Souldan in despight
A bold defiance, did of him require
That Damzell, whom he held as wrongfull prisonere.

28
Where-with, the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Swearing, and banning most blasphemously,
Commanded straight his armour to be brought;
And mounting straight vpon a Charret hie,
With iron wheelcs and hookcs arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell steedes, which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyrannie
He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe dead,
Their bodies to his beasts for provender did spread.

29
So, forth hee came all in a coate of plate,
Burnisht with bloody ruff; whiles on the Greene
The Briton Prince him ready did await,
In glistering armes right goodly well bescene,
That shone as bright, as doth the heauen sheene;
And by his stirrup *Talus* did attend,
Playing his Pages part, as he had bene
Before directed by his Lord; to th'end
He should his faile to final execution bend.

30
Thus goe they both together to their gearc,
With like fierce minds, but meanings different:
For, the proud Souldan with presumptuous chearc,
And countenance subline and insolent,
Sought onely slaughter and auengement:
But the braue Prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.

31
Like to the *Thracian* Tyrant, who they say
Vnto his horses gaue his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedy pray,
And torne in peeces by *Aleides* great;
So thought the Souldan in his follies threat,
Either the Prince in peeces to haue torne
With his sharpe wheelcs, in his first ragcs heat,
Or vnder his ferce horses feet haue borne
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts disdaind

But the bold child that perill well espyng,
 If he too rashly to his Charet drew,
 Gaue way vnto his horses speedy flying,
 And their resistlesse rigour did eschew.
 Yet, as he passed by, the Pagan threw
 A shiuering dart with so impetuous force,
 That had he not it thund with heedfull view,
 It had himselfe transfixed, or his horse,
 Or made them both one masse withouten more remorse.

Ofte drew the Prince vnto his Charet nigh,
 In hope some stroke to fasten on him neare;
 But he was mounted in his seat so high,
 And his wing-footed coursers him did beare
 So fast away, that ere his ready speare
 He could aduance, he farre was gone and past.
 Yet still he him did follow euery where,
 And followed was of him likewise full fast;
 So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did last.

Againe, the Pagan threw another dart,
 Of which he had with him abundant store,
 On euery side of his embattel'd cart,
 And of all other weapons lesse or more,
 Which warlike vses had deuiz'd of yore.
 The wicked shaft guided through th'ayrie wide,
 By some bad spirit, that it to mischief bore,
 Stayd not, till through his curat it did glide,
 And made a grieisly wound in his enriuen side.

Much was he griued with that haplesse throe,
 That opened had the well-spring of his blood;
 But much the more that to his hateful foe
 He mote not come, to wreake his wrathfull mood.
 That made him raue, like to a Lyon wood,
 Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand
 Can not come neere him in the court wood,
 Where he with boughes hath built his shady stand,
 And fenc't himselfe about with many a flaming brand.

Still when he sought t' approach vnto him nie,
 His Charet wheeles about him whirled round,
 And made him backe againe as fast to flie;
 And eke his steedes, like to a hungry hound,
 That hunting after game hath carrion found,
 So cruelly did him pursue and chace,
 That his good steed, all were he much renown'd
 For noble courage, and for hardy race,
 Durst not endure their sight, but fled from place to place.

Thus, long they tract, and traues't to and fro,
 Seeking by euery way to make some breach:
 Yet could the Prince not nigh vnto him goe,
 That one sure stroke he might vnto him reach,
 Whereby his strengthes assay he might him teach.
 At last, from his victorious shield he drew
 The vile, which did his powrefull light empeach;
 And comming full before his horses view,
 As they vpon him prest, it plaine to them did shew.

Like lightening flash, that hath the gazer burn'd,
 So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
 That backe againe vpon themselves they turned,
 And with their rider ranne perforce away:
 Ne could the Souldane them from flying stay,
 With rains, or wonted rule, as well he knew.
 Nought feared they, what he could doe or lay,
 But th'onely feare that was before their view;
 From which, like mazed Deare, dismayfully they flew.

Fast did they flie, as when their feet could beare,
 High over hilles, and lowly ouer dales,
 As they were follow'd of their former feare.
 In vaine the Pagan bannes, and sweares, and railes,
 And back with both his hands vnto him hailes
 The resty raiues, regarded now no more:
 He to them calles and speakes, yet nought anales;
 They heare him not, they haue forgot his lore,
 But go which way they list, their guide they haue forlore.

As when the fiery-mouthed steeds, which drew
 The Sunnes bright waine to *Phaëtons* decay,
 Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion view,
 With vgly craples crawling in their way,
 The dreadfull sight did them so fore astray,
 That their well known courses they forwent;
 And leading th'euer-burning lampe astray,
 This lower world nigh all to ashes bren't,
 And left their scorched path yet in the firmament.

Such was the furie of these head-strong steeds,
 Soone as the Infants sun-like shield they saw,
 That all obedience both to words and deeds
 They quite forgot, and scord all former law;
 Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did
 The iron Charet, and the wheeles did teare, (draw
 And tost the Paynim, without feare or awe;
 From side to side they tost him here and there,
 Crying to them in vaine, that n'ould his crying heare.

Yet still the Prince pursew'd him close behind,
 Oft making offer him to smite, but found
 No easie means according to his mind.
 At last, they haue all over-throwne to ground
 Quite topside turuey, and the Pagan hound
 Amongst the iron hookes and grapples keene,
 Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound;
 That no whole peece of him was to be seene,
 But scattred all about, and strow'd vpon the Greene.

Like as the cursed sonne of *Thefus*,
 That following his chace in deawy morn,
 To flie his stepdames lone outrageous,
 Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,
 And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne;
 That for his like *Diana* did lament,
 And all the woody Nymphs did waile & mourne:
 So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,
 That of his shape appear'd no little monument.

44
 Onely his shield and armour, which there lay,
 Though nothing whole, but all to bruis'd and broken,
 He vp did take, and with him brought away,
 That mote remaine for an eternall token
 To all, mongst whom this story should be spoken,
 How worthily, by heauens high decree,
 Iustice that day of wrong her selfe had wroken;
 That all men which that spectacle did see,
 By like ensample mote for euer warned bee.

45
 So, on a tree before the Tyrants dore,
 He caused them be hung in all mens sight;
 To be a moniment for euermore,
 Which when his Lady from the Castles hight
 Beheld, it much appall'd her troubled spirit:
 Yet not, as women wont in dolefull fit,
 She was dismayd, or fainted through affright,
 But gathered vnto her her troubled wit,
 And gan estoones deuise to be aueng'd for it.

46
 Straight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow,
 That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
 With knife in hand, and fatally did vow,
 To wreake her on that mayden messengere,
 Whom she had caus'd be kept as prisonere
 By *Arthegall*, misween'd for her owne Knight,
 That brought her back. And comming present there,
 She at her ran with all her force and might,
 All flaming with reuenge and furious despight:

47
 Like raging *Ino*, when with knife in hand
 She threw her husbands mured infant out;
 Or fell *Medea*, when on *Colebiche* strand
 Her brothers bones she scattered all about;
 Or as that madding mother, mongst her rout
 Of *Bacchus* Priests her owne deare flesh did deare.
 Yet neither *Ino*, nor *Medea* stout,
 Nor all the *Manadés* so furious were,
 As this bold woman, when she saw that Damzell there.

48
 But *Arthegall*, beeing thereof aware,
 Did stay her cruell hand, ere she her raught,
 And as she did her selfe to strike prepare,
 Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught:
 With that, like one enfelon'd or distraught,
 She forth did rome, whither her rage her bore,
 With frantick passion, and with furie fraught;
 And breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
 Vnto the wilde wood ran, her delours to deplore:

49
 As a bad bitch, when as the frantick fit
 Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
 Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
 Snatching at euery thing, doth wreake her wrath
 On man and beast that commeth in her path.
 There they doe say, that she transformed was
 Into a Tigre, and that Tigres scath
 In cruelte and outrage she did pafs,
 To prone her surname true, that she imposed has.

50
 Then *Arthegall*, him selfe discouering plaine,
 Did issue forth gainst all that war-like rout
 Of Knights and armed men, which did maintaine
 That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout:
 All which he did assant with courage stout,
 All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
 And like wilde Goates them chased all about,
 Flying from place to place with coward shame,
 So that with finall force them all he ouercame.

51
 Then caused he the gates be opened wide;
 And there the Prince, as Victor of that day,
 With triumph entertain'd and glorifide,
 Presenting him with all the rich array,
 And royall pompe, which there long ludden lay,
 Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious wrong
 Of that proud Souldan, whom he east did slay.
 So, both, for rest there hauing staid not long,
 Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for another tong.

Canto





Canto IX.

*Arthur and Arthegall catch Guile,
whom Talus doth dismay:
They to Mercillaes palace come,
and see her rich array.*



What Tigre, or what other saluage wight
Is so exceeding furious and fell, (might ?
As wrong, when it hath arm'd it selfe vwith
Not fit mongst men, that do with reason mell,
But mongst wilde beasts and saluage woods to dwell;
Where still the stronger doth the weake deuoure,
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell,
Are dradded most, and feared for their powre:
Fit for *Adicia*, there to build her wicked bowre.

There let her wonne farte from resort of men,
Where righteous *Arthegall* her late exiled;
There let her euer keep her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defiled,
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled:
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leaue, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had vterly subuerbed his vnrighteous state.

Where, hauing with Sir *Arthegall* a space
Well solac't in that Souldans late delight,
They both resolving now to leaue the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Vnto that Damzell in her Ladies right,
And so would haue departed on their way.
But sice them wo'o'd by all the meanes she might,
And earnestly besought, to wend that day
With her, to see her Lady thence not farre away.

By whose entreatie both they, overcommen,
Agree to goe with her, and by the way
(As often falles) of sundry things did commen.
Mongst which, that Damzell did to them bewray
A strange aduenture, which not farre thence lay;
To weet, a wicked villaine, bold and stout,
Which wooned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the Country there about, (out.
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it

There to, both his ownewile wit, she said,
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both vnassailable, gaue him great ayde:
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nimble of his pafe,
So smoooth of tongue, and subtil in his tale,
That could deceiue one looking in his face;
Therefore by name *Malengin* they him call,
Well knownen by his feates, and famous ouer all.

Through these his slights he many doth confound,
And eke the rocke, in which he wents to dwell,
Is wondrous strong, and hewen farre vnder ground
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell;
But some doe say, it goeth downe to hell.
And all within, it full of windings is,
And hidden wayes, that scarce an hound by smell
Can follow out those false foot-steps of his,
Ne none can back returne, that once are gone amiss.

Which when those knights had heard, their harts gan
To vnderstand that villaines dwelling place, (yearne,
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it shoud traue.
Were not, said she, that it should lery your pafe
Towards my Ladies presence by you meant,
I would you guide directly to the place.
Then let not that, said they, stay your intent.
For, neither will one foot, till we that Carle haue hent.

So, forth they past, till they approached nie
Vnto the rock where was the villaines won.
Which when the Damzell neere at hand did spy,
She warn'd the Knights thereof: who there-vpon
Gan to aduize, what best were to be done.
So both agreed to send that mayd afore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and raysing pittifull vprore,
As if she did some great calamitie deplore.

With

9
 With noyse whereof, when as the caytiue Carle
 Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
 They in await would closely him enfnarle,
 Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,
 And so would hope him easily to foile.
 The Damzell fraight went, as she was directed,
 Vnto the rock; and there, vpon the foile
 Hauing her selfe in wretched wife abiected,
 Gan weepe and waile, as if great grieffe had her affected.

10
 The cry whereof, entring the hollow Caue,
 Effoonces brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
 With hope of her some withfull boot to haue.
 Full dreadfull wight he was, as euer went
 Vpon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
 And long curld locks, that downe his shoulders shag-
 And on his backe an vncouth vestiment ^{(ged,}
 Made of strange stufte, but all to worne and ragged;
 And vnderneath, his breech was all to torne and iagged.

11
 And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
 Whose top was arm'd with many an iron hooke,
 Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
 Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke;
 And euer round about he cast his looke,
 Als at his backe a great wide net he bore,
 With which he seldome fished at the brooke,
 But vs'd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,
 Of which he in faire weather wont to take great store.

12
 Him when the Damzell saw fast by her side,
 So vgly creature, she was nigh dafraid;
 And now for helpe aloud in earnest cried.
 But when the villaine saw her so affraid,
 He gan with guilefull words her to perswade
 To banish feare: and with *Sardonian* smile
 Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
 Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguile,
 That from her selfe vnwares he might her steale the while.

13
 Like as the Fowler on his guilefull pipe
 Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
 That they the whiles may take lesse heedie keepe,
 How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
 So did the villaine to her prate and play,
 And many pleasant tricks before her showe,
 To turne her eyes from his intent away:
 For, he in sleights and iuggling feates did floue,
 And of legier-de-mainie the mysteries did knowe.

14
 To which, whilst she lent her intentiue mind,
 He suddenly his net vpon her threw,
 That over-sprad her like a puffe of wind;
 And snatching her soone vp, ere well she knew,
 Ran with her fast away vnto his mew,
 Crying for helpe aloud. But when as nie
 He came vnto his Caue, and there did view
 The armed knights, stopping his passage by,
 He threw his burden downe, and fast away did flie.

15
 But *Arthegall*, him after did pursew,
 The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance still:
 Vp to the rocke he ran, and thercon flew
 Like a wilde Goat, leaping from hill to hill,
 And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will;
 That deadly danger seem'd in all mens fight,
 To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill:
 Ne ought auailed for the armed knight,
 To thinke to follow him, that was so swift and light.

16
 Which when he saw, his iron man he sent
 To follow him; for, he was swift in chace.
 He him pursew'd where-euer that he went,
 Both over rocks, and hilles, and euery place,
 Where-so he fled, he followed him apace:
 So that he shortly fore't him to forsake
 The height, and downe descend vnto the base.
 There he him courst afresh, and soone did make
 To leaue his proper forme, and other shape to take.

17
 Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourme;
 But he him hunted like a Fox full fast:
 Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme;
 But he the bush did bear, till that at last
 Into a bird it chang'd, and from him past,
 Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand:
 But he then stones at it so long did cast,
 That like a stone it fell vpon the land,
 But he then tooke it vp, and held fast in his hand.

18
 So he it brought with him vnto the knights,
 And to his Lord Sir *Arthegall* it lent,
 Warning him hold it fast, for feare of slights.
 Who whilst in hand it griping hard he hent,
 Into a Hedgehogge all vnwares it went,
 And prickt him so, that he away it threw.
 Then gan it runne away incontinent,
 Becing returned to his former hew:
 But *Talus* soone him over-tooke, and backward drew.

19
 But, when as he would to a snake againe
 Haue turn'd himselfe, he with his iron haile
 Gan drue at him, with fo huge might and maine,
 That all his bones, as small as sandy graile
 He broke, and did his bowels disentraile;
 Crying in vaine for help, when help was past.
 So did deceit the selfe deceiuer faile,
 There they him left a carrion out-cast,
 For beasts and fowles to feed vpon for their repast.

20
 Thence, forth they passed with that gentle Maid,
 To see her Lady, as they did agree.
 To which when she approached, thus she said:
 Lo, now, right noble Knights, arriu'd yee bee
 Nigh to the place which yee desir'd to see:
 There shall yee see my foueraigne Lady Queene,
 Most sacred wight, most debonaire and free,
 That euer yet vpon this earth was seene,
 Or that with Diademe hath euer crowned beene.

21
The gentle Knights reioyced much to heare
The praises of that Prince so manifold;
And passing little further, commen were,
Where they a stately Pallace did behold,
Of pompous shewe, much more then he had toid;
With many towres, and tarras mounted hie,
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
That seemed to out-shine the dimmed sky,
And with their brightnesse daz'd the strange beholders eye.

22
There they, alighting, by that Damzell were
Directed in, and shewed all the fight:
Whose porch, that most magnifick did appeare,
Stood open wide to all men day and night;
Yet warded well by one of mickle might,
That fate thereby, with giant-like resemblance,
To keepe out guile, and malice, and despight,
That vnder shewe oft-times of fained semblance,
Are wont in Princes Courts to worke great feathe and hind-

23
His name was *Awe*; by whom they passing in
Went vp the hall, that was a large wide roome,
All full of people making troublous din,
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some,
Which vnto them was dealing righteous doome.
By whom they passing through the thickest preace,
The Marshall of the hall to them did come;
His name might *Order*, who commaunding peace,
Them guided through the throng, that did their clamors

24
They ceast their clamors, vpon them to gaze;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Strange there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with vnwonted terror halfe affray.
For, neuer sawe they there the like array.
Ne euer was the name of warre there spoken,
But ioyous peace and quietnesse alway,
Dealing iust iudgements, that more not be broken
For any bribes, or threats of any to be wroken.

25
There as they entred at the Scriene, they saw
Some one, whose tongue was for his trespassse vile
Nayld to a poste, adiudged so by law:
For that there-with he falsely did reuile,
And foule blaspheme that Queene for forged guile,
Both with bold speeches, which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems, which he did compile;
For, the bold title of a Poet bad
He on himselfe had taken, and rayling rimes had sprad.

26
Thus, there he stood, whilst high over his head,
There written was the purport of his sin,
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
BON FON S: but *bon* that once had written bin,
Was rased out, and *Mal* was now put in.
So now *Malfont* was plainly to be red;
Either for th' euill, which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a V Well-hed
Of euill words, and wicked slanders by him shed.

27
They, passing by, were guided by degree
Vnto the presence of that gracious Queene:
Who sat on high, that the might all men see,
And might of all men royally be seene,
Vpon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
As either might for wealth haue gotten beene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare deuice;
And all embost with Lions, and with Flour-delice.

28
All over her a cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tislew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else, that may be richest red,
But like a clowd, as likeit may be told,
That her broad spreading wings did wide vnfold;
Whose skirts were borded with bright sunny beames,
Glistering like gold, amongst the plights enrold,
And here and there shooting forth silver streames,
Mongst which crept little Angels through the glittering

29
Seemed those little Angels did vphold
The cloth of State, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants, through their nimbleste bold:
Besides a thousand more of such, as sings
Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompassed the throne, on which she sat:
She Angel-like, the heire of ancient Kings
And mighty Conquerors, in royall state,
Whil' it Kings and Kefars at her feet did them prostrate.

30
Thus she did sit in soueraigne Maiestie,
Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had blest her happy land,
Maugre so many foes, which did withstand.
But at her feet her sword was likewise layd,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand;
Yet when as foes enforce't, or friends sought ayde,
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismaide.

31
And round about, before her feet there sat
A beanie of faire Virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd to adorne her royall state,
All louely daughters of high *Ioue*, that might
Lite, by him begot in lones delight,
Vpon the righteous *Themis*: those they say,
Vpon *Ioues* iudgement seat wait day and night,
And when in wrath he threatens the worlds decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance stay.

32
They also doe by his diuine permission
Vpon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through frailtie which offend.
Those did vpon *Mercillaes* throne attend:
Iust *Dice*, wilde *Ennomie*, mild *Erenee*;
And them amongst, her glory to commend,
Sat goodly *Temperance* in garments clene,
And sacred *Reuerence*, yborne of heauenly strene.

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
 Admir'd of many, honoured of all;
 Whil' t' vnderneath her feet, there as the fate,
 An huge great Lion lay, that mote appall
 An hardy courage, like captiu'd thrall,
 With a strong iron chaine and collar bound,
 That once he could not moue, nor quich at all;
 Yet did he murmure with rebellious sound,
 And softly roynce, when saluage cholere gan rebound.

So, sitting high in dradded soueraintie, (brought;
 Those two strange Knights were to her presence
 Who, bowing lowe before her Maiestic,
 Did to her milde obeyfance, as they ought,
 And meekest boone, that they imagine mought.
 To whom she eke inclyning her withall,
 As a faire stoupe of her high soaring thought,
 A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
 Yet tempred with some maiestic imperiall.

As the brightsunne, what time his fiery teame
 Towards the weasterne brim begins to draw,
 Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beame,
 And seruour of his flames some-what adaw:
 So did this mighty Lady, when she saw
 Those two strange knights such homage to her make,
 Bate some-what of that Maiestic and awe,
 That whylome went to doe so many quake,
 And with more milde aspect those two to entertake.

Now, at that instant, as occasion fell,
 When these two stranger knights arrin'd in place,
 Shee was about affaires of Common-weale,
 Dealing of Iustice with indifferent grace,
 And hearing pleas of people meane and base.
 Mongst which as then, there was for to be heard
 The tryall of a great and weighty case,
 Which oo both sides was then debating hard:
 But at the sight of these, those were awhile debar'd.

But, after all her princely entertaine,
 To th' hearing of that former cause in hand,
 Her selfe estoones she gan conuert againe;
 Which, that those knights likewise mote vnderstand,
 And witnesse forth aright in forraine land,
 Taking them vp vnto her stately throne,
 Where they mote heare the matter thoroughly scand
 On either part, she placed th' one on th' one,
 The other on the other side, and neere them none.

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre,
 A Lady of great countenance and place,
 But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
 Yet did appeare rare beauty in her face,
 But blotted with condition vile and base,
 That all her other honour did obscure,
 And titles of nobilitie deface:
 Yet, in that wretched semblant, she did surc
 The peoples great compassion vnto her allure.

Then vp arose a person of deepe reach,
 And rare in-sight, hard matters to reucale; (speach
 That well could charme his tongue, and time his
 To all affaires; his name was called Zeale:
 He gan that Lady strongly to appeale
 Of many hainous crimes, by her enured;
 And with sharpe reason rang her such a peale,
 That those, whom she to pittie had allured,
 He now t' abhorre and loath her person had procured.

First, gan he tell, how this that seem'd so faire
 And royally arrayd, *Duessa* hight,
 That false *Duessa*, which had wrought great care,
 And mickle mischief vnto many a knight,
 By her beguiled, and confounded quight:
 But not for those she now in question came,
 Though also those mote question'd be aright,
 But for vile treasons, and outrageous shame,
 Which she against the drad *Mercilla* oft did frame.

For, she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
 Remember) had her counsels false conspired,
 With faithlesse *Blandamour* and *Paridell*
 (Both two her paramours, both by her hired,
 And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspired)
 And with them practiz'd, how for to deprue
Mercilla of her Crowne, by her aspired,
 That she might it vnto her selfe deriue,
 And triumph in their blood, whom she to death did driue.

But through high heavens grace (which fauour not
 The wicked drifts of trayterous desires,
 Gain't loyall Princes) all this cursed plot,
 Ere prooffe it tooke, discouered was betimes,
 And th' actors won the meed meet for their crimes:
 Such be the meed of all, that by such meane
 Vnto the type of kingdomes title climes.
 But false *Duessa*, now vntitled *Queene*,
 Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be secne.

Strongly did Zeale her hainous fact enforce,
 And many other crimes of foule defame
 Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
 And aggravate the horror of her blame.
 And with him to make part against her, came
 Many grane persons, that against her plead;
 First, was a sage old Sire, that had to name
 The *Kingdomes care*, with a white siluer head,
 That many high regards and reasons gainst her read.

Then, gan *Authority* her to oppose
 With peremptory powre, that made all mute;
 And then the law of *Nations* gainst her rose,
 And reasons brought, that no man could refute;
 Next, gan *Religion* gainst her to impute
 High Gods behest, and powre of holy lawes;
 Then gan the Peoples cry, and Commons sute,
 Importune care of their owne publique cause;
 And lastly, *Iustice* charged her with breach of lawes.

45
But then for her, on the contrary part,
Rose many aduocates for her to plead:
First there came *Pittie*, with full tender heart,
And with her ioynd *Regard* of woman-head;
And then came *Danger* threatning hidden dread,
And high alliance vnto forren Powre;
Then came *Nobility* of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke stowre;
And lastly *Griefe* did plead, and many teares forth powre.

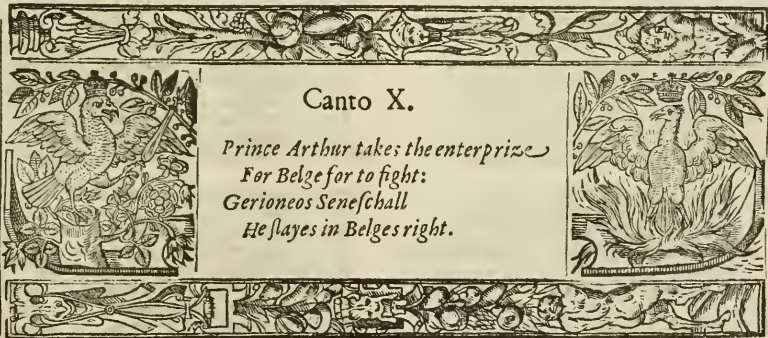
46
With the neere touch whereof in tender heart
The Briton Prince was sore empassionate,
And woxe inclined much vnto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate;
That for great ruth his courage gan relent.
Which when as *Zelee* perceiued to abate,
He gan his earnest seruour to augment,
And many fearfull obiects to them to present.

47
He gan t'efforce the euidence anew,
And new acculements to produce in place:
He brought forth that old Hag of hellish hew,
The curld *Até*, brought her face to face,
Who priue was, and party in the case:
She, glad of spoile and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach, and to her more disgrace,
The plot of all her practice did display,
And all her traynes, and all her treasons forth did lay.

48
Then brought he forth, with grisly grim aspect,
Abhorred *Murder*, who with bloody knife
Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect.
And there with guilty bloud-shed charged ryfe:
Then brought he forth *Sedition*, breeding strife
In troublous wits, and mutinous vp-rore:
Then brought he forth *Incontinence* of life,
Euen foule *Adulterie* her face before,
And lewd *Impiesie*, that her accuted sore.

49
All which when as the Prince had heard and seene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie estfoones was drawn cleane.
But *Arthevall*, with constant firm intent,
For zeale of Iustice was agaynst her bent.
So was the guilty deemed of them all.
Then *Zelee* began to vrge her punishment,
And to their Queene for iudgement loudly call,
Vnto *Mercilla* myld for Iustice gaynt the thrall.

50
But she, whose Princely breath was touched neare
With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plaine the sawe by all, that she did heare,
That she of death was guilty found by right,
Yet would not let iust vengeance on her light;
But rather let in stead thereof to fall
Few petling drops from her faire lampes of light;
The which she couering with her purple pall
Would haue the passion hid, and vp arose withall.



Canto X.

*Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
For Belge for to fight:
Gerioneus Seneschall
He slays in Belges right.*

1
Some Clukes doe doubt in their deucefull art,
Whether this heauenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten *Mercy*, be of Iustice part,
Or drawne forth from her by diuine extreate.
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to haue as high a place,
Sith in th' *Almighties* euerlasting seat
She first was bred, and borne of heauenly race:
From thence pour'd downe on men, by influence of grace.

2
For, if that *Virtue* be of so great might,
Which from iust verdict will for nothing start,
But to preferue inuoluted right,
Ofte spilles the principall, to saue the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That seekes to saue the subiect of her skill,
Yet neuer doth from doome of right depart:
As it is greater prayle to saue, then spill,
And better to reforme, then to cut-off the ill.

Cc

Who

Who then can thee, ³ *Mercilla*, throughly praise,
That herein do'st all earthly Princes pass?
What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour rayse
Vp to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
And now on earth it selfe enlarged has,
From th' vtmost brinke of the *Armericke* shore,
Vnto the margent of the *Molucas*?
Those Nations farre thy iustice do adore:
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayfe much more.

Much more it prayfed was of those two knights;
The noble Prince, and righteous *Arthegall*,
When they had seene and heard her doom arights
Against *Duessa*, damned by them all;
But by her tempred without grieffe or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce.
And yet enen then ruing her wilfull fall,
With more then needfull naturall remorse
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched corse.

During all which, those knights continu'd there,
Both doing and receiuing courtesies,
Of that great Lady, who with goodly cheare
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approuing daily to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare,
And worthy paterns of her clemencies;
Which till this day mongst many liuing are,
Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
There came two Springalls of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forein land, where they did dwell,
To seek for succour of her and her Peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
Sent by their mother, who a widow was,
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares,
By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and slaine her children ruefully, alas!

Her name was *Belge*, who in former age
A Lady of great worth and wealth had been,
And mother of a fruitfull heritage,
Euen seentene goodly sonnes; which who had seene
In their first flowre, before this fatal teene
Them ouertooke, and their faire blossomes blasted,
More happy mother would her surely weene,
Then famous *Niobe*, before she tasted
Latonas childrens wrath, that all her issue wasted.

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but fine of all that brood:
For, twelue of them he did by times deuoure,
And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,
Why'l't he of none was stopped, nor withstood.
For, soothly he was one of matchlesse might,
Of horrible aspect, and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one waste empyght,
And th' armes and legs of three, to succour him in fight.

And sooth they say, that he was borne and brad
Of Gyants race, the sonne of *Geryon*,
He that whylome in Spaine so fore was drad,
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subiectiō,
Through his three bodies powre, in one combyn'd;
And eke all strangers in that region
Anyuing, to his kyne for food aslynd;
The fayt'ft kyne alie, but of the fiercest kynd.

For, they were all, they say, of purple hew,
Kept by a cow-heard, hyght *Euryon*.
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe, t' attend them on,
But walkt about them euer and anone,
With his two headed dogge, that *Orithrus* hight;
Orithrus begotten by great *Typhaon*,
And foule *Echidna*, in the house of night;
But *Hercules* them all did ouercome in fight.

His sonne was this, *Geryon* hight:
Who, after that his monstrous father fell
Vnder *Alcides* club, streight took his flight
From that sad land, where he his fire did quell,
And came to this, where *Belge* then did dwell,
And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,
Being then new made widow (as befell)
After her noble husbands late decease;
Which gaue beginning to her woe and wretchednesse.

Then this bold tyrant, of her widow-head
Taking advantage, and her yet fresh woes;
Himselfe and seruice to her offered;
Her to defend against all forrē foes,
That should their powre against her right oppose.
Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,
Him entertayn'd, and did her champion chose:
Which long he vs'd with careful diligence.
The better to confirme her fearelesse confidence.

By meanes whereof, she did at last commit
All to his hands, and gaue him soueraine powre
To do, what-euer he thought good or fit.
Which hauing got, he gan forth from that howre
To stirre vp strife, and many a Tragicke stowre,
Giving her dearest children one by one
Vnto a dreadfull Monster to deuoure,
And setting vp an Idole of his owne,
The image of his monstrous parent *Geryone*.

So tyrannizing, and oppressing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
But vnto gracious great *Mercilla* call
For ayde, against that cruell Tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had rest.
Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes, she sent
To seek for succour of this Ladies gift:
To whom their sute they humbly did present,
In th' hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

Amongst

15
Amongst the which, then fortun'd to be
The noble Briton Prince, with his braue Peare;
Who when he none of all those knights did see
Hastily bent that enterprife to heare,
Nor vnder take the fame, for coward feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,
And humbly gan that mighty Queene entreat,
To grant him that aduenture for his former feat.

16
She gladly granted it: then he, straight way,
Himselfe vnto his iourney gan prepare.
And all his armours ready dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote stay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd, with purple hayre
Yet dropping fresh out of the *Indian* fount,
And bringing light into the heauens faire,
When he was ready to his feed to mount,
Vnto his way, which now was all his care and count.

17
Then taking humble leaue of that great Queene,
Who gaue him royall giftes and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankfull mind befeene,
And leauing *Arthegall* to his owne care;
Vpon his voyage forth he gan to fare,
With those two gentle youths, which him did guide,
And all his way before him still prepare.
Ne after him did *Arthegall* abide,
But on his first aduenture forward forth did ride.

18
It was not long, till that the Prince arriv'd
Within the land, where dwelt that Lady sad,
Whereof that Tyrant had her now depriv'd,
And into moores and marshes banisht had,
Out of the pleasant soyle, and Cities glad,
In which she wont to harbour happily:
But now his cruelty fo sore the drad,
That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly,
And there her selfe did hide from his hard tyranny.

19
There he her found in sorowe and dismay,
All solitarie without liuing wight;
For, all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themselues, or taken further flight:
And eke her selfe through sudden strange affright,
When one in armes she sawe, began to fly;
But when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,
She gan take heart, and looke vp ioyfully:
For, well she wist this Knight came, succour to supply.

20
And running vnto them with greedy ioyes,
Fell streight about their neckes, as they did kneele:
And bursting forth in teares; Ah my sweet boyes,
Sayd she, yet now I gin new life to feele,
And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
Now rise againe, at this your ioyous fight.
Already seems that Fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turne, and sunne to shine more bright
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight.

21
Then turning vnto him; And you Sir Knight,
Sayd she, that taken haue this toyle some paine
For wretched woman, miserable wight,
May you in heauen immortall guerdon gaine
For so great trauell, as you doe sustaine:
For, other meed may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought else, but bare life doth remaine;
And that fo wretched one, as ye do see
Is liker lingring death, then loathed life to bee.

22
Much was he moued with her pitious plight;
And, lowe dismounting from his lofty steed,
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to driue away deep rooted dreede,
With hope of helpe in that her greatest need.
So, thence he wisht her with him to wend,
Vnto some place, where they mote rest and feed,
And the take comfort, which God now did send:
Good heart in euills doth the euills much amend.

23
Ay me! sayd she, and whether shall I goe?
Are not all places full of forraine powres?
My Palaces possessed of my foe,
My Cities sackt, and their sky-threatening towres
Rased, and made smooth fields now full of flowres?
Onely these marshes, and miry bogs,
In which the fearefull ewfies do build their bowres,
Yield me an hoftry mongst the croking frogs,
And harbour here in safety from those rauencous dogges.

24
Nath'lesse, sayd he, deare Lady with me goe:
Some place shall vs receiue, and harbour yeeld;
If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
And purchase it to vs with speare and shield:
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field:
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends.
With such his chearefull speeches he doth wield
Her mind so well, that to his will she bends:
And binding vp her lockes & weeds, forth with him wends.

25
They came vnto a Citie furre vp land,
The which whylome that Ladies owne had beene;
But now by force extort out of her hand,
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleane
Her stately towres, and buildings sunny sheene;
Shut vp her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people, that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a Castle huge had made,
The which did her command, without needing perswade.

26
That Castle was the strength of all that State,
Vntill that State by strength was pulled downe,
And that same Citie, so now ruinate,
Had been the key of all that kingdomes Crowne;
Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that th'offended heauens list to lowre
Vpon their blisse, and balefull Fortune frowne.
When those gainst States and Kingdomes do coniure,
Who then can thinke their headlong ruine to recure?

27
But he had brought it now in seruile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of inquisition,
Striuing long time in vaine it to withstond;
Yet glad at last to make most bafe submission,
And life enioy for any composition.
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Impos'd on it, with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to do vnto his Idole most vntrew.

28
To him he hath, before this Castle Greene,
Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed
Of costly Iuery, full rich beset,
On which that cursed Idole faire proclaimed,
He hath set vp, and him his god hath named;
Offering to him in sinfull sacrifice
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse framed,
And powring forth their blood in brutish wize,
That any iron cies to see it would agrize.

29
And for more horror and more crueltie,
Vnder that cursed Idols altar stone;
An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was neuer scene of none
That lines on earth; but vnto those alone
The which vnto him sacrificed bee.
Those he deuoures, they say, both flesh and bone:
What else they haue, is all the Tyrants fee;
So that no whit of them remaining one may see.

30
There eke he placed a strong garriſone,
And set a Seneschall of draded might,
That by his powre oppressed euerie one,
And vanquished all ventrous knights in fight;
To whom he woult shew all the shame he might,
After that them in battell he had wonne.
To which, when now they gan approach in fight,
The Lady counfeld him the place to shonne,
Whereas fo many knights had foully been fordonne.

31
Her fearefull speeches nought he did regard;
But riding streight vnder the Castle wall,
Called aloud vnto the watchfull ward,
Which there did waite, willing them forth to call
Into the field their Tyrants Seneschall.
To whom when tydings thereof came, he streight
Cals for his armes, and arming him withall,
Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce address him to the fight.

32
They both encounter in the middle Plaine,
And their sharpe speares doe both together smite
Amid their shields, with so huge might and maine,
That seem'd their soules they would haue ryuen quight
Out of their breasts, with furious despight.
Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find
Into the Princes shield, where it empight;
So pure the metall was and well refyn'd,
But shiuered all about, and scattered in the wind.

33
Not so the Princes; but with restlesse force,
Into his shield it ready passage found,
Both through his haberjeon, and eke his corse:
Which tumbling downe vpon the feneflesse ground,
Gaulcleau vnto his ghost from thraldome bound,
To wander in the grisly shades of night.
There did the Prince him leaue in deadly ffound;
And thence vnto the Castle marched right,
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he might.

34
But as he nigher drew, three knights he spyde,
All arm'd to point, issuing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their powre did ride;
And meeting him right in the middle race,
Did all their speares attonce on him enchace.
As three great Culuerings for battery bent,
And leueld all against one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth-rent,
That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment.

35
So all attonce they on the Prince did thonder;
Who from his saddle swarued nought aside,
Neto their force gaue way, that was great wonder,
But like a Bulwarke, firmly did abide;
Rebutting him, which in the midst did ride,
With fo huge rigour, that his mortall speare
Past through his shield, & pearc't through either side,
That downe he fell vpon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly deare.

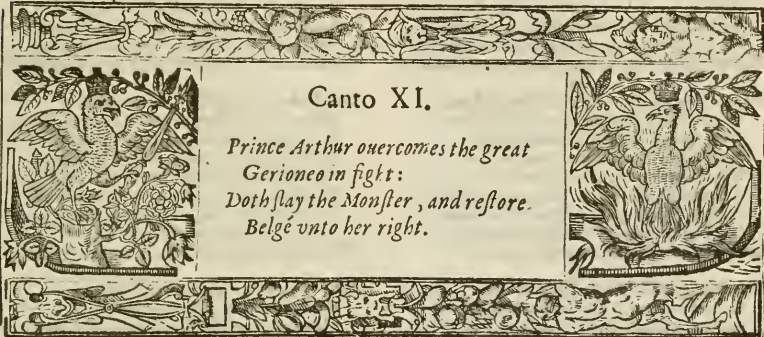
36
Whom when his other fellowes saw, they fled
As fast as feete could carry them away;
And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,
To be aueng'd of their vnknighly play.
There whilet they entring, th' one did th' other stay,
The hindmost in the gate he ouer-hent,
And as he pressed in, him there did slay:
His carcase tumbling on the threshold, sent
His groning soule vnto her place of punishment.

37
The other which was entred, laboured fast
To sperre the gate; but that same lump of clay,
Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled and past,
Right in the midst of the threshold lay,
That it the Posterne did from closing stay:
The whiles the Prince had preaced in betweene,
And entrance wonne: Streight th' other fled away,
And ran into the hall, where he did weene
Himselfe to saue: but he there slew him at the screene.

38
Then all the rest which in that Castle were,
Seeing that sad ensamble them before,
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them conuayd out at a Posterne dore.
Long fought the Prince: but when he found no more
To'ppose against his powre, he forth issued
Vnto that Lady, where he her had lored,
And her gan cheare, with what the there had viewed,
And what she had not seene, within vnto her shewed.

Who with right humble thanks him goodly greeting,
For so great prowesse, as he there had proued,
Much greater then was euer in her weeting,
With great admirance inwardly was moued,

And honourd him, with all that her behoued.
Thenceforth into that Castle he her led,
With her two sonnes, right deare of her beloued,
Where all that night them selues they chearishd,
And from her balefull minde all care he banishd.



Canto XI.

*Prince Arthur ouercomes the great
Gerioneo in fight:
Doth slay the Monster, and restore.
Belgé vnto her right.*

BT often fals in course of common life,
That right, long time, is ouerborne of wrong,
Through auarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong:
But iustice, though her dome she doe prolong,
Yet at the last she will her owne cause right.
As by Lid Belgé seemes, whose wrongs though long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this braue Briton Knight.

Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought,
How that the Lady Belgé now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,
And laid his seneschall lowe on the ground,
And eke him selfe did threaten to confound,
He gan to burn in rage, and rifele in feare,
Doubting sad end of principlevnfound:
Yet sith he heard but one, that did appeare,
He did himselfe encourage, and take better cheare.

Nathelisse himselfe he armed all in haste,
And forth he far'd with all his maye bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Vnto the Castle, which they conquerd had.
There with huge terror, to be more ydrad,
He sternely marcht before the Castle gates,
And with bold vaunts, and idle threatening bade
Deliner him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull state.

The Prince stayd not his answer to deuize,
But opening streight the Sparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right war-like wise;
And asked him, if that he were the same,

Who all that wrong vnto that wofull Dame
So long had done, and from her name land
Exiled her, that all the world spake blame.
He boldly answerd him, he there did stand
That would his doings iustifie with his owne hand.

With that, so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would haue ouer-run him (treight;
And with his huge great iron axe gan hew
So hideously vpon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would haue chopt it quight:
That the bold Prince was forced foote to giue
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight;
The whilst't at him fo dreadfully he drue,
That seem'd a marble rocke afunder could haue riuie.

Thereto a great aduantage eke he has
Through his three double hamis thrice multiplide,
Besides the double strength, which in them was:
For, still when fit occasion did betide,
He could his weapon shift from side to side,
From hand to hand, and with such nimble esse fly
Could wield about, that ere it were espide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy,
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply.

Which vncouth vsē when as the Prince perceiued,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Least by such sleight he were vnwares deceiued,
And euer ere he sawe the stroke to land,
He would it meete, and wartyly withstand.
One time, when he his weapon fayn'd to shift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counter-stroke so swift,
That quite smit off his arme, as he it vp did list.

8

Therewith, all fraught with fury and disdain,
 He brayd aloud for very fell despight;
 And sodainly t'auenge him selfe againe,
 Gan into one assemble all the might
 Of all his hands, and heaued them on high,
 Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
 But the sad Steele seiz'd not, where it was hight,
 Vpon the childe, but somewhat short did fall;
 And lighting on his horses head, him quite did malle.

9

Downe streight to ground fell his astonisht steed,
 And eke to th'earth his burden with him bare:
 But he him selfe full lightly from him freed,
 And gan him selfe to fight on foot prepare.
 Whereof when as the Giant was aware,
 He wox right blythe, as he had got thereby;
 And laught so loud, that all his teech wide bare
 One might haue seene entraung'd disorderly,
 Like to a ranke of piles, that pitched are awry.

10

Eftsoones againe his axe heraught on hie,
 Ere he were thoroughly buckled to his geare;
 And can let driue at him so dreadfully,
 That had he chaunced not his shield to reare,
 Ere that huge stroke arriued on him neare,
 He had him surely clouen quite in twaine.
 But th'Adamantine shield, which he did beare,
 So well was tempred, that (for all his maine)
 It would no passage yeeld vnto his purpose vaine.

11

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,
 That made him stagger with vncertaine sway,
 As if he would haue tottered to one side,
 Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely gan assay,
 That cur'tise with like kindnesse to repay;
 And smote at him with fo importune might,
 That two more of his armes did fall away,
 Like frutlesse branches, which the hatchets slight
 Hath pruned from the natie tree, and cropped quight.

12

With that, all mad and furious he grew,
 Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,
 And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw,
 Against his gods, and from them did threat,
 And hell vnto him selfe with horror great,
 Thenceforth he car'd no more, which way he strooke,
 Nor where it light, but gan to chaufe and sweat,
 And gnasht his teech, and his head at him shooke,
 And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke.

13

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his threats,
 But onely wexed now the more aware,
 To saue him selfe from those his furions heats,
 And watch aduantage, how to work his care,
 The which good Fortune to him offered faire,
 For, as he in his rage him ouer-strooke,
 He ere he could his weapon bucke repaire,
 His side all bare and naked ouertooke,
 And with his mortall steel quite through the body strooke.

14

Through all three bodies he him strook at once;
 That all the three at once fell on the Plaine:
 Else should he thrice haue needed, for the nonce,
 Them to haue stricken, and thrice to haue slaine.
 So now all three one senselesse lump remaine,
 Enwallow'd in his owne black bloody gore,
 And byting th'earth for very deaths disdain;
 Who with a cloud of night him couering, bore
 Downe to the house of doole, his dayes there to deplore.

15

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,
 Where shewith her two sonnes did looking stand
 She towards him in haste her selfe did draw,
 To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
 And all the people both of towne and land,
 Which there stood gazing from the Cities wall
 Vpon these warriors, greedy vnderstand
 To whether should the victory befall,
 Now when they sawe it false, they eke him greeted all.

16

But *Belge*, with her sonnes prostrated lowe
 Before his feet, in all that peoples sight,
 Mongst ioyes mixing som tears, mongst weale som wo,
 Him thus bespake; O most redoubted knight,
 The which haue me, of all most wretched wight,
 That carst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
 And these wake impes replanted by thy might;
 What question can I giue thee for thy paine,
 But euen that which thou sauest, thine still to remaine?

17

He took her vp forby the lilly hand,
 And her recomfited the best he might,
 Saying; Dear Ladie, deeds ought not be scand
 By th'anchors manhood, nor the doers might,
 But by their truth and by the causes right:
 That same is it, which fought for you this day.
 What other meed then need me to requight,
 But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
 That is the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay.

18

She humbly thank him for that wondrous grace,
 And further sayd; Ah Sir, but mote ye please,
 Sith ye thus fare haue tendred my poore case,
 As from my chiefest foe me to release,
 That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
 Till ye haue rooted all the relics out
 Of that vilerace, and stablished my peace.
 What is there else, sayd he, left of their rout?
 Declare it boldly Danje, and do not stand in doubt.

19

Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby
 There stands an Idoll, of great note and name,
 The which this Giant reared first on hie,
 And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:
 To whom for endlesse horrour of his shame,
 He offered vp for daily sacrifice
 My children and my people burnt in flame;
 With all the tortures that he could deuize,
 The more t'aggrate his god with such his bloody guize.

20
 And vnderneath this Idoll there doth lie
 An hideous monster, that doth it defend,
 And feeds on all the carcasses, that die
 In sacrifice vnto that cursed feend:
 Whose vgly shape none euer sawe, nor kend,
 That euer escap't: for, of a man they say
 It has the voice, that speeches forth doth fend,
 Euen blasphemous words, which she doth bray
 Out of her poyntous entrails, fraught with dire decay.

21
 Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan yearne
 For great desire that Monster to assay,
 And prayd the place of her abode to learne.
 Which being shew'd, he gan himselfe streight way
 Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display.
 So to the Church he came, where it was tolde,
 The Monster vnderneath the Altar lay;
 There he that Idoll sawe of masse golde
 Most richly made, but there no Monster did behold.

22
 Vpon the Image with his naked blade
 Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke;
 And the third time, out of an hidden shade,
 There forth islew'd, from vnder th' Altars smooke,
 A dreadfull feend, with foule deformed looke,
 That stretcht it selfe, as it had long lien still;
 And her long taile and feathers strongly shooke,
 That all the Temple did with terror fill:
 Yet him nought terrifide, that feared nothing ill.

23
 An huge great Beast it was, when it in length
 Was stretcht forth, that nigh filld all the place,
 And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;
 Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
 Borne of the brooding of *Echidna* base,
 Or other like infernall Furies kinde:
 For, of a Mayd he had the outward face,
 To hide the horrou, which did lurke behind,
 The better to beguile, whom she so fond did finde.

24
 Thereto the body of a dog she had,
 Full of fell rauen and fierce greedinesse;
 A Lions claws, with powre and rigour clad,
 To rend and teare what-so she can oppresse;
 A Dragons taile, whose sting without redresse
 Full deadly wounds, where-so it is empight;
 An Eagles wings for scope and speedinesse,
 That nothing may escape her reaching might,
 Whereto she euer list to make her hardy flight;

25
 Much like in foulnesse and deformitie
 Vnto that Monster, whom the Theban Knight,
 The father of that fatal progeny,
 Made kill her selfe for very hearts despight,
 That he had read her riddle, which no wight
 Could euer loofe, but issted deadly doole.
 So also did this Monster vfe like flight
 To many a one, which came vnto her school,
 Whom she did put to death, deceued like a fool:

26
 She coming forth, when as she first beheld
 The armed Prince, with shield so blazing bright,
 Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,
 And much dismay with that dismayfull sight,
 That back she would haue turn'd for great affright.
 But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
 That forc't her turne againe in her despight,
 To saue her selfe, least that he did her slay:
 And sure he had her slaine, had she not turn'd her way.

27
 Tho, when she sawe, that she was forc't to fight,
 She flew at him, like to an hellish feend,
 And on his shield took hold with all her might,
 As if that it she would in peeces rend,
 Or reave out of the hand, that did it hend.
 Strongly he stroue out of her greedy gripe
 To loofe his shield, and long while did contend:
 But when he could no more quite it, with one stripe
 Her Lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe.

28
 With that, aloud she gan to bray and yell,
 And fowle blasphemous speeches forth did cast,
 And bitter curses, horrible to tell;
 That euen the Temple whereto she was plac't,
 Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast.
 Tho, with her huge long taile she at him strooke,
 That made him stagger, and stand halfe aghast
 With trembling joynts, as he for terror shooke;
 Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.

29
 As when the Mast of some well timberd hulke
 Is with the blast of some outrageous storme
 Blowne downe, it shakes the bottom of the bulke,
 And makes her ribs to crack, as they were torne,
 Whil' it still she stands as stonist and forlorne:
 So was he stonn'd with stroke of her huge taile.
 But ere that it the backe againe had borne,
 He with his sword it strook, that without faile
 He ioynted it, and mard the swinging of her taile.

30
 Then gan she cry much louder then afore,
 That all the people (there without) it heard,
 And *Belgê* selfe was therewith stomed sore,
 As if the onely sound thereof she feard.
 But then the feend her selfe more fiercely reard
 Vpon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
 With all her body at his head and beard;
 That had he not forseene with heedfull view,
 And thrown his shield atween, she had him done to rew.

31
 But as she prest on him with heauy sway,
 Vnder her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
 And for her entrails made an open way,
 To issue forth; the which, once being brust,
 Like to a great Mill dam forth fiercely gush't,
 And powred out of her infernall sinke
 Most vgly filth, and poyson therewith rasi't,
 That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke:
 Such leathly matter were small lust to speake or thinke.

Then downe to ground fell that deformed Masse,
Breathing out cloudes of sulphur fowle and blacke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loath'd then *Lerna*, or then *Stygian* lake,
That any man would nigh awaped make.
Whom when he sawe on ground, he was full glad,
And streight wentforth his gladnesse to partake
With *Belge*, who watcht all this while full sad,
Wayting what end would be of that same danger drad.

Whom when she saw so ioyoufly come forth,
She gan ioyoyce, and shew triumphant cheare,
Lauding and praying his renowned worth,
By all the names that honorable were.
Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
The present of his paines, that monsters spoyle,
And eke that Idoll deem'd so costly deare;
Whom he did all to peeces breake and foyle
In filthy durt, and left so in the loathly foyle.

Then all the people, which beheld that day,
Gan shout aloud, that vnto heaven it tong;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray,
Came dancing forth, and ioyous Carrolles song:
So him they led through all their streets along,
Crown'd with girlonds of immortall bayes,
And all the vulgar did about them throng,
To see the man, whose euerslastin praye
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

There he with *Belge* did awhile remaine,
Making great feast and ioyous metrimment,
Vntill he had her settled in her raigne,
With safe assurance and establishment.
Then to his first emprise his mind he lent,
Full loath to *Belge*, and to all the rest:
Of whom yet taking leaue, thenceforth he went
And to his former journey him addrest,
On which long way he rode, ne euer day did rest.

But turne we now to noble *Arthegall*;
Who, hauing left *Mercilla*, stright way went
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
To weete, to worke *Irenae's* franchisement,
And eke *Grantorto'es* worthy punishment.
So forth he fared as his manner was,
With onely *Talus* waiting diligent,
Through many perils, and much way did pass,
Till nigh vnto the place at length approach't he has.

There as he traueled by the way, he met
An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long since aside had fet
The vse of armes, and battell quite forgone:
To whom as he approach't, he knew anone,
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire *Irene* in ber affliction,
When first to Faery Court he saw her wend,
Vnto his soueraine Queene her suite for to commend.

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan;
Haile good Sir *Sergis*, truest Knight alive,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than,
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne depriue;
What new occasion doth thee hither driue,
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is she thrall, or doth she not suruiue?
To whom he thus; She liueth sure and found;
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound.

For, she presuming on th'appointed tyde,
In which ye promise, as ye were a Knight,
To meeete her at the saluage Ilands syde
(And then and there for tryall of her right
With her vnrighteous enemy to fight)
Did thither come, where she (affraid of nought)
By guilefull treason and by subtyll flight
Surprised was, and to *Grantorto* brought,
Who her imprison'd hath, and her life of en fought.

And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which, if that no Champion doe appeare,
Which will her cause in battailous array
Against him iustifie, and proue her cleare
Of all those crimes, that he gainst her doth reare,
She death shall by. Those tydings sad
Did much abash Sir *Arthegall* to heare,
And grieued sore, that through his fault she had
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and vltige bad.

Then thus replide; Now sure and by my life,
Too much am I too blame for that faire Maide,
That haue her drawne to all this troublous strife,
Through promise to afford her timely ayde,
Which by default I haue not yet defraide.
But witnesse vnto me, ye heuens, that knew
How cleare I am from blame of this vpbraide:
For, ye into like thraldome me did throwe,
And kept from compassing the faith, which I did owe.

But now aread, Sir *Sergis*, how long space
Hath he her lent a Champion to prouide:
Ten daies, quoth he, he granted hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well, before that tide
None can haue tydings to assit her side.
For, all the shores, which to the sea accoste,
He day and night doth ward both farre and wide,
That none can there arriue without an hoste:
So her he deemes already but a damned ghost.

Now turne againe, Sir *Arthegall* then sayd:
For if I liue till those ten dayes haue end,
Assure your selfe, Sir Knight, she shall haue ayd,
Though I this dearest life for her do spend;
So backward he atone with him did wend.
Tho, as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confusid array,
As if that there were some tumultuous affray.

44
To which as they approach, the cause to knowe,
They sawe a Knight in dangerous distresse
Of a ruderout, him chasing to and fro,
That fought with Lawlesse powre him to oppresse,
And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse:
And farre away, amid their rake-hell bands,
They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,
Crying, and holding vp her wretched hands
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage withstands.

45
Yet still he striues, ne any perill spares,
To rescue her from their rude violence,
And like a Lion wood amongst them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispence,
Gainst which, the pallid death findes no defence.
But all in vaine; their numbers are so great,
That nought may boot to banish them from thence:
For, soone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
They turne afresh, and oft renew their former threat.

46
And now they do so sharply him assay,
That they his shield in peeces battered haue,
And forced him to throwe it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to laue;
Albe that it most safety to him gaue,
And much did magnifie his noble name.
For, from the day that he thus did it leaue,
Amongst all Knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant Knight, with endlesse shame.

47
Whom when they thus distressed did behold,
They drew vnto his aide; but that ruderout
Them also gan asslaye with outrage bold,
And forced them, how-euer strong and stout
They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
Backe to recule; vntill that yron man
With his huge flail began to lay about;
From whose sterne presence they diffused ran,
Like scattered chaffe, the which the wind away doth fan.

48
So when that knight from perill cleare was freed,
He drawing neere, began to greet them faire,
And yeeld great thanks for their so goodly deed,
In sauing him from dangerous despair
Of those, which fought his life for to empaire.
Of whom Sir *Arthegall* gan then enquire
The whole occasion of his late misfare,
And who he was, and what those villaines were,
The which with mortall malice him pursu'd fo neere.

49
To whom he thus; My name is *Burbon* bight,
Well knowne, and far renowned heretofore,
Vntill late mischief did vpon me light,
That all my former prayse hath blemisht fore;
And that faire Lady, which in that vprore
Ye with those cayntnes sawe, *Flourdelis* hight,
Is mine own Loue, though me she haue forsore,
Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

50
But sure to me her faith the first did plight,
To be my Loue, and take me for her Lord;
Till that a Tyrant, which *Grantorto* hight,
With golden gifts, and many a guilfull word
Entyce her, to him for to accord.
(O! who may not with gifts and words be tempted?)
Sith which, she hath me euer since abhord,
And to my foe hath guilfully consented:
Ay me! that euer guile in women was inuented.

51
And now he hath his troop of villains sent,
By open force to fetch her quite away:
Gainst whom, my selfe I long in vaine haue bent
To reskcw her, and daily means assay,
Yet reskcw her thence by no means I may:
For, they doe me with multitude oppresse,
And with vnequall might do ouer-lay,
That oft I driuen am to great distresse,
And forced to forgo th' attempt remedlesse.

52
But why haue ye, sayd *Arthegall*, forborne
Your owne good shield in dangerous dismay?
That is the greatest shame and soulest scorne,
Which vnto any knight happen may,
To lose the badge, that should his deeds display.
To whom Sir *Burbon*, blushing halfe for shame,
That shall I vnto you, quoth he, bewray;
Leaftyetherfore mote happily me blame,
And deem it doen of wil, that through inforcement came.

53
True is, that I at first was dubbed knight
By a good knight the knight of the *Redrosse*;
Who, when he gaue me armes, in field to fight,
Gaue me a shield, in which he did endosse
His deare Redeemers badge vpon the bosse:
The same long while I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or losse;
Therewith *Grantorto* lesse I did appall,
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

54
But, for that many did that shield enuie,
And cruell enemies encreased more;
To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,
That bloody scutchin being battered fore,
I laid aside, and haue of late forbore,
Hoping thereby to haue my Loue obtained:
Yet can I not my Loue haue nathemore;
For, she by force is still for me detained,
And with corruptfull bribes is to vntruth mis-trained.

55
To whom thus *Arthegall*; Certes Sir knight,
Hard is the case, the which ye do complaine;
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light,
That it to such a straight mote you constrain)
As to abandon that which doth containe
Your honours stile, that is your warlike shield.
All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine
Then losse of fame in disaduentrous field;
Dyerather, then doe ought, that mote dishonour yeeld.

56
Not so, quoth he; for, yet when time doth serue,
My former shield I may resume againe:
To temporize is not from truth to swerue,
Ne for aduantage terme to entertaine,
When as necessity doth it constraîne.
Fie on such forgery, sayd *Arthegall*,
Vnder one hood to shadow faces twaine.
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
Of all things to dissemble fowly may befall.

57
Yet let me you of courtesie request,
Sayd *Barbon*, to assit me now at need
Against these peasants, which haue me opprest,
And forced me to so infamous deed,
That yet my Loue may from their hands be freed.
Sir *Arthegall*, albe he carst did wyte
His waucting mind, yet to his ayde agreed,
And buckling him estfoones vnto the fight
Did set vpon those troups with all his powre and might.

58
Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
Of flies vpon a birchen bough doth cluster,
Did them assault with terrible allarme,
And ouer all the fields themselues did muster,
With bills and glayues making a dreadfull luster;
That forc't at first those knights back to retire:
As when the wrathfull *Boreas* doth bluster,
Nought may abide the tempest of his yre,
Both man & beast do fly, and succour doe inquire.

59
But when a ouerblown was that brunt,
Those knights began afresh them to assayle,
And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt;
But chiefly *Talus* with his iron flayle,
Gainst which no slyght nor rescue mote auaille,
Made cruell hauocke of the baser crew,
And chased them both ouer hill and dale:
The rascall many soone they ouerthrew;
But the two knights themselues their captains did subdew.

60
Atlast, they came whereas that Lady bode,
Whom now her keepers haue forlaken quight,
To saue them selues, and scattered were abroad:
Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor sorry for their sight;
Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
In royall robes, and many Jewels dight,
But that those villens through their visage bad
Them fouly rent, and shamefully defaced had.

61
But *Barbon*, streight dismounting from his steed,
Vnto her ran with greedy great desire,
And catching her fast by her ragged weed,
Would haue embraced her with heart entere.
But she, back-starting with disdainfull ire,
Bad him auant, ne would vnto his lore
Allured be, for prayer nor for meed:
Whom when those Knights so froward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked and vprayed fore.

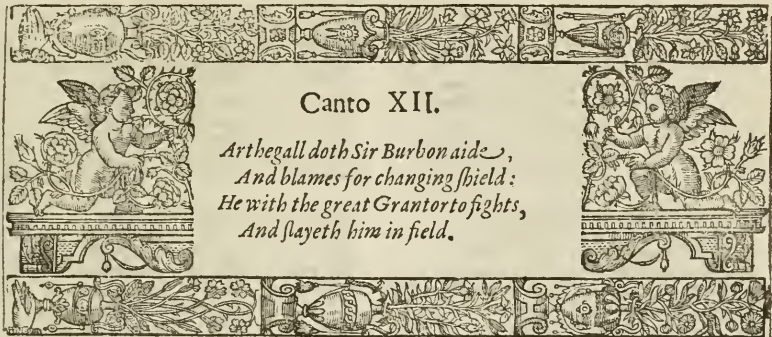
62
Sayd *Arthegall*; What foule disgrace is this,
To so faire Lady, as ye seeme in sight,
To blot your beauty, that vnblemisht is,
With so foule blame, as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of Loue for any worlds delight?
Is ought on earth so precious or deare,
As praye and honour? Or is ought so bright
And beautifull, as glories beames appeare?
Whose goodly light then *Phœbus* lanpe doth shine more
(clear.

63
Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted be
Vnto a strangers loue, so lightly placed,
For gifts of gold, or any worldly glee,
To leaue the Loue, that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falshood be defaced?
Fie on the pelfe, for which good name is sold,
And honour with indignity debased:
Dearer is loue then life, and fame then gold;
But dearer then them both, your faith once plighted hold.

64
Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind
Abash't at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
Ne ought to answer thereunto did fiod;
But hanging downe her head with heavy cheare,
Stood long amaz'd, as she amated weare.
Which *Barbon* seeing, her againe assayd,
And clasping twixt his armes, her vp did reare
Vpon his steede, whiles she no whit gaine-sayd;
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apaid.

65
Nath'lesse the yron man did still purfew
That rascall many with vnpiitted spoyle;
Ne ceased not, till all their scattered crew
Into the sea he droue quite from that foyle,
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle.
But *Arthegall*, seeing his cruell deed,
Commanded him from slaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed,
For that the terme approaching fast, required speed.





Canto XII.

*Art he gall doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing shield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slayeth him in field.*

S¹acred hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raigne!
Whō neither dread of God, that duels bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that Cōmon-weals contain,
Nor bands of Nature, that wilde beasts refraine,
Can keep from outrage, and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kiogdome to obtaine.
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,
No loue so lasting then, that may endure long.

Witnesse may *Burbon* be, whom all the bands,
Which may a Knight assure, had surely bound,
Vntill the loue of Lordship and of land
Made him become most faultlesse and vnfound:
And witnesse be *Gerione* found,
Who for like cause faire *Belgē* did oppresse,
And right and wrong most cruelly confound:
And so be now *Grantorto*, who no lesse
Then all the rest burst out to all outrageoufnesse.

Gainst whom *Sir Arthegall*, long hauing since
Taken in hand th'exploit, being theretoo
Appointed by that mighty Faery Prince,
Great *Gloriane*, that tyrant to fordoe,
Through other great adventures hithertoo
Had it forsackt. But now time drawing ny,
To him asynd, her high behest to doo,
To the sea shore he gan his way apply,
To weet, if shipping ready he mote there deserue.

Tho. when they came to the sea coast, they found
A ship all ready (as good fortune fell)
To put to sea, with whom they did compound,
To passe them ouer, where them list to tell:
The wude and weather serued them so well,
That in one day they with the coast did fall;
Whereas they ready found, them to repell,
Great hostes of men in order Martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forfall.

But nathemore would they from land refraine:
But when as nigh vnto the shore they drew,
That foot of man might found the bottom plaine,
Talus into the sea did forth islew,
Though darts from shore, & stones they at him threw;
And wading through the waues with stedfast sway,
Maugre the might of all those troupes in view,
Did win the shore, whence he them chast away,
And made to fly, like Doves, whom th'Eagle doth affray.

The whyles, *Sir Arthegall*, with that old knight
Did forth descend, there being none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in sight.
By this, came tydings to the Tyrants eare,
By those, which earlt did fly away for feare
Of their arriall: wherewith troubled sore,
He all his forces streight to him did reare,
And forth issuing with his scouts afore,
Meant them to haue incountred, ere they left the shore.

But ere he marched farre, he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force;
But *Talus* sternely did vpon them set,
And brusht, and battered them without remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a corse;
Ne any able was him to withstand,
But he them ouerthrew both man and horse,
That they lay scatterd ouer all the land,
As thicke as doth the feed after the fowers hand;

Till *Arthegall* him seeing so to rage,
Will'd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:
To which all hearkning, did awhile aswage
Their forces fury, and their terror slake;
Till he an Herauld cadd, and to him spake,
Willing him wead vnto the Tyrant streight,
And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
He thither came, but for to try the right
Of faire *Irenaes* cause with him in single fight.

And

9
And willed him for to reclaime with speed
His scattered people, ere they all were slaine,
And time and place conuenient to ared,
In which, they two the combat might darraine.
Which message when *Grantorto* heard, full faime
And glad he was the slaughter fo to stay,
And pointed for the combat twixt them twaine
The morrowe next, ne gaue him longer day;
So founded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

10
That night, *Sir Arthegall* did cause his tent
There to be pitched on the open Plaine;
For, he had giuen streight commandement,
That none should dare him once to entertaine:
Which none durst break, though many would right faim
For faire *Irena*, whom they loued deare.
But yet olde *Sergis* did so well him paine,
That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did puruay, which for them needfull were.

11
The morrow next, that was the dismall day,
Appointed for *Irenas* death before,
So soone as it did to the world display
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
The heauy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of *Arthegalls* arriual, her to free,
Lookt vp with eyes full sad, and heart full fore;
Weening her lifes last howe then neere to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor see.

12
Then vp she rose, and on her selfe did dight
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day;
And with dull count'nance, and with dolefull spright,
She forth was brought in sorrowfull difmay,
For to receiue the doom of her decay.
But coming to the place, and finding there
Sir Arthegall, in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead heart cheare,
And new life to her lent, in midst of deadly feare.

13
Like as a tender Rose in open Plaine,
That with vntimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
Thereon distill and deaw her dainty face,
Gins to looke vp, and with fresh wonted grace
Dispreds the glory of her leaves gay;
Such was *Irenas* countenance, such her case,
When *Arthegall* she sawe in that array,
There wayting for the tyrant, till it was farre day.

14
Who came at length, with proud presumptuous gate,
Into the field, as if hefearelesse were,
All armed in a coat of iron plate,
Of great defence toward the deadly feare,
And on his head a steele-cap he did weare
Of colour rusty browne, but sure & strong;
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,
Whose steele was iron fudded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight, to iustifie his wrong.

15
Of stature huge, and hideous he was,
Like to a Giant for his monstrous height,
And did in strength most sorts of men surpass,
Ne euer any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great skill in single fight;
His face was vgly, and his countenance sterne,
That could haue fray'd one with the very sight,
And gaped like a gulfe, when he did gerne,
That whether man or monster one could scarce discern.

16
Soone as he did within the listes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he *Arthegall* beheld,
As if he would haue daunted him with feare,
And grinning grisly, did against him weld
His deadly weapon, which in hand he held.
But th'*Elfin* swayne, that oft had seene like sight,
Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing queld,
But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
And cast his shield about, to be in ready plight.

17
The Trumpets sound, and they together goe,
With dreadfull terror, and with fell intent;
And their huge strokes full dangerously bestowe,
To doe most dammage, where as most they ment.
But with lure force and fury violent,
The tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,
That through the iron walles their way they rent,
And euen to the vitall parts they past,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or brast.

18
Which cruell outrage, when as *Arthegall*
Did well auize, thenceforth with wary heed
He shund his strokes, where-euer they did fall,
And way did giue vnto their gracelesse speed:
As when a skilfull Mariner doth reed
A storme approaching, that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the danger of such dread,
But strikes his sayles, and vcereth his main-sheat,
And lends vnto it leaue the emperic ayre to beat.

19
So did the Faery Knight himselfe abear,
And stouped oft, his head from shame to shield:
No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to reare,
And much to gaine, a little for to yield;
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field.
But still the tyrant sternely at him layd,
And did his iron axe fo nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes himfore did ouer-lade.

20
Yet, when as fit aduantage he did spy,
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare
His cruell hand, to smite him mortally,
Vnder his stroke he to him stepping neare,
Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly dreare,
That the gore-bloud, thence gushing grieuously,
Did vnderneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple die;
Therewith he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

21
Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his course, as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,
That seemed nought could him from death protect:
But he it well did ward with wife respect,
And twixt him and the blowe his shield did cast,
Which thereon seizing, tooke no great effect;
But bying deepe therein, did sticke so fast,
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could wrast.

22
Long while he tugd and stroue, to get it out,
And all his powre applyed there-vnto,
That he there-with the Knight drew all about:
Nath'lesse, for all that euer he could doe,
His axe he could not from his shield vndoe.
Which *Arthegall* perceiving, strooke no more,
But loosing to one his shield, did it forgoe,
And whiles he combred was there-with so fore,
He gan at him let driue more fiercely then afore.

23
So well he him pursew'd, that at the last,
He strooke him with *Chrysaor* on the head,
That with the soule thereof full fore agast,
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull stead.
Again, whiles he him saw so ill bested,
He did him smite with all his might and maine,
That falling on his mother earth he fed:
VWhom when he saw prostrated on the Plaine,
He lightly rest his head, to ease him of his paine.

24
Which when the people round about him saw,
They shouted all for ioy of his successe,
Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,
Which with strong powre did them long time oppresse:
And running all with greedy ioyfulnessse
To saue *Irena*, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humblenessse,
As their true Liege and Princesse naturall;
And eke her champions glory sounded over all.

25
Who, straight her leading with meet maiesty
Vnto the Palace where their Kings did raigne,
Did her therein establish peaceably,
And to her kingdomes seat restore againe;
And all such persons as did late maintaine
That Tyrants part, with close or open ayd,
He forely punished with heauy paine;
That in short space, whiles there with her he staid,
Not one was left, that durst her once haue disobaid.

26
During which time that he did there remaine,
His studie was true Iustice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his busie paine
How to reforme that ragged Common-weale:
And that same iron man which could reueale
All hidden crimes, through all that Realme he sent,
To search out those that vs'd to rob and steale,
Or did rebell gainst lawfull government;
On whom he did inflict most grieuous punishment.

27
But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Faery-Court, that of necessity
His course of Iustice he was forc't to stay,
And *Talus* to reuoke from the right way,
In which he was that Realme for to redresse.
But enuies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray.
So hauing freed *Irena* from distresse,
He tooke his leaue of her, there left in heauinessse.

28
Tho, as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriu'd againe whence forth he set,
He had not pass'd furre vpon the strand,
When-as two old ill fauour'd Hags he met,
By the way side beeing together set,
Two grieu'd creatures; and, to that their faces
Most foule and filthy were, their garments yet
Beeing all ragd and tatter'd, their disgraces
Did much the more augment, and made most vgly cases.

29
The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt; and her foule haire
Hung loose and loathsome: there-to her he w
VVas wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones, might through her cheeks be red;
Her lips were like raw leather, pale and blew:
And as the spake, there-with she flattered;
Yet spake she seldom, but thought more, the lesse shee fed.

30
Her hands were foule and dirty, neuer was sit
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught,
Like Puttocks clawes: with th'one of which she scratcht
Her curst head, although it itched naught;
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed, and gnawed hungerly,
As if that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her iawes one might descry
The bloody gore and poyson dropping lothsome.

31
Her name was *Envy*, knowne well thereby;
Whose nature is to grieue, and grudge at all
That euer she sees dovn praise-worthy:
VVhose sight to her is greatest crosse may fall,
And vexeth so, that makes her eate her gall.
For, when she wanteth other thing to eate,
She feeds on her owne mawe vnatural,
And of her owne foule entrailles makes her meat;
Meat fit for such a monsters monstrous deat.

32
And if she hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieue, and teare
Her flesh for felnessse, which she inward hid:
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would she make
Great chere, like one vnto a banquet bid;
And in anothers losse great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby, and gained a great stake.

Dd.

The

33
The other, nothing better was then shee;
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kind,
But in bad manner they did disagree:
For, what-so *Envy* good or bad did find,
She did conceale, and murder her owne mind;
But this, what-euer euill she conceiued,
Did spread abroad, and throwe in th' open wind.
Yet this in all her words might be perceiued, (reaned.
That all shee sought, was mens good name to haue be-

34
For, what-soeuer good by any find,
Or doen she heard, she would straight-waies invent
How to depraue, or slanderously vp-braid,
Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment.
Therefore she vsed often to resort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To harke what any one did good report,
To blot the fame with blame, or wrest in wicked sort.

35
And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eeke, and make much worse by telling,
And take great ioy to publish it to many,
That euery matter worse was for her melling.
Her name was hight *Detraction*, and her dwelling
Was neere to *Envy*, euen her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and *Envy* selfe excelleng
In mischief: for, her selfe she onely vext:
But this fame, both her selfe, and others eke perplext.

36
Her face was vgly, and her mouth distort,
Foming with poyson round about her gills,
In which her curst tongue (full sharpe and short)
Appear'd like *Aspis* sting, that closely kills,
Or cruelly does wound whom-so she wils:
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Vpon the which the little spinnes, but spils,
And faines to weane false tales and leasings bad,
To throwe amongst the good, which others had disspad.

37
These two now had themselves combyn'd in one,
And linkt together gainst Sir *Arbeggall*,
For whom they waited as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into mischief fall,
For freeing from their snares *Irena* thrall:
Besides, vnto themselves they gotten had
A monster, which the *Blatant Beast* men call;
A dreadful fiend, of Gods and men y'rad,
Whom they by slights allur'd, and to their purpose lad.

38
Such were these Hags, and so vnhandfome drest:
Who when they nigh approaching had espide
Sir *Arbeggall* return'd from his late quest,
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,

As it had bene two shepherds curres, had scride
A rauens Wolfe amongst the scattered flocks.
And *Envy* first, as she that first him cyde,
Towards him runnes, and with rude flaring locks
About her eares, does beat her brest, & forehead knocks

39
Then from her mouth the gobbet shee does take,
The which whyleare shee was so greedily
Denouring; euen that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throwes it most despighfully.
The curst Serpent, though shee hungriely
Earst chaw'd thereon, yet was not all fo dead,
But that some life remained secretly;
And, as hee past afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

40
Then, th' other comming neere, gan him reuile,
And foully raile, with all shee could invent;
Saying, that hee had with vnmanly guile,
And foule abuson both his honour blient,
And that bright sword, the sword of Iusticelent,
Had stained with reprochfull crueltie,
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:
As for *Grandorto*, him with treacherie
And traines hauing surpriz'd, hee foully did to die.

41
There-to the *Blatant Beast*, by them set on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay,
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rocks, nigh to that way,
Began to quake and tremble with dismay;
And all the ayre rebellowed againe.
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,
And euermore those hags themselves did paine,
To sharpen him, and their owne curst tongues did straine.

42
And still among, most bitter words they spake,
Most shametull, most vnrighteous, most vntrew,
That they the mildest man aliuie would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeance dew
To her, that so false slanders at him threw.
And more, to make the peacee and wound more deepe,
Shee with the sting which in her vile tongue grew,
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe:
Yet hee past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

43
But *Talus*, hearing her so lewdly raile,
And speake so ill of him, that well deserued,
Would her haue chastiz'd with his iron staile,
If her Sir *Arbeggall* had not preferred,
And him forbidden, who his heart obserued.
So much the more at him still did the scold,
And stones did cast, yet hee for nought would swerue
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Faery Court, where what him fell shall else be told.



THE SIXT BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE: (..)

CONTAINING

The Legend of Sir CALIDORE.

OR

Of Curtesie.

T¹ He waies, through which my weary steps I guide,
In this delightfull land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wide,
And sprinkled with such sweet varietie
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I nigh rauisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious trauell doe forget thereby;
And when I gin to feele decay of might,
It strenght to me supplies, and cheares my dulled spright;

Such secret comfort, and such heavenly pleasures,
Ye sacred Imps, that on *Parnasso* dwell,
And there the keeping haue of learnings treasures,
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse;
Guide ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies, where neuer foote did vse,
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muse;

Reuale to me the sacred nourfery³
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in siluer bowre does hidden lie
From view of men, and wicked worlds disdaine.

Sith it at first was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, beeing deriu'd at first
From heavenly feedes of bounty soueraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.

Amongst them all growes not a fairer flowre,
Then is the bloosme of comely curtesie;
Which, though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in braue nobilitie,
And spreads it selfe through all ciuilitie:
Of which, though present age doe plentious soeme,
Yet beeing marcht with plaine Antiquity,
Ye will them all but fained shoues esteeme,
Which cary colours faire, that feeble eyes misdeeme.

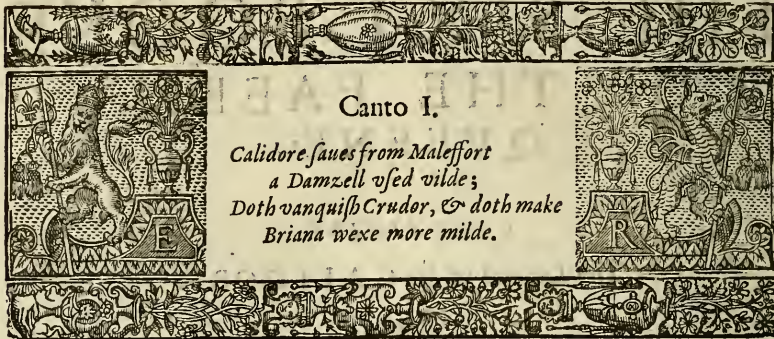
But in the triall of true curtesie,⁵
Its now so farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Fashion'd to please the eyes of them, that pass,
Which see not perfect things but in a glasse:
Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blind
The wisest sight, to thinke gold that is brasse.
But vertues seat is deepe within the mind,
And not in outward shoues, but inward thoughts defin'd.


D d. z.

But

6
 But where shall I in all Antiquitie
 So faire a patterne finde, where may be scene
 The goodly praise of Princely curtesie,
 As in your selfe, & soueraine Lady Queene?
 In whose pure mind, as in a mirror sheene,
 It shoves, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
 The eyes of all, which thereon fixed beene;
 But meriteth indeed an higher name:
 Yet to from lowe to high vp-lifted is your name.

7
 Then pardon me, most dreaded Soueraigne,
 That from your selfe I doe this vertue bring,
 And to your selfe doe it returne againe:
 So from the Ocean all riuers spring,
 And tribute backe repay, as to their King,
 Right so from you all goodly vertues well
 Into the rest, which round about you ring,
 Faire Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,
 And doe adorne your Court, where courtesies excell.



1
 F Court, it seemes, men Courtesie doe call,
 For that it there most vseth to abound;
 And well be seemeth, that in Princes hall
 That vertue should be plentifully found,
 Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
 And roote of ciuill conversation.
 Right so in Faery Court it did redound,
 Where courteous Knights and Ladies most did won
 Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.

2
 But mongst them all was none more courteous Knight,
 Then *Calidore*, beloued over all:
 In whom, it seemes, that gentlenesse of spright
 And manners milde were planted naturall;
 To which he adding comely guize withall,
 And gracious speech, did steale mens harts away.
 Nath'lesse, thereto he was full stout and tall,
 And well approv'd in battailous affray,
 That him did much renoume, and far his fame display.

3
 Ne was there Knight, ne was there Lady found
 In Faery Court, but him did deare embrace,
 For his faire vsage and conditions found,
 The which in all mens liking gained place,
 And with the greatest, purchast greatest grace:
 Which he could wisely vse, and well apply,
 To please the best, and th'euill to embase.
 For, he loath'd leasing, and base flattery,
 And loued simple truth, and stedfast honesty.

4
 And now he was in trauell on his way,
 Vpon an hard adventure fore bestad,
 When-as by chance he met vpon a day
 With *Arthegall*, returning yet halfe sad
 From his late conquest which he gotten had.
 Who, when-as each of other had a sight,
 They knew them selfes, and both their persons rad:
 When *Calidore* thus first; Haile noblest Knight
 Of all this day on ground that breathen liuing spright:

5
 Now tell, if please you, of the good successe
 Which ye haue had in your late enterprize.
 To whom Sir *Arthegall* gan to expresse
 His whole exploit, and valorous emprise,
 In order as it did to him anize.
 Now happy man, said then Sir *Calidore*,
 Which haue so goodly, as ye can deuize,
 Archieue'd so hard a quest, as few before;
 That shall you most renoumed make for euermore.

6
 But where ye ended haue, now I begin
 To tread an endlesse trace withouten guide,
 Or good direction, how to enter in,
 Or how to issue forth in waies vntride,
 In perils strange, in labours long and wide;
 In which, although good fortune me befall,
 Yet shall it not by none be testifide.
 What is that quest, quoth then Sir *Arthegall*,
 That you into such perils presently doth call?

7
The Blarant Beast, quoth he, I doe pursue,
And through the world incessantly doe chase,
Till I him overtake, or else subdue:
Yet knowe I not or how, or in what place,
To find him out, yet still I forward trace:
What is that Blarant Beast, then he replide?
It is a Monster bred of hellish race,
Then answerd he, which often hath annoyd
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroyed.

8
Of *Cerberus* whylome he was begot,
And fell *Chimera* in her darksome den,
Through foule commixture of his filthy blot;
Where he was fostred long in *Syngian* fen,
Till he to perfect ripenesse grew, and then
Into this wicked world he forth was sent,
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
He fore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

9
Then since the salvage Island I did leaue,
Said *Arthegall*, I such a Beast did see,
The which did seeme a thousand tongues to haue,
That all in spite and malice did agree,
With which he bayd, and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he attouce would me denoue.
But I, that knew my selfe from perill free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powres;
But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure.

10
That surely is that Beast, said *Calidore*,
Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
To heare these tidings, which of none afore
Through all my weary trauell I haue had:
Yet now some hope your words vnto me add.
Now God you speed, quoth then Sir *Arthegall*,
And keepe your body from the danger drad:
For, ye haue much adoe to deale withall;
So both tooke goodly leaue, and parted severall.

11
Sir *Calidore* thence trauelled not long,
When-as by chance a comely Squire he found,
That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong,
Both hand and foot vnto a tree was bound:
Who, seeing him from farre, with pittious sound
Of his shrill cries him called to his aide.
To whom approaching, in that painfull stound
When he him saw, for no demaunds he staid,
But first him loos'd, and afterwards thus to him said.

12
Vnhappy Squire, what hard mishap thee brought
Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
And thee captiued in this shamefull place?
To whom he answerd thus; My haplesse case
Is not occasiond through my misdeedert,
But through misfortune, which did me abase
Vnto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
Ere that I in her guilfull trains was well expert,

13
Not farre from hence, vpon yond rocky hill,
Herd by a straight there stands a Castle strong,
Vvhich doth obserue a custome lewd and ill,
And it hath long mainraind with mighty wrong:
For, may no Knight nor Lady passe along
That way (and yet they needs must passe that way)
By reason of the straight, and rocks among,
But they that Ladies locks doe shauce away,
And that knights beard for toll, which they for passage pay.

14
A shamefull vse as euer I did heare,
Said *Calidore*, and to be overthrowne.
But by what meanes did they at first it reare,
And for what cause? tell if thou haue it knowne.
Said then that Squire: The Lady which doth owne
This Castle, is by name *Briana* hight,
Then which a prouder Lady lueth none:
She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty Knight,
And fought to win his loue by all the meanes she might.

15
His name is *Crudor*, who through high disdain
And proud despight of his selfe-pleasing mind,
Refused hath to yield her loue againe,
Vntill a Mantle she for him doe find,
With beards of Knights, and locks of Ladies lin'd.
Which to prouide, she hath this Castle dight,
And therein hath a Seneschall assign'd,
Cald *Maleffort*, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will, with worse despight.

16
He, this same day, as I that way did come
With a faire Damzell, my beloued deare,
In execution of her lawlesse doome,
Did set vpon vs flying both for feare:
For, little bootes against him hand to reare.
Me first he tooke, vnable to withstond;
And whiles he her purstid enery where,
Till his retourne vnto this tree he bond:
Ne wote I surely, whether her he yet haue fond.

17
Thus, whiles they spake, they heard a ruefull shriek
Of one loud crying, which they straight way ghest,
That it was she, the which for helpe did seeke.
Tho, looking vp vnto the cry to left,
They saw that Carle from faire, with hand vnblest
Haling that maiden by the yellow haire,
That all her garments from her snowy breast,
And from her head her locks he nigh did teare,
Ne would he spare for pittie, nor refrain for feare.

18
Which haynous sight when *Calidore* beheld,
Eftsoones he loos'd that Squire, and so him left,
With harts dismay, and inward dolour queld,
For to pursue that villaine, which had rest
That pittious spoile by so iniurious theft:
Whom overtaking, loud to him he cride;
Leaue fayor quickly that misgotten west,
To him that hath it better iustifide,
And turne thee soone to him, of whom thou art deside.

19
Who harkning to that voice, himselfe vp-reard,
And seeing him so fiercely towards make,
Against him stoutly ran, as nought afear'd,
But rather more enrag'd for those words sake;
And with sterne count'naunce thus vnto him spake:
Art thou the caitiue that defiest mee,
And for this Maid, whose party thou doost take,
Wilt giue thy beard, though it but litle bee?
Yet shall it not her locks for raunsome fro me free.

20
VVith that, he fiercely at him flew, and layd
On hideous strokes with most importune might,
That oft he made him stagger as vnstaid,
And oft reuile to shunne his sharpe despight.
But *Calidore*, that was well skild in fight,
Him long forbore, and still his spirit spar'd,
Lying in wait how him he damage might.
But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to driue at him more hard.

21
Like as a water streame, whose swelling fource
Shall driue a Mill, within strong banks is pent,
And long restrained of his ready course;
So soone as passage is vnto him lent,
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent.
Such was the fury of *Sir Calidore*,
When once he felt his foe-man to relent;
He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed fore,
Who as he still decay'd, so he encreas'd more.

22
The heauy burden of whose dreadfull might
When as the Carle no longer could sustaine,
His hart gan faint, and straight he tooke his flight
Toward the Castle, where if need constraine,
His hope of refuge vsed to remaine.
Whom *Calidore* perceiuing fast to flee,
He him pursu'd and chased through the Plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loude to cry
Vnto the ward, to open to him hastily.

23
They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,
The gate soone opened to receiue him in;
But *Calidore* did follow him so fast,
That euen in the Porch he him did win,
And cleft his head asunder to his chin.
The carcasse tumbling downe within the dore,
Did choke the entrance with a lump of sin,
That it could not be shut, whil't *Calidore*
Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the fore.

24
With that, the rest, the which the Castle kept,
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full lightly swept,
As doth a Steare, in heat of sommers day,
With his long taile the bryzes brush away.
Thence passing forth, into the hall he came,
Where, of the Lady selfe in sad dismay
He was met: who with vncomely shame
Gan him salute, and soule vpbraid with faulty blame.

25
False traytor Knight, said she, no knight at all,
But scorne of armes, that hast with guilty hand
Murderd my men, and slaine my Seneschall;
Now comest thou to rob my house vnmad,
And spoile my selfe, that cannot thee withstand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight
Then thou, that shall thy treason vnderstand,
Will it auenge, and pay thee with thy right:
And if none doe, yet shame shall thee with shame requight.

26
Much was the Knight abashed at that word;
Yet answerd thus; Not vnto me the shame,
But to the shamefull dooer it afford.
Blood is no blemish; for, it is no blame
To punish those that doe deserue the same;
But they that breake bands of ciuilitie,
And wicked customes make, those doe defame
Both noble armes and gentle curtesie.
No greater shame to man, then inhumanitie.

27
Then doe your selfe, for dread of shame, forgoe
This euill manner, which ye here maintaine,
And doe in stead thereof mild cur'sie shoue
To all that passe. That shall you glory gaine
More then his loue, which thus ye seeke to obtaine.
VVhere-with, all full of wrath, he thus replide;
Vilerecreant, knowe that I doe much disdaine
Thy courtesie lore, that doost my loue deride,
Who scornes thy idle scoffe, and bids thee be deside.

28
To take defiance at a Ladies word
Quoth hee, I hold it no indignity;
But were he here, that would it with his sword
Abett, perhaps he mote it deere aby.
Coward, quoth shee, were not that thou wouldst flie,
Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place.
If I doe so, said he, then liberty
I leaue to you, for aye me to disgrace,
With all those shames that eart' ye spake me to deface.

29
VVith that, a Dwarfie she cald to her in haste,
And taking from her hand a ring of gold
(A priuy token which betwene them past)
Bade him to flie with all the speed he could
To *Crador*, and desire him that he would
Vouchsafe to reskew her against a Knight,
Who through strong powre had now herselfe in hold,
Hauing late slaine her Seneschall in fight,
And all her people murderd with outrageous might.

30
The Dwarfie his way did haste, and went all night;
But *Calidore* did with her there abide
The coming of that so much threatned Knight,
Where that discourteous Dame with cornfull pride,
And foule entreaty him indignified,
That iron hart it hardly could sustaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full witley guide,
Did well endure her womanish disdain,
And did himselfe from fraile impatience refraine.

³¹
The morrow next, before the lampe of light
About the earth vp-reard his flaming head,
The Dwarfie which bore that message to her knight,
Brought aunswere back, that ere he tasted bread,
He would her succour; and aliuie or dead
Her foe deliuer vp into her hand:
Therefore he wold her doe away all stand;
And that of him she mote assured tread,
He sent to her his basenet, as a faithfull band.

³²
Thereof full blithe the Lady straight became,
And gan t'augment her bitternesse much more:
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
Ne ought dismaied was Sir *Calidore*,
But rather did more cheerfull seeme therefore.
And hauing soone his armes about him dight,
Did issue forth, to meet his foe afore;
Where long he stayed not, when-as a Knight
He spide come pricking on with all his powre & might.

³³
Well weend he straight, that he should be the fame
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;
Ne staid to aske if it were he by name,
But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine.
They been ymett in middelt of the Plaine,
With so fell furie and despituous force,
That neither could the others stroke sustaine,
But rudely rowl'd to ground both man and horse,
Neither of other taking pity nor remorse.

³⁴
But *Calidore* vp-rose againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in senselesse sound;
Yet would he not him hurt, although he might:
For, shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.
But when *Briana* saw that dreary found,
There where she stood vpon the Castle wall,
She deem'd him sure to haue bene dead on ground:
And made such pittious mourning there-withall,
That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.

³⁵
Nath'lesse at length himselfe he did vp-reare
In lustlesse wite; as if against his will,
Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to stretch his limbes: which feeling ill
Of his late fall, awhile he rested still:
But when he saw his foe before in view,
He shooke off lustifinesse, and courage chill
Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew,
To proue if better foot then horseback would enswear.

³⁶
There then began a fearefull cruell fray
Betwixt them two, for maistery of might.
For, both were wondrous practicke in that play,
And passing well expert in single fight,
And both inflam'd with furious despight:
Which as it still encreast, so still increast
Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;
Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,
Ne once to breathe awhile their angers tempest ceast.

³⁷
Thus, long they tract and trauerse to and fro,
And tryde all waies, how each mote entrance make
Into the life of his malignant foe:
They hew'd their helmes, and plates asfender brake,
As they had pot-shares been: for nought mote lake
Their greedy vengeances, but goauy blood;
That at the last, like to a purple lake
Of bloody gore congeal'd about them flood,
Which from their riuen sides forth gushed like a flood.

³⁸
At length, it chaunc't, that both their hands on hie
At once did heaue, with all their powre and might,
Thinking the vtmost of their force to try,
And proue the finall fortune of the fight:
But *Calidore*, that was more quicke of light,
And nimble handed then his enemy,
Prevented him before his stroke could light,
And on the helmet smote him formerly,
That made him stoope to ground with meecke humility.

³⁹
And ere he could reconer foot againe,
He following that faire advantage fast,
His stroke redoubled with such might and maioce,
That him vpon the ground he groueling cast;
And leaping to him light, would haue vnslac't
His Helme, to make vnto his vengence way.
Who seeing in what danger he was plac't,
Cryde out, Ah mercy Sir, doe me not slay,
But saue my life, which lot before your foot doth lay.

⁴⁰
VVith that, his mortall hand awhile he stayd,
And hauing some-what calm'd his wrauthfull heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him said;
And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,
That menaced me from the field to beat,
Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne,
Strangers no more so rudely to intreat,
But put away proud looke, and vsage sterne,
The which shall nought to you but foule dishonour earne.

⁴¹
For, nothing is more blamefull to a Knight,
That cour'tie doth as well as armes profess,
How-cuer strong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproche of pride and cruellnesse.
In vaine he seeketh others to suppress,
Who hath not leard him selfe first to subdew:
All flesh is fraile, and full of sicklenesse,
Subiect to fortunes chaunce, still changing new;
What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

⁴²
VWho will not mercy vnto others shew,
How can he mercy euer hope to haue?
To pay each with his owne, is right and dew.
Yet sith ye mercy now doe need to craue,
I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to saue,
With these conditions, which I will propound:
First, that ye better shall your selfe behaue
Vnto all errant knights, where-so on ground;
Next, that ye Ladies ayde in euery stead and found.

⁴³
The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,
And promitt to performe his precept well,
And what-soeuer else he would require.
So suffering him to rise, he made him swear
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,
To take *Briana* for his louing fere,
Withouten dowre or composition;
But to releafe his former foule condition.

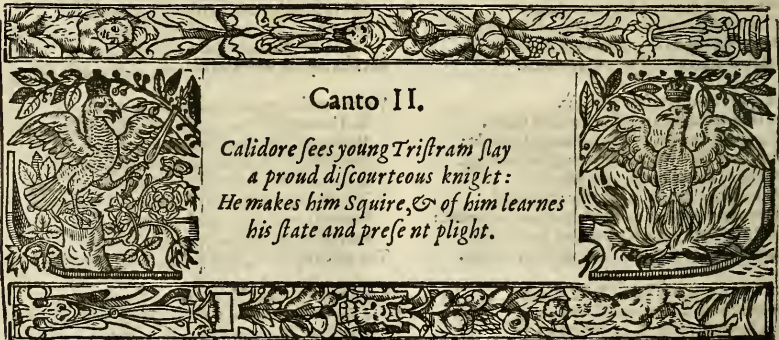
⁴⁴
All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Binding himselte most firmly to obay,
He vp arose, how euer licke or loth,
And swore to him true fealty for aye.
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull distmay
The sad *Briana*, which all this beheld:
Who comming forth yet full of late affray,
Sir *Calidore* vp-heard, and to her reld
All this accord, to which he *Crudor* had compeld.

⁴⁵
Whereof she now more glad, then fory earst,
All overcome with infinite affect,
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearc't
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,

Before his feet her selfe she did proicct,
And him adoring as her liues deare Lord,
With all due thanks, and dutifull respect,
Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and Louer retord.

⁴⁶
So all returning to the Castle, glad,
Most ioyfully she them did entertaine;
Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To shew her thankfull mind and meaning faime,
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine:
And after all, vnto Sir *Calidore*
She freely gaue that Castle for his paine,
And her selfe bound to him for euermore;
So wondrously now chang'd from that she was afore.

⁴⁷
But *Calidore*, himselte would not retaine
Nor land nor fee for hire of his good deed:
But gaue them straight vnto that Squire againe,
Whom from her Seneschall he larly freed,
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed,
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he waxed whole and strong,
And then to his first quest he passed forth along.



¹
What vertue is so fitting for a Knight,
Or for a Lady, whom a knight should loue,
As Countesse, to beare themselves aright
To all of each degree, as doth behoue?
For, whether they be placed high aboue,
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to knowe
Their good, that none them rightly may reprove
Of rudenesse, for not yielding what they owe:
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestowe.

²
There-to great helpe Dame Nature selfe doth lend:
For, some so goodly grations are by kind,
That euery action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;

Which others, that haue greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselves, cannot attaine.
For, euery thing to which one is inclin'd,
Doth best become, and greatest grace doth gaine:
Yet praise likewise deserue good thewes, enforce't with
(paine.

³
That well in courteous *Calidore* appears;
Whose euery deed, and word that he did say,
Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes,
And both the eares did steale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way,
To follow his first quest, when as he spyde
A tall young man from thence not farr away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him deseride,
Against an armed knight, that did on horse-back ride.

And

An I them beside, a Lady faire he saw,
 Standing alone on foot, in foule array:
 To whom himselfe he hastily did draw,
 To weet the cause of so vncomely fray,
 And to depart them, if so be he may.
 But ere he came in place, that youth had killd
 That armed Knight, that lowe on ground he lay;
 Which when he saw, his hart was inly child
 With great amazement, & his thought with wonder filld.

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
 A goodly youth of amiable grace,
 Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see
 Yet seauenteene yeeres, but tall and faire of face,
 That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race.
 All in a Woodmans iacket he was clad
 Of Lincolne greene, belay dwith siluer lace;
 And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,
 And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had.

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwaine,
 Pinkt vpon gold, and paled part per part,
 As then the guize was for each gentle swaine;
 In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
 Whose fellow he before had sent apart;
 And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,
 With which he went to lounce the salvage hart
 Of many a Lion, and of many a Beare
 That first vnto his hand in chafe did happen neare.

Whom *Calidore* awhile well hauing vewed,
 At length bespake; What meanes this, gentle swaine?
 Why hadst thy hand too bold it selfe embrewed
 In blood of knight, the which by thee is blam'd?
 By thee no knight; which armes impugne thine plaine.
 Certes, said he, loth were I to haue broken
 The law of armes; yet breake it should againe,
 Rather then let my selfe of wight be troken,
 So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

For, not I him, as this his Lady here
 May witte she well, did offer first to wrong,
 Ne surly thus vnarm'd I likely were;
 But he me first, through pride & puiflance strong
 Assaild, not knowing what to armes doth long.
 Perdie, great blame, then said Sir *Calidore*,
 For armed knight a wight vnarm'd to wrong.
 But then arad, thou gentle child, wherefore
 Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne vp-rore.

That shall I sooth, said he, to you declare.
 I, whose vnriper yeeres are yet vnfit
 For thing of weight, or worke of greater care,
 Doe spend my dayes, and bend my carelesse wit
 To salvage chace, where I thereon may hit
 In all this Forrest, and wilde woody raine:
 Where, as this day I was engaging it,
 I chaunc't to meet this knight, who there lies slaine,
 Together with this Lady, passing on the Plaine.

The knight, as ye did see, on horse-back was,
 And this his Lady (that him ill became)
 On her faire feet by his horse side did pass
 Through thick and thin, vnfit for any Dame.
 Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
 When-so she lagged, as she needs mote so,
 He with his speare (that was to him great blame)
 Would thumpe her forward, and inforce to goe,
 Weeping to him in vaine, and making pittious woe.

Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
 Much was I moued in indignat mind,
 And gan to blame him for such cruelty
 Towards a Lady, whom with vsage kind
 He rather should haue taken vp behind.
 Where-with he wroth, and full of proud disdain,
 Tooke in foule come that I such fault did find,
 And me in lieu thereof reuil'd againe,
 Threatning to chaftize me, as doth t'a child pertaine.

Which I no lesse disdainyng, backe returned
 His scornfull taunts vnto his teeth againe,
 That he straight way with haughtie choler burned,
 And with his speare strooke me one stroke or twaine;
 Which I, enforce't to beare, though to my paine,
 Cast to requite; and with a slender dart,
 Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
 Strooke him, as seemeth, vnderneath the hart,
 That through the wound his spirit shortly did depart.

Much did Sir *Calidore* admire his speach
 Tempred so well; but more admir'd the stroke
 That through the mailes had made to strong a breach
 Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
 His wrath on him, that first occasion broke.
 Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
 Of that same Lady, whether what he spoke,
 Were soothly so, and that th'vnrighteous ire
 Of her owne knight, had giuen him his owne due hire.

Of all which, when as she could nought deny,
 But cleard that stripling of th'imputed blame,
 Staid then Sir *Calidore*; neither will I
 Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame:
 For, what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame;
 And what he did, he did himselfe to saue: (shame.
 Against both which, that knight wrought knightlesse
 For, knights and all men this by nature haue,
 Towards all women-kind them kindly to behaue.

But, sith that he is gone irrecuable,
 Please it you Lady, to vs to arad,
 What cause could make him so dishonourable,
 To driue you lo on foot vnfit to tread
 And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead?
 Certes, sir knight, said she, full loth I were
 To raise a liuing blame against the dead:
 But sith it me concerns my selfe to clere,
 I will the truth discouer, as it chaunc't whylere.

16

This day, as he and I together roade
 Vpon our way, to which we weren bent,
 We chaunc't to come fore-by a couert glade
 Within a wood, where-as a Lady gent
 Sat with a Knight in ioyous iolliment
 Of their franke loues, free from all ielous spies :
 Faire was the Lady sure, that mote content
 An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
 And vnto him did shew all louely curtesies.

17

Whom, when my Knight did see so louely faire,
 He inly gan her Louer to envie,
 And with that he part of his spoyle might share.
 Where-to when as my prefence he did spy
 To be a let, he bade me by and by
 For to alight : but when as I was loth,
 My Loues owne part to leaue so suddenly,
 He with strong hand downe fro his steed me throw th,
 And with presumptuous powre againt that knight straight

18

Vnam'd all was the knight; as then more meete
 For Ladies seruice, and for loues delight,
 Then fearing any foe-man there to meet :
 Whereof he taking oddes, straight bids him dight
 Himselfe to yield his Loue, or else to fight.
 Whereat, the other starting vp dismaid,
 Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might;
 To leaue his Loue he should be ill apayd,
 In which he had good right gainst all, that it gaine-said.

19

Yet, sic he was not presently in plight
 Her to defend, or his to iustifie,
 He him requested, as he was a Knight,
 To lend him day his better right to try,
 Or stay till he his armes (which were there by)
 Might lightly fetch. But he was fierce and hot,
 Ne time would giue, nor any tearmes aby,
 But at him flew, and with his speare him smote ;
 From which to thinke to saue himselfe, it booted not.

20

Meane-while, his Lady, which this outrage saw,
 VVhil' st they together for the quarry stroue,
 Into the couert did her selfe withdraw,
 And closely hid her selfe within the Groue.
 My knight, hers soone (as seemes) to danger droue,
 And left sore wounded : but, when her he mist,
 He woxe halfe mad, and in that rage gan roue
 And range through all the wood, where so he wist
 Shee hidden was, and sought her so long as him list.

21

But, when as her he by no meanes could find,
 After long search and chauffe, he turned back
 Vnto the place where me he left behind :
 There gan he me to curse and ban, for lack
 Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wrack
 To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong.
 Of all which, I yet glad to beare the pack,
 Stroue to appease him, and perswaded long :
 But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

22

Then, as it were t'auenge his wrath on mee,
 When forward we should fare, he flat refused
 To take me vp (as this young man did see)
 Vpon his steed, for no iust cause accused,
 But forc't to trot on foot, and soule misused ;
 Punching me with the butt end of his speare,
 In vaine complaining to be so abused.
 For, he regarded neither plaint nor teare,
 But more anforc't my paine, the more my plaints to heare.

23

So passed we, till this young man vs met ;
 And beeing moou'd with pity of my plight,
 Spake, as was meet, for caue of my regret :
 Whereof befell, what now is in your sight.
 Now sure, then said Sir *Calidore*, and right
 Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault :
 Who euer thinks through confidence of might,
 Or through support of count'nance proud and hault
 To wrong the weaker, oft falls in his owne assault.

24

Then, turning backe vnto that gentle boy,
 VVhich bad himselfe so stoutly well acquit ;
 Seeing his face so louely sterne and coy,
 And hearing th'answers of his pregnant wit,
 He prayd it much, and much admired it ;
 That sure he wend him borne of noble blood,
 With whom those graces did so goodly fit :
 And when he long had him beholding food,
 He burst into these words, as to him seem'd good :

25

Faire gentle swaine, and yet as stout as faire,
 That in these woods amongst the Nymphs doost wone,
 Which daily may to thy sweet looks repaire,
 As they are wont vnto *Latonas* son,
 After his chace on woody *Cynthus* don :
 Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,
 As by thy worth thou worthily hast won,
 Or surely borne of some Herdick lead,
 That in thy face appears, and gracious goodly-head.

26

But should it not displease thee it to tell
 (Vnlesse thou in these woods thy selfe conceale,
 For loue amongst the woody Gods to dwell ;)
 I would thy selfe require thee to reueale,
 For deare affection and vnfaied zeale
 Which to thy noble personage I beare,
 And with thee growe in worship and great weale.
 For, since the day that armes I first did reare,
 I neuer saw in any, greater hope appeare.

27

To whom, then thus the noble youth ; May be
 Sir knight, that by discouering my estate,
 Harme may arise vntweeting vnto mee ;
 Nath'lesse, sith yefo courteous seem'd late,
 To you I will not feare it to relate.
 Then wote ye, that I am a Briton borne,
 Sonne of a King, how euer thorough fate
 Or fortune I my country haue forlorne, (adorne.
 And lost the Crowne, which should my head by right

And

28
And *Trifram* is my name, the onely heire
Of good king *Meliogras*, which did raigne
In Cornewale, till that he through liues despeire
Vnrimely did, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine.
After whose death, his brother seeing mee
An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,
Vpon him tooke the royall high degree,
And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.

29
The widow *Queene*, my mother, which then hight
Faire Emiline, conceiuing then great feare
Of my fraile safety, resting in the might
Of him, that did the kingly Scepter beare,
Whose ielous dread induring not a peare,
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed,
Thought best away me to remoue some-where
Into some forraine Land, where-as no need
Of dreaded danger might his doubtfull humor feed.

30
So, taking counsell of a wise man red,
She was by him adviz'd, to send me quight
Out of the Country wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile *Lionesse* is hight,
Into the Land of *Faery*, where no wight
Should weete of mee, nor worke me any wrong.
To whose wife read she harkning, sent me straight
Into this Land, where I haue wond thus long,
Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to stature strong.

31
All which, my dayes I haue not lewly spent,
Nor spilt the blossom of my tender yeares
In idlesse; but as was conuenient,
Haue trained been with many noble feres
In gentle chews, and such like seemly leres.
Mongst which, my most delight hath alwaies been
To hunt the saluage chace amongst my peres,
Of all that rangeth in the Forrest greene;
Of which, none is to me vnknowne, that euer was seene.

32
Ne is there hauke which mandeth her on perch,
Whether high towing, or accoasting lowe,
But I the measure of her flight doe search,
And all her prey, and all her diet knowe.
Such be our ioyes, which in these Forrests growe:
Onely the vse of armes, which most I ioy,
And fitteth most for noble swaine to knowe,
I haue not tasted yet, yet past a boy,
And being now high time these strong ioynts to inploy.

33
Therefore, good sir, sith now occasion fit
Doth fall, whose like hereafter sildome may;
Let me this craue, vnworthy though of it,
That ye will make me Squire without delay,
That from henceforth in battailous array
I may beere armes, and learne to vse them right;
The rather, sith that fortune hath this day
Giuen to me the spoile of this dead knight,
These goodly gilden armes, which I haue won in fight.

34
All which, when well Sir *Calidore* had heard,
Him much more now, then eare he gan admire,
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide; Faire child, the high desire
To loue of armes, which in you doth aspire,
I may not certes without blame denie;
But rather wilst, that some more noble hire
(Though none more noble then is cheualric)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie.

35
There, him he caus'd to kneele, and made to sweare
Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all;
And neuer to be recreant, for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and ioyous then young *Trifram* grew,
Like as a flowre, whose silken leaves small,
Long slutt vp in the bud from heauens view,
At length breakes forth, and brode displays his smiling
(hew.

36
Thus, when they long had treated to and fro,
And *Calidore* betooke him to depart,
Child *Trifram* prayd, that he with him might goe
On his adventure; vowing not to start,
But wait on him in euery place and part.
Whereat Sir *Calidore* did much delight,
And greatly ioy'd at his so noble hart,
In hope he sure would proue a doughtie knight:
Yet for the time this answer he to him beight;

37
Glad would I surely be, thou courtesous Squire,
To haue thy presence in my present quest,
That more thy kindled courage set on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble breast:
But I am bound by vow, which I profest
To my drad Soueraigne, when I it affaid,
That in atchieuement of her high behest,
I should no creature ioync vnto mine ayde,
For-thy, I may not grant that ye so greatly prayd.

38
But, since this Lady is all desolate,
And needeth safegard now vpon her way,
Ye may doe well in this her needfull state
To succour her, from danger of dismay;
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.
The noble Impe, of such new seruice faine,
It gladly did accept, as he did say.
So taking courtesous leaue, they parted twaine,
And *Calidore* forth passed to his former paine.

39
But *Trifram*, then despoyling that dead knight
Of all those goodly ornaments of praise,
Long fed his greedy eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright metall, shining like Sunne rayes;
Handling and turning them a thousand waies.
And after, hauing them vpon him dight,
He tooke that Lady, and her vp did raise
Vpon the steed of her owne late dead knight:
So with her marched forth, as she did him beight.

There

40

There, to their fortune, leaue we them awhile,
 And tu rne we backe to good Sir *Calidore*;
 Who, ere he thence had traueil'd many a mile,
 Came to the place, where-as ye heard afore,
 This Knight, whom *Tristram* slew, had wounded fore
 Another Knight in his despitous pride;
 There he that knight found lying on the flore,
 With many wounds full perillous and wide,
 That all his garments, and the graffe in vermill dide.

41

And there beside him, fate vpon the ground
 His wofull Lady, pittiously complaining
 With loud laments that most vnluckie stound,
 And her sad selfe with careful hand constraining
 To wipe his wounds, and ease their bitter payning,
 Which sory sight when *Calidore* did view
 With heauy cyne, from teares vneath refraying,
 His mighty hart their mournfull case can rew,
 And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

42

Then speaking to the Lady, thus he said:
 Ye dolefull Dame, let not your grieffe empeach
 To tell, what cruell hand hath thus arraid
 This knight vnarm'd, with so vnknighly breach
 Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
 I may auenge him of so foule despight.
 The Lady, hearing his so courteous speach,
 Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
 And from her sory hart few heauy words forth figh't.

43

In which she shew'd, how that discourteous knight
 (Whom *Tristram* slew) them in that shadow found,
 Ioying together in vnblam'd delight,
 And him vnarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
 Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound
 Withouten cause, but onely her to reauē
 From him, to whom she was for euer bound:
 Yet when she fled into that couert graue,
 He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leaue.

44

When *Calidore* this ruefull storie had
 Well vnderstood, he gan of her demaund,
 What maner wight he was, and how yclad,
 Which had this out-rage wrought with wicked hand:

She then, like as the best could vnderstand,
 Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,
 Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
 Quartered athwart, and bearing in his targe
 A Lady on rough waues, row'd in a fomme't burge.

45

Then gan Sir *Calidore* to ghesse straightway,
 By many signes which she describ'd had,
 That this was he, whom *Tristram* earst did slay,
 And to her said; Dame be no longer sad:
 For, he that hath your Knight so ill bestad,
 Is now him selfe in much more wretched plight;
 These eyes him saw vpon the cold earth sprad,
 The mee'd of his desiert for that despight,
 Which to your selfe he wrought, and to your loued knight.

46

Therefore, faire Lady, lay aside this grieffe,
 Which ye haue gathered to your gentle hart
 For that displeasure; and thinke what relesse
 Were best deuise for this your Louers smart,
 And how ye may him hence, and eo what part
 Conuay to be recur'd. She thank't him deere,
 Both for that newes he did to her impart,
 And for the courteous care which he did beare
 Both to her Loue, and to her selfe in that sad dreare.

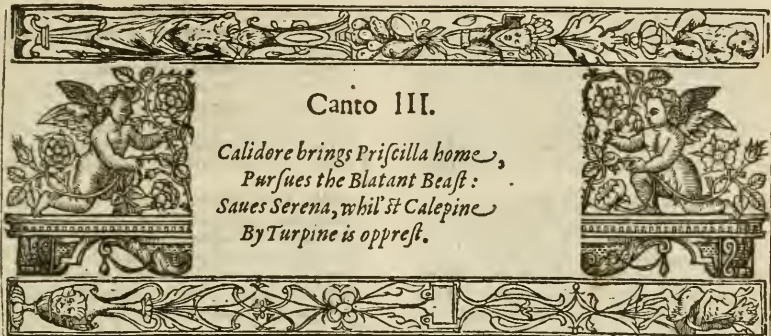
47

Yet could she not deuise by any wit,
 How thence she might conuay him to some place.
 For, him to trouble she it thought vnfit,
 That was a stranger to her wretched case:
 And him to beare, she thought it thing too base.
 VVhich when as he perceiu'd, he thus bespake;
 Faire Lady, let it not you seeme disgrace,
 To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
 My selfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe.

48

So, off he did his shield, and downward layd
 Vpon the ground, like to an hollow beare;
 And pouring balme, which he had long puruaid,
 Into his wounds, him vp thereon did reare,
 And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
 Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne.
 Thence they him carried to a Castle neare,
 In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne:
 Where what enstid, shall in next Canto be begonne.





Canto III.

*Calidore brings Priscilla home,
Pursues the Blatant Beast:
Saues Serena, whil' st Calepine
By Turpine is opprest.*

TRue is, that whilome that good Poet sayd,
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is knowne.
For, a man by nothing is so well bewrayd,
As by his manners; in which plaine is showt
Of what degree and what race he is growne.
For, feldome seene, a trotting Stallion get
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne:
So feldome seene, that one in basenesse set
Doth noble courage shew, with courteous manners met.

But euermore contrary hath been tryde,
That gentle bloud will gentle manners breed;
As well may be in *Calidore* descride,
By late ensample of that courteous deed,
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Vnto the Castle where they had decreed.
There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was befought.

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had been of mickle might,
And borne great sway in armes amongst his peares:
But now weak age had dimd his candle light.
Yet was he courteous still to euery wight,
And loued all that did to armes incline,
And was the father of that wounded Knight,
Whom *Calidore* thus carried on his chine,
And *Adms* was his name, and his sonnes *Aladine*.

Who when he sawe his sonne fo ill bedight,
With bleeding wounds, brought home vpon a Beare,
By a faire Lady, and a stranger knight,
Was inly touched with compassion deare,
And deare affection of so doolefull dreare,
That he these words burst forth; Ah sorry boy,
Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
Thou brings? aie me! is this the timely ioy,
Which I expected long, now turn'd to sad annoy?

Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope;
So tickle is the state of earthly things,
That ere they come vnto their aymed scope,
They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,
And bring vs bale and bitter sorrowings,
In stead of comfort, which we should embrace:
This is the state of Keasars and of Kings.
Let none therefore, that is in meaneer place,
Too greatly grieue at any his vn lucky cafe.

So well and wisely did that good old Knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his guests, whom he had stayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare:
That to Sir *Calidore* was easie geare;
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,
But sigh't and sorrow'd for her loue deare,
And inly did afflict her pensie thought, (brought.
With thinking to what cafe her name should now be

For, she was daughter to a noble Lord,
Which dwelt thereby, who fought het to affie
To a great Peere: but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his loue apply,
But lov'd this fresh young knight, who dwelt her nie,
The lusty *Aladine* though meaneer borne,
And of lesse liuelood and ability;
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne
His meanesse much, and make her th' others riches come.

So hauing both found fit occasion,
They met together in that lucklesse glade,
Where that proud knight in his presumption
The gentle *Aladine* did cast invade,
Being vnarm'd, and set in secret shade.
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t' aduize,
How great a hazard she at earst had made
Of her good fame; and further gan deuize,
How she the blame might salue with coloured disguise.

E c

But

9
But *Calidore* with all good courties
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The pensive fit of her melancholy;
And that old Knight by all meanes did assay,
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the evening past, till time of rest;
When *Calidore* in lecmely good array
Vnto his bowre was brought, and there vndrest,
Did sleepe all night through weary trauell of his quest.

10
But faire *Priseilla* (so that Lady hight)
Would not to bed, nor take no kindly sleepe,
But by her wounded Loue did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did wash and steepe.
So well she washt them, and so well she watcht him,
That of the deadly swoun, in which full deep
He drenched was, she at the length dispatcht him,
And droue away the fount, which mortally attach't him.

11
The morrow next when day gan to vp-look,
He also gan vp-look with drey eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
Where when he sawe his faire *Priseilla* by,
He deeply sigh't, and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill state, in which she stood,
To which she for his sake had weetingly
Now brought her selfe, and blam'd her noble blood:
For first, next after life, he tendered her good.

12
Which she perceiuing, did with plentious teares:
His care more then her owne compassionate,
Forgetfull of her owne, to miide his feares:
So both conspiring, gan to intimate
Each others grieife with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast,
How to saue whole her hazardd estate:
For which the onely helpe now left them last
Seem'd to be *Calidore*: all other helps were past.

13
Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seem'd,
A courteous knight, and full of faithfull trust:
Therefore to him their cause they best esteeraed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing iust.
Earely, to loone as *Titans* beams forth brufft
Through the thick clouds, in which they steeped lay
All night in darknesse, duld with iron rust,
Calidore rising vp as fresh as day,
Gan freshly him adressed vnto his former way.

14
But first him seem'd fit, that wounded Knight
To visite, after this nights perillous passe,
And to salute him, if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady his faire louely Lasse.
There he him found much better then he was,
And moued speech to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to ouer-passe:
Mong't which he namely did to him discourse,
Of former dayes mishap, his sorrowes wicked course.

15
Of which occasion *Aldine* taking hold,
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his Loue,
And all his disaduentures to vnfold;
That *Calidore* it dearely deep did moue.
In thend his kindly courties to proue,
He him by all the bands of loue besought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behoue,
To safe-conduct his Loue, and not for ought
To leaue, till to her fathers house he had her brought.

16
Sir *Calidore* his faith thereto did plight,
It to performe: so, after little stay,
That she her selfe had to the journey dight,
He passed forth with her in faire array,
Fearelesse, who ought did thinke, or ought did say,
Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from wite.
So as they past together on their way,
He can deuize this counter-cast of flight,
To giue faire colour to that Ladies cause in fight.

17
Streight to the carcasse of that Knight he went,
The cause of all this euill, who was slaine
The day before, by iust auengement
Of noble *Tristram*, where it did remaine:
There he the necke therof did cut in twaine,
And took with him the head, the signe of shame.
So forth he passed thorough that dayes paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers house he came,
Most pensive man, through fear, what of his child became.

18
There he arriuing boldly, did present
The fearefull Lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,
Since first he sawe her, and did free from feare
Of a discourteous Knight, who her had rest,
And by outrageous force away did beare:
Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengeance of his theft.

19
Most ioyfull man her Sire was her to see,
And heare th'adventure of her late mischance;
And thousand thanks to *Calidore* for see
Of his large paines in her deliuerance
Did yeeld; Ne lesse the Lady did aduance.
Thus hauing her restored trustfully,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Vnto his first exploit he did him selfe apply.

20
So as he was pursuing of his quest,
He chaunc't to come whereas a iolly knight,
In couert shade him selfe did safely rest,
To solace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him vndight;
For that him selfe he thought from danger free,
And far from enuious eyes that mote him spight,
And eke the Lady was full faire to see,
And courteous with all, becoming her degree.

21
To whom Sir *Calidore* approaching nie,
Ere they were well aware of liuing wight,
Them much abasht, but more him selfe thereby;
That he so iudely did vpon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loues delight.
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Him selfe thereof he labourd to acquite,
And pardon crav'd for his so rash default,
That he gūnt courtie so fowly did default.

22
With which his gentle words and goodly wit,
He soon allayd that Knights conceiv'd displeasure
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they more treat of things abroad at leisure;
And of adventures, which had in his measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he fate, and with delightful pleasure
His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through dangerous debate.

23
Of which whilest they discoursed both together,
The faire *Serena* (so his Lady high)
Allur'd with mildnesse of the gentle weather,
And pleasure of the place, the which was dight
With diuers flowres distinct with rare delight;
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wauering lust after her wandring fight,
To make a garland to adorne her head,
Without suspect of ill or dangers hidden dread.

24
All fodainly out of the Forrest neere
The *Blatant Beast*, forth rushing vnaware,
Caught her thus loosely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare.
Crying aloud in vaine, to shew her sad misfare
Vnto the Knights, and calling off for ayde;
Who with the horrour of her haplesse care
Hastly starting vp, like men dismaide,
Ran after fast, to rescue the distressed mayde.

25
The Beast, with their pursuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her aspace
For to haue spoyled her, when *Calidore*
Who was more light of foot and swift in chace,
Him ouer-tooke in midst of his race:
And fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forc't to forgoe his prey there in the place,
And to betake him selfe to fearefull flight;
For, he durst not abide with *Calidore* to fight.

26
Who nathelisse, when he the Lady sawe
There left on ground, though in full euill plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now neere did draw,
Staid not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd fast the Monster in his sight:
Through woods and hills he follow'd him so fast,
That he n'ould let him breath nor gather spright,
But forc't him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh asunder brast.

27
And now by this, Sir *Calepine* (so high)
Came to the place, where he his Lady found
In dolorous diffmay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Hauing both sides through grip't with grieuful wound:
His weapons soone from him he threw away;
And stouping downe to her in drery wound,
Vprear'd her from the ground, whereon she lay,
And in his tender armes her forced vp to stay.

28
So well he did his busie paines apply,
That the faint sprite he did reuoke againe,
To her fraile mansion of mortalitie.
Then vp he took her twixt his armes twaine,
And setting on his steed, her did sustaine
With carefull hands softing foot her beside,
Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,
Where she in safe assurance mote abide,
Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

29
Now when as *Phæbus* with his fiery waine
Vnto his Inne began to drawe aspace;
Tho, waxing weary of that toylesome paine,
In traueiling on foote so long a space,
Not wont on foot with heavy armes to trace,
Downe in a dale forby a riuers side,
He chaunc't to spy a faire and stately Place,
To which he meant his weary steps to guide,
In hope there for his Loue some succour to provide.

30
But coming to the riuers side, he found
That hardly passible on foote it was:
Therefore there still he stood as in a fround,
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pass.
Thus whyl'ft he was in this distressed case,
Deuising what to do, he nigh espide
An armed Knight approaching to the place,
With a faire Lady linked by his side,
The which the felues prepar'd through the foord to ride.

31
Whom *Calepine* saluting (as became)
Besought of courtie in that his need
(For safe conducting of his sickly Dame,
Through that same perillous foord with better heed)
To take him vp behinde vpon his steed:
To whom that other did this taunt returne:
Perdy, thou peasant Knight mightst rightly reed
Me then to be full base and euill borne,
If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne.

32
But as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,
So fare on foote till thou another gaine,
And let thy Lady likewise do the same,
Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing paine,
And proue thy manhood on the billowes vaine.
With which rude speech his Lady much displeas'd,
Did him reprove, yet could him not restraine,
And would on her owne Palfrey him haue eas'd,
For pity of his Dame, whom she sawe do diseas'd.

³³
 Sir *Calepine* her thank; yet, inly wroth
 Against her Knight, her gentleesse refused,
 And carelesly into the riuer goth,
 As in despight to be so fowle abused
 Of a rude churle, whom often he accused
 Of fowle discourtesie, vsnit for Knight;
 And strongly wading through the waues vnused,
 With speare in th'one hand, stayd him selfe vpright,
 With th'other stayd his Lady vp with steady might.

³⁴
 And all the while, that same discourteous Knight
 Stood on the further banke beholding him :
 At whose calamity, for more despight,
 He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim.
 But when as *Calepine* came to the brim,
 And saw his carriage past that perill well,
 Looking at that same Carle with count'nance grim,
 His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,
 And forth at last did breake in speeches sharpe and fell.

³⁵
 Vnknightly Knight, the blemish of that name,
 And blot of all that armes vpon them take,
 Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
 Loe I desie thee, and here challenge make,
 That thou for euer doe those armes forsake;
 And be for euer held a recreant knight,
 Vnlesse thou dare for thy deare Ladies sake,
 And for thine owne defence on foot alight,
 To iustifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight.

³⁶
 The dastard, that did heare him selfe deside,
 Seem'd not to waigh his threatfull words at all,
 But laugh't them out, as if his greater pryde
 Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall:
 Or had no courage, or else had no gall.
 So much the more was *Calepine* offended,
 That him to no reuenge he forth could call,
 But both his challenge and himselfe contemned,
 Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

³⁷
 But he, nought weighing what he sayd or did,
 Turned his steed about another way,
 And with his Lady to the Castle rid,
 Where was his won; ne did the other stay,
 But after went directly as hemay,
 For his sicke charge some harboure there to seeke;
 Where he arriuing with the fall of day,
 Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke,
 And milde entreaty, lodging did for her beseeke.

³⁸
 But the rude Porter, that no manners had,
 Did shut the gate against him in his face,
 And entrance boldly vnto him forbad.
 Nathelesse the Knight, now in so needy case,
 Gan him entreat euen with submission base,
 And humbly prayd to let them in that night:
 Who to him answer'd, that there was no place
 Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
 Vnlesse that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

³⁹
 Full loth am I, quoth he, as now at east,
 When day is spent, and rest vs needeth most,
 And that this Lady, both wofe sides are peare't
 With wounds, is ready to forgoe the ghost:
 Ne would I gladly combat with mine host,
 That should to me such courtesie afford,
 Vnlesse that I were thereunto enforce't.
 But yet aread to me, how high thy Lord,
 That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the ford.

⁴⁰
 His name, quoth he, if that thou list to learne,
 Is high Sir *Turpine*, one of mickle might,
 And manhood rare, but terrible and sterne
 In all assayes to euery errant Knight,
 Because of one, that wrought him fowle despight.
 Ill seemes, sayd he, if he so valiant be,
 That he should be so sterne to stranger wight:
 For, seldom e yet did liuing creature see,
 That courtesie and manhood euer disagee.

⁴¹
 But goe thy wayes to him, and fro me say,
 That there is at his gate an errant knight,
 That house-roume craues, yet would be loth t'assay
 The prooue of battell, now in doubtfull night,
 Or courtesie with rudenesse to requite:
 Yet if he needs will fight, craue leaue till morne,
 And tell (withall) the lamentable plight,
 In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,
 That pity craues, as he of woman was yborne.

⁴²
 The groom went streight way in, and to his Lord
 Declar'd the message, which that Knight did moue;
 Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,
 Not onely did not his demand approue,
 But both himselfe reuil'd, and eke his Loue;
 Albe his Lady, that *Blandina* hight,
 Him of vngentle vsage did reprove
 And earnestly entreated that they might
 Finde fauour to be lodged there for that same night.

⁴³
 Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,
 Ne from his currish will awhit reclame,
 Which answer when the groom, returning, brought
 To *Calepine*, his heart did inly flame
 With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,
 That he could not thereof augmented be:
 But most for pity of his dearest Dame,
 Whom now in deadly danger he did see;
 Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

⁴⁴
 But all in vaine; for why, no remedy
 He saw, the present mischiese to redresse,
 But th'vntost end perforce for to aby,
 Which that nights fortune would for him adresse.
 So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,
 And layd her vnderneath a bush to sleepe,
 Couer'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse,
 Whiles he himselfe all night did nought but weep,
 And wary watch about her for her safegard keepe.

45

The morrow next, so soone as ioyous day
 Did thew it selfe in tunny beames bedight,
Seren. full of dolorous dismay,
 Twixt darknesse dead, and hope of liuing light,
 Vprear'd her head to see that chearefull sight.
 Then *Calepine*, how-euer inly wroth,
 And greedy to auenge that vile despight;
 Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth
 To make there lenger stay, forth on his iourney goth.

46

He goth on foote all armed by her side,
 Vp staying till her lse vpon her steed,
 Being vnhabie else alone to ride;
 So tore her sides, so much her wounds did bleed:
 Till that at length, in his extreame need,
 He chaunc't far off an armed Knight to spie,
 Pursuing him apace with greedy speed;
 Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
 That meant to make aduantage of his misery.

47

Wherefore he stayd, till that he neerer drew,
 To wect what ill he would thereof betide.
 Tho, when-as he approched nigh in view,
 By certaine signes he plainly him descride,
 To be the man, that with such scornfull pride
 Had him abused, and shamed yesterday.
 Therefore mid doubting, lest he should mis-guide
 His former malice to some new assay,
 He cast to keep him selfe so safely as he may.

48

By this, the other came in place likewise;
 And couching close his speare and all his powre,
 As bent to some malicious enterprise,
 He bid him stand, t' abide the bitter stoure.

Of his fore vengeance, or to make aouore
 Of the lewd words and deeds, which he had done:
 With that ran at him, as he would deuoure
 His life at once; who nought could do, but shun
 The perill of his pride, or elle be ouer-run.

49

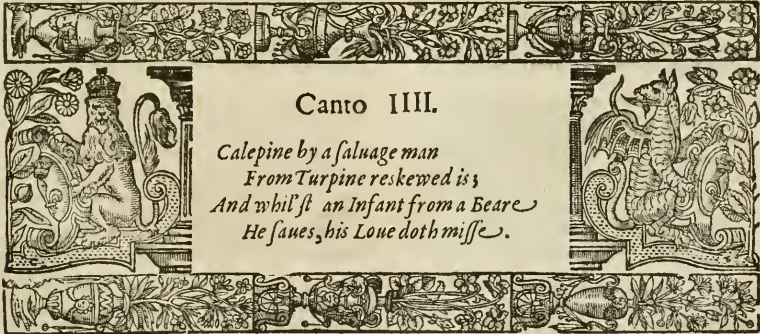
Yet he him still pursewd from place to place,
 With full intent him cruelly to kill;
 And like a wilde goate round about did chase,
 Flying the fury of his bloody will.
 But his best succour and refuge was still
 Behinde his Ladies backe; who to him cride,
 And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
 As euer he to Lady was affide,
 To spare her knight, and rest with reason pacifide.

50

But he the more thereby enraged was,
 And with more eager felnicite him pursew'd:
 So that at length, after long weary chase,
 Hauing by chance a close aduantage vew'd,
 He ouer-raught him, hauing long eschew'd
 His violence in vaine; and with his speare
 Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood enscw'd
 In great abundance, as a Wel it were,
 That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appeare.

51

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
 But chac't him still, for all his Ladies crie;
 Nor satisfide till on the farall ground
 He saw his life pou'd forth dupiteously:
 The which was certes in great seopardie,
 Had not a wondrous chance his reskew wrought,
 And sau'd from his cruell villany.
 Such chaunces oft exceed all humane thought:
 That in another Canto shall to end be brought.



Canto III.

*Calepine by a saluage man
 From Turpine reskewed is;
 And whilst an Infant from a Beare
 He saues, his Loue doth miss.*

1

Like as a ship with dreadfull stotme long tost,
 Hauing spent all her mastes and her ground-hold,
 Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
 At last some fisher barke doth neere behold,

That giueth comfort to her courage cold:
 Such was the state of this most courteous knight,
 Being oppressed by that faytour bold,
 That he remayned in most perilous plight,
 And his sad Lady left in pittifull affright;

2
Till that by fortune, passing all foresight,
A saluage man, which in those woods did wonne,
Drawne with that Ladies loud and pitious shriegt,
Toward the same incessantly did roonne,
To vnderstand what there was to be donne.
There he this most discourteous crauen found,
As fiercely yet, as when he first begonne,
Chasing the gentle *Calepine* around,
Nesparing him the more for all his grieuous wound.

3
The saluage man, that neuer till this houre
Did taste of pittie, neither gentleffe knew,
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure
Was much emmoued at his perils view ;
That euen his ruder heart began to rew,
And feele compassion of his euill plight,
Against his foe, that did him so pursue :
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him auenge of that so villenous delight.

4
Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the vse of warlike instruments,
Sauce such as sudden rage him lent to smite ;
But naked without needfull vestiments,
To clad his corpe with meet habiliments,
He cared not for dint of sword nor speare,
No more then for the strokes of straws or bents :
For, from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

5
He stayd not to aduize, which way were best
His foe t' assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force inest
Vpon him ran; who, being well prepar'd,
His first assault full warily did ward,
And with the push of his sharpe pointed speare
Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and hard,
That forc't him backe recoyle, and reele areare ;
Yet in his body made no wound nor bloud appeare.

6
With that, the wilde man more enraged grew,
Like to a Tigre that hath mist his pray,
And with mad mood againe vpon him flew,
Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed, that mote him much dismay.
The saluage nation doth all dread despise :
Tho, on his shield he griple hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wife
He could him force to loose, or leaue his enterprise.

7
Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
And euery way did try, but all in vaine :
For he would not his greedy gripe for-goe,
But hal'd and puld with all his might and maine,
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe,
Who hauing now no vse of his long speare,
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were,
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

8
But after him the wild man ran apace,
And him pursued with importune speed:
(For, he was swift as any Bucke in chace)
And had he not in his extreamest need,
Been helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
He had him ouertaken in his flight,
Who, euer as he sawe him nigh succed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out ; a thing vncomely for a knight.

9
But when the Saluage saw his Labour vaine,
In following of him, that fled so fast,
He weary woxe, and backe return'd againe
With speed vnto the place, wher-as he last
Had left that couple, neere their vtmost cist.
There he that knight full forly bleeding found,
And eke the Lady fearefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present stound,
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound.

10
For, though she were right glad, so rid to bee
From that vile lozell, which her late offended ;
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did fee,
And perill by this saluage man pretended ;
Gainst whom the law no meanes to be defended,
By reason that her knight was wounded fore.
Therefore herselfe she wholly recommended
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore,
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

11
But the wild man, contrary to her feare,
Came to her, creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deep compassion of her dolefull stound ;
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground ;
For, other language had he none nor speech,
But a soft murmur, and confused sound
Of senselesse words, which Nature did him teach,
T' expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach.

12
And comming likewise to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the streames of purple blood
Yet flowing fresh ; as moued with the sight,
He made great mone, after his saluage mood :
And running streight into the thickest wood,
A certaine herbe from thence vnto him brought,
Whose vertue he by vse well vnderstood :
The iuyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And stop't the bleeding straight, ere he it stanch'd thought.

13
Then taking vp that Rerecreants shield and speare,
Which earst he left, he signes vnto them made,
With him to wend vnto his winning neare :
To which he easily did them perswade.
Farre in the Forrest by a hollow glade,
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spreading broad
Did vnderneath them make a gloomy shade ;
Where foot of liuing creature neuer trod, (boode.
Ne scarce wild beasts durst come, there was this wights a-
Thither

14
 Thither he brought these vnacquainted guests;
 To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
 By signes, by lookes and all his other gifts.
 But the bare ground, with hoary mosse bestrowed,
 Must be their bed, their pillow was vnfowed,
 And the fruites of the Forrest was their feast:
 For, their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor fowed,
 Ne fed on flesh, ne euer of wilde beast
 Did taste the bloud, obeying Natures first behest.

15
 Yet howsoever base and meane it were,
 They took it well, and thanked God for all;
 Which had them fre'ed from that deadly feare,
 And liv'd from being to that captive thrall.
 Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
 Compelled were themselves awylie to rest,
 Glad of that easement, though it were but small;
 That hauing there their wounds awhile redrest,
 They mote the abler be to passe vnto the rest.

16
 During which time, that wyld man did apply
 His best endeuour, and his daily paine,
 In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
 For herbs to dresse their wounds; still seeming faine,
 When ought he did, that did their liking gaine.
 So as ere long he had that knightes wound
 Recured well, and made him whole againe:
 But that same Ladies hurts no herbe he found,
 Which could redresse, for it was inwardly vnfound.

17
 Now when as *Calepine* was woxen strong,
 Vpon a day he cast abroad to wend,
 To take the ayre, and heare the thrushes song,
 Vnarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor friend,
 And without sword his person to defend.
 There him befell, vnlooked for before,
 An hard aduerture with vnhappy end,
 A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore
 Betwixt his bloody iawes, besprinkled all with gore.

18
 The little babe did loudly scricke and squall,
 And all the woods with pittious plaints did fill,
 As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
 To *Calepine*, whose cares those shrill cries shrill
 Pearing his heart with pitties point did thrill;
 That after him, he ran with zealous haste,
 To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill:
 Whom though he sawe now somewhat ouer-past,
 Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursued fast.

19
 Well then him chaunc't his heauy armes to want,
 Whose burden mote impeach his needfull speed,
 And hinder him from libertie to pant:
 For, hauing long time, as his daily weed,
 Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
 Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
 That like an Hauke, which feeling her selfe freed
 From bels and iesses, which did let her flight,
 Him seem'd his feet did fly, and in their speed delight.

20
 So well he sped him, that the weary Beare
 Ere long he ouer-tooke, and forc't to stay;
 And without weapon him assailing neare,
 Compell'd him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.
 Wherewith the beast enrag'd to lose his prey,
 Vpon him turned, and with greedy force
 And fury, to be crossed in his way,
 Gaping full wide, did thinke without remorse
 To be aueng'd on him, and to deuoure his corse.

21
 But the bold knight no whit threart dismayd:
 But catching vp in hand a ragged stone,
 Which lay there by (so fortune him did ayde)
 Vpon him ran, and thrust it all at once
 Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
 And gasp for breath, that he nigh choked was,
 Being vnable to digest that bone;
 Ne could it vpward come, nor downward pass:
 Ne could he brook the coldnesse of the stony mass.

22
 Whom when as he thus cumbred did behold,
 Striuing in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
 He with him clos'd: and laying mighty hold
 Vpon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
 That wanting breath, him downe to ground he cast;
 And then oppressing him with vrgent paine,
 Ere long enforce't to breath his vtmost blast,
 Gnawing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
 And threatening his sharpe elawes, now wanting powre to
 (straine.

23
 Then tooke he vp betwixt his armes twaine
 The little babe, sweet relicks of his pray;
 Whom pitying to heare so fore complaine,
 From his soft eyes the teares he wip't away,
 And from his face the filth that did it ray:
 And euery little limbe he searcht around,
 And euery part, that vnder sweth-bands lay,
 Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound
 Made in his tender flesh; but whole them all he found.

24
 So hauing all his bands againe vp-tide,
 He with him thought backe to retorne againe:
 But when he lookt about on euery side,
 To weet which way were best to entertaine,
 To bring him to the place where he would faine,
 He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
 Ne by inquiry learne, nor ghesse by ayme.
 For, nought but woods and Forrests farre and nye,
 That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

25
 Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
 Which way to take: now West he went awhile,
 Then North; then neither, but as fortune fell.
 So vp and downe he wandred in any a mile,
 With weary trauell and vncertaine toyle,
 Yet nought the nearer to his iourneys end;
 And cuermore his louely little spoyle
 Crying for food did greatly him offend.
 So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend.

26
 At last, about the setting of the Sunne,
 Him selfe out of the forest he did winde,
 And by good fortune the plaine Champion wonne:
 Where looking all about, where he mote find
 Some place of succour to content his mind,
 At length he heard vnder the Forrests side
 A voice, that seemed of some woman-kinde,
 Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cride,
 And oft complayn'd of Fate, and Fortune oft deside.

27
 To whom approching, when as she perceiued
 A stranger wight in place, her plaint she sayd,
 As if she doubted to haue been deceiued,
 Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayed.
 Whom when as *Calepine* saw fo dismaid,
 He to her drew, and with faire blandishment
 Her chearing vp, thus gently to her sayd;
 What be you wofull Dame, which thus lament?
 And for what cause declare, so mote ye not repent.

28
 To whom she thus; What need me Sir to tell
 That which your selfe haue earst ared fo right?
 A wofull Dame ye haue me tearmed well;
 So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
 Cannot redressed be by liuing wight.
 Nath'lesse, quoth he, if need do not you bind,
 Doe it disclose, to ease your grieved spright:
 Oft-times it haps, that sorrowes of the mind
 Find remedy vsought, which seeking cannot find.

29
 Then thus began the lamentable Dame;
 Sith then ye needs will knowe the grief I hoord,
 I am th'vnfortunate *Matilde* by name,
 The wife of bold Sir *Bruin*, who is Lord
 Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
 From a great Giant, called *Cormorant*;
 Whom he did ouerthrowe by yonder foord,
 And in three battailes did fo deadly daunt,
 That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

30
 So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,
 As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
 And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
 Ne any dares with him for it debate.
 But to those happy fortunes, cruel Fate
 Hath ioyn'd one euill, which doth ouer-throwe
 All these our ioyes, and all our blisse abate;
 And like in time to further ill to growe,
 And all this land with endlesse losse to ouer-flowe.

31
 For, th'heauens, enuying our prosperity,
 Haue not vouchsaf't to grant vnto vs twaine
 The gladfull blessing of posteritie,
 Which we might see after our selues remaine
 In th'heritage of our vnhappy paine:
 So that for want of heires it to defend,
 All is in time like to returne againe
 To that foule feend, who daily doth attend
 To leape into the same after our liues end.

32
 But most my Lord is grieved here withall,
 And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
 That all this land vnto his foe shall fall,
 For which he long in vaine did sweat and swinke,
 That now the same he greatly doth for-thinke.
 Yet was it sayd, there should to him a sonne
 Be gotten, not begotten, which should drinke
 And dry vp all the water, which doth runne
 In the next brook, by whom that feend should be fordon.

33
 Well hop't he then, when this was propheside,
 That from his side some noble childe should rise,
 The which, through fame should farre be magnifide,
 And this proud Giant should with braue emprise
 Quite ouerthrowe, who now ginnes to despise
 The good Sir *Bruin*, growing farre in yeares;
 Who thinks from me his sorrow all doth rise.
 Lo, this my cause of griefe to you appears;
 For which I thus do mourn, & poure forth ceaselesse teares.

34
 Which when he heard, he inly touched was
 With tender ruth for her vnworthy griefe:
 And when he had deuiz'd of her case,
 He gan in mind conceiue a fire reliefe
 For all her paine, if please her make the priefe.
 And hauing cheared her, thus sayd; Faire Dame,
 In euils, counsell is the comfort chiefe:
 Which though I be not wite enough to frame,
 Yet as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.

35
 If that the cause of this your languishment
 Be lacke of children, to supply your place;
 Lo, how good fortune doth to you present
 This little babe, of sweet and louely face,
 And spotlesse spirit, in which ye may enchance
 What-ouer formes ye list thereto apply,
 Being now lost and fit them to embrace;
 Whether ye list him train in cheualry,
 Or nourish vp in lore of learn'd Philosophy.

36
 And certes it hath often-times been seene,
 That of the like whose linage was vnknowne,
 More braue and noble knights haue raysed beene
 (As their victorious deeds haue often shonen,
 Being with fame through many Nations blowen)
 Then those, which haue been dandled in the lap.
 Therefore some thought, that those braue imps were
 Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly sap, (sowen
 That made them growe so high t'all honorable hap.

37
 The Lady, hearkning to his sensefull speech,
 Found nothing that he sayd, vnmeet nor reason,
 Hauing oft seene it tride, as he did teach.
 Therefore inclining to his goodly reason,
 Agreeing well both with the place & season,
 She gladly did of that same babe accept,
 As of her owne by liury and seisin;
 And hauing ouer it a little wept,
 She bore it thence, and euer as her owne it kept.

38

Right glad was *Calepine* to be so rid
Of his young charge, whereof he skilled nought:
Ne she lesse glad; for, she so wisely did,
And with her husband vnder hand so wrought,
That when that infant vnto him she brought,
She made him thinke it surely was his owne,
And it in goodly thewes so well vp-brought,
That it became a famous Knight well knowne,
And did right noble deeds, the which elsewhere are shewn.

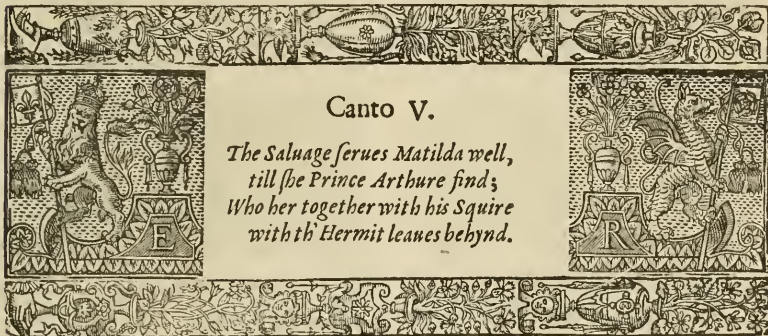
39

But *Calepine*, now being left alone
Vnder the green-woods side in forry plight,
Withouten armes or steed to ride vpon,
Or house to hide his head from heauens spight,

Albe that Dame (by all the means she might)
Him oft desired home with her to wend,
And offered him (his courtiese to requite)
Both horse and armes, and what-so else to lend;
Yet he them all refus'd, though thank her as a friend.

40

And for exceeding griefe which inly grew,
That he his Loue so lucklesse now had lost,
On the colde ground, maugre himtselfe he threw,
For fell despayte, to be so sorely crost;
And there all night himselfe in anguish toist;
Vowing, that neuer he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
Till that his Ladies fight he mote attaine,
Or vnderstand, that she in safety did remaine.



Canto V.

*The Saluage serues Matilda well,
till she Prince Arthure find;
Who her together with his Squire
with th' Hermit leanes behynd.*

1

What an easie thing is to descrie
The gentle blood, how-euer it be wrapt
In sad misfortunes soule deformity,
And wretched sorrows, which haue oftē hap't
For, howsoeuer it may growe mis-shap't
(Like this wyld man, being vndisciplyn'd)
That to all vertue it may seeme vnapt,
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mind,
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kinde.

2

That plainly may in this wyld man be red,
Who though he were still in this desert wood,
Mongst saluage beasts, both rudely borne and bred,
Ne euer sawe faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet shew'd some token of his gentle blood,
By gentleness of that wretched Dame.
For, certes he was borne of noble blood,
How-euer by hard hap he hither came:
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

3

Who, when as now long time he lacked had
The good Sir *Calepine*, that farre was strayd,
Did waxe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
As he of some misfortune were afraid:

And leauing there this Lady all dismayd,
Went forth streightway into the Forrest wide,
To seeke, if he perchance asleepe were layd,
Or what-so else were vnto him betide:
He fought him far and neere, yet him no where he spyde.

4

Tho, back returning to that fery Dame,
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone,
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame;
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head vpon a stone;
That ruth it was to see him so lament.
By which the well perceiuing, what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and pitiously her selfe torment.

5

Vpon the ground herselfe she fiercely threw,
Regardlesse of her wounds, yet bleeding rife,
That with their blood did all the floore imbrow,
As if her breast, new launc't with murderous knife,
Would freight dislodge the wretched weary life.
Therewith she long groueling, and deep groning lay,
As if her vitall powers were at strife
With stronger death, and feared their decay:
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous ally.

Whom

6

Whom when the Saluage sawe so sore distressed,
 He reared her vp from the bloody ground,
 And fought by all the meanes that he could best
 Her to recure out of that stony frownd,
 And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound.
 Yet n'ould she be recomforted for nought,
 Ne cease her sorrowe and impatient found,
 But day and night did vexe her careful thought,
 And euer more and more her owne affliction wrought.

7

At length, when as no hope of his returne
 She sawe now left, she cast to leaue the place,
 And wend abroad, though feeble and forlorne,
 To seek some comfort in that fory case.
 His steed, now strong through rest so long a space,
 Well as she could, she got, and did bedight:
 And being thereon mounted, forth did passe,
 Withouten guide, her to conduct aright,
 Or guard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

8

Whom when her Host saw ready to depart,
 He would not suffer her alone to fare,
 But gan him selfe addresse to take her part.
 Those warlike armes, which *Calepine* whylearne
 Had left behind, he gan estoones prepare,
 And put them all about him selfe vnfit,
 His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare;
 But without sword vpon his thigh to fit:
 Sir *Calepine* him selfe away had hidden it.

9

So forth they traueled an vncouth payre,
 That mote to all men seeme an vncouth sight;
 A saluage man matcht with a Lady fayre,
 That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,
 Gotten by spoyle, then purchased aright.
 But he did her attend most carefully,
 And faithfully did serue both day and night,
 Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
 Ne euer shewed signe of soule disloyalty.

10

Vpon a day as on their way they went,
 It chaunc't some furniture about her steed
 To be disordered by some accident:
 Which to redresse, she did th' assistance need
 Of this her groomme: which he by signes did reed;
 And freight his combrous armes aside did lay
 Vpon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,
 And in his homely wize began to assay
 To amend what was amisse, and put in right array.

11

Bout which whilest he was busied thus hard,
 Lo, where a knight together with his Squire,
 All arm'd to point, came riding thitherward,
 Which seemed by their portance and attire,
 To be two errant Knights, that did enquire
 After adventures, where they mote them get.
 Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
 Prince *Arthur* and young *Timias*, which met
 By strange occasion, that here needs forth be fet.

12

After that *Timias* had againe recured
 The fauour of *Belphabé*, (as ye heard)
 And of her grace did stand againe assured,
 To happy blisse he was full high vpreard,
 Neither of enuy, nor of change afraid,
 Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
 And with vnjust detraction him did beard;
 Yet he him selfe so well and wisely bore,
 That in her soueraine liking he dwelt euermore.

13

But of them all, which did his ruine seeke,
 Three mighty en'mies did him most despight;
 Three mighty ones, and cruell minded ecke,
 That him not only fought by open might
 To ouerthrowe, but to iuplant by flight.
 The first of them by name was cald *Despetto*,
 Exceeding all the rest in powre and height;
 The second not so strong, but wife, *Decetto*;
 The third nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest *Desitto*.

14

Of't-times their sundry powers they did employ,
 And feuerall deceits, but all in vaine:
 For, neither they by force could him destroy,
 Ne yet entrap in treasons subtil traine.
 Therefore conspiring all together plaine,
 They did their counfels now in one compound;
 Where singled forces faile, conioynd may gaine.
 The *Blatant Beast* the fittest meanes they found,
 To worke his vtter shame, and throughly him confound.

15

Vpon a day as they the time did waite,
 When he did range the wood for saluage game,
 They sent that *Blatant Beast* to be a baite,
 To draw him from his deare beloued Dame,
 Vnwares into the danger of defame.
 For, well they wist, that Squire to be so bold,
 That no one beast in Forrest wilde or tame,
 Met him in chafe, but he it challenge would,
 And plucke the prey of't-times out of their greedy holde.

16

The hardy boy, as they deuised had,
 Seeing the vgly Monster passing by,
 Vpon him set, of perill nought adrad,
 Ne skilfull of the vncouth reopady,
 And charged him so fierce and furiously,
 That (his great force vnable to endure)
 He forced was to turne from him and fly:
 Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
 Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

17

Securely he did after him pursue,
 Thinking by speed to ouertake his sight;
 Who through thick woods & brakes & briers him drew,
 To weary him the more, and waste his sight;
 So that he now has almost spent his sight.
 Till that at length vnto a woody glade
 He came, whole court stoop't his further sight:
 There his three foes, snorowed in guilefull shade,
 Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to inuade.

Sharply

18
Sharply they all attonce did him assayle,
Burning with inward rancour and despight,
And heaped strokes did round about him haile
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
Bearing off their blows from piercing thorough quite.
Yet he them all so warily did ward,
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite,
And all the while his backe for best safeguard,
He leant against a tree, that backward outlet bard.

19
Like a wilde Bull, that being at a bay,
Is baited of a mastiffe and a hound,
And a curre-dog; that doe him sharpe assay
On euery side, and beat about him round;
But most that curre, barking with bitter found,
And creeping still behinde, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellows like the thonder;
So did that Squire his foes disperse, and driue asonder.

20
Him well behoued so; for, his three foes
Sought to encōmpasse him on euery side,
And dangerously did round about enclose;
But most of all *Desetto* him annoyd,
Creeping behinde him still to haue destroyde:
So did *Deccetto* eke him circumuent:
But stout *Despetto*, in his greater pride,
Did front him face to face against him bent;
Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

21
Till that at length nigh tyr'd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to shrinke, and somewhat to giue place,
Full like erelong to haue escaped hard:
When-as vnwares he in the forrest heard
A trampling steed, that with his oeinging fall
Did warne his rider beyon his gard;
With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh aghast,
Reuiued was, and sad despaire away did cast.

22
Eftsoones he spide a Knight approaching nie,
Who seeing one in so great danger set
Mongst many foes, himselfe did faster hie,
To reskue him, and his weak part abet,
For pittie so to see him ouer-set.
Whom soone as his three enemies did view,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get:
Him booted not to think them to pursue,
The couert was so thick, that did no passage shew.

23
Then turning to that swaine, him well he knew
To be his *Timias* his owne true Squire:
Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,
And him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus bespake; My liefe, my lifes desire,
Why haue ye me alone thus long ylest?
Tell me what worlds despight, or heauens yre
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
Where haue ye all this while bin wandring, where bin west?

24
With that, he sighed deep for inward tyne:
To whom the Squire nought answered againe;
But shedding few soft teares from tender cyne,
His deare affect with silence did restraine,
And shut vp all his plaint in priuy paine.
There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,
As to them seemed fit, time to euertaine.
After all which, vp to their steeds they went,
And forth together rode a comely complement.

25
So now they be arriued both in sight
Of this wild man, whom they full busie found
About the sad *Serena* things to dight,
With those braue armours lying on the ground,
That seem'd the spoyle of some right well renound.
Which when that Squire beheld, he to them stept,
Thinking to take them from that hiding hound:
But he it seeing lightly to him lept,
And sternely with strong hand it from his handling kept.

26
Gnashing his grinded teeth with grieisly looke,
And sparking fire out of his furious cyne,
Him with his fist vnwares on th' head he strooke,
That made him downe vnto the earth encline,
Whence soone vpstarting much he gan repine.
And laying hand vpon his wrathfull blade,
Thought therewithall forthwith him to haue slaine;
Who it perceiving, hand vpon him layd,
And greedily him griping, his auengement stayd.

27
With that, aloud the faire *Serena* cryde
Vnto the Knight them to dispart in twaine:
Who to them stepping did them soon diuide,
And did from further violence reframe,
Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the Prince, of her for to demaund,
What and from whence she was, and by what traine
She fell into that saluage villaines hand,
And whether free with him she now were, or in band.

28
To whom she thus; I am, as now ye see,
The wretchedst Dame, that liues this day on ground;
Who both in minde, the which most grieueth me,
And body, haue receiv'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driuen to this dreary found.
I was etewhile, the Loue of *Calepine*:
Who whether he alieue be to be found,
Or by some deadly chance be done to pine,
Sith I him lately lost, vneath is to define.

29
In saluage forrest I him lost of late,
Where I had surely long ere this been dead,
Or else remain'd in most wretched state,
Had not this wilde man in that wofull stead
Kept, and deliuered me from deadly dead.
In such a saluage wight, of brutish kynd,
Amongst wilde beaists in desert forrests bred,
It is most strange and wonderfull to find
So milde humanity, and perfect gentle mind.

Let me therefore this fauor for him finde,
 That ye will not your wrath vpon him wreake,
 Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
 Ne yours conceiue, ne but by tokens speake:
 Small praise to proue your powre on wight so weake.
 With such faire words he did their heat aswage,
 And the strong course of their displeasure brake,
 That they to pittie turnd their former rage,
 And each sought to supply the office of her page.

So hauing all things well about her dight,
 She on her way cast forward to proceed;
 And they her forth conducted, where they might
 Finde harbour fit to comfort her great need.
 For, now her wounds corruption gan to breed;
 And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was
 Of that same Monster late, for lacke of heed,
 Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
 Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes oppressed has.

So forth they rode together all in troupe,
 To seek some place, the which mote yeeld some ease
 To these sicke twaine, that now began to droupe:
 And all the way the Prince sought to appease
 The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease,
 By all the courteous meanes he could inuent;
 Somewhile with merry purpose fit to please,
 And otherwhile with good encouragement,
 To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

Mongst which, *Serena* did to him relate
 The foule discourtesies and vnknighly parts,
 Which *Turpine* had vnto her shewed late,
 Without compassion of her cruell smarts:
 Although *Blandina* did with all her arts
 Him otherwise perswade, all that she might;
 Yet he of malice, without her desarts,
 Not onely her excluded late at night,
 But also traiterously did wound her weary knight.

Wherewith the Prince sore moued, there a void,
 That soone as he returned backe againe,
 He would auenge th'abusof of that proud
 And shameful knight, of whom she did complaine.
 This wize did they each other entertaine,
 To passe the tedious trauell of the way;
 Till towards night they came vnto a Plaine,
 By which a little hermitage there lay,
 Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

And nigh thereto a little Chappell stood,
 Which being all with Yuy ouer-spread,
 Deckt all the rooffe; and shadowing the rood,
 Seem'd like a groue faire branched ouer-head:
 Therein the Hermit, which his life here led
 In streight obseruance of religious vow,
 Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;
 And therein he likewise was praying now,
 When-as these knights arriv'd, they wist not where nor how.

They stayd not there, but streight way in did pass.
 Whom when the Hermit present sawe in place,
 From his deuotion streight he troubled was;
 Which breaking off, he toward them did pass,
 With stayed steps, and graue befeeming grace:
 For, well it seem'd, that whylome he had beene
 Some goodly person and of gentle race:
 That could his good to all, and well did weene,
 How each to entertaine with curtesie well befeene.

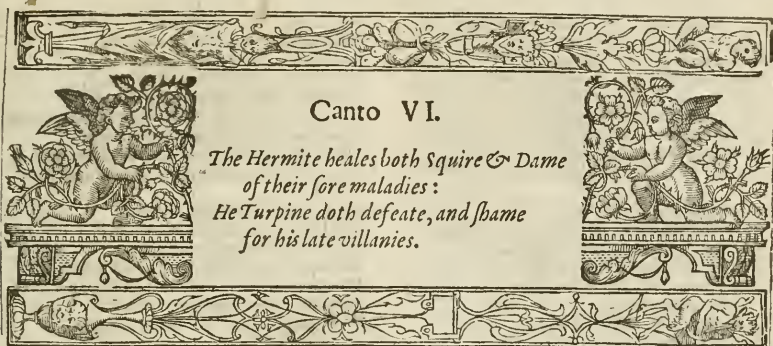
And soothly it was sayd by common fame,
 So long as age enabled him thereto,
 That he had been a man of mickle name,
 Renowned much in armes and derring doe:
 But being aged now and weary to
 Of warres delight, and worlds contentious toyle,
 The name of Knighthood he did disauow,
 And hanging vp his armes and warlike spoyle,
 From all this worlds incombrance did himselfe assayle.

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
 Letting their steeds to graze vpon the Green:
 Small was his boule, and like a little cage,
 For his owne tume, yet inly neate and cleane,
 Deckt with green boughes, and flowers gay befeene.
 Therein he them full faire did entertaine
 Not with such forged shewes, as fitter beene
 For courting fools, that courtesies would faine,
 But with entire affection and appearance plaine.

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
 Did vie, his feeble body to sustaine;
 The which full gladly they did take in gree,
 Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
 But being well suffiz'd, them rested faine.
 But faire *Serene* all night could take no rest,
 Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grienous paine
 Of their late wounds, the which the *Blatant Beast*
 Had giuen thē, whose grief through suffrance sore increast.

So all that night they past in great disease,
 Till that the morning, bringing early light
 To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
 And some asswagement of their painefull plight.
 Then vp they rose, and gan themselues to dight
 Vnto their journey; but that Squire and Dame
 So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
 Endure to trauell, nor one foot to frame:
 Their harts were sicke, their sides were sore, their feet were lame.

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mind
 Would not permit, to make there longer stay,
 Was forced there to leaue them both behind,
 In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray
 To tend them well. So forth he went his way,
 And with him eke the Saluage (that whylere
 Seeing his royall visage and array,
 Was greatly growne in loue of that braue pere)
 Would needs depart, as shall declared be elsewhere.



Canto VI.

*The Hermite heales both Squire & Dame
of their sore maladies:
He Turpine doth defeate, and shame
for his late villanies.*

NO wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Infixeth with dint of sword, so sore doth light,
As doth the poyntous sting, which Infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For, by no art, nor any Leaches might
It euer can recured be againe:
Ne all the skill, which that immortal spright
Of *Podalyrius* did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are hellish paine.

Such were the wounds, the which that *Blatant Beast*
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
And being such, were now much more increast,
For want of taking heed vnto the same,
That now corrupt and curelesse they became:
How-be that carefull Hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines meet, to tame
The poyntous humour, which did most infect
Their rankling wounds, & euery day them duple drest.

For, he right well in Leaches craft was seene;
And through the long experience of his daies,
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene,
And past through many perillous affaies,
He knew the diuerse went of mortall waies,
And in the mindes of men had great in-sight;
Which, with sage counsell, when they went astray,
He could enforce, and them reduce aright,
And all the passions heale, which wound the weaker spright.

For, whylome, he had been a doughty Knight,
As any one that liued in his daies,
And proued oft in many perilous fight;
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies.
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds inquier waies,
He tooke himselfe vnto this Hermitage,
In which he liu'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage.

One day, as he was searching of their wounds,
He found that they had festerd pruitly,
And rankling inward with vnruly founds,
The inner parts now gan to putrie,
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery;
And rather needed to be discipline
With wholesome reede of sad sobriety,
To rule the stubborne rage of passion blind:
Giue salues to curey sore, but counsell to the mind.

So, taking them apart into his Cell,
He to that point fit speeches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe, as well as say the same:
And thus he to them said, Faire daughter Dame,
And you faire sonne, which heere thus long now lie
In pittious Languor, since ye hither came,
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewise in vaine doe salues to you apply.

For, in your selfe your onely helpe doth lie,
To heale your selues, and must proceed alone
From your owne will, to cure your maladie.
Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye fecke, obserue this one;
First, learne your outward senses to reframe
From things that flure vp fraile affection;
Your eyes, your eares, your tongue, your talke reframe
From that they most affect, and in due tearmes containe.

For, from those outward senses ill affected,
The seed of all this euill first doth spring,
VWhich at the first before it had infected,
Mote easie be suppress with little thing:
But being growen strong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine
In th'inner parts, and lastly scattering
Contagious poyson close through euery vaine,
It neuer rests, till it haue wrought his final ban.

Ff.

For

For, that beasts teeth, which wounded you to-fore,
 Are so exceeding venomous and keene,
 Made all of rusty iron, ranking sore,
 That where they bite, it booteth not to weene
 With salve, or antidote, or other meane
 It euer to amend: ne maruaile ought;
 For, that same beast was bred of hellish fire,
 And long in darksome *Syagian* den vp-brought,
 Begot of foule *Echidna*, as in bookes is taught.

Echidna is a Monster direfull dred,
 Whom Gods doe hate, and heauens abhor to seee;
 So hideous is her shape, so huge her head,
 That euen the hellish fiends affrighted bee
 At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:
 Yet did her face and former parts professe
 A faire young Maiden, full of comely glee;
 But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
 A monstrous Dragon, full of fearful vglinesse.

To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face
 (In fearefull darkenesse, furthest from the skie,
 And from the earth) appointed haue her place
 Amongst Rocks and Caues, where she enrold doth lie
 In hideous horrour and obscurity,
 Wasting the strength of her immortal age.
 There did *Typhaon* with her company;
 Cruell *Typhaon*, whose tempestuous rage
 Make th' heauens tremble oft, & him with vowes aswage.

Of that commixtion they did then beget
 This hellish dog, that hight the *Blatant Beast*;
 A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet
 Gainst all, both good and bad, both moeth and least,
 And poures his poysonous gall forth, to infest
 The noblest wights with notable defame:
 Ne euer Knight, that bore so lofty creast,
 Ne euer Lady of so honest name,
 But he them spotted with reproche, or secret shame.

In vaine therefore it were, with medicine
 To goe about to salve such kind of sore,
 That rather needs wile read and discipline,
 Then outward salues, that may augment it more.
 Aye me! said then *Serena*, sighing sore,
 What hope of helpe doth then for vs remaine,
 If that no salues may vs to health restore?
 But, sith we need good counsell, said the swaine;
 Arad good fire, some counsell, that may vs sustaine.

The best, said he, that I can you aduise,
 Is to auoide the occasion of the ill:
 For, when the cause whence euill doth arise,
 Remoued is, th' effect surceaeth still.
 Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will,
 Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,
 Vse scant diet, and forbear your fill,
 Shun secrecie, and talke in open sight:
 So shall you soone repaire your present euill plight.

Thus hauing said, his sickly Patients
 Did gladly harken to his graue becheat,
 And kept so well his wite commandments,
 That in short space their malady was ceast;
 And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast
 Was thoroughly heal'd. Tho, when they did perceaue
 Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,
 Of that good Hermit both they tooke their leaue,
 And went both on their way, ne each would other leaue:

But each the other vow'd t' accompany:
 The Lady, for that she was much in dred,
 Now left alone in great extremity;
 The Squire, for that he courtous was indeed,
 Would not her leaue alone in her great need.
 So both together trauel'd, till they met
 With a faire Maiden clad in mourning weed,
 Vpon a mangy Iade vnmeetely set,
 And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
 And how thereof her selfe she did acquite,
 I must awhile forbear to you to tell;
 Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
 What fortune to the Briton Prince did light,
 Pursuing that proud Knight, the which whileare,
 Wrought to *Sir Calidore* so foule despight;
 And eke his Lady, though she sickly were,
 So lewdly had abus'd, as ye did lately heare.

The Prince, according to the former token,
 Which faire *Serena* to him deliuered had,
 Pursu'd him strait, in mind to bee ywroken
 Of all the vile demean, and vñage bad,
 With which he had those two so ill bestad:
 Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
 But that wilde man; whom though he oft forbad,
 Yet for no bidding, nor for beeing shent,
 Would he restrained be from his attendment.

Arriuing there, as did by chance befell,
 He found the gate wide ope, and in he rode,
 Ne staid, till that he came into the hall:
 Where soft dismounting like a weary lode,
 Vpon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
 As he vnable were for very need
 To moue one foot, but there must make abode;
 The whiles the saluage man did take his feed,
 And in some stable neere did set him vp to feed.

Ere long, to him a homely groomer there came,
 That in rude wise him asked what he was,
 That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
 Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe.
 To whom, the Prince (him fainting to embale)
 Mild answer made; he was an errant Knight,
 The which was fall'n into this feeble case,
 Through many wounds, which lately he in fight,
 Receiued had, and prayd to pity his ill plight.

21
But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickly thence auant,
Or deare aby; for why, his Lord of old
Did hate all errant Knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt:
And therefore lightly bade him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt;
And there-withall, rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of doore, doing his worst assay.

22
Which, when the Saluage comming now in place
Beheld, cftfoones he all enraged grew;
And running straight vpon that villaine base,
Like a fell Lion at him herely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes, in present view
Him rudely rent, and all to peeces tore:
So miserably him all helpelesse flew,
That with the noise, whilst he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great vp-rore.

23
Who, when on ground they saw their fellow flaine,
And that same Knight and Saluage standing by,
Vpon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them laid so huge and horribly,
As if they would haue flaine them presently.
But the bold Prince defended him so well,
And their assault with foote so mightily,
That maugre all their might, he did repell.
And beat them back, whilst many vnderneath him fell.

24
Yet he them still so sharply did pursue,
That few of them he left aliue, which fled,
Those euill tidings to their Lord to shew.
Who, hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in haste: where, when-as with the dead
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same Knight
And Saluage with their blood fresh steaming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,
And with reprochfull words him thus bespake on bight;

25
Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile
Hast flaine my men in this vnmanly manner,
And now triumphest in the pituous spoile
Of these poore folke, whose soules with black dishonor
And soule defame doe decke thy bloody banner?
The meed whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
And wretched end, which still attendeth on her.
With that, him selfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

26
With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,
That on his shield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempest; that in such distresse,
He wist not to which side him to addresse.
And euermore that crauen coward Knight,
Was at his back with hartlesse heedinesse,
Waiting if he vnares him murther might:
For, cowardize doth still in villany delight.

27
VWhereof when-as the Prince was well aware,
He to him turn'd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce Bull, that beeing bufic bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curie behind his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell auengement:
So likewise turn'd the Prince vpon the Knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

28
Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted,
Durst not the furie of his force abide,
But turn'd aback, and to retire him hasted
Through the thick preace, there thinking him to hide.
But when the Prince had once him plainly cyde,
He foot by foot him followed away,
Ne would him suffer once to shrinke aside;
But joyning close, huge load at him did lay:
Who flying full did ward, and warding fly away.

29
But, when his foe he still so eager saw,
Vnto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
Hoping vnto some refuge to with-draw:
Ne would the Prince him euer foot forsake,
Where-so he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whilst euery ioynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chase:
That made him euermore increase his speedy pace.

30
At last, he vp into the chamber came,
Where-as his Loue was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
There did the Prince him over-take anone,
Crying in vaine to her, him to bemoane;
And with his sword him on the head did smite,
That to the ground he fell in sentelesse swone:
Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lide,
The tempered Steele did not into his braine-pan bite.

31
Which when the Lady saw, with great affright
She starting vp, began to shriek aloud;
And with her garment couering him from sight,
Seem'd vnder her protection him to shroud;
And falling lowely at his feet, her bow'd
Vpon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him besought, and pray'd, and vow'd;
That with the ruth of her so wretched case,
He staid his second stroake, and did his hand abase.

32
Her weed she then with-drawing, did him discouer:
Who now come to himselfe, yet would not rise,
But still did lie as dead, and quake and quier,
That euen the Prince his balencesse did despise;
And eke his Dame him seeing in such guise,
Gan him recomfort, and from ground to reare.
Who rising vp at last in ghastly wise,
Like troubled ghost did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,
 He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,
 And with sharp words did bitterly vpbraide;
 Vile coward dog, now doe I much repent,
 That euer I this life vnto thee lent,
 Whereof thou captiue fo vnworthy art;
 That both thy Loue, for lack of hardiment,
 And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart,
 And eke all Knights hast shamed with this knightlesse

Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
 And crime to crime, by this thy coward feare.
 For, first it was to thee reprochfull blame,
 To erect this wicked custome, which I heare,
 Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou doost reare;
 Whom when thou maist, thou doost of armes despoile,
 Or of thy vpper garment which they weare:
 Yet doost thou not with manhood, but with guile,
 Maintain this euill vte, thy foes thereby to foile.

And lastly, in approuance of thy wrong,
 To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize,
 Is greatest shame: for oft it falles, that strong
 And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize,
 Either for fame, or else for exercise,
 A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
 Yet haue, through professe & their braue emprize,
 Gotten great worship in this worldes fight. (right)
 For, greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then

Yet sith this life vnto this Lady faire
 I giuen haue, liue in reproche and scorne;
 Ne euer armes, ne euer knighthood dare
 Hence to professe: for, shame is to adorne
 With so braue badges onefo basely borne;
 But onely breathe, sith that I did forgiue.
 So, hauing from his crauen body torne
 Those goodly armes, he them away did giue,
 And onely suffred him this wretched life to liue.

There, whilst he thus was scittling things aboute,
 Atweene that Lady milde and recreant Knight,
 To whom his life he granted for her Loue,
 He gan bethinke him in what perillous plight
 He had behind him left that saluage wight,
 Amongst so many foes; whom sure he thought
 By this quite slaine in fo vnequall fight:
 Therefore, descending backe in haste, he fought
 If yet he were aliue, or to destruction brought.

There he him found environed about
 With slaughterd bodies, which his hand had slaine;
 And laying yet afresh with courage stout
 Vpon the rest that did aliue remaine;
 Whom he likewise right sorely did constraîne,
 Like scatterd sheepe, to seeke for safety,
 After he gotten had with buffe paine
 Some of their weapons, which thereby did lie,
 With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage,
 Approching to him neere, his hand he itaid,
 And fought, by making signes, him to aswage:
 Who, them perceiuing, straight to him obaid,
 As to his Lord, and downe his weapons laid,
 As if he long had to his hearts been trained.
 Thence he him brought away, and vp conuaid
 Into the chamber, where that Dame remained
 With her vnworthy knight, who ill him entertained.

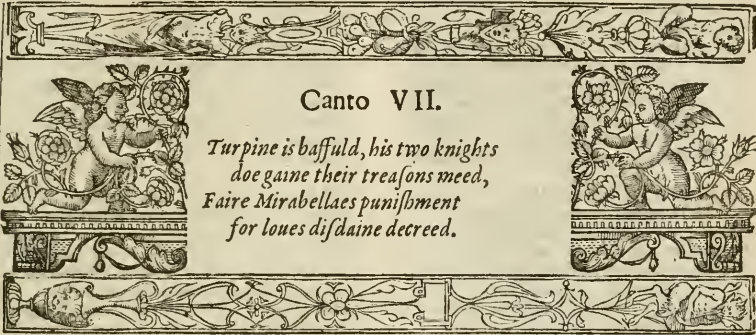
Whom, when the Saluagefaw from danger free,
 Sitting beside his Lady there at ease,
 He well remembered, that the same was hee,
 Which lately fought his Lord for to displease:
 Tho, all in rage, he on him straight did feaze,
 As if he would in peeces him haue rent;
 And were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
 He had not left one limbe of him vrent:
 But straight he held his hand, at his commaundement.

Thus, hauing all things well in peace ordained,
 The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest;
 Where him *Blandina* fairely entertain'd,
 With all the courteous glee and goodly feast,
 The which for him she could imagine best.
 For, well she knew the waies to win good will
 Of euery wight, that were not too infest;
 And how to please the minds of good and ill, (skill)
 Trough tempering of her words & lookes by wondrous

Yet were her words and lookes but false and fained,
 To some hid end to make more easie way,
 Or to allure such fondlings, whom she trained
 Into her trap vnto their owne decay:
 There-to when needed, she could weepe and pray,
 And when her list'd, she could fawne and flatter;
 Now smiling smoothly, like to sommers day,
 Now glooming sadly, fo to cloke her matter;
 Yet were her words burwind, & all her teares but water.

Whether such grace were giuen her by kind,
 As women wont their guilefull wits to guide;
 Or learn'd the art to please, I doe not find.
 This well I wote, that she so well applide
 Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifide
 The wrathfull Prince, & wrought her husbands peace:
 Who nationlesse, not therewith fauiside,
 His rancorous despight did not release,
 Ne secretly from thought of fell reuenge surceasse.

For, all that night, the whiles the Prince did rest
 In carelesse couch, not weeting what was ment,
 He watcht in close await with weapons prest,
 Willing to worke his villainous intent
 On him that had so shamefully him shent:
 Yet durst he not for very cowardize
 Effect the same, whilst all the night was spent.
 The morrow next, the Prince did early rise,
 And passed forth, to follow his first enterprize.



Canto VII.

*Turpine is baffuld, his two knights
doe gaine their treasons meed,
Faire Mirabellæa's punishment
for loues disdainde decreed.*

Like as a gentle hart it selfe bewraies,
In dooing gentle deeds with franke delight:
Euen for the baser mind it selfe displays,
In cancred malice and reuengfull spight.
For, to maligne, t'envie, t'vse shifting flight,
Be arguments of a vile dunghill-mind:
Which what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discouring his base kind.

That well appears in this discourteous knight,
The coward *Turpine*, whereof now I treat;
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life receiued late,
Yet in his mind malicious and ingrate
Hegain deuize, to be aveng'd anew
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate.
Therefore, so loone as he was out of view,
Himselfe in haste he arm'd, and did him fast purfew.

Well did he tract his steps as he did ride,
Yet would not nere approche in dangers eye,
But kept aloofe, for dread to be defende,
Vntill fit time and place he mote espy,
Where he mote worke him feathe and villeny.
At last, he met two knights, to him vnknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combin'd, what-eter chauce were blowne,
Betwixt them to diuide, and each to make his owne.

To whom false *Turpine* comming courtcoussly,
To cloke the muchiefe which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,
Which a strange knight, that nere afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deere Lady shent:
Which, if they would afford him ayd at need,
For to auenge in time conuenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

The knights beleen'd, that all he said, was trew;
And being fresh, and full of youthly spright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make tryall of their might,
Which neuer yet they had approv'd in fight:
And eke desirous of the offered meed,
Said then the one of them; Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it auenge, and punish him with speed?

Hee rides, said *Turpine*, there not farre afore,
With a wilde man soft footing by his side,
That if ye list to haste a litle more,
Ye may him over-take in timely tide:
Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pride;
And ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they spide,
Riding a softly pale with portance sad,
Deuizing of his Loue, mote then of danger drad.

Then one of them aloud vnto him cride,
Bidding him turne againe, false traytor knight,
Foule woman-wronger; for, he him deside.
VWith that, they both atonce with equall spight
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might
Against him ranne; but th'one did muffle his marke:
And being carried with his force forth-right,
Glaunst twisly by; like to that heavenly sparke,
Which glyding through the aire, lights all the heauens

But th'other, ayting better, did him smite
Full in the shield, with so impetuous powre,
That all his lance in peeces shuered quite,
And (scattered all about) fell on the floure.
But the stout Prince, with much more steddly stowre
Full on his beuer did him strike so fore,
That the cold Steele, through-pearing, did deuoure
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

As when a cast of Faulcons make their flight
 At an Herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
 The whiles they strike at him with heedlesse might,
 The warie fowle his bill doth backward wring;
 On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
 Her selfe quite through the body doth engore,
 And falleth down to ground like fenefle thing;
 But th' other, not so swift as she before,
 Failes of her soule, and passing by, doth hurt no more.

By this, the other which was passed by,
 Him selfe recouering, was return'd to fight;
 Where, when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,
 He much was daunted with so dismall sight;
 Yet nought abating of his former spight,
 Let driue at him with so malicious mind,
 As if he would haue passed through him quight:
 But the steele-head no stedfast hold could find,
 But glauncing by, deceiu'd him of that he desyn'd.

Not to the Prince: for, his well learned speare
 Tooke surer hold, and from his horses backe
 Above a launces length him forth did beare,
 And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him strake,
 That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
 Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,
 And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
 Of him, for all his former follies meed,
 With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.

The fearefull swaine, beholding death so nigh,
 Cride out aloud for mercy him to saue;
 In heu whereof, he would to him desery
 Great treason to him meant, his life to reauce.
 The Prince soone harkend, and his life forgauce.
 Then thus, said he; There is a stranger knight,
 The which for promise of great meed, vs draue
 To this attempt, to wreake his hid despight,
 For that him selfe thereto did want sufficient might.

The Prince much mused at such villenie,
 And said; Now sure ye well haue earn'd your meed:
 For, th' one is dead, and th' other soone shall die,
 Vnlesse to me thou hither bring with speed
 The wretch, that hir'd you to this wicked deed.
 He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
 The guilt on him, which did this mischief breed,
 Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke
 He would surcease, but him, where-so he were, would seeke.

So, vp he rose, and forth straight way he went
 Backe to the place where *Turpine* late he lore;
 There he him found in great astonishment,
 To see him so bedight with bloodie gore,
 And grieu'd wounds that him appalled fore.
 Yet thus at length he said; How now, Sir knight?
 What meaneth this which here I see before?
 How fortuneth this foule vnconioyng plight,
 So different from that, which erst ye seem'd in sight?

Perdy, said he, in euill houre it fell,
 That euer I for meed did vnder take
 So hard a taske, as life for hire to sell;
 The which I erst adventur'd for your sake.
 Witnesse the wounds, and this wide bloody lake,
 Which ye may see yett all about me steeme.
 Therefore now yield, as ye did promise make,
 My due reward; the which right well I deeme
 I earned haue, that life so dearely did redeeme.

But where then is, quoth hee, halfe wrathfully,
 Where is the bootie which therefore I bought;
 That cursed caitiue, my strong enemy,
 That reecant knight, whose hated life I sought?
 And where is eke your friend, which halfe it ought?
 He lies, said he, vpon the cold bare ground,
 Slaine of that errant knight, with whom he fought;
 Whom afterwards, my selfe with many a wound
 Did sleie againe, as ye may see there in the stound.

Thereof false *Turpine* was full glad and faine,
 And needs with him straight to the place would ride,
 Where he him selfe might see his foe-man slaine;
 For, else his feare could not be satisfide.
 So, as they rode, he saw the way all diide
 With streames of blood; which tracking by the traile,
 Ere long they came, where-as in euill tide,
 That other swaine, like ashes deadly pale,
 Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

Much did the Crauen seeme to mone his case,
 That for his sake his deare life had forgone;
 And, him bewailing with affection base,
 Did counterfeit kind pity, where was none:
 For, where's no courage, there's no ruth nor mone.
 Thence passing forth, not farre away he found,
 Where-as the Prince him selfe lay all alone,
 Loosely displayd vpon the grassie ground,
 Possessed of sweet sleepe, that luld him soft in ffound.

Wearie of trauell in his former fight,
 He there in shade him selfe had layd to rest,
 Hauing his armes and warlike things vndight,
 Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest;
 The whiles, his salvage Page, that wont be prest,
 Was wandred in the wood another way;
 To doc some thing that seemed to him best,
 The whiles his Lord in sluer slumber lay,
 Like to the Euening starre, adorn'd with dewy ray.

Whom when-as *Turpine* saw so loosely laid;
 He weened well that he indeed was dead;
 Like as that other knight to him had said:
 But when he nigh approach't, he more aread
 Plaine signes in him of life and liuehead.
 Where-at much grieu'd against that stranger knight,
 That him too light of credence did mislead,
 He that him had backe rettyred from that fight,
 That was to him on earth the deadliest despight.

21
But that same knight would not once let him start,
But plainly gan to him declare the case
Of all his mischiefe, and late lacklesse smart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace,
And how that he in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd vnto the Victor, him to trace
And follow through the world, where-so he went,
Till that he him deliuered to his punishment.

22
He, there-with much abashed and affraid,
Began to tremble euery limbe and vaine;
And softly whispering him, entirely praid,
T'advize him better, then by such a traine
Him to betray vnto a strang'r swaine:
Yet rather counfeld him contrariwise,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
To ioyne with him and vengeance to deuise,
Whil't time did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize.

23
Nath'lesse, for all his speech, the gentle knight
Would not be tempted to such villeny,
Regarding more his faith, which he did plight;
All were it to his mortall enemy,
Then to entrap him by false treacherie:
Great shame in Lieges blood to be embrew'd.
Thus, whil't they were debating dunctly,
The Saluage forth out of the wood it flew'd
Backe to the place, where-as his Lord he sleeping view'd.

24
There, when he saw those two so neere him stand,
He doubted much what mote their meaning bee:
And throwing downe his load out of his hand
(To weet, great store of forrest fruite, which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree)
Himselfe vnto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he so sternely shooke,
That like an hazell wand, it quiuered and quooke.

25
Where-at, the Prince awaking, when he spide
The traytor *Turpine* with that other knight,
He started vp; and snatching neere his side
His trusty sword, the seruant of his might,
Like a fell Lion leaped to him light,
And his left hand vpon his collar laid.
There-with, the coward deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word vnto him laid,
But holding vp his hands, with silence mercy praid.

26
But he so full of indignation was,
That to his pray'r nought he would incline,
But as he lay vpon the humbled gras,
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
Of seruile ok, that nobler harts repine.
Then, letting him arise like abiect thrall,
He gan to him obiect his heinous crime,
And to reuile, and rate, and recreant call,
And lastly, to despoile of knightly bannerall.

27
And after all, for greater infamy,
He by the heeles him hung vpon a tree,
And buffuld so, that all which passed by,
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like ensample warned bee,
How curt they through treason doe trespasse.
But turne we now backe to that Lady free,
Whom late we left riding vpon an Asse,
Led by a Carle and foole, which by her side did passe.

28
She was a Lady of great dignity,
And lifed vp to honourable place,
Famous through all the land of Faerie,
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrous gifts of Natures grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face,
The beames whereof did kinde lovely fire
In th'arts of many a knight, and many a gentle Squire.

29
But shee thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthy thought to be her ere,
But scorned them all that loue vnto her ment:
Yet was the lov'd of many a worthy pere;
Vnworthy she to be belov'd so dere,
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright.
For, beautie is more glorious, bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest she, that serued is of noblest knight.

30
But this coy Damzell thought contrariwise,
That such proud looks would make her praised more;
And that the more she did all loue despise,
The more would wretched Louers her adore.
What cared she, who sighed for her fore,
Or who did waile, or watch the weary night?
Let them, that list, their lucklesse lot deplore;
Shee was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would euer liue, and loue her owne delight.

31
Through such her stubborn stiffeesse, and hard hart,
Many a wretch, for want of remedy,
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
And at the last, through dreary dolour die:
Whil't shee (the Lady of her libertie)
Did boast her beaauty had such soueraine might,
That with the onely twinkle of her eye,
She could or saue, or spill, whom she would hight.
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

32
But loe, the Gods, that mortall follies view,
Did worthily reuenge this maydens pride;
And, nought regarding her so goodly hew,
Did laugh at her, that many did deride,
Whil't she did weepe, of no man mercifide.
For, on a day, when *Cupid* kept his Court,
As he is wont at each *Saint Valentin's*,
Vnto the which all Louers doe resort,
That of their loues successe they there may make reports;

33
 It fortun'd then, that when the rolles were read,
 In wich the names of all Louesfolke were filed,
 That many there were missing, which were dead,
 Or kept in bands, or from their Loues exiled,
 Or by some other violence despoiled.
 Which when as *Cupid* heard, he wexed wroth,
 And doubting to be wronged, or beguiled,
 He badē his eyes to be vnblindfold both,
 That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

34
 Then found he many missing of his crew,
 Which wont do suit and seruice to his might;
 Of whom what was becomen, no man knew.
 Therefore a Iurie was impanel'd freight,
 T' enquire of them, whether by force or sleight,
 Or their owne guilt, they were away conuaid.
 To whom foule *Insamie* and fell *Despight*
 Gaue euidence, that they were all betrayd,
 And mured cruelly by a rebellious Maid.

35
 Faire *Mirabella* was her name, whereby
 Of all those crimes she there indited was:
 All which when *Cupid* heard, he by and by
 In great displeasure, will'd a *Capias*
 Should issue forth, t' attach that scornefull Lasse.
 The Warrant straight was made, and therewithall
 A Bailieffe errant forth in post did passe,
 Whom they by name their *Portamore* did call;
 He which doth summon Louers to Loues iudgement hall.

36
 The Damzell was attach't, and shortly brought
 Vnto the Barre, where-as she was arraigned:
 But she there-to nould plead, nor answere ought
 Euen for stubborne pride, which her restrain'd.
 So iudgement past, as is by law ordained
 In cases like; which when at last she saw,
 Her stubborne hart, which loue before disdain'd,
 Gan stoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,
 Cryde mercy, to abate the extremitie of law.

37
 The sonne of *Venus*, who is milde by kind
 But where he is prouok't with peeuishnesse,
 Vnto her prayers pittiously enclin'd,
 And did the rigour of his doome repressse;
 Yet not so freely, but that nathelesse
 He vnto her a penance did impose:
 Which was, that through this worlds wide wildernes
 She wander should in company of thofe,
 Till shee had sau'd fo many Loues as she did lose.

38
 So now she had been wandring two whole yeares
 Throughout the world, in this vncomely case,
 Wasting her goodly hew in heauie teares,
 And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace:
 Yet had the not, in all these two yeeres space,
 Saued but two; yet in two yeeres before,
 Through her despitous pride, whil't loue lackt place,
 She had destroied two and twenty more.
 Ay me! how could her loue make halfe amends therefore.

39
 And now she was vpon the weary way,
 When as the gentle Squire, with faire *Serene*,
 Met her in such misseeming foule array;
 The whiles, that mighty man did her demean
 With all the euill rearmes and cruell meane
 That he could make; And ecke that angry foole,
 Which follow'd her, with curld hands vnclene
 Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
 Oit whip her dainy selfe, and much augment her doole.

40
 Ne ought it more auailē her to entreat
 The one or th' other, better her to vse:
 For, both so wilfull were and obstinate,
 That all her pittious plaiot they did refuse,
 And rather did the more her beat and bruse.
 But most, the former villaine, which did lead
 Her tyreling iade, was bent hert to abuse;
 Who though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,
 Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead.

41
 For, he was sterne, and terrible by nature,
 And ecke of person huge and hideous,
 Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
 And rather like a Giant monstrous.
 For sooth he was descended of the house
 Of those old Giants, which did warres darraine
 Against the heauen in order battailous,
 And sib to great *Orgolio*, which was slaine
 By *Arthur*, when as *Venus* knight he did maintaine.

42
 His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eyes
 (Like two great Beacons) glared bright and wide,
 Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
 He scorn'd in his overweening pride;
 And stalking stately, like a Crane, did stride
 At eury step vpon the tip-toes hie:
 And all the way he went, on eury side
 He gaz'd about, and stared horribly,
 As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

43
 He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
 As no whit dreading any liuing wight;
 But in a Jacket quilted richly rare,
 Vpon checklaron, he was strangely dight,
 And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
 Like to the Moores of Malaber he wore;
 With which, his locks, as black as pitchy night,
 Were bound about, and voyded from before,
 And in his hand a mighty iron club he bore.

44
 This was *Disdaine*, who led that Ladies horse
 Through thick & thin, through mountaines & through
 Compelling her, where she would not by force (Plaines,
 Halting her Palfrey by the hempen reines.
 But that same foole, which most increast her paines,
 Was *Scorne*, who hauing in his hand a whip,
 Her there-with yrks, and full when she complains,
 The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,
 To see her sore lament, and bite her tender lip.

Whofe

45
Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld,
And saw those villaines her so vilely vte,
His gentle hart with indignation tweld,
And could no lenger beare so great abuse,
As such a Lady so to beate and bruse;
But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
That fore't him th' halter from his hand to loofe,
And mauer all his might, backe to relent:
Else had he luredly there bene flaine, or foully shent.

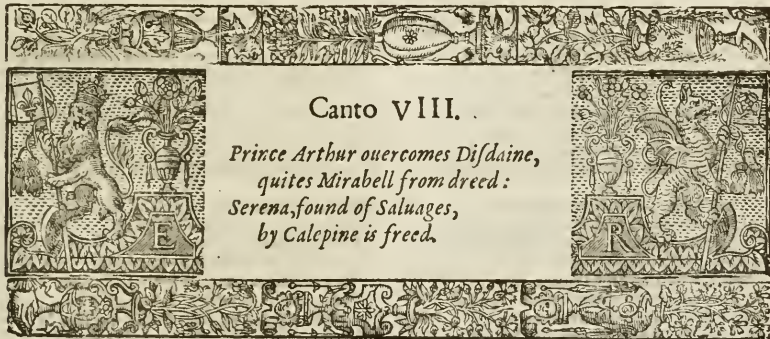
46
The villaine, wroth for greeting him so fore,
Gathered himselfe together toone againe;
And with his iron baton which he bore,
Let driue at him to dreadfully amone,
That for his safety he did him constrain
To giue him ground, and shuft to euery side,
Rather then once his burden to sustaine:
For, bootlesse thing him seemed to abide
So mighty blowes, or proue the puillance of his pride.

47
Like as a Mastiffe, hauing at a bay
A saluage Bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
Desperate danger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some advantage get;
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore:
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret,
And fume in his disdainfull mind the more,
And oftentimes by Turnagant and Mahound swore.

48
Nath'lesse, so sharply still he him pursew'd,
That at advantage him at last he tooke,
When his foot slip't (that slip he dearly rew'd)
And with his iron club to ground him strooke;
Where still he lay, ne out of swoune awooke,
Till heauy hand the Carle vpon him layd,
And bound him fast: Tho, when he vp did looke,
And saw himselfe captiu'd, he was dismayd,
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

49
Then vp he made him rise, and forward fare,
Led in a rope, which both his hands did bind;
Ne ought that foole for pittie did him spare;
But with his whip him following behind,
Him often scourg'd, and fore't his feet to find:
And other-whiles, with bitter mocks and mowes
He would him scorne, that to his gentle mind
Was much more grieuous then the others blowes:
Words sharply wound, but greatest griefe of scorning
50
(grows).

The faire *Serena*, when she saw him fall
Vnder that villaines club, then surely thought
That flaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speed she mought,
To seeke for safety, which long time she sought:
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere she agone to *Calepine* was brought:
The which discourse as now I must delay,
Till *Mirabellæes* fortunes I doe further say.



Canto VIII.

*Prince Arthur ouercomes Disdaine,
quites Mirabell from dread:
Serena, found of Saluages,
by Calepine is freed.*

1
YE gentle Ladies, in whose soueraine powte
Loue hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th' harts of men, as your eternall dowte,
In iron chaines, of liberty bereft,
Decler'd hath into your hands by gift;
Be well aware, how ye the same doe vse,
That pride doe not to tyranny you list,
Least if men you of crueltie accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome, which ye doe abuse.

2
And as ye soft and tender are by kind,
Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eke in mind;
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the loue of men to hate.
Ensample take of *Mirabellæes* case,
Who from the high degree of happy state,
Fell into wretched woes, which thier repented late.

Who

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,
 V Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
 Wastouched with compassion entire,
 And much lamented his calamity,
 That for her sake fell into misery:
 Which booted nought for prayers, nor for threat,
 To hope for to releafe or mollifie;
 For, aye the more that she did them intreat,
 The more they him misus'd, and cruelly did beat.

So, as they forward on their way did pass,
 Him still reuiling and afflicting sore,
 They met Prince *Arthur* with Sir *Enias*
 (That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
 Hauing subdew'd, yet did to life restore)
 To whom as they approach't, they gan augment
 Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
 Scourging and haling him more vehement;
 As if it them should grieue to see his punishment.

The Squire him selfe, when-as he saw his Lord,
 The witnesse of his wretchednesse, in place,
 Was much ashamed, that with an hempen cord
 He like a dog was led in captiue case;
 And did his head for basifulnesse abase,
 As loth to see, or to be seene at all:
 Shame would be hid. But when-as *Enias*
 Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,
 His manly mind was much emmoued there-withall,

And to the Prince thus said; See you, Sir Knight,
 The greatest shame that euer eye yet saw?
 Yond Lady and her Squire with foule despight
 Abus'd, against all reason and all law,
 Without regard of pity or of awe.
 See how they doe that Squire bear and reuile;
 See how they doe the Lady hale and draw.
 But if ye please to lend me leaue awhile,
 I will them loone acquite, and both of blame assoile.

The Prince assented: and then he straight way
 Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
 With which approaching, thus he gan to say;
 Abide ye caytiue treachetours vntrew,
 That haue with treason thrall'd vnto you
 These two, vnworthy of your wretched bands;
 And now your crime with cruelty purfew.
 Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
 Or else abide the death, that hard before you stands.

The villaine staid not, answer to invent,
 But with his iron club preparing way,
 His mindes sad message backe vnto him sent;
 The which descended with such dreadfull sway,
 That seemed nought the course thereof could stay:
 No more then lightning from the lofty sky.
 Ne list the knight the powre thereof assay,
 Whose doome was death; but lightly slipping by,
 Vnwares defrauded his intended destiny.

And to require him with the like againe,
 With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
 And strooke so strongly, that the Carle with paine
 Saued himselfe, but that he there him flew:
 Yet sav'd not so, but that the blood it drew,
 And gaue his foe good hope of victory.
 Who there-with fleth, vpon him set a new,
 And with the second stroke, thought certainly
 To haue supplide the first, and paid the vsury.

But Fortune answerd not vnto his call;
 For, as his hand was heaued vp on high,
 The villaine met him in the middle fall,
 And with his club bet backe his brondiron bright
 So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
 Rebeaten backe vpon himselfe againe,
 He driuen was to ground in selfe despight;
 From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
 He in his necke had set his foote with fell disdain.

With that, the foole, which did that end await,
 Came running in; and whil' st on ground he lay,
 Laid heavy hands on him, and held so strait,
 That downe he kept him with his scornfull sway,
 So as he could not wiew him any way.
 The whiles, that other villaine went about
 Him to haue bound, and thrald without delay;
 The whiles, the foole did him reuile and flout,
 Threatning to yoke them two, & tame their courage stout.

As when a sturdy Plough-man with his hinde
 By strength haue overthrowne a stubborn steare,
 They downe him hold, and fast with cords do binde
 Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
 So did these two this Knight oft tug and tear.
 Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,
 He left his lofty steed to aide him neare;
 And buckling loone himselfe, gan fiercely fly
 Vpon that Carle, to saue his friend from ieopardie.

The villaine, leauing him vnto his mate
 To be captiu'd, and handled as he list,
 Himselfe address vnto this new debate,
 And with his club him all about so blif,
 That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
 Some-times aloft he layd, some-times alowe;
 Now here, now there, and oft him neere he mist;
 So doubtfully, that hardly one could knowe
 Whether more wary were to giue or ward the blowe.

But yet the Prince so well enured was
 With such huge strokes, approoued oft in fight,
 That way to them he gaue forth-right to pass;
 Ne would endure the danger of their might,
 But wait advantage, when they downe did light.
 At last, the caytiue after long discourse,
 When all his strokes he saw avoided quite,
 Resolv'd in one t'assemble all his force,
 And make one end of him without ruche or remorse.

15
His dreadfull hand he heaued vp aloft;
And with his dreadfull instrument of fire,
Thought sure haue powred him to powder soft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entire:
But Fortune did not with his will conspire.
For, ere his stroke attained his intent,
The noble child preuenting his desire,
Vnder his club with wary boldnesse went,
And smote him on the knee, that neuer yet was bent.

16
It neuer yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow:
But all that leg which did his body beare,
It crackt through-out, yet did no blood appeare;
So as it was vnable to support
So huge a burden on such broken gearre,
But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of durt;
Whence he asaid to rise, but could not for his hurt.

17
Eftsoones the Prince to him full nimblely stept;
And, least he should recouer foot againe,
His head meant from his shoulders to haue swept.
V Which when the Lady saw, she cride amaine;
Stay, stay, Sir Knight, for loue of God abstaine,
From that vnwares yee weetelesse doe intend;
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be flaine:
For, more on him doth then himselfe depend;
My life will by his death haue lamentable end.

18
He staid his hand according her desire,
Yet nathe more him suffred to arise;
But still suppressing, gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote those vncouth words comprize,
That in that villaines health her safety lies:
That, were no might in man, nor hart in Knights,
Which durst her dreaded rescue enterprize,
Yet heauens themselues, that fauour feeble rights,
Would for it selfe redresse, and punish such despights.

19
Then, bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast
Like many water streames, awhile she staid;
Till the sharp passion beeing over-past,
Her tongue to her restor'd, then thus she said;
Nor heauens, nor men, can me most wretched maid
Deliuere from the doome of my defart;
The which the God of Loue hath on me laid,
And damned to endure this direfull smart,
For penance of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

20
In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloome delight,
And Nature me endur'd with plentifuld dower
Of all her gifts that pleas'd each liuing sight,
I was belou'd of many a gentle Knight,
And sude and fought with all the seruice dew:
Full many a one for me deepe groand and sigh't,
And to the doore of death for sorrow drew,
Complaining out on me, that would not on them rew.

21
But let them loue that list, or liue or die;
Me list not die for any Louers doole:
Ne list me leaue my loued libertie,
To pittie him that list to play the foole:
To loue my selfe I learned had in schoole.
Thus I triumphed long in Louers paine,
And sitting carelesse on the formers stoole,
Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine:
But all is now repaid with interest againe.

22
For, loe, the winged God, that woundeth harts,
Caus'd me be called to account therefore;
And for reuengement of those wrongfull smarts,
V Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addem'd me to endure this penaunce fore;
That in this wife, and this vnmeert array,
With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Disdaine and Scorne, I through the world should stray,
Till I haue saui'd so many as I cast did slay.

23
Certes, said then the Prince, the God is iust,
That taketh vengeance of his peoples spoile:
For, were no law in loue, but all that list
Might them oppresse, and painefully turnoile,
His kingdome would continue but awhile.
But tell me Lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with such toile,
And cke this wallet at your backe areare,
That for these Carles to carry much more comely were?

24
Heere, in this bottle, said the sory Maid,
I put the teares of my contrition,
Till to the brim I haue it full defraid:
And in this bag which I behind me don,
I put repentance for things past and gon.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
That all which I put in, falls out anon;
And is behind me trodden downe of Scorne,
Who mocketh all my paine, & laughs the more I mourne.

25
The Infant harkned wisely to her tale,
And wondred much at Cupids iudgement wise,
That could so meekly make proud harts auale,
And weake himselfe on them that him despise.
Then suffred he *Disdaine* vp to arise,
Who was not able vp himselfe to reere,
By means his leg, through his late lucklesse prise,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feere
Was holpen vp, who him supported standing neere.

26
But, beeing vp, hee lookt againe aloft,
As if he neuer had receiued fall;
And with sterne eye-browes stared at him oft,
As if hee would haue daunted him with-all:
And, standing on his tip-toes to seeme tall,
Downe on his golden feet he often gazed,
As if such pride the other could apall;
Who was lo far from being ought amazed,
That he his looks despised, and his boast dispraised.

Then

27
Then, turning backe vnto that captiue thrall,
Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
Vnwillig to be knowne, or seene at all,
Hec from those bands weend him to haue vnwound.
But when approaching neare, he plainly found,
It was his owne true groomie, the gentle Squire,
He theat wext exceedingly afound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire;
Ne could, with seeing, satisfie his great desire.

28
Meane-while, the Saluage man, when he beheld
That huge great foolc opprelling th' other Knight,
Whom with his weight vnwiely downe he held,
Hec flew vpon him, like a greedy Knight
Vnto some carrion offered to his sight
And downe him plucking, with his nailes and teeth
Gan him to hale and teare, and scratch, and bite;
And from him taking his owne whip, there-with
So sore him scourgeth, that the blood downe followeth.

29
And sure, I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,
He would with whipping, him haue done to die:
But being checkt, he did abstaine straight way,
And let him rise. Then thus the Prince gan say;
Now Lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,
That if ye list haue liberty, ye may,
Vnto your selfe I freely leaue to chose,
Whether I shall you leaue, or from these villaines lose.

30
Ah! nay, Sir Knight, said she, it may not be,
But that I need's must by all meanes fulfill
This penance, which enioyned is to me,
Least vnto me betide a greater ill;
Yet no lesse thanks to you for your good will,
So humbly taking leaue, she turn'd aside;
But *Arthur*, with the rest, went onward still
On his first quest: in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them diuide.

31
But first, it falleth me by course to tell
Of faire *Serena*: who as earst you heard,
When first the gentle Squire at variance fell
With those two Carles, fled fast away, afraid
Of villany to be to her inferd:
So fresh the image of her former deard,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That euery foot did tremble, which did tread,
And euery body two, and two she foure did read.

32
Through hills & dales, through bushes, & through breces
Long thus she fled, till that at last the thought
Her selfe now past the perill of her feares.
Then looking round about, and seeing nought,
Which doubt of danger to her offer might,
She from her palfrey lighted on the Plaine;
And sitting downe, her selfe awhile bethought
Of her long trauell and turmoiling paine;
And often did of loue, and oft of lucke complaine.

33
And cuermore, she blamed *Calepine*,
The good Sir *Calepine*, her owne true Knight,
As th' onely author of her wofull time:
For beeing of his loue to her fo sight,
As her to leaue in such a pitious plight,
Yet neuer Turtle truer to his Make,
Then he was tride vnto his Lady bright:
Who all this while endured, for her sake,
Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

34
Tho, when as all her plaints she had displaid,
And well disburdened her enuigred brest;
Vpon the grasse her selfe adwight she layd;
Where beeing ryde with trauell, and opprest
With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest.
There, whilst in *Morphew* bosome safe she lay,
Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,
Falle Fortune did her safety betray,
Vnto a strange mischaunce, that menac't her decay.

35
In these wilde deserts, where she now abode,
There dwelt a saluage Nation, which did liue
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders: ne did giue
Themselues to any trade (as for to driue
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by aduentrous marchandise to thriue)
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And serue their owne necessities with others need.

36
There-to they vs'd one most accursed order,
To eat the flesh of men, whom they mote find,
And frangers to deuour, which on their border
Were brought by error, or by wreckfull wind;
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kind.
They towards euening wandring euery way,
To seeke for booty, came (by Fortune blind)
Where-as this Lady, like a sheepe astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse lay.

37
Soone as they spide her, Lord what gladfull glee
They made amongst themselues: but when her face
Like the faire Tuory shinning they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace,
For ioy of such good hap by heauenly grace.
Then gan they to deuife what course to take:
Whether to slay her there vpon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce; or many meales to make.

38
The best aduizement was of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill, without encomberment:
For, sleepe (they said) would make her battill better.
Then, when she wak't, they all gaue one consent,
That sith by grace of God she there was sent,
Vnto their God they would her sacrifice;
Whose share, her guiltlesse blood they would present:
But, of her dainie flesh they did deuize
To make a common feast, & feed with gurmardize.

So, round about her they ³⁹ them felues did place
 Vpon the grasse, and diuerly dispoſe,
 As each thought best to spend the lingring ſpace.
 Some with their eyes the daintieſt morſels choſe;
 Some praife her paps, ſome praife her lips and noſe;
 Some whet their knives, and ſtrip their elbowed bare:
 The Prieſt himſelfe a garland doth compoſe
 Of fineſt flowers, and with full buſie care
 His bloody veſſels waſh, and holy fire prepare.

The Damzell wakes: then all atonce vp-ſtart,
 And round about her flocke, like many flies,
 Whooping, and hollowing on eury part,
 As if they would haue rent the braſen ſkies.
 Which when the fees with ghastly grieffull eyes,
 Her heare does quake, and deadly pallid hew
 Beambes her cheekes: Then out aloud ſhe cries,
 Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
 And rends her golden locks, and ſnowy breſts embrew.

But all bootes not: they hands vpon her lay;
 And fiſt they ſpoile her of her jewels deare,
 And afterwards of all her rich array;
 The which amongſt them they in peeceſ teare,
 And of the prey each one a part doth beare.
 Now being naked to their fordid eyes
 The goodly treaſures of Nature appeare:
 Which as they view with luſtfull fantaſies,
 Each wiſheth to himſelfe, and to the reſt enuies.

Her yuory necke, her alabaſter breſt,
 Her paps, which like white ſilken pillowes were,
 For Loue in ſoft delight thereon to reſt;
 Her tender ſides her belly white and cleare,
 Which like an Altar did it ſelfe vp-reare,
 To offer ſacrifice diuine thereon;
 Her goodly thighes, whoſe glory did appeare
 Like a triumphall Arch, and thereupon
 The ſpoiles of Princes hangd, which were in battell won:

Thoſe dainty parts, the dearlings of delight,
 Which mote not be profan'd of common eyes,
 Thoſe vil'eins view'd with looſe laſciuious fight,
 And cloſely tempted with their crafty ſpies;
 And ſome of them gan amongſt themſelues deuife,
 Thereof by force to take their beaſtly pleaſure.
 But them the Prieſt rebuking did aduife
 To dare not to pollute ſo ſacred treaſure,
 Vow'd to the gods: religion held euen theeues in meaſure.

So being ſtayd, they her from thence directed
 Vnto a little groue not farre aſide,
 In which an altar ſhortly they erected,
 To ſlay her on. And now the Euentide
 His broad black wings had through the heauens wide
 By this diſſped, that was the time ordained
 For ſuch a diſmall deed, their guilt to hide:
 Of ſew green turfes an altar ſoone they fayned,
 And deckt it al with flowers, which they nigh hand obtained.

Tho, when-as all things readie were aright,
 The Damzell was before the altar ſet,
 Being already dead with fearefull fright.
 To whom the Prieſt with naked armes full net
 Approaching nigh, and murderous knife well whet,
 Gan mutter cloſe a certaine ſecret charme,
 With other diuelliſh ceremonies met:
 Which doen, he gan aloft aduance his arme,
 Wherewith they ſhouted all, and made aloud alarme.

Then gan the bag-pipes and the homes to ſhrill,
 And ſhriek aloud, that with the peoples voice
 Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
 And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
 The whiles ſhe wayld, the more they did reioyce.
 Now mote ye vnderſtand that to this groue
 Sir *Calpine* by chance, more then by choiſe,
 The ſelfe ſame euening fortune hither droue,
 As he to ſeck *Serena* through the woods did roue.

Long had he ſought her, and through many a ſoyle
 Hid traueled ſtill on foot in heavy armes,
 Ne ought was tyred with his endleſſe toyle,
 Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
 And now all weeteſſe of the wretched ſlornes,
 In which his Loue was loſt, he ſlept full faſt,
 Till being waked with theſe loud alarmes,
 He lightly ſtarted vp like one aghaſt,
 And catching vp his arms ſtreight to the noiſe forth paſt.

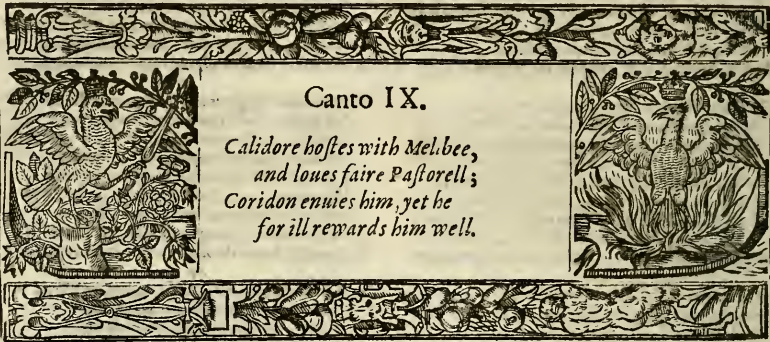
There by th'vncertaine glim of ſtarry night,
 And by the twinkling of their ſacred fire,
 He mote perceiue a little dawning light
 Of all, which there was doing in that quire:
 Mongſt whom, a woman ſpoyled of all attire
 He ſpide lamenting her vn lucky ſtriſe,
 And groning ſore from grieued heart entire;
 Eft ſoones he ſawe one with a naked knife
 Ready to launce her breſt, and let out loued life.

With that he thruſts into the thickeſt throng,
 And euen as his right hand adowne deſcends,
 He him preuenting, layes on earth along,
 And ſacrificeth to th' infernall ſeends.
 Then to therest his wrathfull hand he bends;
 Of whom he makes ſuch hauocke and ſuch hew,
 That ſwarms of damned ſoules to hell he ſends:
 The reſt, that ſcape his ſword and death eſchew,
 Fly like a flocke of doves before a Faulcons view.

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
 Whom by the Altar he doth ſitting finde,
 Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
 Of clothes to couer what ſhee ought by kinde,
 He fiſt her hands beginneth to vpbinde;
 And then to queſtion of her preſent woe;
 And afterwards to cheare with ſpeeches kind.
 But ſhe, for nought that he could ſay or doe,
 One word durſt ſpeake, or anſwer him awhit thereto.

So inward shame of her vncomely case
 She did conceiue, through care of womanhood,
 That though the night did couer her disgrace,
 Yet she in so vnwomanly a mood,

Would not bewray the state in which shee stood.
 So, all that night to him vnknown shee past.
 But day that doth discouer bad and good,
 Ensweing, made her knowne to him at last:
 The end whereof Ile keep vntill another cast.



Canto IX.

*Calidore hostes with Mel. bee,
 and loues faire Pastorell;
 Coridon enuies him, yet he
 for ill rewards him well.*

Ow turne againe my remethou iolly swain,
 Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
 I lately left a furrow, one or twaine (cleft:
 Vnplough'd, the which my coulter hath not
 Yet seem'd the soile both fair & fruitful est,
 As I it past; that were too great a shame,
 That so rich fruit should be from vs bereft;
 Besides the great dishonour and defame,
 Which should befall to *Calidore's* immortall name.

Great trauell hath the gentle *Calidore*
 And toyle endured, sith I left him last
 Sewing the *Blatant Beast*; which I for bore
 To finish then, for other present haste.
 Full many paths, and perils he hath past, (Plains,
 Through hills, through dales, through forrests & through
 In that same quest, which Fortune on him cast;
 Which he achieued to his owne great gaines,
 Reaping eternall glory of his restlesse paines.

So sharply he the monster did pursue,
 That day nor night he suffred him to rest:
 Ne rested he himselfe (but Natures dew)
 For dread of danger, not to be redrest,
 If he for slouth forlackt so famous quest.
 Him first from court he to the cities coursed,
 And from the Cities to the townes him prest,
 And from the townes into the country forced,
 And from the country back to priuate farms he scorfed.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
 Whereas the Heardees were keeping of their neat,
 And shepherds singing to their flockes, that fed,
 Lays of sweet loue and youtnes delightfull heat:

Him thither eke (for all his fearefull threat)
 He followed fast, and chased him so nie,
 That to the folds, where sheep at night doe seat,
 And to the little cotes, where shepherds lie
 In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

There on a day as he pursued the chase,
 He chaunc't to spy a sort of shepherd groomes,
 Playing on pipes, and caroling apace,
 The whiles their beasts there in the budded broomes
 Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomers:
 For other worldly wealth they cared nought,
 To whom Sir *Calidore* yet sweating comes,
 And them to tell him courteously besought,
 If such a beast they saw, which he had thither brought.

They answer'd him, that no such beast they sawe,
 Nor any wicked feend, that mote offend
 Their happie flockes, nor danger to them drawe:
 But if that such there were (as none they kend)
 They prayd high God him farre from them to send.
 Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
 After his rusticke wife (that well he weend)
 Offred him drinke, to quench his thirsty heat,
 And if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
 And took their gentle offer: so adowne
 They prayd him sit, and gaue him for to feed
 Such homely what, as serues the simple clowne,
 That doth despise the dainties of the towne.
 Tho, hauing fed his fill, he there beside
 Saw a faire danzell, which did weare a crowne
 Of sundry flowres, with silken ribbands tyde,
 Yclad in home-made green that her owne hands had dyde.

Vpon

8

Vpon a litle hillocke she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Enuiron'd with a girlond, goodly graced,
Of louely lasses: and them all without
The lusty shepheard swaines fate in a rout,
The which did pipe and sing her prayes dew,
And oft reioice, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heauenly hew
Were downe to them defended in that earthly view.

9

And soothly sure she was full faire of face,
And perfectly well shap't in euery lim;
Which she did more augment with modest grace,
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
Who, her admiring as some heauenly wight,
Did for their fountaine goddesse her esteeme,
And caroling her name both day & night,
The fairest *Pasforella* her by name did hight.

10

Ne was there Heard, ne was there shepherds swaine
But her did honour, and eke many a one
Burnt in her loue, and with sweet pleasing paine
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:
But most of all the shepheard *Coridon*
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
Yet neither she for him, nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

11

Her whiles Sir *Calidore* there viewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed
So farre the meane of shepherds to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed,
To be a Princes Paragone esteemed;
He was vnwares surpriz'd in subtil bands
Of the blind Boy, ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands,
Caught like the bird, which gazing still on others stands.

12

So flood he still long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to moue away,
Although his queit were farre afore him gone;
But after he had fed, yet did he stay,
And late there still, vntill the flying day
Was farre-forth spent, discoursing diuersly
Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delays;
And euermore his speech he did apply
To th'heards, but meant them to the damzels fantasie.

13

By this, the moystic night approaching fast,
Her dewy humour gan on th'earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepherds to their homes to haste
Their tender flockes, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed.
Then came to them a good olde aged Syre,
Whose siluer lockes bedeckt his beard and head,
With shepherds hook in hand, and fit attire,
That will'd the Damzell rise; the day did now expire.

14

He was to weet by common voice esteemed
The father of the fairest *Pasforell*,
And of her selfe in very deed fo deemed;
Yet was not so, but as old stories tell
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th'open fields an Infant left alone,
And taking vp brought home, and nourfed well
As his owne childe; for other he had none,
That she in tract of time accounted was his owne.

15

She at his bidding meekly did arise,
And streight vnto her litle flocke did fare:
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundry sheep with feuerall care
Gathered together, and them home-ward bare:
Whil't enery one with helping hands did striue
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
To helpe faire *Pasforella*, home to driue
Her fleecy flocke; but *Coridon* most helpe did giue.

16

But *Melibee* (so hight that good old man)
Now seeing *Calidore* left all alone,
And night arrued hard at hand, began
Him to inuite vnto his simple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane; yet better so
To lodge, then in the saluage fields to roome.
The Knight full gladly loone agreed thereto,
Being his hearts owne wish, and home with him did goe.

17

There he was welcom'd of that honest Syre,
And of his aged Belldame homely well;
Who him be'lought himselfe to disattyre,
And rest himselfe, till supper time befell;
By which, home came the fayrest *Pasforell*,
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde:
And, supper ready dight, they to it fell
With small adoe, and nature satisfide,
The which doth litle craue, contented to abide.

18

Tho, when they had their hunger slaked well,
And the fayre mayd the table ra'ne away;
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courtcise, and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day,
Gan greatly thank his host and his good wife;
And drawing thence his speech another way,
Gan highly to commend the happy life,
Which Shepherds lead, without debate or bitter strife.

19

How much, sayd he, more happy is the state,
In which ye father here do dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate,
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which tosse the rest in dangerous disease?
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease;
That certes I your happinesse eniue,
And wish my lot were plac't in such felicitie.

G g 2

Surely

20
Surely my soune (then answer'd he againe)
If happie, then it is in this intent,
That hauing small, yet do I not complaine
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But do my selfe, with that I haue, content;
So taught of Nature, which doth little need
Of forreine helps to lifes due nourishment.
The fields my food, my flock my rayment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

21
Therefore I doe not any one enuy,
Nor am enuide of any one therefore;
They that haue much, feare much to lose thereby,
And store of cares doth follow riches store.
The little that I haue growes daily more
Without my care, but onely to attend it.
My lambs do euery year increase their score,
And my flockes father dayly doth ameu'd it.
What haue I, but to praise th' Almighty, that doth send it

22
To them, that list, the worlds gay shewes I leaue,
And to great ones such follies do forgieue,
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weaue,
And through ambition downe themselues do driue
To sad decay, that might contented liue.
Me no such cares nor cmbrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds vnmoued quiet grieue;
But all the night in sluser sleep I spend,
And all the day, to what I list, I doe attend.

23
Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
Vnto my Lambes, and him dislodge away;
Somtime the fawne I practise, from the Doe,
Or from the Goat her kidde how to conuay;
Another while I baites and nets display,
The birds to catch or fishes to beguile:
And when I weary am, I downe do lay
My limbes in euery shade, to rest from toyle,
And drinke of euery brooke, when thirst my throte doth
(boile).

24
The time was once, in my first prime of yeeres,
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
That I did dauid amongst mine equall peeres
To follow sheepe and shepheards base attire:
For further fortune then I would inquire;
And leauing home, to royall court I sought;
Where I did sell my selfe for yearly hire,
And in the Princes garden dayly wrought:
There I beheld such vaine iesses, as I neuer thought.

25
With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes, which them do entertaine,
After I had ten yeeres my selfe excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare.
Tho, backe returning to my sheep againe,
I from thenceforth haue learn'd to loue more deare
This lowly quiet life, which I inherite here.

26
Whil't thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy care
Hong still vpon his melting mouth attend;
Whose sensefull words melting his heart to feare,
That he was wrapt with double rauishment,
Both of his speech that wrought him great content,
And also of the obiect of his view,
On which his hungry eye was alwaies bent;
That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entranced grew.

27
Yet to occasion meanes, to worke his minde,
And to insinuate his hearts desire,
He thus replide; Now surely syre I finde,
That all this worlds gay shewes, which we admire,
Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retire
Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
Fearelesse of foes, or Fortunes wrackfull yre,
Which toseth states, and vnder foot doth tread
The mighty ones, afraid of euery changes dread.

28
That euen I which dayly doe behold
The glory of the great, mongst whom I won;
And now haue prov'd, what happinesse ye hold
In this small plot of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordship and ambition;
And with th'heavens so much had graced me,
As grant me liue in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might transposed be
From pitch of higher place, vnto this lowe degree.

29
In vaine, said then old *Melibeus*, doe men
The heavens of their fortunes fault accuse;
Sith they know best, what is the best for them:
For, they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
As they do knowe each can most aptly vse,
For, not that, which men couet most, is best,
Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his best.

30
It is the mind, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poore:
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other, that hath little, askes no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise.
For, with some is most riches; fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes do by vowes deuize,
Sith each vnto himselfe his life may fortunize.

31
Since then in each mans selfe, sayd *Calidore*,
It is, to fashion his owne lifes estate,
Giue leaue awhile, good father, in this shore
To rest my barke, which hath been beaten late
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,
In seas of troubles and of toylefome paine;
That whether quite from them for to retreat
I shall resolue, or backe to turne againe,
I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine.

Not that the burden of so bold a gueſt
 Shall chargefull be, or change to you at all;
 For, your meane food ſhall be my dayly feaſt,
 And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.
 Befides, for recompence hereof, I ſhall
 You well reward, and golden guerdon giue,
 That may perhaps you better much withall,
 And in this quiet make you laſer liue.
 So, forth he drew much golde, and toward him it driue.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
 Of his rich mould, did thruſt it farre away,
 And thus beſpake: Sir knight, your bountious proffer
 Be farre from me, to whom ye ill diſplay
 That mucky maſſe, the cauſe of mens decay,
 That more empayre my peace with dangers dread.
 But if ye algates couet to aſſay
 This ſimple ſort of life, that Shepheards lead,
 Be it your owne: our rudeneſſe to your ſelie aread.

So there that night Sir *Calidore* did dwell,
 And long while after, whilſt him liſt remaine,
 Dayly beholding the faire *Pafforell*,
 And feeding on the bayt of his owne care.
 During which time, he did her entertaine
 With all kinde courteſies, he could inuent;
 And euery day, her companie to gaine,
 When to the field he went, he with her went:
 So, for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.

But ſhe that neuer had acquainted beene
 With ſuch quaint vſage, fit for *Queenes* and *Kings*,
 Ne euer had ſuch knightly feruice ſeene
 (But being bred vnder baſe Shepheards wings,
 Had euer learn'd to loue the lowely things)
 Did little whit regard his courteous giuize;
 But cared more for *Colins* carolings
 Then all that he could doe, or euer deuiſe:
 His layes, his loues, his looks ſhe did them all deſpiſe.

Which *Calidore* perceiuing, thought it beſt
 To change the manner of his loſty looke;
 And doſſing his bright armes, himſelfe addreſt
 In Shepheards weed, and in his hand he took,
 In ſtead of ſteele-head ſpeare, a Shepheards hook;
 That who had ſeene him then, would haue bethought
 On *Phrygian Paris* by *Plexippus* brook,
 When he the loue of faire *Enone* fought,
 What time the golden apple was vnto him brought.

So being clad vnto the fields he went
 With the faire *Pafforella* euery day,
 And kept her ſheep with diligent attent,
 Watching to driue the rauenous Wolfe away,
 The whylſt at pleaſure the more ſport and play;
 And euery evening helping them to fold:
 And otherwhiles for need, he did aſſay
 In his ſtrong hand their rugged teats to hold,
 And out of them to preſſe the milk: loue fou much could.

Which ſeeing *Coridon*, who her likewiſe
 Long time had lov'd, and hop't her loue to gaine,
 He much was troubled at that ſtrangers giuize,
 And many ieaulous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
 That thiſt of all his labour and long paine
 Should reap the harueſt, ere it ripened were;
 That made him ſoule, and pout, and oft complaine
 Of *Pafforell* to all the ſhepheards there,
 That ſhe did loue a ſtranger ſwayne them him more dere.

And euer when he came in companie,
 Where *Calidore* was preſent, he would loure,
 And byte his lip, and euen for iea louſie
 Was ready of his owne heart to deuoure,
 Impatient of any *Paramoure*:
 Who on the other ſide did ſeem ſo farre
 From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
 That all he could, he grac'd him with her,
 Ne euer ſhewed ſigne of rancour or of iarre.

And oft, when *Coridon* vnto her brought
 Or little ſparrows, ſtolen from their neſt,
 Or wanton ſquerrils, in the woods farre ſought,
 Or other dainty thing for her addreſt;
 He would commend his gift, and make the beſt;
 Yet ſhe no whit his preſents did regard,
 Ne him could finde to fancy in her breaſt:
 Thiſt new come ſhepherd had his market mar'd.
 Old loue is little worth, when new is more preſard.

One day when as the ſhepherd ſwaynes together
 Were met, to make their ſports and merry glee,
 As they are wont in faire ſun-ſhiny weather,
 The whiles their flockes in ſhadows ſhrouded be,
 They fell to dance: then did they all agree,
 That *Colin Clout* ſhould pipe, as one moſt fit;
 And *Calidore* ſhould lead the ring, as he
 That moſt in *Pafforellas* grace did fit.
 Thereat frown'd *Coridon*, and his lip cloſely bit.

But *Calidore*, of courteous inclination,
 Took *Coridon*, and ſet him in his place,
 That he ſhould lead the dance, as was his faſhion;
 For, *Coridon* could dance, and trimly trace.
 And when as *Pafforella*, him to grace,
 Her ſlowy girdle took from her owne head,
 And plac't on his, he did it ſoone diſplace,
 And did it put on *Coridons* in ſtead:
 Then *Coridon* woxe frolicke, that carſt ſeemed dead.

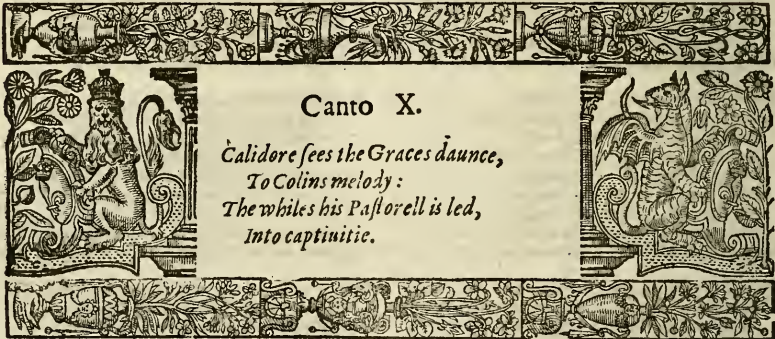
Another time, when as they did diſpoſe
 To practice games, and maſteries to trie,
 They for their Iudge did *Pafforella* choiſe;
 A garland was the meed of victory.
 There *Coridon*, forth ſtepping openly,
 Did challenge *Calidore* to wreſtling game:
 For, he through long and perfect induſtry,
 Therein well practis'd was, and in the ſame (ſhame.
 Thought fire ſhould change his grudge, & worke his foe great
 Gg 3 But

44
But *Calidore* he greatly did mistake;
For, he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almost brake:
And had he not vpon him fallen light,
His dearest ioynt he sure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by *Pastorell*
Giuen to *Calidore*, as his due right;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gauē it to *Coridon*, and sayd he wonne it well.

45
Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abearē
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That euen they the which his riuals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs :


For, courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and fauour. So it surely wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mind the seeds
Of perfect loue did sowe, that last forth brought
The fruit of ioy & blis, though long time dearely bought.

46
Thus *Calidore* continu'd there long time,
To win the loue of the faire *Pastorell*;
Which hauing got, he vsed without crime
Or blamefull blot; but menaged so well,
That he of all the rest, which there did well,
Was fauoured, and to her grace commended.
But what strange fortunes vnto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conueniently in other place be ended.



Canto X.

Calidore sees the Graces daunce,
To Colins melody:
The whiles his *Pastorell* is led,
Into captiuitie.

1
 Ho now does follow the foule *Blatant Beest*,
Whil't *Calidore* does follow that faire Mayd,
Vnmindfull of his vowe and high behest,
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he should neuer leaue, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it atchieued?
But now, entrapt of loue, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more, how he may be relieued (griued;
With grace from her, whose loue his heart hath fore en-

2
That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew
His former quest, so full of toyle and paine;
Another quest, another game in view
He hath, the guerdon of his loue to gaine:
With whom he mindes for euer to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly fauour, sed with light report
Of cuery blaste, and sayling alwaies in the port.

3
Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be,
From so high step to stoupe vnto so lowe.
For, who had tasted once (as oft did he)
The happy peace, which there doth ouer-flowe,

And prov'd the perfect pleasures which doe growe
Amongst poore hinds, in hills, in woods, in dales,
Would neuer more delight in painted shewe
Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales,
T'entrap vnway fooles in their eternall bales.

4
For, what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one sight, which *Calidore* did view?
The glunche whereof their dimmed eyes would daze,
That neuer more they should endure the shew
Of that sunne-shine, that makes them look askew:
Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare
(Sauē onely *Glorianae* heavenly hew;
To which what can compare?) can it compare;
The which, as commeth now by course, I will declare.

5
One day as he did range the fields abroad,
Whil't his faire *Pastorella* was elsewhere,
He chaunc't to come, far from all peoples troad,
Vnto a place, whose pleasure did appeare
To passe all others, on the earth which were:
For, all that euer was by natures skill
Deuiz'd to worke delight, was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.

6

It was an hill, plac't in an open Plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood,
Of matchlesse height, that seem'd th'earth to disdaine;
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spreading paulions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower branches sung aloud,
And in their tops the foring hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles, in maiesty and powre.

7

And at the foot thereof, a gentle flud
His siluer waues did softly tumble downe,
Vnmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud;
Ne mote wilde beasts, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the banks did sit,
In the woods shade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noyesome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

8

And on the top thereof a spacious Plaine
Did spred it selfe, to serue to all delight,
Either to dance, when they to dance would faine,
Or else to courtesie about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasantly the hill, with equall height,
Did seeme to ouer-look the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleped was mount *Acidale*.

9

They say that *Venus*, when she did dispose
Her selfe to pleasure, vsed to resort
Vnto this place, and therein to repose
And rest her selfe as in a gladfome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport:
That euen her owne *Cytheron*, though in it
She vsed most to keep her royall Court,
And in her *fouerraine* maiesty to sit,
She in regard hereof resulde and thought vnfit.

10

Vnto this place when as the *Elfin* knight
Approacht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feet fast thumping th'hollow ground,
That through the woods their *Eccho* did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weet what mote it bee;
There he a troupe of Ladies dancing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a *Shepherd* piping he did see.

11

He durst not enter into th'open Greene,
For dread of them vnwares to be deseride,
For breaking of their dance, if he were seene;
But in the couert of the wood did bide,
Beholding all. yet of them vnspide.
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That euen he himselfe his eyes enuide,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white,
All ranged in a ring, and dancing in delight.

12

All they without were ranged in a ring,
And danced round; but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both dance and sing,
The whilst the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compass stemme:
And in the midst of those three was placed
Another *Danzell*, as a precious gemme
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

13

Looke how the Crowne, which *Ariadne* wore
Vpon her vyory forehead that same day
That *Zhebus* her vnto his brideale bore
(When the bold *Centavres* made that bloody fray
With the fierce *Lapithes* which did them dismay)
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heauen doth her beams display,
And is vnto the starrs an ornament,
Which round about her moue in order excellent:

14

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to telle
But she that in the midst of them did stand,
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a rose girlond, that right well
Did her besecme. And euer, as the crew
About her daunc't, sweet flowres, that far did smell,
And fragrant odours they vpon her threw:
But moit of all, those three did her with gifts endew.

15

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmayds of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt
Vpon this hill, and dance there day and night:
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
And all, that *Venus* in her selfe doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
That in the midst was placed paraunt,
Was she to whom that shepherd pyp't alone,
That made him pipe so merrily, as neuer none.

16

She was to weet that iolly shepherds lasse,
Which piped there vnto that merry rout:
That iolly shepherd, which there piped, was
Poore *Colin Clout* (who knowes not *Colin Clout*?)
He pyp't apace, whil't they him daunc't about.
Pype iolly shepherd, pype thou now apace
Vnto thy Loue, that made thee lowe to lout;
Thy Loue is present there with thee in place,
Thy Loue is there aduanc't to be another Grace.

17

Much wondred *Calidore* at this strange sight,
Whose like before his eye had neuer seene:
And standing long astonish'd in spright,
And rapt with pleasure, wist not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchanted howe,
With which his eyes mote haue deluded beene.
Therefore resolving, what it was, to knowe,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

G g 4

But

18
 But soone as he appeared to their view,
 They vanisht all away out of his sight,
 And cleane were gone, which way he neuer knew;
 All faue the Shepheard, who for fell despight
 Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
 And made great mone for that vnhappy turne.
 But *Calidore*, though no lesse fory wight,
 For that mis-hap, yet seeing him to inourne,
 Drew neere, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

19
 And first him greeting, thus vnto him spake;
 Haile iolly Shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes
 Here leade in this goodly merry-make,
 Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,
 Which to thee flocke, to heare thy louely layes;
 Tell me, what mote these dainty Damzels be,
 Which here with thee do make their pleasant playes?
 Right happy thou, that mayst them freely see:
 But why, when I them sawe, fled they away from me?

20
 Not I so happy, answerd then that swaine,
 As thou vnhappy, which them thence didst chace,
 Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe.
 For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
 But whom they of themselves list to grace.
 Right fory I, sayd then Sir *Calidore*,
 That my ill fortune did them hence displace.
 But since things passed none may now restore,
 Tell me, what were they all, whose lack thee grieues so sore.

21
 Tho, gan that Shepheard thus for to dilate;
 Then wote thou Shepheard, whatsoeuer thou be,
 That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
 Are *Venus* Damzels, all within her see,
 But differing in honour and degree:
 They all are Graces which on her depend,
 Besides a thousand more, which ready be
 Hit to adorne, when-so she forth doth wend:
 But those three in the midst do chiefe on her attend.

22
 They are the daughters of sky-ruling Ioue,
 By him begot of faire *Eurynomé*,
 The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grotte,
 As he this way comming from feastfull glee
 Of *Thetis* wedding with *Acidee*,
 In sommers shade himselfe here rested weary.
 The first of them hight mylde *Euphrosyne*,
 Next faire *Aglais*, last *Thalia* merry,
 Sweet goddesses all three which me in mirth do chery.

23
 These three on men all gracious gifts bestowe,
 Which deke the body or adorne the minde,
 To make them louely or well fauoured showe:
 As, comely carriage, entertaioement kind,
 Sweet semblant, friendly offices that binde,
 And all the complements of courtesie:
 They reach vs, how to each degree and kinde
 We should our selues demean, to lowe, to hie;
 To friends, to foes: which skill men call Ciuility.

24
 Therefore they alwayes smoothly seem to smile,
 That we likewise should milde and gentle be;
 And also naked are, that without guile
 Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,
 Simple and true from couert malice free:
 And eke themselves so in their dance they bore,
 That two of them still forward seem'd to be,
 But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore;
 That good should from vs go, then come, in greater store.

25
 Such were those goddesses, which ye did see;
 But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst them traced,
 Who can aread, what creature mote she be,
 Whether a creature or a goddesse graced
 With heavenly gifts from heauen first enaced?
 But what-so sure she was, she worthy was
 To be the fourth, with those three other placed:
 Yet was the certes but a country lassie,
 Yet she all other country lasses farre did passe.

26
 So farre as doth the daughter of the day,
 All other lesser lights in light excell,
 So farre doth she in beautiful array,
 Aboue all other lasses beare the bell:
 Ne lesse in vertue that becomes her well,
 Doth she exceede the rest of all her race;
 For which, the Graces that here wont to dwell,
 Haue for more honour brought her to this place,
 And graced her so much to be another Grace.

27
 Another Grace she well deserves to be,
 In whom so many Graces gathered are,
 Excelling much the meane of her degree;
 Diuine resemblance, beaury foweraine rare,
 Firme Chastitie, that spight ne blemish dares
 All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
 That all her Peers cannot with her compare,
 But quite are dimmed, when she is in place.
 She made me often pipe and now to pipe apace.

28
 Sunne of the world, great glory of the skie,
 That all the earth do'st lighten with thy rayes,
 Great *Gloriana*, greatest Majesty,
 Pardon thy Shepheard mongst in many layes,
 As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
 To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
 And vnderneath thy feete to place her praye;
 That when thy glory shall be faire displayd
 To future age, of her this mention may be made.

29
 When thus that Shepheard ended had his speech,
 Sayd *Calidore*; Now sure it yrketh mee,
 That to thy bliss I made this luckefle breach,
 As now the Author of thy bale to be,
 Thus to bereaue thy Loues deare sight from thee:
 But gentle Shepheard pardon thou my shame,
 Who rashly fought that, which I mote not see.
 Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,
 And to recomfort him, all comely meanes did frame.

²⁹
In such discourses they together spent
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
With which, the knight himselfe did much content,
And with delight his greedie fancy fed,
Both of his words, which he with reason red;
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
With such regard his senses raiſhed,
That thence, he had no will away to fare,
But wiſht, that with that ſhepherd he mote dwelling ſhare.

³⁰
But that enuim'd ſting, the which of yore,
His poiſonous point deep fixed in his heart
Had left, now gan afreſh to rankle fore,
And to renew the rigour of his ſmart:
Which to recure, no ſkill of Leaches art
Mote him auail, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with louely dart
Dinting his breſt, had bred his reſtleſſe paine,
Like as the wounded Whale to ſhore ſires from the mayne.

³¹
So, taking leaue of that ſame gentleſwaine,
He backe returned to his ruſticke wonne,
Where his faire *Paſſorella* did remaine:
To whom in ſort, as he at firſt begonne,
He daily did apply himſelfe to donne
All dewfull ſeruiſe, voide of thoughts impure:
Ne any paines n: perill did he ſhonne,
By which he might her to his loue allure,
And liking in her yet vtained heart procure.

³²
And euermore the Shepherd *Coridon*,
What-euer thing he did her to aggrae,
Did ſtrive to match, with ſtrong contention,
And all his paines did cloſely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they ſate
Keeping their ſheepe, or games to exerciſe,
Or to preſent her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunc't to ariſe
To him, the Shepherd ſtreight with iſcalouſie did friſe.

³³
One day, as they all three together went
To the Greene wood, to gather ſtrawberries,
There chaunc't to them a dangerous accident:
A Tigre forth out of the wood did riſe,
That with fell claws full of ſierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth, wide gaping like hell gate,
Did runne at *Paſſorell*, her to ſurprize:
Whom ſhe beholding, now all deſolate
Can cry to them aloud, to helpe her all too late.

³⁴
Which *Coridon* firſt hearing, ran in haſte
To reſcue her: but when he ſaw the ſeend,
Through coward feare he fled away as faſt,
Ne durſt abide the danger of the end;
His life he ſteemed dearer then his friend.
But *Calidore* ſoone comming to her ayde,
When he the beaſt ſawe ready now to rend
His Loues deare ſpoile, in which his heart was praiſe,
He ran at him enrag'd, in ſtead of being fraide.

³⁵
He had no weapon, but his ſhepherds hooke,
To ſerue the vengeance of his wrathfull wil;
With which ſo ſternely he the monſter ſtrooke,
That to the ground aſtoniſhed he fell;
Whence ere he could recov'r, he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, it preſented
Before the feete of the faire *Paſſorell*;
Who, ſcarceely yet from former feare exempted,
A thouſand times him thank't, that had her death preuented.

³⁶
From that day forth ſhe gan him to affect,
And daily more her fauour to augment;
But *Coridon* for cowardize reiect,
Fit to keepe ſheepe, vnfit for loues content:
The gentle heart ſeemes baſe diſparagement.
Yet *Calidore* did not deſpiſe him quight,
But vſide him friendly for their intent,
That by his fellowſhip, he colour might
Both his eſtate, and loue, from ſkill of any wight.

³⁷
So well he woo'd her, and ſo well he wrought her,
With humble ſeruiſe, and with daily ſute,
That at the laſt vnto his will he brought her;
Which he ſo wiſely well did profecute,
That of his loue he reapt the timely fruit,
And ioyed long in cloſe felicity:
Till Fortune fraught with malice, blind, and brute,
That enuies louers long proſperity,
Blew vp a bitter ſtorme of ſoule aduerſity.

³⁸
It fortun'd one day, when *Calidore*
Was hunting in the woods (as was his trade)
A lawleſſe people, *Brigants* hight of yore,
That neuer vſde to lue by plough nor ſpade,
But fed on ſpoile and booty, which they made
Vpon their neighbours, which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of theſe ſhepherds did inuade,
And ſpoild their houſes, and themſelues did murder;
And droue away their flocke, with other much diſorder.

³⁹
Amongſt the reſt, the which they then did pray,
They ſpoild old *Melbee* of all he had,
And all his people captiue led away;
Mongſt which this luckleſſe mayd away was lad,
Faيرة *Paſſorella*, ſorrowfull and ſad,
Moſt ſorrowfull, moſt ſad, that euer ſight,
Now made the ſpoile of theeues and *Brigants* bad,
Which was the conqueſt of the gentleſt Knight,
That euer liv'd, and th'onely glory of his night.

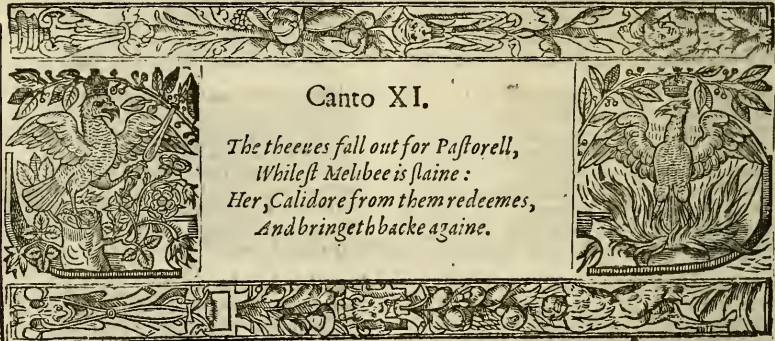
⁴⁰
With them alſo was taken *Coridon*,
And carried captiue by thoſe theeues away;
Who in the couert of the night, that none
Mote them deſcry, nor reſcue from their pray,
Vnto their dwelling did them cloſe conuay.
Their dwelling in a little Iſland was,
Covered with thrubby woods, in which no way
Appear'd for people in nor out to paſſe,
Nor any footing ſind for ouer-grown graſſe.

For vnderneath the ground their way was made,
 Through hollow caues, that no man mote discover
 For the thick shrubs, which did them alwaies shade
 From view of liuing wight, and conered ouer:
 But darknesse drad and daily night did houer
 Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt.
 Ne lightned was with window, nor with louer,
 But with continuall candle-light, which dealt
 A doubtfull sense of things, nor so well seen, as felt.

Hither those *Brigants* brought their present pray,
 And kept them with continuall watch and ward;
 Meaning so soone, as they conuenient may,
 For slaues to sell them, for no small reward,

To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
 Or sold againe. Now when faire *Pastorell*
 Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
 Of grieufully theenes, she thought her selfe in hell,
 Where with such damned fiends she should in darknes dwell.

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment,
 And pittifull complaints, which there she made
 (Where day and night she nought did but lament
 Her wretched life, shut vp in deadly shade,
 And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
 Like to a floure, that feesles no heate of sunne,
 Which may her feeble leaues with comfort glade)
 And what befell her in that theu'sh wonne,
 Will in another Canto better be begonne.



The ioyes of loue, if they should euer last,
 Without affliction or disquietnesse,
 That worldly channes doe amongst them cast,
 Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,
 Liker to heauen then mortall wretchednesse.
 Therefore the winged god, to let tven weer,
 That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
 A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet,
 To make it seem more deare and dainty, as is meet.

Like as is now befallne to this faire mayde,
 Faire *Pastorell*, of whom is now my song:
 Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd,
 Amongst those theeues, which her in bondage strong
 Detaynd; yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
 Contented, greater mischefe on her threw,
 And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
 That who-so heares her heauinesse, would rew
 And pittie her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasant hew.

Willst thus she in these hellish dens remained,
 Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts vnrrest,
 It so befell (as Fortune had ordained)
 That he, which was their Capitaine profest,

And had the chiefe command of all the rest,
 One day as he did all his prisoners view,
 With lustfull eyes beheld that lonely guest,
 Faire *Pastorella*: whose sad mournfull hew
 Like the faire Morning clad in milly fog did shew.

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
 And inly burnt with flames most raging hot,
 That her alone he for his part desired
 Of all the other prey, which they had got,
 And her in minde did to himselfe allot.
 From that day forth he kindeeste to her shewed,
 And fought her loue, by all the meanes he mote;
 With looks, with words; with gifts he oft her wowed:
 And mixed threats among, and much vnto her vowd.

But all that euer he could doe or say,
 Her constant mind could not a whit remoue,
 Nor draw vnto the lure of his lewd lay,
 To grant him fauour, or afford him loue.
 Yet ceast he not to sew and all waies proue,
 By which he mote accomplish his request,
 Saying and doing all that mote behoue:
 Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
 But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

6
At last, when him she so importune sawe,
Fearing least he at length the raines would lend
Vnto his lust, and make his will his lawe,
Sith in his powre she was to foe or friend;
She thought it best, for shadow to pretend
Some shew of fauour, by him gracing small,
That she thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more ease continue there his thrall;
A little well is lent, that gaineth more withall.

7
So from thenceforth, when loue he to her made,
With better tearmes she did him entertaine:
Which gaue him hope, and did him halfe perswade,
That he in time her ioyance should obtaine.
But when she sawe, through that small fauours gaine,
That further, then she willing was, he prest;
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faigne
A sodaine sicknesse, which her sore opprest,
And made vsinit to serue his lawlesse mindes beheest.

8
By means whereof, she would not him permit
Once to approach to her in priuity,
But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And seeking all things meet for remedie.
But she resolvd no remedie to finde,
Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
Till Fortune would her captiue bonds vnbinde.
Her sicknesse was not of the body, but the minde.

9
During which space that she thus sicke did ly,
It chaunc't a sort of merchants which were wont
To skim those coastes, for bondmen there to buy,
And by such traffique after gaines to hunt,
Arriue'd in this Isle (though bare and blunt)
T' inquire for slaues; where being ready met
By some of these same thecues at th' instant brunt,
Were brought vnto their Captaine, who was fet
By his faire Patients side with sorrowfull regret.

10
To whom they shewed, how those merchants were
Arriue'd in place, their bondslaues for to buy;
And therefore prayd, that those same captiues there
Mote to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.
This their request the Captaine much appalled;
Yet could he not their iust demand deny,
And willed streight the slaues should forth he called,
And sold for most advantage not to be forstalled.

11
Then forth the good old *Melibee* was brought,
And *Coridon*, with many other moe,
Whom they before in diuerses places had caught:
All which he to the marchants sale did shoue;
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for the faire shepherdesse,
Which with the rest they took not long agoe,
And gan her form and feature to expresse,
The more t'augmēt her price, through praise of comelinesse.

12
To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
Made answer, that the Mayd of whom they spake,
Was his owne purchase and his onely prize:
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himselfe which did that conquest make;
Little for him to haue one silly lasse:
Besides, through sicknesse now so wan and weake,
That nothing meet in marchandise to pass.
So shew'd them her, to prouer how pale & weake she was.

13
The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly seene by candle-light:
Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull shadowe of the darkeome night,
With starry beames about her shining bright,
These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
That what through wonder, & what through delight,
Awhile on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praise.

14
At last, when all the rest them offred were,
And prices to them plac'd at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how-euer pris'd with measure,
Withouten her, whose worth aboue all theasure
They did esteem, and offred store of gold.
But then the Captaine fraught with more displeasure,
Bad them be still, his Loue should not be sold:
The rest take if they would, he her to him would hold.

15
Therewith, some other of the chiefeft thecues
Boldly him bade such iniury forbear;
For, that same maud, how-euer it him grieues,
Should with the rest be sold before him there,
To make the prices of the rest more deare.
That with great rage he stoutly doth deny;
And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth sweare,
That who-so hardy hand on her doth lay,
It dearly shall aby, and death for handsell pay.

16
Thus as they words amongst them multiply,
They fall to strokes, the fruit of too much talke:
And the mad steele about doth fiercely flie,
Not sparing wight, ne leauing any balke,
But making way for death at large to walke;
Who, in the horror of the grisly night,
In thousand dreadfull shapes doth mongst them stalke,
And makes huge hauocke, whiles the candle light
Out-quenched, leaues no skill nor difference of wight.

17
Like as a sort of hungry dogs ymet
About some carcase by the common way,
Doc fall together, struing each to get
The greatest portion of the greedy prey;
All on confused heaps themselues assay,
And snatch, and bite, and rend, and tug, and teare;
That who them sees, would wonder at their fray;
And who sees not, would be affrayd to heare:
Such was the conflict of those cruell *Brigants* there.

But

18

But first of all, their captiues they do kill,
 Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,
 Or rise against the remnant at their will:
 Old *Melibee* is slaine, and him beside
 His aged wife, with many others wide:
 But *Coridon*, escaping craftily,
 Creeps forth of dories, whilst darknesse him doth hide,
 And flies away as fast as he can hye,
 Ne stayeth leaue to take, before his friends doe dye.

19

But *Pastorella*, wofull wretched Elfe,
 Was by the Captaine all this while defended:
 Who minding more her safety then himselfe,
 His target alwaies ouer her pretended;
 By means whereof, that mote not be amended,
 He at the length was slaine, and layd on ground;
 Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
Fayre Pastorell, who with the selfe same wound
 Lanc't through the arm, fel down with him in dreary swoold.

20

There lay she couered with confused preasse
 Of carcases, which dying on her fell.
 Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gan cease,
 And each to other calling, did compell
 To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
 Sith they that were the cause of all, were gone.
 Thereto they all at once agreed well,
 And lighting candles new, gan search anone,
 How many of their friends were slaine, how many fone.

21

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
 And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
 Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds vp-hild:
 Her louely light was dimmed and decayd,
 With cloud of death vpon her eyes displayd:
 Yet did the cloud make euen that dimmed light
 Seeme much more louely in that darknesse layd,
 And twixt the twinkling of her eye-lids bright,
 To sparke out little beames, like starrs in foggy night.

22

But when they mov'd the carcases aside,
 They found that life did yet in her remaine:
 Then all their helps they busily applide,
 To call the soule backe to her home againe;
 And wrought so well with labour and long paine,
 That they to life recovered her at last.
 Who fighting sore, as if her heart in twaine
 Had riuen been, and all her hart-frings brast,
 With dreary drouping eyne lookt vp like one aghast.

23

There she beheld, that fore her grieu'd to see,
 Her father and her friends about her lying,
 Her selfe sole left, a second spoile to be
 Of those, that hauing saued her from dying,
 Renew'd her death by timely death denying:
 What now is left her, but to wayle and weepe;
 Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
 Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe
 Albe with all their might those *Brigant*; her did keepe.

24

But when they sawe her now reviv'd again,
 They left her so, in charge of one the best
 Of many worst, who with vnkinde disdain
 And cruell rigour her did much molest;
 Scaree yeelding her due food, or timely rest,
 And feartely suffering her infestred wound,
 That for her payn'd, by any to be dreft.
 So leaue we her in wretched thraldome bound,
 And turne we backe to *Calidore*, where we him found.

25

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
 And saw his shephards cottage spoyled nigh,
 And his Loue rest away, he wexed wood,
 And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight;
 That euen his heart for very fell delight,
 And his owne flesh he ready was to teare:
 He chauf't, he grieu'd, he fretted, and he fight,
 And fared like a furious wilde Beare,
 Whose whelps are stolne away, she being other-where.

26

Ne wight he found, to whom he might complaine,
 Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire;
 That more increas't the anguish of his paine.
 He sought the woods; but no man could see there:
 He sought the Plaines; but could no tydings heare.
 The woods did nought but echoes yaine rebound;
 The Plaines all waste and empty did appeare:
 Where wont the shephards oft their pipes resound,
 And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

27

At last, as there he romed vp and downe,
 He chaunc't one coming towards him to spy,
 That seem'd to be some fory simple clowne,
 With ragged weeds, and lockes vp-staring hie,
 As if he did from some late danger flie,
 And yet his feare did follow him behind:
 Who as he vnto him approched nic,
 He mote perceiue by signes, which he did finde,
 That *Coridon* it was, the silly shephards hynd.

28

Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay
 To greet him first, but askt where were the rest;
 Where *Pastorell*? who full of fresh ditmay,
 And gushing forth in teares, was so oppress't,
 That he no word could speake, but smit his brest,
 And vp to heauen his eyes fast streaming threw.
 Whereat the Knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
 But askt againe, what meant that rusull hew:
 Where was his *Pastorell*? where all the other crew?

29

Ah well away, sayd he then fighting sore,
 That euer I did liue, this day to see,
 This dismal day, and was not dead before,
 Before I saw faire *Pastorella* dye.
 Die? out alas then *Calidore* did cry:
 How could the death dare euer her to quell?
 But read thou shephard, read what destiny,
 Or other direfull hap from heauen or hell
 Hath wrought this wicked deed: doe feare away, and tell.

The

Tho, when the shepheard breathed had awhile,
 He thus began: Where shall I then commence
 This wofull tale? or how those *Brigants* vile,
 VVith cruell rage, and dreadfull violence
 Spoild all our cots, and carried vs from hence?
 Or how faire *Pasorell* should haue been sold
 To Marchants, but was sau'd with strong defence?
 Or how those theues, whilst one fought her to hold,
 Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

In that same conflict (woe is me) befell
 This fallall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
 VVhose heavy tydings now I haue to tell,
 First, all the capriues which they here had hent,
 Were by them slaine by generall content;
 Old *Melibæ*, and his good wife withall
 These eyes saw die, and deereley did lament:
 But when the lot to *Pasorell* did fall,
 Their Captaine long withstood, & did her death forfall.

But what could he gainst all them doe alone?
 It could not boote; needs more she die at last:
 I onely scap't through great confusion
 Of cries and clamors, which amongst them past,
 In dreadfull darknesse, dreadfully aghast;
 That better were with them to haue been dead,
 Then here to see all desolate and waste,
 Despoiled of those ioyes and iolly head
 Which with those gentle shepherds here I wont to lead.

When *Calidore* these ruefull newes had raught,
 His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
 And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught;
 That he his face, his head, his breast did beate,
 And death it selfe vnto himselfe did threat;
 Oft cursing th'heavens, that so cruell were
 To her, whose name he often did repeat;
 And wishing oft, that he were present there,
 When she was slaine, or had been to her succour nere.

But after grieffe awhile had had his course,
 And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last
 Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,
 And in his mind with better reason cast,
 How he might saue her life, if life did last;
 Or if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
 Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
 Or if it to reuenge he were too weake,
 Then for to die with her, and his liues threed to breake.

Tho, *Coridon* he prayd, sith he well knew
 The ready way vnto that theiuishe wonne,
 To wend with him, and be his conduct trow
 Vnto the place, to see what should be donne.
 But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,
 Would not for ought be drawne to former dreed;
 But by all means the danger knowne did ihonne:
 Yet *Calidore*, so well him wrought with meed,
 And fare bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

So, forth they goe together (God before)
 Both clad in shepherds weeds agreeably,
 And both with shepherds hooks: But *Calidore*
 Had vnderneath, him armed priuily.
 Tho, to the place when him approached nie,
 They chaunc't vpon an hill, not furre away,
 Some flocks of sheepe and shepherds to espy;
 To whom they both agreed to take their way,
 In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best assay.

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
 The selfe same flocks, the which those theiues had rest
 From *Melibæ* and from themselves whyleare,
 And certaine of the theiues there by them left,
 The which for want of heards themselues then kept.
 Right well knew *Coridon* his owne late sheepe,
 And seeing them, for tender pittie wept:
 But when he saw the theiues which did them keepe,
 His hart gan faile, albe he saw them all asleepe.

But *Calidore*, recomforting his grieffe,
 Though not his feare: for, nought may feare dissuade;
 Him hardly forward drew, where-as the thiefe
 Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
 Whom *Coridon* him counseled to inuade
 Now all vnwares, and take the spoile away;
 But he, that in his mind had closely made
 A further purpose, would not so them slay,
 But gently waking them, gaue them the time of day.

Tho, sitting downe by them vpon the Greene,
 Of sundry things he purpose gan to faime;
 That he by them might certaine tydings weene
 Of *Pasorell*, were she aliué or slaine.
 Mongst which theie, the theiues them questioned againe,
 What mister men, and eke from whence they were,
 To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine, (Iere
 That they were poore heard-groomes, the which why-
 Had from their maisters fled, & now sought hire elfewhere.

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made
 To hire them well, if they their flocks would keepe:
 For, they themselues, were euill groomes, they said,
 Vnwont with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,
 But to forray the Land, or scoure the deepe.
 There-to they soone agreed, and earnest tooke,
 To keepe their flocks for little hire and chepe:
 For, they for better hire did shortly looke;
 So there all day they bode, till light the sky forooke.

Tho, when-as towards darksome night it drew,
 Vnto their hellish denes those theiues them brought;
 Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
 And all the secrets of their entrails sought.
 There did they find (contrary to their thought)
 That *Pasorell* yet liu'd; but all the rest
 Were dead, right so as *Coridon* had taught:
 Whereof they both full glad and blith did rest,
 But chiefly *Calidore*, whom grieffe had most posselt.

At length, when they occasion fittest found,
 In dead of night, when all the theuees did rest
 After a late forray, and slept full found,
 Sir *Calidore* him arm'd, as he thought best,
 Hauiug of late (by diligent inquest)
 Prouided him a sword of meaneft fort:
 With which he straight went to the Captaines nest.
 But *Coridon* durst not with him comfort,
 Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worfe effort.

When to the Caue they came, they found it fast:
 But *Calidore*, with huge resistlesse might,
 The doores assailed, and the locks vp-brast.
 With noyse whereof the theefe awaking light,
 Vnto the entrance ran: where the bold Knight
 Encountering him with small resistance flew;
 The whiles faire *Pasorell* through great affright
 Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new
 Some vp-rore were like that, which lately he did view.

But when as *Calidore* was comen in,
 And gan aloud for *Pasorell* to call;
 Knowing his voice (although not heard long sin)
 She suddaine was reuined there-withall,
 And wondrous ioy felt in her spirits thrall:
 Like him that beeing long in tempest tost,
 Looking each howre into deaths mouth to fall,
 At length, espies at hand the happy coast,
 On which he safety hopes, that earst feard to be lost.

Her gentle hart, that now long season past
 Had neuer ioyance felt, nor chearefull thought,
 Began some sinack of comfort new to taste,
 Like lifefull heat to nummed senses brought,
 And life to feele, that long for death had sought:
 Ne lesse in hart reioyced *Calidore*
 When he her found; but like to one distraught
 And robd of reason, towards her him bore,
 A thousand times embrac't, and kist a thousand more.

But now by this, with noise of late vp-rore,
 The hue and cry was raised all about;
 And all the *Brigants*, flocking in great store,
 Vnto the Caue gan preace, nought hauiug doubt
 Of that was done, and entred in a rout.
 But *Calidore*, in th'entry close did stand,
 And entertaining them with courage stout,
 Still slew the formost that came first to hand,
 So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

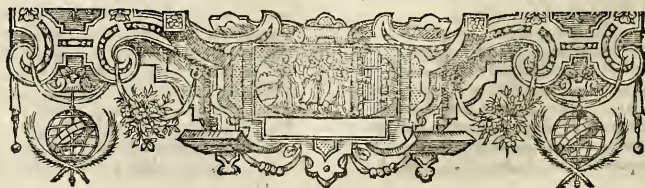
Tho, when no more could high to him approche,
 He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day:
 Which when he spide vpon the earth t'encroche,
 Through the dead carcasses he made his way;
 Mongst which he found a sword of better fay,
 With which he forth went into th'open light;
 Where all the rest for him did ready stay,
 And fierce assailing him, with all their might
 Gan all vpon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

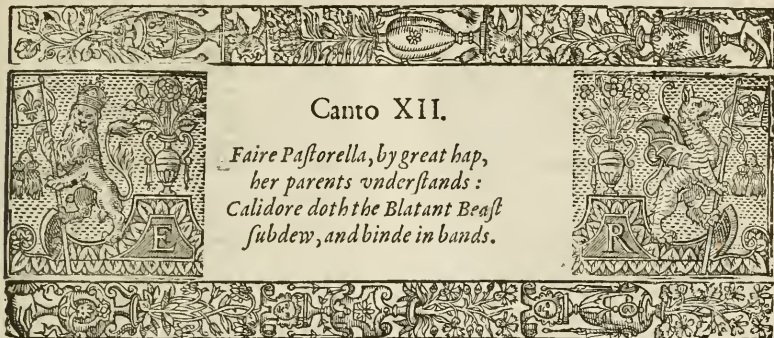
How many flies in hottest Sommers day
 Doe seize vpon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
 That all the place with swarmes doe ouer-lay,
 And with their little stings right felly fare;
 So many thieues about him iuarming are,
 All which doe him assaile on euery side,
 And fore oppresse, ne any him doth spare:
 But he doth with his raging brood diuide
 Their thickest troups, & round about him scattreth wide.

Like as a Lion mongt an heard of Dere,
 Disperseth them to catch his choicest pray;
 So did he sie amongst them here and there,
 And all that neere him came, did hewe & slay,
 Till he had strow'd with bodics all the way;
 That none his danger daring to abide,
 Fled from his wrath, and did themselves conuay
 Into their Cauces, their heads from death to hide,
 Ne any left, that victory to him enuide.

Then backe returning to his dearest Deare,
 He her gan to recomfort all he might,
 With gladfull speeches, and with louely cheare;
 And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,
 Whereof the long had lackt the wishfull sight,
 Deuiz'd all goodly meanes, from her to driue
 The sad remembrance of her wretched plight.
 So, her vneath at last he did reuiue,
 That long had lien dead, and made againe aliuie.

This doen, into those thieueish dennes he went,
 And thence did all the spoiles and treasures take,
 Which they from many long had robd and rent,
 But fortune now the Victors meed did make;
 Of which the best he did his Loue betake;
 And also all those flocks, which they before
 Had rest from *Melibæ*, and from his Make,
 He did them all to *Coridon* restore.
 So, droue them all away, and his Loue with him bore.





Canto XII.

*Faire Pastorella, by great hap,
her parents understands:
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
subdew, and binde in bands.*

Like as a ship, that through the Ocean wide
Directs her course vnto one certaine coast,
Is met of many a counter wind and tide,
With which her winged speed is let & crost,
And the her selfe in stormie furies tost;
Yet making many a borde, and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost:
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often staide, yet neuer is astray.

For, all that hitherto hath long delaid
This gentle Knight, from sewing his first quest,
Though out of course, yet hath not been mis-said,
To shew the courtisie by him profest,
Euen vnto the lowest and the least.
But now I come into my course againe,
To his atchiuement of the *Blatant Beast*:
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whil' st none was him to stop, nor none him to restraine.

Sir *Calidore*, when thus he now had raught
Faire Pastorella from those *Briants* powre,
Vnto the Castle of *Belgard* her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir *Bellamoure*;
Who whylome was in his youtnes freshest floure
A lustie Knight, as euer wicded speare,
And had endured many a dreadfull floure
In bloody battell for a Lady deare,
The fairest Lady then of all that liuing were.

Her name was *Claribell*: whose father bight
The Lord of *Many Islands*, faire renouwd
For his great riches, and his greater might,
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to haue bound
Vnto the Prince of *Picteland*, bordering nere;
But shee, whose sides before with secret wound
Of loue to *Bellamoure* empearced were,
By all meanes shund to match with any forraine seere.

And *Bellamoure* againe so well her pleased,
With daily seruice and attendance dew,
That of her loue he was entirely seized,
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few.
V Which when her father vnderstood, he grew
In fo great rage, that them in dungeon deepe
V Without compassion cruelly he threw;
Yet did so straightly them alunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other creepe.

Nath'lesse, Sir *Bellamoure*, whether through grace
Or secret gifts, so with his Keepers wrought,
That to his Loue sometimes he came in place;
Wherof, her wombe vnwist to wight was fraught,
And in due time a maiden child forth brought.
Which she straight way (for dread least if her Sire
Should know thereof, to fley he would haue sought)
Deliu' d to her handmaid, that (for hire)
She should it cause be fostred vnder strange attire.

The trustie Damzell, bearing it abroad
Into the emptie fields, where liuing wight
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
She forth gan lay vnto the open light
The little babe, to take thereof a sight.
Whom, whil' st she did with watty cyne behold,
Vpon the little breast (like crysell bright)
She mote perceiue a little purple mold,
That like a Rose, her silken leaues did faire vnfold.

V Vell she it markt, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched case;
But closing it againe like as before,
Bedew'd with teares there left it in the place:
Yet left not quite, but drew a little space
Behind the bushes, where she her did hide,
To weet what mortall hand, or heauens grace
Would for the wretched infants helpe prouide,
For which it loudly cald, and pittifullly cride.

At length, a Shepheard, which there-by did keepe
His fleecie flocke vpon the Plaines around,
Led with the infants cry, that loud did weepe,
Came to the place; where when he wrapped found
Th'abandon'd spoile, he softly it vnbound:
And seeing there that did him pittie fore,
He tooke it vp, and in his mantle wound;
So, home vnto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurft, and named euermore.

Thus long continu'd *Claribell* a thrall,
And *Bellamour* in bands, till that her sire
Departed life, and left vnto them all.
Then all the stormes of Fortunes former ire
Were turn'd, and they to freedome did retire.
Thence-forth, they ioy'd in happinesse together,
And liued long in peace and loue entire,
VVithout disquiet, or dislike of either,
Till time that *Calidore* brought *Pastorella* thither.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;
For, *Bellamour* knew *Calidore* right well,
And loued for his prowesse, sith they twaine
Long since had fought in field. Als *Claribell*
No lesse did tender the faire *Pastorell*,
Seeing her weake and wan, through durance long.
There they awhile together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many ioyes among,
Vntill the damzell gan to wax more found and strong.

Tho, gan Sir *Calidore* him to aduise
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore;
Ask'm'd to thinke, how he that enterprife,
The which the Faery Queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forsack'd had so fore;
That much he feared, least reprochefull blame,
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore;
Besides the losse of so much praise and fame,
As through the world there-by should glorifie his name.

Therefore resoluing to returne in haste
Vnto so great atchiuement, hee bethought
To leaue his Loue, now perill beeing past,
VVith *Claribell*, whil'st he that monster fought
Throughout the world, and to destruction brought.
So, taking leaue of his faire *Pastorell*
(Whom to recomfort, all the meanes he wrought)
VVith thanks to *Bellamour* and *Claribell*,
He went forth on his quest, and did that him befall.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell,
In this exploit, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire *Pastorell*,
During his absence left in heauy care,
Through daily mourning, and nightly misfarc:
Yer did that auncient Matrone all the might,
To cherish her with all things choise and rare;
And her owne hand-maid, that *Melissa* hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

Who, in a morning, when this Maiden faire
Was dighting her (hating her snowy brest
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses dewly drest)
Chaunc't to cspy vpon her Iuoric cheft
The rosie marke, which she remembered well
That little Infant had, which forth she keft,
The daughter of her Lady *Claribell*,
The which she bore, the whiles in prison she did dwell.

VVhich well auizing, straight she gan to cast
In her conceitfull mind, that this faire Maid,
Was that same infant, which so long since past
Shee in the open fields had loosely laid
To Fortunes spoile, vnable it to ayd.
So, full of ioy, straight forth she ran in haste
Vnto her Mistresse, beeing halfe dismaid,
To tell her, how the heauens had her grac't,
To saue her child, which in misfortunes mouth was plac't.

The sober mother, seeing such her mood
(Yet knowing not what meant that suddaine thro)
Askt her, how mote her words be vnderstood,
And what the matter was that moon'd her so.
My lief, said shee, ye know, that long ygo,
Whil'st yee in durance dwelt, yeto me gaue
A little maide, the which ye child'd tho;
The same againe if now ye list to haue,
The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did saue.

Much was the Lady troubled at that speach,
And gan to question straight how she it knew.
Most certaine marks, said she, doe me it teach;
For, on her brest I wish these eyes did view
The little purple rose, which there-on grew,
Where-of her name ye then to her did giue.
Besides, her countenance, and her likely hew,
Matched with equall yeeres, do surely proue,
That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet doth liue.

The Matrone staid no longer to enquire,
But forth in haste ran to the stranger Maid;
Whom catching greedily for great desire,
Rent vp her brest, and bosome open laid;
In which that rose she plainly saw displaid.
Then her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
Shelong so held, and softly weeping said;
And liuest thou my daughter now againe?
And art thou yet aliue, whom dead I long did faine?

Tho, further asking her of sundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at last, by very certaine signes,
And speaking markes of passed monuments,
That this young Maid, whom chance to her presents;
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
Tho, wondering long at those so strange euents,
A thousand times she her embraced neare,
With many a ioyfull kisse, and many a melting teare.

21

VWho-euer is the mother of one child,
Which hauing thought long dead, the findes aliuē,
Let her by prooffe of that which she hath filde
In her owne breast, this mothers ioy descruie:
For, other none such passion can contriue
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When she so faire a daughter saw suruiue,
As *Pasforella* was, that might the sweet
For passing ioy, which did into pittie melt.

22

Thence running forth vnto her loued Lord,
She vnto him recounted all that fell:
Who, ioyning ioy with her in one accord,
Acknowledge'd for his owne faire *Pasforell*.
There leaue we them in ioy, and let vs tell
Of *Calidore*; who seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
Through euery place, with restlesse paine and toile
Him follow'd, by the track of his outrageous spoile.

23

Through all estates he found that he had past,
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at last:
In which such spoile, such hauck, and such theft
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place besides vsought had left,
At length into a Monastere did light,
Where he him found despoiling all with maine & might.

24

Into their Cloysters now he broken had,
Through which the Monkes he chased heere & there,
And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,
And searched all their Cels and secretes neare;
In which, what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were irkesome to report; Yet that foule Beast,
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,
And ranck all their dennes from moyst to leaue,
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heaue.

25

From thence, into the sacred Church he broke,
And robd the Chancell, and the desks downe threw,
And Altars fouled, and blasphemie spoke;
And the Images, for all their goodly hew,
Did cast to ground, whil'ft none was them to rewe;
So all confounded and disordered there.
But seeing *Calidore*, away he flew,
Knowing his fatal hand by former feare;
But he him last pursuing, loone approached neare.

26

Him in a narrow place he ouertooke,
And fierce assailing, forc't him turne againe:
Sternely he turn'd againe, when he him strooke
With his sharpe Steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good peck within the vtmost brim,
All fet with iron teeth in ranges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of *Orcus*, grisly grim.

27

And therein were a thousand tongues empight,
Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry:
And some of Beares, that grownd continually;
And some of Tigris, that did seeme to gren,
And snar at all, that euer passed by:
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reprochefully, not caring where nor when.

28

And them amongst, were mingled here and there,
The tongues of Serpents, with three forked stings,
That spat out poyson and gore bloody gere
At all that came within his rauenings,
And spake licentious words, and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of lowe and hie;
Ne Kefars spared he a whit, nor Kings,
But either blotted the m with infamy,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of injury.

29

But *Calidore*, thereof no whit afraid,
Re'ncountred him with so impetuous might,
That th' outrage of his violence he staid,
And bet abacke, threatening in vaine to bite,
And spetting forth the poyson of his spight,
That formed all about his bloody iawes.
Tho, rearing vp his former feet on high,
He ramp't vpon him with his rauenous pawes,
As if he would haue rent him with his cruell clawes.

30

But he, right well aware his rage to ward,
Did cast his shield atweene; and there-withall,
Putting his puissance forth, pursu'd so hard,
That backward he enforced him to fall:
And being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held;
Like as a bullocke, that in bloody stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

31

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore,
To be downe held, and mistred so with might,
That he gan fret and some outbloudy gore,
Striuing in vaine to reare himselfe vp-right.
For, still the more he stroue, the more the Knight
Did him suppress, and forcibly subdew;
That made him almost mad for fell despight.
He grind, he bit, he scratcht, he venim threw,
And fared like a fiend, right horrible in hew.

32

Or like the hell-borne *Hydra*, which they saie
That great *Aleides* whylome over-threw,
After that he had labour'd long in vaine,
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Whil'ft *Calidore* him vnder him downe threw;
Who nathemore his heavy load releas't
But eye the more herag'd, the more his powre increas't.

Hil. 3.

Tho,

33
Tho, when the Beast saw he mote nought auile
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharply at him to reuile and raile,
With bitter tearnes of shamefull infamy;
Of interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he neuer once did speake, nor heare,
Nor euer thought thing so vnworthy:
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbear,
But strained him so straighly, that he choakt him neare.

34
At last, when—as he found his force to shrink,
And rage to quail, he rooke a muzzell strong
Of surett iron, made with many a linke;
There-with he mured vp his mouth along,
And therein shut vp his blasphemous tong,
For neuer more defaming gentle Knight,
Or vnto lonely Lady dooing wrong:
And there-vnto, a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, euen in his owne despight.

35
Like as whylome that strong *Tirynthian* swaine,
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
Against his will fast bound in iron chaine;
And toring horribly, did him compell
To see the hatefull sunne; that he might tell
To grieffy *Pluto*, what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghosts, which dwell
For aye in darknesse, which day light doth shonne:
Soled this Knight his captiue, with like conquest wonne.

36
Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
Strange bands, whose like till then he neuer bore,
Ne euer any durst till then impose,
And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durst he not draw back; nor once withstand
The proued powre of noble *Calidore*,
But trembled vnderneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the land.

37
Him through all Faery Land he follow'd so,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people where-so he did goe,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,

To see him lead that Beast in bondage strong;
And seeing it, much wondred at the sight:
And all such persons, as he carst did wrong,
Reioyced much to see his captiue plight, (Knight)
And much admir'd the Beast, but more admir'd the

38
Thus was this Monster, by the maistring might
Of doughty *Calidore*, suppress and tamed,
That neuer more he mote endamage wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many causelisse caused to be blamed:
So did he eke long after this remaine,
Vntill that (whether wicked fate so framed,
Or fault of men) he broke his iron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

39
Thence-forth, more mischief & more scathe hee wrought
To mortall men, then he had done before;
Ne euer could by any more be brought
Into like bands, ne maistred any more:
Al' that long time after *Calidore*,
The good Sir *Pelleas* him tooke in hand;
And after him, Sir *Lamoracke* of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could euer bring him into band.

40
So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth fore in each degree and state;
Ne any is, that may him now restraine,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking, and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime:
Ne spareth he most gentle wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime,
But rends without regard of person or of time.

41
Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venemous despight,
More then my former writs, all were they clearest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite,
With which some wicked tongues did it backbite,
And bring into a mightie Peeres displeasure,
That neuer so deserued to endite.
Therefore do you my times keepe better measure, (sure)
And seeke to please, that now is counted wise mens threa-

The end of the sixth Booke.

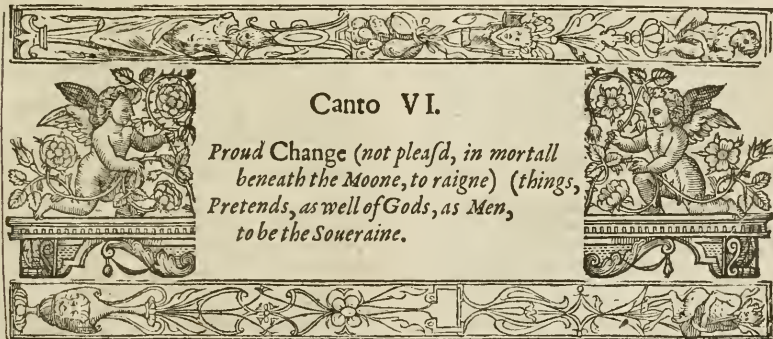


TWO CANTOS OF MUTABILITIE:

Which, both for Forme and Matter, appeare
to be parcell of some following Booke of the
FAERIE QUEENE,
(..)

VNDER THE LEGEND
OF
Constancie.

Neuer before imprinted.



Canto VI.

*Proud Change (not pleas'd, in mortall
beneath the Moone, to raigne) (things,
Pretends, as well of Gods, as Men,
to be the Soueraine.*

W^Ihat man that sees the euer-whirling wheele
Of *Change*, the which all mortall things doth
But that thereby doth find, & plainly feele, (sway,
How *MUTABILITIE* in them doth play
Her cruell sports, to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,
How she at first her selfe began to reare, (beare.
Gainst all the Gods, and th'empire sought from them to

²
But first, here falleth fittest to vnfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I haue found it registred of old,
In *Faery Land* amongst records permanent:
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old *Titans*, that did whylome strue
VVith *Saturnes* Ionne for heauens regiment.
Whom, though high *Ioue* of kingdome did depriue,
Yet many of their stemme long after did suruiue.
H h. 4.

And

And many of them, afterwards obtain'd
Great power of *Ioue*, and high authority;
As *Hecaté*, in whose almighty hand,
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her dispos'd diuerfly,
To Gods, and men, as the them list diuide:
And drad *Bellona*, that doth found on hie
Warres and all'rums vnto Nations wide,
That makes both heauen & earth to tremble at her pide.

So likewise did this *Titanesse* aspire,
Rule and dominion to her selfe to gaine;
That as a Goddesse, men might her admire,
And heavenly honours yield, as to them twaine.
And first, on earth she sought it to obtaine;
Where she such prooffe and sad examples shewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom she soone subdewd)
But eke all other creatures, her bad dooings rewed.

For, she the face of earthly things so changed,
That all which Nature had establish't first
In good estate, and in meet order rangd,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet durst
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite, and made them all accurst
That God had blest; and did at first prouide
In that still happy state for euer to abide.

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Iustice, and of Policie;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged foolishlie:
Since which, all liuing wights haue learn'd to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worle.
Opitious worke of *MPTABILITIE!*
By which, we all are subiect to that curse,
And death in stead of life haue sucked from our Nurse.

And now, when all the earth she thus had brought
To her behest, and thrall'd to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought,
T'attempt th'empire of the heauens hight,
And *Ioue* himselfe to shoulder from his right.
And first, she pait the region of the ayre,
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight,
Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepare.

Thence, to the Circle of the Moone she clambe,
Where *Cynthia* raignes in euerlasting glory,
To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
All fairely deckt with heauens goodly story:
Whose siluer gates (by which there sate an hory
Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,
Hight *Tyme*) she entred, were he lief or sory:
Ne staid till she the highest stage had scand,
V Where *Cynthia* did sit, that neuer still did stand.

Her sitting on an Iuory throne shee found,
Drawne of two steeds, th'one black, the other white,
Enviound with tenne thousand starrs around,
That duly her attended day and night;
And by her side, thereran her Page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the Evening-starre intend:
That with his Torche, still twinkling like twylight,
Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
And ioiy to weary wandring traualers did lend:

That when the hardy *Titanesse* beheld
The goodly building of her Palace bright,
Made of the heauens substance, and vp-held
With thousand Crystall pillars of huge hight,
Shee gan to burne in her ambitious 'pright,
And reuie her that in such glorie raigned,
Eitsoones she cast by force and tortious might,
Her to displace; and to her selfe to haue gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.

Boldly she bid the Goddesse downe descend,
And let her selfe into that Ivory throne;
For, shee her selfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone:
Whether to men, whose fall she did bemone,
Or vnto Gods, whose state she did maligne,
Or to th'infernal Powers, her need giue lone
Of her faire light, and bounty most benigne,
Her selfe of all that rule shee deemed most conigne.

But shee that had to her that soueraigne seat
By highest *Ioue* assign'd, therein to beare
Nights burning lump, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for fauour or for feare;
But with sterne countenance and disdainfull cheate,
Bending her horned browes, did put her back:
And boldly blaming her for committing there,
Bade her attonce from heauens coast to pack,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders wrack.

Yet nathemore the *Giantesse* forbare:
But boldly preacing-on, raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
And there-with lifting vp her golden wand,
Threatned to strike her if she did with-stand.
Where-at the starrs, which round about her blaz'd,
And eke the Moones bright wagon, still did stand,
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her vncouth habit and sterne looke still gazed.

Meane-while, the lower World, which nothing knew
Of all that chanced here, was darkned quite;
And eke the heauens, and all the heauenly crew
Of happy wights, now vnpuruaide of light,
Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight;
Fearing least *Chaos* broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternal night:
But chiefly *Mercury*, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haste, vnto the king of Gods to plaine.

15
All ran together with a great out-cry,
To *Ioues* faire Palace, fixt in heauens hight;
And beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might,
To know what meant that suddaine lack of light.
The father of the Gods when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
Doubting least *Typhon* were againe vprear'd,
Or other his old foes, that once him sorly fear'd.

16
Eftsoones the sonne of *Maia* forth he sent
Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why shee did her wanted course forslowe;
And if that any were on earth belowe
That did with charmes or Magick her molest,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe:
But, if from heauen it were, then to arrest
The Author, and him bring before his presence prest.

17
The wingd-foot God, so fast his plumes did bear,
That soone he came where—as the *Titanesse*
Was striuing with faire *Cynthia* for her seat:
At whose strange sight, and haughty hardinesse,
He wondred much, and feared her no lesse.
Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,
At last, he bade her (with bold steadfastnesse)
Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,
Or come before high *Ioue*, her dooings to discharge.

18
And there-with-all, he on her shoulder laid
His sinaky-wreathed Mace, whose awfull power
Doth make both Gods and hellish fiends afraid:
VWhere—at the *Titanesse* did fiercely lower,
And stoutly answer'd, that in euill hower
He from his *Ioue* such message to her brought,
To bid her leaue faire *Cynthia*s siluer bower;
Sith shee his *Ioue* and him esteemed nought,
No more then *Cynthia*s selfe; but all their kingdoms

19 (fought).
The Heauens Herald staid not to reply,
But past away, his doings to relate
Vnto his Lord; who now in th' highest sky,
VVas placed in his principall Estate,
VWith all the Gods about him congregat:
To whom when *Hermes* had his message told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Sawc *Ioue*; who, changing nought his count'nance bold,
Did vnto them at length these speeches wise vnfold;

20
Harken to mee awhile yee heauenly Powers;
Ye may remember since th' Earths cursed seed
Sought to assaile the heauens eternall towers,
And to vs all exceeding feare did breed:
But how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all doe knowe, and them destroyed quite;
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An off-spring of their blond, which did alite
Vpon the fruitfull earth, which doth vs yet despise.

21
Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,
That now with bold presumption doth aspire
To thrust faire *Phæbe* from her siluer bed,
And eke our felues from heauens high Empire,
If that her might were match to her desire:
VWherefore, it now behoues vs to aduise
What way is best to driue her to retire;
Whether by open force, or counsell wise,
Arce ye lonnes of God, as best ye can deuise.

22
So hauing said, he ceast; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded becke
Is wont to wield the world vnto his vow,
And euen the highest Powers of heauen to check)
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake:
Who straight gan cast their counsell graue and wife.
Meane-while, th' Earths daughter, though she nought did
Of *Hermes* message; yet gan now aduise, (reck
What course were best to take in this hot bold emprise.

23
Eftsoones she thus resolvd; that whil'ft the Gods
(After returne of *Hermes* Embassage)
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at odds,
Before they could new counsels re-allie,
To set vpon them in that extasie;
And take what fortune time and place would lend:
So, forth she rose, and through the purest sky
To *Ioues* high Palace straight cast to ascend,
To prosecute her plot: Good on-set-boards good end.

24
Shee there arriuing, boldly in did pass;
Where all the Gods she found in counsell close,
All quite vnarm'd, as then their manner was.
At sight of her they suddaine all arose,
In great amaze, ne wit what way to chose.
But *Ioue*, all fearelesse, forc't them to aby;
And in his soueraigne throne, gan straight dispose
Himselfe more full of grace and Maiestie,
That mote encheare his friends, & foes mote terrifie.

25
That, when the haughty *Titanesse* beheld,
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld;
And inly quaking, seem'd as rest of sense,
And voyd of speech in that drad audience;
Vntill that *Ioue* himselfe, her selfe bespake:
Speake thou fraile woman, speake with confidence,
Whence art thou, and what doost thou here now make?
What idle errand hast thou, earths mansion to forsake?

26
Shee, halfe confus'd with his great command,
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demand:
I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
Of her that is Grand-mother magnifide
Of all the Gods, great *Earth*, great *Chaos* child:
But by the fathers (be it not euide)
I greater am in blood (whereon I build)
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from heauen exil'd.

For,

27

For, *Titan* (as ye all acknowledge must)
Was *Saturnes* elder brother by birth-right;
Both, *sonnes of *Vranus**: but by iust
And guile full meanes, through *Corybantes* flight,
The younger thrust the elder from his right:
Since which, thou *Ioue*, in iuriouſly haſt held
The Heauens rule from *Titan*'s *ſonnes* by might;
And them to helliſh dungeons downe haſt ſeld:
Witneſſe ye Heauens the truth of all that I haue ſeld.

28

Whil'ſt ſhe thus ſpake, the Gods that gaue good care
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
Being of ſtature tall as any there
Of all the Gods, and beaunfull of face,
As any of the Goddeſſes in place,
Stood all aſtonied, like a ſort of Steeres;
Mongſt whom, ſome beaſt of ſtrange & forraine race,
Vnwares is chaunc't, far ſtraying from his peeres:
So did their glaſſy gaze betray their hidden feares.

29

Till hauing pauz'd awhile, *Ioue* thus beſpake;
VVill neuer mortall thoughts ceaſe to aſpire,
In this bold ſort, to Heauen claime to make,
And touch celeftiall ſeates with earthly mire?
I would haue thought, that bold *Procuſſes* hire,
Or *Typhons* fall, or proud *Ixon*'s paine,
Or great *Promethues*, taſting of our ire,
Would haue ſuffiz'd, the reſt for to reſtraine;
And warn'd all men by their example to reſtraine:

30

But now, this off-ſcum of that curſed fry,
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And challenge th' heritage of this our ſkie;
Whom what ſhould hinder, but that we likewiſe
Should handle as the reſt of her allies,
And thunder-driue to hell? With that, he ſhooke
His Neſtar-deawed locks, with which the ſkyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eſt his burning leuin-brond in hand he tooke.

31

But, when he looked on her louely face,
In which faire beames of beauty did appeare,
That could the greateſt wrath ſoone turne to grace
(Such ſway doth beauty euen in Heauen beare)
He ſtaide his hand: and hauing chang'd his cheare,
He thus againe in milder wiſe began;
But ah! if Gods ſhould ſtrive with fleſh yſere,
Then ſhortly ſhould the progeny of Man
Be rooted out, if *Ioue* ſhould doe ſill what he can:

32

But thee faire *Titan*'s child, I rather weene,
Through ſome vaine error or inducement light,
To ſee that mortall eyes haue neuer ſene;
Or through enſample of thy ſiſters might,
Bellona; whoſe great glory thou dooſt ſight,
Since thou haſt ſene her dreadfull power belowe,
Mongſt wretched men (diſmaide with her affright)
To bandie Crownes, and Kingdomes to beſtow:
And ſure thy worth, no leſſe then hers doth ſeem to ſhowe.

33

But wote thou this, thou hardy *Titan*'s ſonne,
That not the worth of any living wight
May challenge ought in Heauens intereſſe;
Much leſſe the Title of old *Titan*'s Right:
For, we by Conqueſt of our ſoueraine might,
And by etemall doome of Fates decree,
Haue wonne the Empire of the Heauens bright;
Which to our ſelues we hold, and to whom wee
Shall worthy deeeme partakers of our bliſſe to bee.

34

Then ceaſe thy idle claime thou fooliſh gerle,
And ſeeke by grace and goodneſſe to obtaine
That place from which by folly *Titan* fell;
There-to thou maiſt perhaps, if ſo thou ſaine
Haue *Ioue* thy gracious Lord and Soueraigne.
So, hauing ſaid, ſhe thus to him replide;
Ceaſe *Saturnes* ſonne, to ſeeke by proffers vaine
Of idle hopes' allure mee to thy ſide,
For to betray my Right, before I haue it tride.

35

But thee, ô *Ioue*, no equall Iudge I deeeme
Of my deſert, or of my dewfull Right;
That in thine owne behalfe maiſt partiaſl ſeeme:
But to the higheſt him, that is beight
Father of Gods and men by equall might;
To weer, the God of Nature, I appeale.
There-at *Ioue* wexed wroth, and in his ſpight
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceal;
And bad *Dan Phœbus* Scribe her Appellation ſeale.

36

Eftſoones the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heauenly Powers, & earthly wights,
Before great Natures preſence ſhould appeare,
For triall of their Titles and beſt Rights:
That was, to weer, vpon the higheſt bights
Of *Arlo-hill* (Who knowes not *Arlo-hill*?)
That is the higheſt head (in all mens ſights)
Of my old father *Mole*, whom Shepheards quill
Renommed hath with hymnes fit for a rural ſkill.

37

And, were it not ill fitting for this file,
To ſing of hilles & woods, mongſt warres & Knights,
I would abate the ſterneneſſe of my ſtile,
Mongſt theſe ſterne ſounds to mingle ſoft delights:
And tell how *Arlo* through *Dianaes* ſpights
(Being of old the beſt and faireſt Hill
That was in all this holy-Iſlands heights)
Was made the moſt vnpleaſant, and moſt ill.
Meane while, ô *Clio*, and *Calliope* thy quill.

38

Whyſome, when *I R E L A N D* flouriſhed in fame
Of wealths and goodneſſe, far about the reſt
Of all that beare the *Britiſh* Iſlands name,
The Gods then vs'd (for pleaſure and for reſt)
Oft to reſort there-to, when ſeem'd them beſt:
But none of all there-in more pleaſure found,
Then *Cynthia*; that is ſoueraine *Queene* profeſt
Of woods and forreſts, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with whoſom waters, more the moſt on ground.

But

But mongt them all, as fittest for her game,
 Either for chace of beasts with hound or boawe,
 Or for to shroude in shade from *Phæbus* flaine,
 Or bathe in fountaines that doe freshly flowe,
 Or from high lilles, or from the dales belowe,
 She chose this *Arlo*; where shee did resort
 With all her Nymphes enranged on a rowe,
 With whom the woody Gods did oft consort:
 For, with the Nymphes, the Satyres loue to play & sport.

Amongst the which, there was a Nymph that hight
Molanna; daughter of old father *Mole*,
 And sister vnto *Mulla*, faire and bright:
 Vnto whose bed false *Bregog* whylome stole,
 That Shepheard *Colin* dearly did console,
 And made her lucklesse loues well knowne to be.
 But this *Molanna*, were she not so thole,
 Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee:
 Yet as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.

For, first, she springs out of two marble Rocks,
 On which, a groue of Oakes high mounted growes,
 That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks
 Of som faire Bride, brought forth with pompous showes
 Out of her bowre, that many flowers srowes:
 So, through the flowry Dales shee tumbling downe,
 Through many woods, and shady coverts flowes
 (That on each side her siluer channell crowne)
 Till to the Plaine she come, whose Valleyes shee doth
 (drowne.

In her sweet streames, *Diana* vsed oft
 (After her sweate chace and toilefome play)
 To bathe her selfe; and after, on the soft
 And downy grasse, her dainty limbes to lay
 In covert shade, where none behold her may:
 For, much she hated sight of liuing eye.
 Foolish God *Faunus*, though full many a day
 He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
 To see her naked mongt her Nymphes in priuity.

No way he found to compass his desire,
 But to corrupt *Molanna*, this her maid,
 Her to discouer for some secret bier:
 So, her with flattering words he first assaid;
 And after, pleasing guts for her purvaid,
 Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,
 VVith which he her allured and betraid,
 To tell what time he might her Lady see
 When she her selfe did bathe, that he might secret see.

There-to hee promist, if shee would him pleasure
 With this small boone, to quit her with a better;
 To wet, that where-as shee had out of measure
 Long lov'd the *Fanchin*, who by nought did fet her,
 That he would vndertake, for this to get her
 To be his Loue, and of him liked well:
 Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
 For many moe good turnes then he would tell;
 The least of which, this little pleasure should excell.

The simple maid did yield to him anone;
 And eft him placed where he close might view
 That neuer any saw, saue onely one;
 VVho, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,
 Was of his hounds deuour'd in Hunters hew.
 Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew
 To this sweet spring; where, doffing her array,
 She bath'd her louely limbes, for *Ioue* a likely pray.

There *Faunus* saw that pleased much his eye,
 And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
 That for great ioy of some-what he did spy,
 He could him not containe in silent rest;
 But breaking forth in laughter, loud protest
 His foolish thought. A foolish *Faune* indeede,
 That couldst not hold thy selfe so hidden blest,
 But wouldst needs thine owne conceit areed.
 Babblers vnworthy been of fo diuine a meed.

The Goddesse, all abashed with that noise,
 In haste forth started from the guilty brooke;
 And running straight where-as he heard his voice,
 Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke,
 Like darred Larke; not daring vp to looke
 On her whose sight before so much he sought.
 Thence, forth they drew him by the hornes, & shooke
 Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
 And then into the open light they forth him brought.

Like as an hufwife, that with busie care
 Thinks of her Daire to make wondrous gaine,
 Finding where-as some wicked beast vnware
 That breakes into her Dayr'house, there doth draine
 Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine;
 Hath in some Inare or gin set close behind,
 Entrapped him, and caught into her traine:
 Then thinks what punishment were best assign'd,
 And thousand deaths deuiseth in her vengefull mind:

So did *Diana* and her maydens all
 VVile silly *Faunus*, now within their baile:
 They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall;
 Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,
 And by his goatish beard some did him haile:
 Yet he (poore soule) with patience all did beare;
 For, nought against their wils might countervale:
 Ne ought he said what euer he did heare;
 But hanging downe his head, did like a Mome appeare.

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
 They gan to cast what penaunce him to giue.
 Some would haue gelt him, but that same would spill
 The Wood-gods breed, which must for euer liue:
 Others would through the riuier him haue drine,
 And ducked deepe; but that seem'd penaunce light;
 But most agreed and did this sentence giue;
 Him in Deares skin to clad; & in that plight, (might)
 To hunt him with their hounds, him selfe saue how hee

But *Cynthia's* selfe, more angry then the rest,
Thought not enough, to punish him in sport,
Aod of her shame to make a gamefome iest:
But gan examine him in straighter fort,
Which of her Nymphs, or other close consort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betrayd?
He, much affeard, to her confessed short,
That 'twas *Molanna* which her to bewrad.
Then all atonce their hands vpon *Molanna* laid.

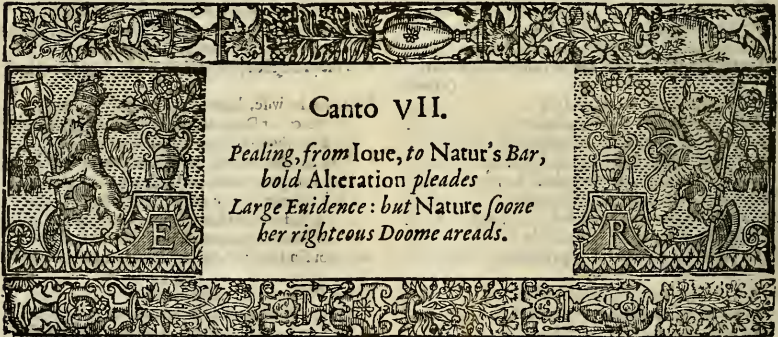
But him (according as they had decreed)
With a Deeres-skin they covered, and then chafte
With all their hounds that after him did speed;
But he more speedly, from them fled more fast
Then any Deere: so sore him dread aghast.
They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heauens would haue brast:
That all the woods and dales where he did flie,
Did ring againe, and loud reccho to the skie.

So they him follow'd till they weary were:
When, back returning to *Molann*' againe,
They, by commandment of *Diana*, there
Her whelm'd with ftones. Yet *Faunus* (for her paine)

Of her beloued *Fanchin* did obtaine,
That her he would receiue vnto his bed.
So now her wanes passe through a pleasant Plaine,
Till with the *Fanchin* she her selfe doe wed,
And (both combin'd) themselues in one faire riuer spread.

Nath'lesse, *Diana*, full of indignation,
Thence-forth abandou'd her delicious brooke;
In whose sweet streame, before that bad occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:
Ne only her, but also quite forlooke
All those faire forrests about *Arlo* hid,
And all that Mountaine, which doth over-looke
The richest champion that may else be rid,
And the faire *Shure*, in which are thousand Salmons bred.

Them all, and all that the sefo deare did way,
Thence-forth she left; and parting from the place,
There-on an heauy haplesse curle did lay,
To weet, that Wolues, where she was wont to space,
Should harbour'd be, and all those Woods deface,
And *T*hieves should rob and spoile that Coast around,
Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly Chase,
Doth to this day with Wolues and *T*hieves abound:
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers since haue found.



AH! whither doost thou now thou greater Muse
Me from these woods & pleasing torrests bring?
And my fraile spirit (that dooth oft refuse
This too high flight, vnfit for her weake wing)
Lift vp aloft, to tell of heauens King
(Thy soueraine Sire) his fortunate successe,
And victory, in bigger noates to sing,
Which he obtain'd against that *Titanesse*,
That him of heauens Empire sought to dispossesse.

Yet sith I needs must follow thy behest,
Doe thou my weaker wit with skill inspire;
Fit for this turne; and in my sable brest
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortal fire,

Which learned minds inflameth with desire
Of heauenly things: for, who but thou alone,
That art yborne of heauen and heauenly Sire,
Can tell things doen in heauen so long ygone:
So farre past memory of man that may be knowne

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The Gods assembled all on *Arlo* hill;
As well those that are sprung of heauenly seed,
As those that all the other world doe fill,
And rule both sea and land vnto their will:
Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare;
As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th'vnruely fiends which they did feare;
Yet *Pluto* and *Proserpina* were present there.

4
And thither also came all other creatures,
What-euer life or motion doe retainē,
According to their sundry kinds of features;
That *Ariō* scarcely could them all containe;
So full they filled euery hill and Plaine:
And had not *Natures* Sergeant (that is *Order*)
Them well disposed by his busie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in euery border,
They would haue caused much confusion and disorder.

5
Then forth issued (great goddess) great dame *Nature*,
With goodly port and gracious Maiesty;
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Then any of the gods or Powers on hie:
Yet certes by her face and physnomy,
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well defery:
For, with a veile that wimpled euery where,
Her head and face was hid, that mote to none appeare.

6
That some doe say was so by skill denized,
To hide the terror of her vncouth hew,
From mortall eyes that should be fore agrized;
For that her face did like a Lion shew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell that it so beauteous was,
And round about such beames of splendor threw,
That it the Sunne a thousand times did pass,
Ne could be seene, but like an image in a glasse.

7
That well may seemen true: for, well I weene
That this same day, when she on *Ariō* sat,
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
That my fraile wit cannot deuize to what
It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that,
As those three sacred *Saints*, though else most wise,
Yet on mount *Thabor* quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
Transfigur'd saw; his garments so did daze their eyes.

8
In a fayre Plaine vpon an equall Hill,
She placed was in a pavilion;
Not such as Craftel-men by their idle skill
Are wont for Princes states to fashion:
But th' earth her self of her owne motion,
Out of her fruitfull bowme made to growe
Most dainty trees; that, shooting vp anon,
Did seeme to bow their blooming heads full lowe,
For homage vnto her, and like a throne did shew.

9
So heard it is for any living wight,
All her array and vestiments to tell,
That old *Dan Geffrey* (in whose gentle spright
The pure well head of Poetic did dwell)
In his *Fowles* parley durst not with it mel,
But it transferd to *Alane*, who he thought
Had in his *Plaine of Kindes* describ'd it well:
Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
Go tecke he out that *Alane* where he may be sought.

10
And all the earth far vnderneath her feete
Was dight with flowres, that voluntary grew
Our of the ground, and flit forth odours sweet,
Tenue thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,
That might delight the smell, or please the view:
The which, the Nymphes, from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, which they at her foot-sole threw;
That richer seem'd then any tapestry,
That Princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

11
And *Mole* himselfe, to honour her the more,
Did deck himself in freshest faire attire,
And his high head, that seemeth alwaies bore
With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
He with an Oaken girland now did tire,
As if the loue of some new Nymph late seene,
Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
And made him change his pray attire to greens;
Ah gentle *Mole*: such ioyance hath thee well becene.

12
Was neuer so great ioyance since the day,
That all the gods whylome assembled were,
On *Hemus* hill in their diuine array,
To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare,
Twixt *Peleue*, and dame *Thetis* pointed there;
Where *Phaebus* self, that god of Poets hight,
They say did sing the spouall hymne full cleere,
That all the gods were rauisht with delight
Of his celestiall song, & Musicks wondrous might.

13
This great Grandmother of all creatures bred
Great *Nature*, euer young yet full of eld,
Still mouing, yet vnmooued from her sted;
Vnsene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus sitting in her throne as I haue teld,
Before her came dame *Mutabilitie*;
And being lowe before her presence fild,
With meek obayfance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintif Plea, with words to amplifye;

14
To thee o greatest goddess, onely great,
An humble suppliant loe, I lowly fly
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat;
Who Right to all dost deale in differently,
Dammning all Wrong and tortious Iniurie,
Which any of thy creatures doe to other
(Oppressing them with power, vnequally)
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knittest each to each, as brother vnto brother.

15
To thee therefore of this same *Ioue* I plaine,
And of his fellow gods that faine to be,
That challenge to themselves the whole worlds raign;
Of which, the greatest part is due to me,
And heauen it selfe by heritage in Fee:
For, heauen and earth I both alike do deeme,
Sith heauen and earth are both alike to thee;
And, gods no more then men thou dost esteeme:
For, euen the gods to thee, as men to gods do seeme.

16

Then weigh, δ soueraigne goddesse, by what right
 These gods do claime the worlds whole souerainty;
 And that is onely dew vnto thy might
 Arrogate to themfelues ambitionly:
 As for the gods owne principality,
 Which *Ioue* vsurps vnjustly; that to be
 My heritage, *Ioue's* self cannot deny,
 From my great Grandfire *Titan*, vnto mee,
 Deriv'd by dew descent; as is well known to thee.

17

Yet mauger *Ioue*, and all his gods beside,
 I doe possesse the worlds most regiment;
 As, if ye please it into parts diuide,
 And every parts inholders to conuent,
 Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.
 And first, the Earth (great mother of vs all)
 That only seems vnmov'd and permanent,
 And vnto *Mutability* not thrall;
 Yet is she chang'd in part, and ecke in generall.

18

For, all that from her springs, and is ybredde,
 How-euer sayre it flourish for a time,
 Yet see we soone decay; and, being dead,
 To turne again vnto their earthly slime:
 Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,
 We daily see new creatures to arise;
 And of their Winter spring another Prime,
 Vnlike in forme, and chang'd by strange disguise:
 So turne they still about, and change in restless wife.

19

As for her tenants; that is, man and beasts,
 The beasts we daily see massacred dy,
 As thralls and vassalls vnto mens benefaits:
 And men themfelues doe change continually,
 From youth to eld, from wealth to pouerty,
 From good to bad, from bad to worst of all.
 Ne doe their bodies onely sit and fly:
 But ecke their minds (which they immortal call)
 Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

20

Ne is the water in more constant case;
 Whether thofe same on high, or these belowe.
 For, th' Ocean mouth still, from place to place;
 And every Riuer still doth ebbe and flowe:
 Ne any Lake, that seems most still and slowe,
 Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothenesse holde,
 When any winde doth vnder heauen blowe;
 With which, the clouds are also tost and roll'd;
 Now like great Hills; &, straight, like flucses, them vnfold.

21

So likewise are all wary liuing wights
 Still tost, and turned, with continuall change,
 Nener abiding in their stedfast plights.
 The fish, still floating, doe at random range,
 And neuer rest; but euermore exchange
 Their dwelling places, as the streames them carrie:
 Ne haue the wary fowles a certaine grange,
 Wherein to rest, or in one stead to tarry;
 But sitting still doe flie, and still their places vary.

22

Next is the Ayre: which who feeles not by sense
 (For, of all sense it is the middle meane)
 To sit still; and, with subtil influence
 Of his thin spirit, all creatures to maintaine,
 In state of life? O wake life! that does leane
 On thing so tickle as th'vnsteady ayre;
 Which euery howre is chang'd, and altdred cleane
 With euery blast that bloweth fowle or faire:
 The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impair.

23

Therein the changes infinite beholde,
 Which to her creatures euery minute chaunce;
 Now, boyling hot: streight, friezing deadly cold:
 Now, faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce:
 Streight, bitter storms and balefull countenance;
 That makes them all to shouer and to shake:
 Rayne, hayle, and snowe do pay them sad penance,
 And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)
 With flames & flashing lights that thousand changes make.

24

Last is the fire: which, though it liue for euer,
 Ne can be quenched quite; yet, euery day,
 Wee see his parts, so soone as they do leuer,
 To lose their heat, and shortly to decay;
 So, makes himself his owne consuming pray.
 Ne any liuing creatures doth he breed:
 But all, that are of others bred, doth slay;
 And, with their death, his cruell life dooth feed;
 Nought leauing, but their barren ashes, without seede.

25

Thus, all these fower (the which the ground-work bee
 Of all the world, and of all liuing wights)
 To thousand sorts of *Change* we subiect see:
 Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous sights)
 Into themselues, and lose their natiue might;
 The Fire to Aire, and th' Ayre to Water thiere,
 And Water into Earth: yet Water fights
 With Fire, and Aire with Earth approaching neere:
 Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

26

So, in them all raignes *Mutabilitie*;
 How-euer these, that Gods themselues do call,
 Of them doe claime the rule and souerainty:
 As, *Vesta*, of the fire æthereall;
Vulcan, of this, with vs so vsuall;
Ops, of the earth; and *Iuno* of the Ayre;
Neptune, of Seas; and Nymphes, of Riuers all.
 For, all those Riuers to me subiect are:
 And all the rest, which they vsurp, be all my share.

27

Which to approuen true, as I haue told,
 Vouchsafe, δ goddesse, to thy presence call
 The rest which doe the world in being hold:
 As, times and seasons of the yeare that fall:
 Of all the which, demand in generall,
 Or iudge thy selfe, by verdit of thine eye,
 Whether to me they are not subiect all.
 Nature did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by,
 Bade Order call them all, before her Maiesty.

28
So, forth issew'd the Seasons of the year;
 First, lusty *Spring*, all dight in leaues of flowres
 That freshly budded and new bloomes did beare
 (In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
 That sweetly sung, to call forth Paramours):
 And in his hand a iauelin he did beare,
 And on his head (as fit for warlike flowres)
 A guilt engrauen morion he did weare;
 That as some did him loue, so others did him feare.

29
Then came the iolly *Summer*, being dight
 In a thin silken caslock coloured greene,
 That was vnlynd all, to be more light:
 And on his head a girlond well betcene
 He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
 The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
 A boawe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
 Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
 And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated fore.

30
Then came the *Autumne* all in yellow clad,
 As though he ioyed in his plentious store,
 Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
 That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
 Had by the belly oft him pinched fore.
 Vpon his head a wreath that was enrold
 With eares of corne, of eury sort he bore:
 And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
 To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

31
Lastly, came *Winter* clothed all in frize,
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
 Whil'ft on his hoary beard his breath did freeze;
 And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
 As from a limbeck did adown distill.
 In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
 With which his feeble steps he stayed still:
 For, he was faint with cold, and weak with old;
 That scarce his loofed limbes he habile was to weld.

32
These, marching softly, thus in order went,
 And after them, the Monthes all riding came;
 First, sturdy *March* with brows full sternly bent,
 And armed strongly, rode vpon a Ram,
 The same which ouer *Hellephantus* swam:
 Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
 And in a bag all sorts of seeds yfame,
 Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
 And filld her womb with fruitfull hope of nourishment.

33
Next came fresh *April* full of lustyhed,
 And wanton as a Kid whose horne new buds:
 Vpon a Bull he rode, the same which led
 Europa floating through th' *Argolick* fluds:
 His hornes were gilden all with golden studs
 And garnished with garlonds goodly dight
 Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
 Which th' earth brings forth, and wet he seem'd in fight
 With waues, through which he waded for his loues delight.

34
Then came faire *May*, the fairest mayd on ground,
 Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
 And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
 Vpon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
 The twinnes of *Leda*; which on cyther side
 Supported her like to their soueraine Queene.
 Lord! how all creatures laught, when her they spide,
 And leapt and daunc't as they had rauisht beenc!
 And *Cupid* selfe about her flutted all in greene.

35
And after her, came iolly *June*, arrayd
 All in greene leaues, as he a Player were;
 Yet in his time, he wrought as well as playd,
 That by his plough-yrons moteright well appeare:
 Vpon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
 With crooked crawling steps an vncouth pace,
 And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fire
 Bending their force contrary to their face,
 Like that vngracious crew which faines demurest grace.

36
Then came hot *July* boyling like to fire,
 That all his garments he had cast away:
 Vpon a Lyon raging yet with ire
 He boldly rode and made him to obey:
 It was the beast that whylome did forray
 The *Nemæan* forrest, till th' *Amphytrionide*
 Him slew, and with his hide did him array:
 Behinde his back a sickle, and by his side
 Vnder his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

37
The fixt was *August*, being rich arrayd
 In garment all of gold downe to the ground:
 Yet rode he not, but led a loucly Mayd
 Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround
 With eares of corne, and full her hand was found;
 That was the righteous *Virgin*, which of old
 Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
 But, after *Wrong* was lov'd and *Iustice* solde,
 She left th' vnrighteous world and was to heauen extold.

38
Next him, *September* marched eeke on foote;
 Yet was he heauy laden with the spoyle
 Of haruests riches, which he made his boot,
 And him enricht with bounty of the foyle:
 In his one hand, as fit for haruests toyle,
 He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
 A paire of waights, with which he did affoyle
 Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
 And equall gaue to each as *Iustice* duly scaund.

39
Then came *October* full of merry glee:
 For, yet his noule was totty of the must,
 Which he was treading in the wine-fats fee,
 And of the ioyous oyle, whose gentle guft
 Made him so frolick and so full of lust:
 Vpon a dreadfull *Scorpion* he did ride,
 The same which by *Dianaes* doom vnjust
 Slaw great *Orion*: and eeke by his side
 He had his ploughing share, and coulter ready tyde.

Next was *November*, he full full grosse and fat,
 As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;
 For, he had been a fatting hoggs of late,
 That yet his browes with sweat, did reek and steame,
 And yet the season was full sharp and breem;
 In planting ecke he took no small delight:
 Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme;
 For it a dreadfull *Centaure* was in fight,
 The feed of *Saturne*, and faire *Nais*, *Chiron* hight.

And after him, came next the chill *December*:
 Yet he through merry feasting which he made,
 And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
 His Saviours birth his mind so much did glad:
 Vpon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
 The same wherewith *Dan Ioue* in tender yeares,
 They say, was nourisht by th' *Leau* mayd;
 And in his hand a broad decepebowle he beares;
 Of which, he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

Then came old *January*, wrapped well
 In many weeds to keep the cold away;
 Yet did he quake and quier like to quell,
 And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may:
 For, they were dumb with holding all the day
 An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
 And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray:
 Vpon a huge great Earth-pot feane he stood;
 From whose wide mouth, there flowed forth the *Romane*
 (flood.

And lastly, came cold *February*, sitting
 In an old wagon, for he could not ride;
 Drawne of two fishes for the season sitting,
 Which through the flood before did softly slyde
 And swim away: yet had he by his side
 His plough and harness fit to till the ground,
 And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
 Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round:
 So past the twelue Months forth, & their dew places found.

And after these, there came the *Day*, and *Night*,
 Riding together both with equall pace,
 Th' one on a *Palfrey* blacke, the other white;
 But *Night* had couered her vncomely face
 With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
 On top wherof the moon and stars were pight,
 And sleep and darknesse round about did trace:
 But *Day* did beare, vpon his scepters hight,
 The goodly Sun, encompass't all with beames bright.

Then came the *Howres*, faire daughters of high *Ioue*,
 And timely *Night*, the which were all endewed
 With wondrous beauty fit to kindle loue;
 But they were *Virgins* all, and loue eschewed,
 That might forsack the charge to them fore-shewed
 By mighty *Ioue*; who did them Porters make
 Of heauens gate (whence all the gods issued)
 Which they did dayly watch, and nightly wake
 By euenturnes, ne euer did their charge forsake.

And after all came *Life*, and lastly *Death*;
Death with most grim and grieu'd visage seene,
 Yet is he nought but paring of the breath;
 Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
 Vnbodied, vn'soul'd, vnheard, vn'scene.
 But *Life* was like a faire young lusty boy,
 Such as they faime *Dan Cupid* to haue bene,
 Full of delightfull health and liuely ioy,
 Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

When these were past, thus gan the *Titanesse*;
 Lo, mighty mother, now be iudge and say,
 Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
CHANCE doth not raige & beare the greatell sway:
 For, who sees not, that *Time* on all doth pray?
 But *Times* do change and moue continually.
 So nothing here long standeth in one stay:
 Wherefore, this lowr world who can deny
 But to be subiect still to *Mutabilitie*?

Then thus gan *Ioue*; Right true it is, that these
 And all things else that vnder heauen dwell
 Are chaung'd of *Time*, who doth them all disseise
 Of being: But, who is it (to me tell)
 That *Time* himselte doth moue and still compell
 To keepe his course? Is not that namely wee
 Which poure that vertue from our heauenly cell,
 That moues them all, and makes them changed be?
 So them we gods doe rule, and in them also thee.

To whom, thus *Mutability*: The things
 Which we seee not how they are mov'd and swayd,
 Ye may attribute to your selues as Kings,
 And say they by your secret powre are made:
 But what we seee not, who shall vs perswade?
 But were they so, as ye them faime to be,
 Mov'd by your might, and ordred by your ayde;
 Yet what if I can proue, that euen yee
 Your selues are likewise chang'd, and subiect vnto mee?

And first, concerning her that is the first,
 Euen you faire *Cynthia*, whom so much ye make
Ioues dearest darling, she was bred and nurst
 On *Cynthus* hill, whence she her name did take:
 Then is she mortall borne, how-so ye crake;
 Besides, her face and countenance eury day
 We changed see, and (sundry forms partake,
 Now horrid, now rou'd, now bright, now brown & gray:
 So that as *changefull* as the *Moone* men vse to say.

Next, *Mercury*, who though he lesse appeare
 To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one;
 Yet, he his course doth altar eury year,
 And is of late far out of order gone:
 So *Venus* ecke, that goodly Paragon,
 Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day;
 And *Phabus* self, who lightome is alone,
 Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
 And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

Now

52
Now *Mars* that valiant man is changed most:
For, he some times so far runs out of square,
That he his way doth seem quite to haue lost,
And cleane without his vsuall sphere to fare;
That euen these Star-gazers stonish it are
At sight thereof, and damne their lying bookes:
So likewise, grim Sir *Saturne* oft doth spare
His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbed lookes:
So many turning cranks these haue, so many crookes.

53
But you *Dan Ioue*, that only constant are,
And King of all the rest, as ye do clame,
Are you not subiect eke to this misfare?
Then let me aske you this withouten blame,
Where were ye borne? some say in *Crete* by name,
Others in *Thebes*, and others other-where;
But wherelouer they committ the fame,
They all consent that ye begotten were,
And borne here in this world, no other can appeare.

54
Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me,
Vnlesse the kingdome of the sky yee make
Immortall, and vnchangeable to be;
Besides, that power and vertue which ye spake,
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
And your owne natures change: for, each of you
That vertue haue, or this, or that to make,
Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
By others opposition or obliquid view.

55
Besides, the sundry motions of your Sphaeres,
So sundry waies and fashions as clerkes saine,
Some in short space, and some in longer yeares;
What is the same but alteration plaine?
Onely the starrie skie doth still remaine:
Yet do the Starres and Signes therein still moue,
And euen it self is mov'd, as wizards saine.
But all that moueth, doth mutation loue:
Therefore both you and them to me I subiect proue.


56
Then since within this wide great *Vniuerse*
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things toft and turned by transticise:
What then should let, but I aloft should reare
My *Trophee*, and from all, the triumph beare?
Now iudge then (ô thou greatest goddesse trew!)
According as thy (selfe doest see and heare,
And vnto me addoom that is my dew;
That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

57
So hauing ended, silence long ensfewed,
Ne *Nature* to or fro spake for a space,
But with firme eyes affixt, the ground still viewed.
Meane while, all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th'end of this fo doubtfull case,
Did hang in long suspence what would ensfew,
To whether side should fall the foueraigne place:
At length, the looking vp with chearefull view,
The silence brake, and gaue her doome in speeches few.

58
I well consider all that ye haue sayd,
And find that all things stedfastnes doe hate
And changed be: yet being rightly wayd
They are not changed from their first estate;
But by their change their being doe dilate:
And turning to themselves at length againe,
Doe worke their owne perfection so by fate:
Then ouer them Change doth not rule and raigne;
But they raigne ouer change, and doe their states maintaine.

59
Cease therefore daughter further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by me:
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire;
But time shall come that all shall changed be,
And from thenceforth, none no more change shall see.
So was the *Titanes*' put downe and whist,
And *Ioue* confirm'd in his imperiall see.
Then was that whole assembly quite distrust,
And *Natur*'s selfe did vanish, whither no man wist.

The V III. Canto, vnperfite.

1
 Hen I bethinke me on that speech whyleare,
Of *Mutability*, and well it way:
Me seemes, that though she all vnworthy were
Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet very sooth to say,
In all things else she beares the greatest sway.
Which makes me loath this staie of life so tickle,
And loue of things so vaine to cast away:
Whose flowing pride, so fiding and so sickle,
Short *Time* shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.

2
Then gin I thinke on that which *Nature* sayd,
Of that same time when no more *Change* shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things firmly stayd
Vpon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrary to *Mutabilitie*:
For, all that moueth, doth in *Change* delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabbath hight:
O that great Sabbath God, graunt me that Sabbath hight.

F I N I S.



1609.



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S A LETTER OF THE AV-
 thors, expounding his whole intention in the
course of this worke: which for that it giueth great
 light to the Reader, for the better vnderstanding is here-
 vnto annexed.

To the right noble and valorous, *Sir Walter Ra-*
leigh, Knight, Lo: Wardein of the Stanneries, &
her Maiesties Lieutenaut of the Countie of Cornewayll.



IR, knowing how doubtfully all Alle-
 gories may be construed, and this booke
 of mine, which I haue entituled *The Faery*
Queene, being a continued Allegorie, or
 darke conceit, I haue thought good, as
 well for auoyding of ielous opinions &
 misconstructions, as also for your better
 light in reading thereof, (being so by you
 commaunded) to discouer vnto you the
 generall intention and meaning, which in
 the whole course thereof I haue fashio-
 ned, without expressing of any particular
 purposes or by-accidents therein occasio-

ned. The generall end therefore of all the booke, is to fashion a gentleman
 or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline. Which for that I concei-
 ued should be most plausible and pleasing, beeing coloured with an histori-
 call fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for varie-
 tie of matter, then for profit of the ensample: I chole the historie of King
Arthure, as most fit for the excellencie of his person, beeing made famous
 by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the danger of enuie,
 and suspition of present time. In which I haue followed all the antique Po-
 ets historical: first *Homer*, who in the persons of *Agamemnon* and *Vlysses*;
 hath ensampled a good Governour and a vertuous man, the one in his *Ilias*,

Sir *Guyon*, he presently went forth with that same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke and the whole subiect thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the *Faery Queene*, that a vile Enchanter called *Busirane*, had in hand a most faire Lady called *Amoretta*, whom he kept in most grieuous torment, because she would not yeeld him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir *Scudamour* the louer of that Lady presently tooke on him that aduventure. But beeing vnable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchantments, after long sorrow, in the end met with *Britomartis*, who succoured him, and reskeved his loue.

But by occasion heereof, many other aduentures are intermedled, but rather as Accidents, then intendments: As, the loue of *Britomart*, the overthrow of *Marinell*, the miserie of *Florimell*, the vertuousnesse of *Belphebe*, the lasciuiousnes of *Hellenora*, and many the like.

Thus much Sir, I haue briefly ouer-run to direct your vnderstanding to the wel-head of the History, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe all the discourse, which otherwise may happely seeme tedious and confused. So humbly crauing the continuance of your honourable fauour towards me, and th'eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leaue.

23. Ianuarie. 1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate,

Edm. Spenser.





30 A VISION VPON THIS
conceit of the *Faery Queene*.

ME thought I saw the graue where *Laura* lay,
Within that Temple, where the Vestall flame
Was wont to burne; and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of liuing fame,
Whose tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,
All suddenly I saw the *Faery Queene* :
At whose approach the soule of *Petrarch* wept,
And from thence-forth those Graces were not seene.
For they this *Queene* attended; in whose steed
Obluion laid him downe on *Lauras* herse:
Hecreat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
And grones of buried ghosts the heauens did perse.
Where *Homers* spright did tremble all for grieffe,
And curst th'acesse of that celestiall thiefe.

Another of the same.

THE praise of meaner wits this worke like profit brings,
As doth the *Cuckoes* song delight when *Philumena* sings,
If thou hast formed right true vertues face heerein:
Vertue her selfe can best discern, to whom they written bin.
If thou hast beauty prais'd, let her sole lookes diuine,
Iudge if ought therein be amisse, and mend it by her eyne.
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperance her dex,
Rebo'd her Princely mind aright, and write thy *Queene* anew.
Meane-while she shall perceiue, how far her vertues sore
Abooue the reach of all that liue, or such as wrote of yore:
And therby will excuse and fauour thy good will:
Whose vertue cannot be exprest, but by an *Angels* quill.
Of me no lines are lou'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speake our *English* tongue, but those of thy deuice.

W. R.

To the learned *Shepherd*.

COLLIN, I see by thy new taken taske,
Some ierred fury hath enrich thy braines,
That leades thy Mute in haughty verte to maske,
and loathe the lices that ling to lowly twaines.
That lifts th' notes from *Shepherds* vnto *Kings*,
So like the lively *Lake* that mounting sings,

Thy lovely *ROSALIND* seemes now forlorne,
and all thy gentle flocks forgotten quight:
Thy changed hart now holds thy pipes in scorne,
those pretty pipes that did thy mates delight;
Those true mates, that loued thee so well,
Whom thou gau'st mirth: as they gaue thee the bell.

To the learned Shepheard.

Yet as thou carst with thy sweete roundelayes,
didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers :
So mought thou now in these refined layes,
delight the daintie eares of higher powers.
And so mought they in their deepe skanning skill,
Allow and grace our C O L L I N S s flowing quill.

And faire befall that *Faerie Queene* of thine,
in whole faire eyes loue linkt with vertue sits:
Eufusing by those beauties fiere diuine,
such high conceits into thy humble wits,
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes,
From rustick tunes, to chaunt heroick deedes.

So mought thy *Redcrosse-Knight* with happy hand
victorious be in that faire Ilands right:
Which thou doost veile in Type of *Faery Land*,
E L Y Z A s blessed field, that *A byon* hight,
That shields her friends, and warres her mighty foes,
Yet still with people, peace, and plentie floes.

But (iolly shepheard) though with pleasing stile,
thou feast the humour of the Courty traine:
Let not conceit thy fetled sense beguile,
ne daunted be through enuy or disdain.
Subiect thy doome to her Emptying spright,
From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light.

Hobbyroll.

FAyre *Thamis* streame, that from L V D S stately
Runst paying tribute to the Ocean seas, (towne,
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
Be silent, while this *Brytane O R P H E V S* playes:
Neere thy sweet banks, there liues that sacred crowne,
Whose hand strowes Palme and neuer-dying bayes;
Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring lowne
Prefer her with this worthy Poets prayes.
For he hath taught hie drifts in shepherds weeds,
And deepe conceits now sings in *Faeries* deeds.

R. S.

GRAue Muses, march in tryumph and with praises,
Our Goddesse heere hath giuen you leaue to land:
And bids this rare dispenser of your graces
Bow downe his brow vnto her sacred hand.
Deserts finds due in that most princely doome,
In whose sweet breast are all the Muses bredde:
So did that great A V G V S T V S cast in Roome
With leaues of fame adorne his Poets bedde.
Faire be the guerdon of your *Faery Queene*,
Euen of the fairest that the world hath scene.

H. B.

WHen stout *Achilles* heard of *Helen*s rape,
And what reuenge the States of Greece deuis'd:
Thinking by sleight the fatal warres to scape,
In womans weedes himselfe he then disguis'd:
But this deuise *Vlysses* soone did spy,
And brought him forth, the chance of war to try.

When *Spenser* saw the fame was spred so large,
Through *Faery-Land*, of their renowned *Queene*;
Loth that his Muse should take to great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be scene,
To seeme a shepheard then he made his choice,
But *Sidney* heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as *Vlysses* brought faire *Thetis* sonne
From his ruyred life to menage armes:
So *Spenser* was by *Sidneys* speeces wonne,
To liuze her fame, nor fearing future harmes:
For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tryed
In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as *Achilles* in those warlike frayes,
Did win the Palme from all the Grecian Peeres:
So *Spenser* now to his immortal praise,
Hath wonne the Laurell quite from all his fees.
What though his taske exceed a humane wit,
He is excus'd, sith *Sidney* thought it fit.

W. L.

TO looke vpon a worke of rare deuise
The which a workman setteth out to view,
And not to yeeld it the deserued prise,
That vnto such a workmanship is dew,
Doth either proue the iudgement to be naught,
Or else doth shew a mind with enuy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
Which no man goes about to discommend,
Would raise a ieaious doubt, that there did lurke
Some secret doubt, whereto the praise did tend.
For when men know the goodnes of the wine,
T'is needlesse for the hoast to haue a signe.

Thus then to shew my iudgement to be such
As can discern of colours black, and white,
As alls to free my mind from enuies tuch,
That neuer giues to any man his right,
I heere pronounceth this workmanship is such,
As that no pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,
Nor for to shew the goodnes of the ware:
But such hath been the custome heretofore,
And customes very hardly broken are.
And when your taste shall tell you this is true,
Then looke you giue your hoast his vtmost dew.

Ignoro.



To the right honourable Sir *Christopher Hatton*,
Lord high Chancellor of England, &c.
(* * *)

THose prudent heads, that with their counsels wise
Whilome the pillours of th'earth did sustaine,
And taught ambitious *Rome* to tyrannise,
And in the neck of all the world to raine,
Oft from those graue affaires were wont abstaine;
With the sweet Lady *Muses* for to play:
So *Ennius* the elder *Africane*,
So *Maro* oft did *Casars* cares allay.
So you great Lord, that with your counsell sway
The burden of this kingdome mightily,
With like delights sometimes may eke delay
The rugged brow of carefull Policie:
And to these idle rimes lend little space,
Which for their titles sake may find more grace.
E. S.

To the right honourable the Lo. *Burleigh*, Lord
high Treasurer of England.

TO you right noble Lord, whose carefull breast
To menage of most graue affaires is bent,
And on whose mightie shoulders most doth rest
The burden of this kingdomes government,
As the wide compasse of the firmament,
On *Atlas* mighty shoulders is vpstaid;
Vnsitly I these idle rimes present,
The labour of lost time, and wit vnstaid:
Yet if their deeper sense be inly waid,
And the dim veile, with which from common view
Their fairer parts are hid, aside be laid,
Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.
Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receaue,
And wipe their faults out of your censure graue.
E. S.

*Nelson has imitated these
both of them, & should be
The weight of his*

to



To the right honourable the Earle of Oxenford;
Lord high Chamberlaine of England.

Reeiue most noble Lord, in gentle gree,
The vnripe fruite of an vnready wit:
Which by thy countenance doth craue to bee
Defended from foule Enuies poysnous bit.
Which so to doe may thee right well besit,
Sith th'antique glory of thine ancestry
Vnder a shady veile is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long liuing memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility:
And also for the loue, which thou doost beare
To th'*Heliconian* Imps, and they to thee;
They vnto thee, and thou to them most deare:
Deare as thou art vnto thy selfe, so loue
That loues and honours thee, as doth behoue.

E. S.

☞ To the right honourable the Earle of
Northumberland.

The sacred *Muses* haue made alwaies clame
To be the *Nourfes* of Nobility,
And *Registres* of euerlasting fame,
To all that armes professe and chenalry.
Then by like right the noble Progeny,
Which them succeed in fame and worth, are ryde
T'embrace the seruice of sweet Poetry,
By whose endenours they are glorifide,
And eke from all, of whom it is enuide,
To patronize the authour of their praise,
Which giues them life, that else would soone haue dide,
And crownes their ashes with immortal baies.
To thee therefore, right noble Lord, I send
This present of my paines, it to defend.

E. S.



39 To the right honourable the Earle
of Cumberland.

REdoubted Lord, in whose courageous mind
The flowre of cheualry now bloosming faire,
Doth promise fruit worthy the noble kind,
Which of their praises haue left you the haire;
To you this humble present I prepare,
For loue of vertue and of Martiall praise.
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
As goodly well ye shewd in late affaies,
Yet braue ensample of long passed daies,
In which true honour ye may fashiond see,
To like desire of honour may ye raise,
And fill your mind with magnanimitee.
Receiue it Lord therefore as it was ment,
For hoñor of your name and high descent.

E. S.

To the most honourable and excellent Lord, the Earle
of Essex, Great Maister of the Horse to her Highnesse, and
Knight of the Noble order of the Garter, &c.

Magnificke Lord, whose vertues excellent
Doe merit a most famous Poets wit,
To be thy liuing praises instrument
Yet doe not sdeigne, to let thy name be writ
In this base Poëme, for thee far vnfit.
Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby:
But when my Muse, whose feathers nothing sit
Doe yet but fladge, and lowly learne to fly
With bolder wing shall dare aloft to fly
To the last praises of this Faery Queene,
Then shall it make more famous memory
Of thine Heroicke parts, such as they beene.
Till then vouchsafe thy noble countenance,
To these first labours needed furtherance.

E. S.



☞ To the right honourable the Earle of
Ormond and Ossorie.

Reeiue most noble Lord a simple taste
Of the wilde fruit, which sauage soyle hath bred,
Which beeing through long wars left almost waste,
With brutish barbarisme is ouerspred:
And in so faire a Land, as may be red,
Not one *Parnassus*, nor one *Helicon*
Left for sweet Muses to be harboured,
But where thy selfe hast thy braue mansion;
There in deed dwell faire Graces many one,
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits,
And in thy person without Paragone
All goodly bounty and true honour sits.
Such therefore, as that wasted soyle doth yield,
Receiue deare Lord in worth, the fruit of barren field.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lo. Ch. Howard, Lo.
high Admirall of England, Knight of the noble order of the Garter,
and one of her Maiesties priiue Councell, &c.

And yee, braue Lord, whose goodly personage,
And noble deeds each other garnishing,
Make you ensample to the present age,
Of th'old Heroës, whose famous offspring
The antique Poets wont so much to sing,
In this same Pageant haue a worthy place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian king,
That vainly threatned kingdoms to displace,
Like flying Doves ye did before you chace;
And that proud people woxen insolent
Through many victories, didst first deface:
Thy praises euerlasting monument
Is in this verse engrauen semblably,
That it may liue to all posterity.

E. S.



To the right honourable the Lord of *Hunsdon*,
High Chamberlaine to her Maiestie.

Renowned Lord, that for your worthinesse
And noble deeds haue your deserued place,
High in the fauour of that Emperesse,
The worlds sole glory, and her sexes grace,
Heere eke of right haue you a worthy place,
Both for your neernesse to that *Faery Queene*;
And for your owne high merit in like case:
Of which, apparant prooffe was to be seene,
When that tumultuous rage and fearefull deene
Of Northerne rebels ye did pacifie,
And their disloyall powre defaced clene,
The record of enduring memory.
Liue Lord for euer in this lasting verse,
That all posteritie thy honor may reherse:

E. S.

To the most renowned and valiant Lord, the
Lord Grey of Wilton, Knight of the noble
order of the Garter, &c.

Most noble Lord, the pillar of my life,
And Patrone of my Muses pupillage,
Through whose large bountie poured on me rife,
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now doe liue, bound yours by vassalage:
Sith nothing euer may redeeme, nor reauce
Out of your endlesse debt so sure a gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small gift to receaue,
Which in your noble hands for pledge t leaue
Of all the rest, that I am tyde t' account:
Rude rimes, the which a rustlick Muse did weaue
In sauaage soyle, far from *Parhasso* mount,
And roughly wrought in an vnlearned Loom:
The which vouchsafe, deere Lord, your fauourable doome.

E. S.



To the right honourable the Lord of *Buckhurst*,
one of her Maiesties priuie Councill.

IN vaine I thinke (right honourable Lord)
By this rude rime to memorize thy name;
Whose learned Muse hath writ her owne record,
In golden verse, worthy immortall fame:
Thou much more fit, (were leisure to the same)
Thy gracious Soueraignes praises to compile.
And her imperiall Maicstie to frame,
In lofty numbers and heroïck stile.
But sith thou maist not so, giue leaue a while
To baser wit, his power therein to spend,
Whose grosse defaults thy daintie pen may file,
And vnaduited ouersights amend.
But euermore vouchsafe it to maintaine
Against vile *Zoylus* backbitings vaine.

E. S.

To the right honourable Sir *Fr. Walsingham*,
Knight, principall Secretarie to her Maiestie, and
of her honourable priuie Councill.

THat Mantuane Poets incompared spirit,
Whose girland now is set in highest place,
Had not Meccenas for his worthy merit,
It first aduauunst to great Augustus grace,
Might long (perhaps) haue lien in silence bace,
Ne been so much admir'd of later age.
This lowely Muse, that learnes like steps to trace,
Flies for like aide vnto your Patronage,
That are the great Meccenas of this age;
As well to all that ciuill artes professe,
As those that are inspir'd with Martiall rage,
And craues protection of her feebleness:
Which if ye yeeld, perhaps ye may her raise
In bigger tunes to sound your living praise.

E. S.



TO THE RIGHT NOBLE
Lord and most valiant Captaine, Sir *Iob. Norris*,
Knight, Lord President of Mounster.

Who euer gaue more honourable prize
To the sweet Muse, then did the Martiall crew;
That their braue deeds she might immortalize
In her shrill tromp, and sound their praises dew?
Who then ought more to fauour her, then you
Most noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And Precedent of all that Armes ensue?
Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,
Tempred with reason and aduizement sage
Hath filld sad *Belgick* with victorious spoile,
In *France* and *Ireland* left a famous gage,
And lately shak't the *Lusitanian* soile.
Sith then each where thou hast disspred thy fame,
Loue him, that hath eternized your name.

E. S.

To the noble and valorous Knight, Sir *Wal. Raleigh*, Lo. War-
dein of the Stanneryes, and Lieutenaunt of Cornwaile.

To thee that art the *Sommers Nightingale*,
Thy soueraigne Goddesses most deare delight,
Why doe I send this rustick Madrigale,
That may thy tunefull eare vnseason quite?
Thou onely fit this Argument to write,
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her bowre,
And duinty loue learnd sweetly to endite.
My rimes I knowe vnsauory and sowre,
To taste the streames, that like a golden showre
Flowe from thy fruitfull head, of thy Loues praise,
Fitter perhaps to thunder Martiall showre,
When so thee list thy loftie Muse to raise:
Yet till that thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire *Cinthias* praises be thus rudely showne.

E. S.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
and most vertuous Lady, the Countesse
of Penbroke.

REmembrance of that most Heroick spirit,
The heavens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth through immortall merit
Of his braue vertues, crownd with lasting baies
Of heavenly blifs and cuerlasting praies;
Who first my Muse did lift out of the flore,
To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies;
Bids me most noble Lady to adore
His goodly image living euermore,
In the diuine resemblance of your face;
Which with your vertues ye embellish more,
And natiue beautie deck with heavenly grace:
For his, and for your owne especiall sake,
Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to take.

E. S.





THE
SHEPHERDS
CALENDER:

CONTAINING
TWELVE ÆGLOGVES, PRO-
PORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE
MONETHS.

ENTITLED,

To the Noble and vertuous Gentleman, most
worthy of all titles, both of learning and chi-
ualric, Master Philip Sidney.



AT LONDON,
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes*, and are to
be sold at the signe of the Bishops head in
Paules Church-yard. 1611.



TO HIS BOOKE.

*Goe, little Booke: thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is vnkent,
To him that is the president
Of noblenesse and chivalrie:
And if that Enuy barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succour flee
Under the shadow of his wing.
And, asked who thee forth did bring,
A shepherds swaine say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde;
And when his honor hath thee redde,
Craue pardon for thy bardy-head.
But if that any aske thy name,
Say thou wert base begot with blame:
For why thereof thou takest shame.
And when thou art past ieopardie,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee.*

Immeritò.



☞ *Aegloga prima.*

ARGVMENT.

IN this first Aeglogue, *Colin Clout*, a Shepherds boy, complaineth himselfe of his vnfortunate loue, beeing but newly (as it seemeth) enamoured of a country Lasse called *Rosalind*: with which strong affection being verie sore trauelled, hee compareth his carefull case to the sad season of the yeere, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne vvinter-beaten flocke. And lastly, finding himselfe robbed of all former pleasance and delight, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, & casteth himselfe to the ground.

COLIN CLOVT.

A Shepherds boy (no better doe him call)
When Winters wastefull spight was almost spent,
All in a sunshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flocke, that had been long ypent,
So faint they woze, and feeble in the fold,
That now vnnaethes their feet could them vphold.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepherds looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!)
May seeme he lov'd, or else some care he tooke:
Well couth he tune his Pipe, and frame his stile.
Tho to a hill his fainting flock he led,
And thus him plainde, the while his sheepe there fed.

Yee gods of loue, that pittie louers paine,
(If any gods the paine of louers pittie :)
Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine,
And bow your eares vnto my dolefull ditie.
And P A N thou shepherds God, that once did loue,
Pittie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barren ground wh^os Winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a mirroure, to behold my plight:
Whilom thy fresh spring flow'r'd, and after hasted
Thy Sommer proude, with Daffadillies dight,
And now is come thy Winters stormie state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst late.

Such rage as Winters, raigneth in my heart,
My life-blood freezing, with vnkindly cold:
Such stormie stoures, doe breed my balefull smart,
As if my yeeres were waste, and woren old.
And yet, alas, but now my spring begonne,
And yet, alas, it is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shadie leaues are lost,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bowre,
And now are cloath'd with mosse and hoarse frost,
In stead of blossoms, wherewith your buds did flow'r,
I see your teares, that from your boughs doe raine,
Whose drops in drierie yficles remaine.

Alfo my lustfull leafe is dry and seare,
My timely buds with wailing all are wasted:
The blossome, which my branch of youth did beare,
With breathed sighs is blowne away, and blasted.
And from mine eyes the drizzling teares descend,
As on your boughs the yficles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake, through fast, and cuill fare:
Maist witnesse well by thy ill government,
Thy Maisters mind is ouerconie with care.
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne,
With mourning pine I, you with pining mourne.

A thousand sithes I curse that carefull houre,
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:
And eke ten thousand sithes I blesse the stoure,
Wherein I saw to faire a fight as shee,
Yet all for nought: such fight hath bred my bane:
Ah God, that loue should breed both ioy and paine!

It is not *Hobbino*, wherefore I plaine,
Albee my loue he seeke with daily suite:
His clownish gifts and curtesies I disdaine,

His kiddes, his cracknels, and his early fruit,
Ah, foolish *Hobbino*, thy gifts been vaine:
Colin them gues to *Rosalinde* againe.

I loue thilke Lasse, (alas, why doe I loue?)
And am forlorne, (alas, why am I lorne?)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rurall mutick holdeth scorn.
Shepherds deuise shee hareth as the snake, (make.
And laughes the songs, that *Colin Clout* doth

Wherefore my Pipe, albee rude *Pan* thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would,
And thou vnluckie Muse, that woontst to ease
My musing minde, yet canst not, when thou should,
Both Pipe and Muse, shall fore the while abie!
So broke his Oaten Pipe, and downe did lie.

By that, the welked *Phoebus* gan auail
His wearie waine, and now the frostie *Night*,
Her mantle blacke through heauen gan ouerhaile.
Which seene, the pensie boy halfe in despight
Arose, and homeward droue his sunned sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seem his careful case to weepe.

Colins Embleme.

Anchora speme.

G L O S S E.

Colin Clout, is a name not greatlie vsed, and yet haue I seene a poeie of *M. Skeltons*, vnder that title. But indeede the word *Colin* is French, and vsed of the French poet *Marot* (if he be worthy the name of a poet) in a certaine *Aeglogue*. Vnder which name this poet secretly shadoweth himselfe, as sometime did *Virgil* vnder the name of *Tyrtius*, thinking it much fitter then such Latine names, for the great vnlikelihood of the language.

Unnettes, scarcely.

Couth, commeth of the verbe *Conne*, that is, to knowe, or to haue skill. As wel interpreteth the same, the worthy sir *Tho. Smith*, in his booke of government: whereof I haue a perfect copie in writing, lent me by his kinsman, and my very singular good friend, *M. Gabriel Harney*, as also of some other his most graue and excellent writings.

Sith, time. *Neighbour-towne*, the next towne: expressing the Latine, *Vicinia*.

Stoure, a fit.

Seare, withered.

His clownish gifts, imitateth *Virgils* verse:

Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbino, is a fained country name, wherby, it being so common & vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very special & most familiar friend, whom he intirely and extraordinarily loued, as peradventure shall be more largely declared heereafter. In this place seemeth to be some fauour of disorderly loue, which the learned call *Paderastice*: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who that hath read

read *Plato* his Dialogue called *Alcibiades*, *Xenophon* & *Maximus Tyrinus*. Of *Socrates* opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is to be allowed and liked of, specially so meant, as *Socrates* vsed it: who saith, that indeed he loued *Alcibiades* extreamly; yet not *Alcibiades* person, but his soule, which is *Alcibiades* owne selfe. And so is *Pederastice* much to be preferred before *Gynerastice*, that is, the loue which inflameth men with lust toward womankind. But yet let no man thinke, that heerein I stand with *Lucian*, or his diuelish disciple *Unico Aretino*, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes, of forbidden and vnlawfull fleshlienesse. Whole abominable error is fully confuted of *Perionius*, and others.

I loue: a pretic Epanorthosis in these two verses, and withall, a Paronomasia, or playing with the word, where he saith, *I loue vnlke Lasse, alasse, &c.*

Rosalinde, is also a fained name, which beeing well ordered, will bewray the verie name of his loue and Mistresse, whom by that name hee colourerh. So as *Ouid* shadoweth his loue vnder the name of *Corynna*, which of some is supposed to be *Iulia*, the Emperour *Augustus* his daughter, and wife to *Agrippa*: so doth *Aruntius Stella*, euery where call his Ladie *Asteris* & *Lambes*, albeit it is well knowne that her right name was *Violantilla*: as witnesseth *Strutius* in his *Epitbalamium*. And so the famous paragon of Italy, *Madonna Cælia*, in her letters, enuelopeth her selfe vnder the name of *Zima*, and *Petrona* vnder the name of *Bellochia*. And this generally hath been a common custome of counterfaiing the names of secreet personages.

Auaile, bring downe.

Ouerhaile, draw ouer.

Embleme.

His Embleme or Posie is heere-vnder added in Italian, *Anchora speme*: the meaning whereof is, that notwithstanding his extreame passion and lucklesse loue, yet leaning on hope, hee is somewhat recomforted.



B.

Februariis,



☞ *Aegloga secunda.*

ARGUMENT.

THis Aeglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secret or particular purpose. It specially containeth a discourse of old age, in the person of *Thenot*, an old shepheard, who for his crookednesse and vnlustfulnesse, is scorned of *Cuddie*, an vnhappy heardmans boy. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeere now drooping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeere, so then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and freezeth the weather-beaten flesh, with stormes of fortune, and hoare frosts of care. To which purpose, the old man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Breere, so liuely, and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eies; more plainly could not appeare.

CYDDY.

AH for pittie, will ranke Winters rage
These bitter blasts neuer gin t'asswage?
The keene cold blowes through my beaten hide,
All as I were through the body gride.
My ragged ronts all shiuer and shake,
As done high towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wriggle tails,
Pearke as a Peacoeke: but now it auails.

TENOT.

Lewdly complainest, thou lasie ladde,
Of Winters wracke for making thee sad.
Must not the world wend in his common course,
From good to bad, and from bad to worse,
From wofse, vnto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormie time,
Where will he liue till the lustie prime?
Selfe haue I worne out thrice thirtie yeeres,

TENOT.

Some in much ioy, many in many teares:
Yet neuer complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat:
Ne neuer was to Fortune foe-man,
But gently tooke, that vn gently came,
And euer my flock was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare,

CYDDY.

No maruaile **TENOT**, if thou can bear
Cheerefully the Winters wrathfull cheare.
For age and winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrie:
And as the lowring weather lookes downe,
So seemest thou like good-Friday to frowne.
But my flowing youth is foe to frost,
My ship vnwont in stormes to toft.

TENOT.

The Soueraigne of Seas he blames in vaine,

That

That once Sea-beat, will to sea againe,
 So loyning liue you little-headed-groomes,
 Keeping your beasts in the budded broomes,
 And when the shining sunne laugheth once,
 You deemen, the Spring is come at once.
 Tho ginne you, fond flies, the cold to scorne,
 And crowing in Pipes made of greene corne,
 You thinke to be Lords of the yeare:
 But est, when ye count you freed from feare,
 Comes the breme Winter with chamfred browes,
 Full of wrinkles and frostie furrowes,
 Dreerily shooting his stormie dart,
 Which cuddles the blood, and prickes the heart.
 Then is your carelesse courage accoyed,
 Your carefull heards with cold be annoyed.
 Then pay you the price of your surquedrie,
 With weeping, and wayling, and miserie.

CVDDIE.

Ah foolish old man, I scorne thy skill,
 That wouldest me, my springing youth to spill.
 I deeme thy braine emperished bee,
 Through rustie eld, that hath rotted thee:
 Or sike thy head very tottue is,
 So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
 Now thy selfe hath lost both lop and top,
 Als my budding branch thou wouldest crop:
 But were thy veeres greene, as now been mine,
 To other delights they would encline.
 Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of loue,
 And herry with hymnes thy Lasses gloue.
 Tho wouldest thou pipe of PHILLIS praise:
 But PHILLIS is mine for many daies.
 I wonne her with a girdle of gelt,
 Embost with bugle about the belt.
 Such an one shepherds would make full faine:
 Such an one would make thee young againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a son, of thy loue to boast:
 All that is lent to loue will be lost.

CVDDY.

Seest, how brag yond bullocke beares,
 So smirke, so smooth, his pricke eares?
 His hornes been as brade, as rainebowe bent,
 His dewlap as lithe, as Lasse of Kent,
 See how he venteth into the winde,
 Weeneit of loue is not his minde?
 Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
 So luttlesse been they, so weake, so wan,
 Clothed with cold, and hoarie with frost,
 Thy flocks father his courage hath lost.
 Thy Ewes that wont to haue blowne bags,
 Like wailefull widowes hangen their crags.
 The rather Lambes been starued with cold,
 All for their maister is luttlesse and old.

THENOT.

CVDDY, I wot thou kenst little good,
 So vainly to aduance thy headlesse hood.
 For youth is a bubble blowne vp with breath,
 Whose wit is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
 Whose way is wildernesse, whose Inne Penance,
 And sloop gallant Age the host of Greeuance.

But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,
 Which I cond of TYRIVS in my youth,
 Keeping his sheepe on the hills of Kent?

CVDDY.

To nought more, THENOT, my mind is bent,
 Then to heare novels of his deuite:
 They been so well thewed, and so wife,
 What cuer that good old man bespake.

THENOT.

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
 And some of loue, and some of chualtrie:
 But none fitter then this to apply.
 Now listeu awhile and harken the end.

Here grew an aged Tree on the greene,
 A goodly Oake sonetime had it bene,
 With armes full strong and largely displaide;
 But of their leaues they were disaraid:
 The body big and mightily pight,
 Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height:
 Whilonic had been the king of the field,
 And mochel mast to the husband id yeeld,
 And with his nuts larded many swine.
 But now the gray mofle marred his rine,
 His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
 His top was bald, and wasted with wormes,
 His honour decayed, his branches fere.

Hard by his side grew a bragging Breere,
 Which proudly thrust into th'element,
 And seemed to threat the Firmament.
 It was embellisht with blossoms faire:
 And thereto aye wanned to reparaire
 The sheephards daughters to gather flowres,
 To paint their garlonds with his coloures,
 And in his small bushes vied to throwde
 The sweet Nightingale singing so lowde:
 Which made this foolish Breere waxe so bold,
 That on a time he cast him to scold,
 And inebbe the good Oake, for he was old.

Why standst there (quoeth he) thou brutish blocke?
 Nor for fruite, nor for shadow serues thy stocke:
 Seest how fresh my flowres been spred,
 Died in Lilly white, and Crimsin red,
 With leaues engrained in luste e greene,
 Colours meet to cloathe a maiden Queene,
 Thy waste bignesse but cumberes the ground,
 And dirkes the beutie of my blossoms round.
 The mouldie mofle, which thee acloseth,
 My Cinamon smell too much annoyeth.
 Wherefore? frede thee hence to remoue,
 Least thou the price of my displeasure proue.
 So spake this bold Breere with great disdain:
 Little him answered the Oake againe,
 But yeilded, with shame and greefe adawed,
 That of a weede he was ouercreawed.

It chanced after vpon a day.

The husbandmans selfe to come that way,
 Of custome to suruiue his ground;
 And his trees of state in compasse round,
 Him when the spightfull Breere had elpied,
 Canselesse complained, and lowdly cried

Vnto his Lord, stirring vp sterne strife :

O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaſeth you pond your ſuppliants plaint,
Caused of wrong, and cruell complaint,
Which I your poore Vassall daily endure:
And but your goodnesse the same recure,
Am like for desperate dole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemy.

Greatly aghast with this pitious plea,
Him rested the good-man on the sea,
And bad the Breere in his plaint proceed,
With painted words tho gan this proude weed,
(As most vsen ambitious folke)
His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

Ah my foueraigne, Lord of Creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the Primrose of all thy land.
With flowing blossoms, to furnissh the prime,
And skarlet berries in Sommer time?
How falls it then, that this faded Oake,
Whose bodie is here, whose branches broke,
Whose naked armes stretch vnto the fire,
Vnto such tyrannie doth aspire?
Hindring with his shade my louely light,
And robbing me of the sweet sunnes sight?
So beate his old boughs my tender side,
That oft the blood springeth from wounds wide:
Vntimely my flowres forced to fall,
That been the honour of your Coronall,
And oft hee lets his canker-wormes light,
Vpon my branches, to worke me more spight:
And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
Wherewith my fresh florets been defast.
For this, and many more such outrage,
Crauing your goodlyhead to aswage
The rancorous rigour of his might.
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right:
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be garded from greuance.

To this, this Oake cast him to reply
Well as he couth: but his enemy
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the good man would stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furious heate,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threat,
His harmefull hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas, that it so ready should stand)
And to the field alone he speedeth.
(Aye little help to harme there needeth)

Anger would let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee:
But to the root bent his sturdie stroake,
And made many wounds in the waste Oake.
The axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe vnwilling to cut the graine:
Seemed, the senselesse iron did feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did feare.
For it had been an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a mystere.
And often crost with the Priests crew,
And often hallowed with holy water dew.
But slike fantasies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Oake to this miserie.
For nought mought they quiten him from decay:
For fiercely the good man at him did lay.
The blocke oft groned vnder the blowe,
And sighed to see his neere ouerthrowe.
In fine, the Steele had pierced his pith,
Tho downe to the ground he fell throwith.
His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
Th'earth shrunke vnder him, and seemed to shake.
There lieth the Oake, pittied of none.

Now stands the Breere like a Lord alone,
Puffed vp with pride and vaine pleasure:
But all this glee had no continuance,
For effsoones Winter gan to approach,
The blustering Boreas did encroch,
And beat vpon the solitarie Breere:
For now no succout was him neere.
Now gan he repent his pride too late,
Yore naked left and disconsolate.
The byting frost oipt his stalke dead,
The watric wet weighed downe his head,
And heaped snowe burnded him so sore,
That now vpright he can stand no more:
And beeing downe, is trode in the dirt,
Of cattell, and bi ouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was th'end of this ambitious Breere,
For scorning Eld.

CYDDIE.

Now I pray the Shepheard, tell it not forth;
Heere is a long tale, and little worth.
So long haue I listened to thy speech,
That grassed to the ground is my beech:
My heart blood is well nigh frome I feele,
And my galage growne fast to my heele:
But little case of thy lewde tale I tasted,
Hie thee home shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

Thenors Embleme.
*Iddio perche è vecchio,
Fa suoi al suo essempio.*

Cuddies Embleme.
*Niuno vecchio,
Spauenta Iddio.*

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

Keene, sharpe.

Grilde, pierced: an old word much vsed of *Lidgate*, but not found (that I knowe of) in *Chaucer*.

Rotts, young bullocks.

Wracke, ruine or violence, whence commerth shipwrackc: and not wreake, that is vengeance or wrath.

Foman, a foe.

Theuot, the name of a Shepheard in *Marot* his *Æglogues*.

The Soueraigne of Seas, is *Neptune*, the God of the Seas. The saying is borrowed of *Mimus Publilianus*, which vsed this prouerbe in a verse:

Improbè Neptuneum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.

Heardgroomes, *Chaucers* verse almost whole.

Fondflies, He compareth carelesse sluggards, or ill husbandmen to flies, that so soone as the Sunne shineth, or it waxeth any thing warme, begin to flie abroad, when suddenly they be ouertaken with cold.

But est when: a very excellent and liuely description of Winter, so as may bee indifferently taken, either for old age, or for winter season.

Breme, Chill, bitter.

Chamfred, chapt, or wrinkled.

Accieed, plucked downe and daunted.

Surquedrie, pride.

Eld, old age.

Siker, sure.

Tottie, wauering.

Corbe, crooked.

Herie, worship.

Phyllis, the name of some maid vnknowne, whom *Cuddie* (whose person is secret) loued. The name is vsuall in *Theocritus*, *Virgil*, and *Mantuanus*.

Belt, a girdle, or waste band.

A son, a foole.

Lythe, soft and gentle.

Venteth, snuffeth in the wind.

Thy stocks father, the ram.

Craggs, necks.

Rather Lambes, that be ewed early in the beginning of the yeere.

Youth is, a verie morall and pithy Allegorie of youth, and the lusts thereof, compared to a wearie wayfaring man.

Tytirus, I suppose he meanes *Chaucer*, whose praise for pleasant tales cannot die, so long as the memorie of his name shall liue, and the name of poetrie shall endure.

Well thewed, that is, *Bene morata*, full of morall wisenesse.

There grew. This tale of the Oake and the Breere, he telleth as learned of *Chaucer*, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to *Æsops* fables. It is very excellent for pleasant descriptions, beeing altogether a certaine Icon, or Hypotypolis of disdainefull yonkers. *Embellisht*, beautified and adorned.

To wonne, to haunt or frequent.

Sneb, checke.

Way standst, the speech is scornfull and verie presumptuous.

Engraind, died in graine.

Accloieteth, accumbreth.

Adamed, daunted and confounded.

Trees of state, taller trees, fit for timber wood.

Sterne strife, said *Chaucer*,

fell and sturdie.

O my liege, a manner of supplication, wherein is kinde coloured the affection and speech of ambitious men.

Coronall, garland.

Flourets, young blossoms.

The Primrose, the chiefe and worthiest.

Naked armes, metaphorically meant of the bare boughs, spoiled of leaues. This colourably he speaketh, as adiudging him to the fire.

The blood, spoken of a blocke, as it were of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and

(as they say) *Kai' exochen.*

Hoarie lockes, metaphorically for withered leaues.

Hent, caught.

Noula, for would not.

Aye, euermore.

Wounds, galls.

Enaunter, least that.

The Priests crew, holy-water pot, wherewith the popish priests vsed to sprinkle & hallow the trees from mischance. Such blindness was in those times: which the poet supposeth to haue been the finall decay of this ancient Oake.

The blocke oft groaned: a liuely figure, which giueth sense and feeling to vn sensible creatures, as *Virgil* also saith: *Saxa gemunt grauidis, &c.*

Boreas, the Northren wind, that bringeth the most stormy weather.

Glee, Cheare and iollitie.

For scorning eld, And minding (as should seeme) to haue made rime to the former verse.

Galage, a startup or clownish shooe.

Embleme.

This Embleme is spoken of *Thenot*, as a morall of his former tale: namely, that God, which is himselfe most aged, being before all ages, and without beginning, maketh those whom he loueth, like to himselfe, in heaping yeeres vnto their daies, and blessing them with long life. For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto whom God will so blese. And albeit that many euill men reach vnto such fullnesse of yeeres, and some also waxe old in miserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euill men, such number of yeeres is added, that they may in their last daies repent, and come to their first home: So the old man checketh the raw-headed boy, for despising his gray and frostie haire.

Whom *Cuddie* doth counterbuffe with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken in deed at the first in contempt of old-age generally. For it was an old opinion, & yet is continued in some mens conceit, that men of yeeres haue no feare of God at all, or not so much as younger folke: For that being ripened with long experience, & hauing passed many bitter brunts, and blasts of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrath of God, nor danger of men; as being either by long and ripe wisdom armed against all mischances and aduersities, or with much trouble hardened against all troublesome tides. Like vnto the Ape, of which is said in *Afops* fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lion, he was at first sore agast, and dismayd at the grimnesse and austeritie of his countenance; but at last, being acquainted with his lookes, he was so farre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and iest at him: Such long experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please *Erasmus*, a great clarke, and good old father, and good old fatherly and fauourably, to construe it in his Adages, for his owne behopse; That by the prouerbe, *Nemo senex metuit Ionem*, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at all, but that they be far from superstition and idolatrous regard of false gods, as is *Iupiter*. But his great learning notwithstanding, it is too plaine, to be gaine-said, that old men are much more inclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heads.

March,



☞ *Aegloga tertia.*

ARGUMENT.

IN this Aeglogue, two shepherds boyes, taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of loue and other pleasance, which to Spring-time is most agreeable. The speciall meaning heereof, is to giue certaine marks and tokens, to knowe *Cupid*, the Poets God of loue. But more particularly I thinke, in the person of *Thomalin*, is meant some secret friend, who scorned loue and his Knights so long, till at length himselfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is *Cupids* arrow.

WILLIE.

THOMALIN, why sitten wee so,
As weren ouerwent with wo,
Vpon so faire a morrow?
The ioyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall alegee this bit er blast,
And slake the Winter sorrow.

THOMALIN.

Siker WILLIE, thou warnest well:
For Winters wrath begins to quell,
And pleasant Spring appeareth.
The grasse now ginnes to be refresh't:
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

WILLIE.

Seest not thilke fame Hawthorne studded,
How bragly it begins to budde,
And vtter his tender head?
FZORA now calleth forth each flower,
And bids make teady MAIAS bower,

THOMALIN.

That new is vprist from bed,
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with LETTICE to wexe light,
That scornefully looks askaunce:
Tho will we little Loue awake,
That now sleepech in LETH E lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

THOMALIN.

WILLIE, I weene thou be asstot:
For lustie Loue still sleepech not,
But is abroad at his game.

WILLIE.

How kenst thou that he is awoke?
Or hast thy selfe his slumber broke?
Or made pruiue to the lame?

THOMALIN.

No, but happily I him spide,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With wings of purple and blew.

And

And were not, that my sheepe would stray,
The priuie markes I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knew.

WILLIE.

THOMALIN, haue no care for thy,
My selfe will haue a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine:
For als at home I haue a fyre,
A stepdame eke as hote as fyre,
That duly adaises counts mine.

THOMALIN.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serue,
My sheepe for that may chance to swerue,
And fall into some mischiefe.
For fishens is but the third morrow,
That I chaunst to fall asleepe with sorrow,
And waked againe with grieffe:
The while thilke same vnhappy Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shew,
Fell headlong into a dell,
And there vniointed both her bones:
Mought her necke been iointed attones,
Shee should haue neede no more spell.
Th'else was to wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good)
She mought ne gang on the greene.

WILLY.

Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast.
Now tell vs what thou hast seene.

THOMALIN.

It was vpon a holy day,
When shepheards groomes han leaue to play,
I cast to goe a shooting:
Long wandring vp and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooing:
At length, within the Ivie todde,
(There shrouded was the little God)
I heard a busie bustling,
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Lifting if any thing did rust,
But then heard no more rustling.
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the moouing of some quicke,

Whose shape appeared not:
But were it facrie, feend, or snake,
My courage eard it to awake,
And manfully thereat shot.
With that sprang forth a naked swaine,
With spotted wings like Peacocks traine,
And laughing lopeto a tree,
His gilden quiuer at his backe,
And sluer bowe which was but slacke,
Which lightly he bent at mee.
That seeing, I leueld againe,
And shot at him with might and maine,
As thicke, as it had hailed.
So long I shot, that all was spent,
Tho pumie stones I hastily hent,
And threw: but nought auailed.
He was so wimble and so wight,
From bough to bough he leaped light,
And oft the pumies larched,
Therewith affraid, I ranne away:
But he, that earst seem'd but to play,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running, in the beele:
For then I little smart did feele,
But soone it fore increased.
And now it rankleth more and more,
And inwardly it feltreth fore,
Ne wote I, how to cease it.

WILLY.

THOMALIN, I pittie thy plight,
Perdy with Loue thou diddest fight:
I know him by a token.
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught vpon a day,
(Whereof he will be wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion crows had set,
That in our Peare-tree haunted:
Tho said, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shafts as then none had:
Else had he sore be daunted.
But see, the Welkin thicks apace,
And stouping PHOEBVS iteapes his face:
Its time to haste vs homeward.

Willies Embleme.

*To be wise, and eke to loue,
Is granted scarce to God above.*

Thomalins Embleme.

*Of honie and of gaul, in loue there is store.
The honie is much, but the gaul is more.*

GLOSSE.

This Æglogue seemeth somewhat to resemble that same of *Theocritus*, wherein the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shotte at a winged boy in a tree, was by him warned to beware of mischief to come.

Ouermēt, ouergone.

Alegg, to lessen or allswage.

To quell, to abate.

Welkin, the skie.

The Swallow, which bird vseth to be counted the messenger, and as it were the fore-runner of the Spring.

Flora, the Goddesse of flowers, but indeed (as saith *Tacitus*) a famous harlot, which with the abuse of her body hauing gotten great riches, made the people of Rome her heire: who in remembrance of so great beneficence, appointed a yearly feast for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some doe thinke, *Andronica*, but *Flora*: making her the goddesse of all flowers, and dooing ycerely to her solemne sacrifice.)

Maia's bowser, that is, the pleasant field, or rather the May bushes. *Maia* is a goddesse, and the mother of *Mercurie*, in honour of whom the moneth of May is of her name so called, as saith *Macrobius*.

Lettice, the name of some Country Lasse.

Afcaunce, askew, or asquint.

For thy, therefore.

Lethe, is a lake in hell, which the poets call the lake of forgetfulnessse: (For *Lethe* signifieth forgetfulnessse) wherein the soules beeing dipped, did forget the carcs of their former life. So that by sleeping in *Lethe* lake, hee meaneth hee was almost forgotten, and out of knowledge, by reason of Winters hardnesse, when all pleasures, as it were, sleepe and weare out of mind.

Aliotte, to dote.

His slumber: to breake Loues slumber, to exercise the delights of loue and wanton pleasures.

Wings of purple, so is he fained of the poets.

For als, he imitateth *Virgils* verse:

Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta nonerca, &c.

A dell, a hole in the ground.

Spell, is a kind of verse or charme, that in elder times they vsed often to say ouer every thing that they would haue preferued: as the night-spell for theecues, and the wood-spell. And heere-hence, I thinke, is named the Gospell, or word. And so saith *Chaucer*, Listen Lordings to my spell.

Gang, goe.

An Ivie rodde, a thicke bush.

Swaine, a boy: For so is he described of the Poets, to be a boy. I. alwaies fresh and lustie, blindfolded, because hee maketh no difference of personages, with diuerse coloured wings, I. full of flying fancies, with bowe and arrow, that is with glance of beautie, which pricketh as a forked arrow. Hee is said also to haue shafts, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorrow for the loue that is disdained or forsaken. But who list more at large to behold *Cupid's* colours and furniture, let him reade either *Propertius*, or *Moschus* his *Idyllion* of winged loue, beeing now most excellently translated into Latine, by the singular learned man *Angelus Politianus*: Which worke I haue seene, amongst other of this poets dooings, very well translated also into English rimes.

Wimble and wight, quicke and deliuer.

Latched, caught.

In the heele, is very poetically spoken, and not without speciall iudgement. For I remember that in *Homer* it is said of *Thetis*, that shee tooke her young babe *Achilles* beeing newly borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the riuer of *Stix*. The vertue whereof is, to defend & keepe the bodies washed therein, from any mortall wound. So *Achilles* beeing washed all ouer saue onely his heele, by which his mother held, was in the rest invulnerable: therefore by *Paris* was fained to be shot with a poysoned arrow in the heele, while he was busie about the marrying of *Polixena*, in the Temple of *Apollo*. Which mysticall fable *Eusebius* vnfolding, saith: that by wounding in the heele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Phytitions) to the priue parts, there passe certaine veines and slender sinewes, as also the like come from the head, and are caried like little pipes behind the eares: so that (as saith *Hippocrates*) if those veines there be cut asunder, the partie straight becommeth cold & vnfruitfull. Which reason our poect well weighing, maketh this shepheards boy of purpose to be wounded in the heele.

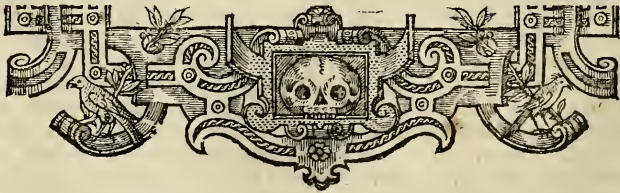
Wroken, reuenged.

For once. In this tale is set out the simplicitie of shepheards opinion of loue.

Stouping Phœbus, is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

Embleme.

Heereby is meant, that all the delights of loue, wherein wanton youth vvalloveth, bee but follie mist with bitterness, and sorrowe sawced with repentance. For besides that the verie affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the mind, & vexeth the bodie many waies, with vnrestfulness all night, and weariness all day, seeking for that wee cannot haue, & finding that we would not haue: euen the selfe things which best before vs liked, in course of time, and change of ripper yeeres, which also there-withall changeth our wonted liking & former fantasies, will then seem loathsome, and breed vs annoyance, when youths flower is withered, and we find our bodies and wits answere not to such vaine iollitie and lustfull pleasure.



April,



☞ *Aegloga quarta.*

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue is purposely intended to the honor & praise of our most gracious Soueraigne, Queene *Elizabeth*. The speakers heere of be *Hobbinoll* and *Thenot*, two shepheards: the which *Hobbinoll* beeing before mentioned, greatly to haue loued *Colin*, is heere set forth more largely, complaining him of that boyes great misaduenture in loue, whereby his mind was alienated, and withdrawne not onely from him, who most loued him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasant piping, as cunning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby hee taketh occasion, for prooffe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to record a song, which the said *Colin* sometime made in honour of her Maiestie, whom abruptly he tearmeth *Elisa*.

THENOT.

Tell me good **HOBBINOLL**, what gars thee greet?
 What? hath some Wolfethy tender Lambs ytorne?
 Or is thy Bagpipe broke, that sounds so sweet?
 Or art thou of thy loued Lasse forlorne?

Or beene thine eyes attempted to the yeere,
 Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with raine?
 Like Aprill showre, to streames the trickling teares
 Adowne thy cheeke, to quench thy thirstie paine.

HOBBINOLL.

Nor this, nor that, so much doth make me mourne,
 But for the lad, whom long I loued so deere,
 Now loues a Lasse, that all his loue doth scorne:
 He plung'd in paine, his tressed lockes doth teare.

HOBBINOLL.

Shepheards delights hee doth them all forswear.
 His pleasant Pipe, which made vs merriment,
 He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear
 His wonted songs, wherein he all out-went.

THENOT.

What is he for a Lad, you so lament?
 Is loue such pinching paine, to them that proue?
 And hath he skill to make so excellent,
 Yet hath so little skill to bridle loue?

HOBBINOLL.

COLIN thou kenst the Southerne shepheards boy:
 Him loue hath wounded with a deadly dart.
 Whiome on him was all my care and toy,
 Forcing with gifts to winne his wanton hart.

But now from me his madding mind is start,
And woos the widdowes daughter of the glenne:
So now faire ROSALINDE hath bred his smart,
So now his friend is changed for a fien.

THE NOT.

But if his ditties be so trimly dight,
I pray thee HOBBINOLL retord some one,
The whiles our flocks doe graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in this shade alone.

HOBBINOLL.

Contented I: then will I sing his lay,
Of faire ELISA, Queene of Shepheards all:
Which once he made, as by a spring he lay,
And tuned it vnto the waters fall.

YE daintie Nymphs, that in this blessed brooke,
do bathe your brest,
For sake your watric bowres, and hither looke,
at my request.
And eke you virgins that on *Parnasse* dwell,
Whence floweth *Helycon*, the learned Well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Off faire ELISA be your siluer song,
that blessed wight:
The flowre of Virgins, may she flourish long,
in princely plight.
For she is SYRINX daughter without spot:
Which PAN the shepheards God of her begot:
So sprung her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemish may her blot.

See, where she sits vpon the grassie Greene,
(O seemly sight)
Yclad in Scarlet, like a mayden Queene,
and Erimines white.
Vpon her head a Crimosin Coronet,
With damaske Rofes, and Daffadillies set:
Bayleaves betweene,
And Primroses Greene,
Embellish the sweet Violet.

Tell me, haue yee seene her angel-like face,
like PHOEBE faire?
Her heavenly hauour, her princely grace,
can you well compare?
The Red rose medled with the White yferre,
In either cheeke depeincten liuely cheere:
Her modest eye,
Her Maiestie,
Where haue you seene the like but there?

I saw PHOEBVS thrust out his golden head,
vpon her to gaze:
But when he saw, how broad her beames did spread
it did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fierie face out-showe:

Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.

Shew thy selfe CYNTHIA, with thy siluer raies,
and he not abasht:
When she the beames of her beautie displaies,
O how art thou dasht?
But I will not match her with LATONAES feede:
Such follie, great sorrow to NIOBE did breede,
Now she is a stone,
And makes daily mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

PAN may be prouide, that euer he begot,
such a Bellibone,
And SYRINX reioyce, that euer was her lot
to beare such an one.
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milke white Lambe:
Shee is my Goddesse plaine,
And I her shepheards swaine,
Albee forswonke and forwat I am.

I see CALLIOPE speed her to the place,
where my Goddesse shines:
And after her the other Muses trace
with their Violines.
Beene they not Bay-branches, which they doe beare,
All for ELISA in her hand to weare?
So sweetly they play:
And sing all the way,
That it a heauen is to beare.

Lo, how finely the Graces can it foote
to the Instrument:
They dauocen deftly, and singen soote,
in their mentment.
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce euen?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeuen.
Shee shall be a Grace
To fill the fourth place,
And raigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither rennes this beuie of Ladies bright,
raunged in a rowe?
They been all Ladies of the Lake behight,
that vnto her goe,
CNEORIS, that is the chiefest Nymph of all,
Of Oliue branches beares a Coronall:
Oliues been for peace,
When warres doe surcease:
Such for a Princeesse beene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the Greene,
hie you there apace:
Let none come there but that Virgins been,
to adorne her grace.
And when you come, whereas she is in place,
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:
Bind your fillets fast,

And gird in your waste,
For more finepesse with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hither the Pinke, and purple Cullumbine,
with Gilliflowres:

Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
worne of Paramours.

Strowe me the ground with Daffidowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:

The prettie Pawnee,

And the Cheuifaunce,

Shall match with the faire flowre Delice.

Now rise vp *E L I Z A*, decked as thou art,
in royall ray:

And now ye daintie Damsels may depart

each one his way.

I feare, I haue troubled your troupes too long:

Let dame *E L I Z A* thanke you for her song.

And if you come heather,

When Damsins I gather,

I will part them all you among.

T H E N O T.

And was thilke same song of *C O L I N S* owne making?

Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:

Great pittie is, he be in such taking,

For naught caren, that been so lowly bent.

H O B B I N O L L.

Siker I hold him for a greater fon,

That loues the thing he cannot purchase,

But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,

And twinkling starres the daillight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo!

Hobbinols Embleme.

O dea certe.

G L O S S E.

Gars thee greet, causeth thee vveep & complaine. *Forlorne*, left & forsaken.

Attempted to the yeere, agreeable to the season of the yeere, that is Aprill, vvithch moneth is most bent to flowers and seasonable raine: to quench, that is, to delay the drought, caused through drinelle of March winds.

The Lad, Colin Clout. *The Lasse*, Rosalinda. *Tressed locks*, vvithered and curled.

Is he for a lad? A strange maner of speaking, f. vvhat manner of lad is he?

To make, to rime and verfise. For in this word, making, our old English Poets were wont to comprehend all the skill of Poetrie, according to the Greeke vvord *Poiein*, to make, whence commeth the name of Poets.

Colin thou kenst, knowest. Seemeth heereby that Colin pertaiñeth to some Southern Noble man, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent; the rather, because he so often nameth the Kentish downes: and before, *As lithe*, as laise of Kent.

The vvidowes. He calleth Rosalind the widowes daughter of the Glenne, that is, of a countrey Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather said to colour and conceale the person, then simply spoken. For it is vvell knowne, euen in spight of *Colin* and *Hobbinoll*, that she is a gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endued with any vulgar and common gifts, both of nature and maners: but such indeed, as need neither *Colin* be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor *Hobbinoll* be grieved that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular vertues: Specially deseruing it no lesse, then either *Myrto* the most excellent Poet *Theocritus* his darling, or *Lauretta* the diuine *Petrarches* goddesse, or *Himera* the vvorthy poet *Stesichorus* his Idol: vpon whom hee is said so much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, hee scorned and wrote against the beautie of *Helena*. For which his presumptuous and vnheedie hardinesse, hee is said by vengeance of the gods, (thereat beeing offended) to haue lost both his eyes.

Frenne, a stranger. The word I thinke was first poetically put, and afterward vsed in common custome of speech for forrenne.

Dight, adorned.

Laye, a song, as Roundelayses, or Virelayses.

C.

In

In all this song, is not to be respected vvhhat the vvorthineffe of her Maieftie deserueth, nor what to the highneffe of a Prince is agreeable, but vvhhat is most comely for the meannesse of a shepheards wit, or to conceiue, or to vtter. And therefore he calleth her *Elifa*, as through rudeneffe tripping in her name: and a shepheards daughter; it beeing very vnfit, that a shepheards boy, brought vp in the sheepfold, should know, or euer seeme to haue heard of a *Queenes* royaltie.

Te daintie, is as it vvere an *Exordium ad preparandos animos*.

Virgins, the nine Muses, daughters of *Apollo*, and *Memorie*, vvwhose abode the Poets feigne to be on *Parnassus*, a hill in Greece, for that in that countrey specially flourished the honour of all excellent studies.

Helicon, is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of *Parnassus*, and also of a mountaine in *Boetia*, out of the vvhich floweth the famous spring *Castalius*, dedicate also to the Muses: of vvhich spring it is said, that vvhen *Pegasus* the vvinged horse of *Perseus* (vvhereby is meant fame, and flying renowne) strooke the ground with his hoofe, suddainly thereout sprang a vvell of most cleare and pleasant vvater, vvhich from thence was consecrate to the Muses and Ladies of learning.

Your siluer song, seemeth to imitate the like in *Hesiodus argurion melos*.

Syrinx, is the name of a Nymph of *Arcadie*, vvhom when *Pan* being in loue pursued, she flying from him, of the Gods vvvas turned into a reed. So that *Pan* catching at the reeds, in stead of the *Damofell*, and puffing hard, (for hee was almost out of vvinde) with his breath made the reedes to pipe; vvhich he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembrance of his lost loue, made him a pipe thereof. But heere by *Pan* and *Syrinx* is not to be thought, that the shepheards plainly meant those poeticall Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine & immortal (so as the *Paynims* were vvont to iudge of all Kings and Princes, according to *Homers* saying;

Thumos de megas est diotrepheos basileos.

Time d'ek dios esti, philes de emetjeta Zeu.)

could deuise no parents in his iudgement so vvwoorthy for her, as *Pan* the shepheards God, and his best beloved *Syrinx*. So that by *Pan* is heere meant the most famous and victorious king, her highneffe father late of vvwoorthie *memorie*, King *Henrie* the eight. And by that name, oftentimes (as heereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mightie potentates: And in some place, *Christ* himselfe, who is the verie *Pan* and God of shepheards.

Crimosin Coronet: he deuifeth her crowne to bee of the finest and most delicate flowers, in stead of pearles and precious stones wherevvith Princes diademes vse to be adorned and embolt.

Embellisht, beautified and set out.

Phebe, the Moone, vvhom the Poets feigne to be sister vnto *Phœbus*, that is the Sunne.

Medled, mingled.

Yfere, together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the White, is meant the vnying of the two principall houses of *Lancaster* & *Yorke*: by whose long discord and deadly debate, this realme many yeeres vvvas sore trauailed; and almost cleane decayed: Till the famous *Henry* the seauenth, of the line of *Lancaster*, taking to wife the most vertuous princeffe *Elizabeth*, daughter to the fourth *Edward* of the house of *Yorke*, begat the most royall *Henrie* the eight aforefaid, in whom was the first vnyon of the *White* rose, and the *Redde*.

Calliope, one of the nine Muses: to vvhom they assigne the honour of all poeticall inuention, & the first glory of the Heroical verse. Other say, that she is the Goddess of *Rhetoricke*: but by *Virgil* it is manifest, that they mistake the thing. For

there

there is in his Epigrams, that Art seemeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying:

Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu.

Which seemeth specially to be meant of Action, and Elocution, both speciall parts of Rhetorick: beside that her name, vvhich (as some conſtrue it) importeth great remembrance, containeth another part. But I hold rather with them, which call her Polymnia, or Polyhinnia, of her good ſinging.

Bay branches, be the ſigne of honour and victorie, and therefore of mighty conquerours worne in their triumphs; and eke of famous Poets, as ſaith Petrarch in his Sonets.

*Arbor vittorioſa triumphale,
Honor d' Imperadori & di Poeti, &c.*

The Graces, be three ſiſters, the daughters of *Iupiter*, (vvhoſe names are *Aglaia*, *Thalia*, *Euphroſine*: and *Homer* onely addeth a fourth. i. *Paſiſbea*) otherwiſe called *Charites*, that is, thanks. VVhom the Poets ſained to be goddeſſes of all beautie & comlineſſe; vvvhich therefore (as ſaith *Theodontius*) they make three, to weete, that men ought to be gracious and bountifull to other freely: then to receiue benefits at other mens hands curteouſly: and thirdly, to requite them thankfully: vvvhich are three ſundry actions in liberalitie. And *Boccace* ſaith, that they be painted naked (as they vvvere indeede on the tombe of C. Iulius Cæſar) the one hauing her back to vvards vs, and her face from vvard, as proceeding from vs: the other two to vvard vs: noting double thank to be due for the benefite we haue done.

Deſſy, ſinely and nimbly.

Soothe, ſweete.

Meriment, mirth.

Beuie. A beuie of Ladies, is ſpoken figuratiuely for a companie or a troupe, the rearm is taken of Larkes. For they ſay a beuie of Larks, euen as a coucy of Partridges, or an eye of Pheasants.

Ladies of the lake, be Nymphs. For it was an old opinion among the ancient heathen, that of euery ſpring and fountaine was a goddeſſe the Soueraigne. Which opinion ſtuck in the minds of men not many yeares ſince, by means of certain fine fablers, & loude lyers, ſuch as were the authors of king Arthur the great, & ſuch like, vvho tell many an vnlawfull leaſing of the Ladies of the lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the vvord Nymph in Greeke, ſignifieth vvell-water; or otherwiſe, a Spouſe or Bride.

Behight, called or named.

Chloris, the name of a Nymph, and ſignifieth greenneſſe: of vvhom is ſaid, that Zephyrus the vvveſtern wind being in loue with her, & courtiſing her to vvife, gaue her for a dowrie, the chiefedome and ſoueraigntie of all flovvres, and green hearbs, grovving on the earth.

Oliues beene. The Oliue was wont to be the Enſigne of peace and quietneſſe, either for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and ſo carefully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace: or elſe, for that the Oliue tree, they ſay, will not grovve neare the Firre tree, vvvhich is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vſed moſt for ſpears, and other inſtruments of vvvarre. VVherevpon is ſinely ſained, that when Neptune and Minerua ſtroue for the naming of the City of Athens, Neptune ſtriking the ground vvith his Mace, cauſed a horſe to come forth, that importeth war; but at Mineruaes ſtroke, ſprung out an Oliue, to note that it ſhould be a nurſe of learning, & ſuch peaceable ſtudies.

Bind your, ſpoken rudely, and according to ſtepheards ſimplicite.

Bring: all theſe be names of flowers. Sops in wine; a flower in colour much like to

a Carnation, but differing in smell and quantitie. Flowvre delicate, that which they vse to mistearme, flowre deluce, beeing in Latine called *Flos deliciarum*.

A bellibone, or a Bonnibel, homely spoken for a faire maid, or bonilasse.

Forswonke, and *forswat*, oucr-laboured and sunne-burnt.

I saw Phœbus, the Sunne. A sensible narration, and a present view of the thing mentioned, which they call *Parousia*.

Cynthia, the Moone, so called of *Cinthus* a hill, vvhere she was honoured.

Latonaes seede, was *Apollo* and *Diana*. Whom vvhen as *Niobe* the wife of *Amphion* scorned, in respect of the noble fruite of her wombe, namely, her seauen sonnes, and so many daughters, *Latona* beeing therewith displeased, commaunded her son *Phœbus* to slay all the sonnes, and *Diana* all the daughters: vvhereat the vnfortunate *Niobe* beeing sore dismaied, and lamenting out of measure, was fained by the Poets to be turned into a stone, vpon the Sepulchre of her children: for which cause, the Shepheard saith, he will not compare her to them, for feare of misfortune.

Nowrise, is the conclusion. For hauing so decked her with praises and comparisons, he returneth all the thanke of his labour, to the excellencie of her maiestie.

When Damnsus, A base reward of a clownish giuer.

Tblent, Y is a poeticall addition, blent, blended.

Embleme.

This poesie is taken out of *Virgil*, & there of himselfe vsed in the person of *Aeneas* to his mother *Venus*, appearing to him in likenesse of one of *Dianaes* damosels, beeing there most diuinely set foorth. To which similitude of diuinitie, *Hobbinoll* comparing the excellencie of *Elisa*, and being through the vvorthinesse of *Colins* song, as it were, ouercome with the hugenesse of his imagination, bursteth out in great admiration (*O quam te memorem virgo!*) beeing otherwise vnable, then by sudden silence, to expresse the vvorthinesse of his conceit. Whom *Tbenot* answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his grant and approuance, that *Elisa* is no whit inferior to the Maiestie of her, of vvho the poet so boldly pronounced, *O dea certe*.





Aegloga quinta.

ARGUMENT.

IN this fifth Aeglogue, vnder the person of two shepherds, *Piers* and *Palinode*, be represented two formes of Pastours or Ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholike; whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other: with whom hauing shewed, that it is dangerous to maintaine any fellowship, or giue too much credite to their colourable and fained good will, hee telleth him a tale of the Foxe, that by such a counterpoint of craftinesse, deceiued and deuoured the credulous Kidde.

PALINODE.

PIERS.

PALINODE.

IS not this the merric month of May,
When loue-lads masken in fresh aray?
How falls it then, we no merrier beene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdie greene?
Our blonket liuceries been all too sad
For thilke same season, when all is yclad
With pleasance, the ground with grasse, the woods
With greene leaues, the bushes with blossoming buds.
Youtis folke now flocken in euery where,
To gather May-buskets, and smelling Breere:
And home they hasten the posts to dight,
And all the Kirke pillars ere day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and sweet Eglantine,
And girlonds of Roses, and Sops in wine.
Such merric-make holy Saints doth queme:
But we heere siten as drown'd in a dreme.

PIERS.

For yonkers PALINODE such follies sit,
But we tway beene men of elder wit.

Siker, this morrow, no longer ago,
I saw a shole of Shepherds out go,
With singing, and showing, and iolly cheere:
Before them yode a lustie Tabrere,
That to the meynie a horn-pipe plaid,
Whereto they dauncen each one with his maide.
To see these falkes make such iouisaunce,
Made my hart after the pipe to daunce.
Tho to the greene wood they speeden them all,
To fetchen home May with their muscall:
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king; and his Queene atone
Was Ladie FLORA, on whom did attend
A faire flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend
Of louely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladies their May-bush beare!)
Ah PIERS, been thy teeth on edge, to thinke,
How great sport they gaynen with little swinke?

PIERS.

Perdie, so farre am I from eniue,
 That their fondnesse inly I pittue:
 Those saytours little regarden their charge,
 While they letting their sheepe runne at large,
 Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
 In lustinesse, and wanton merriment,
 I hilke same been shepheards for the diuels stedde,
 That playen while their flocks be vsfedde.
 Well it is seene their sheepe is not their owne,
 That letten them runne at randon alone.
 But they been hired for little pay,
 Of other, that caren as little as they,
 What fallen the flock, so they han the fleecce,
 And get all the gaine, paying but a pcece.
 I mule, what account both these will make,
 The one for the hire, which he doth take,
 And th'other for leauing his Lords taske,
 When great PAN account of shepheards shall aske.

PALINODE.

Siker, now I see thou speakest of spight,
 All for thou lackest some dele their delight.
 I (as I am) had rather be eniued,
 All were it of my foe, then fondly pittied:
 And yet, if need were, pittied would be,
 Rather then other should scorne at me:
 For pittied, is mishap, that nas remedie,
 But scorned, been deeds of fond foolerie.
 What shoulde shepheards other things tend,
 Then sith their God his good does them fend,
 Reapen the fruitie thereof, that is pleasure,
 The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure?
 For when they be dead, their good is ypoce,
 They sleepe in rest, well as other moe:
 To whith them wends, what they spent in cost,
 But what they left behind them, is lost.
 Good is no good, but if it be spend:
 God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah PALINODE, thou art a worlds childe:
 Who touches pitch mought needs be defilde.
 But Shepheards (as Algrind vsed to say)
 Mought not liue ylike, as men of the lay.
 With them it sits to care for their heire,
 Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:
 They must prouide for meanes of maintenance,
 And to continue their wont countenance.
 But shepheard must walke another way,
 Sike worldly souenance he must fore-lay.
 The sonne of his loynes why shoud he regard,
 To leaue enriched with that he hath spar'd?
 Shoud not thilke God, that gaue him that good,
 Eke cherish his childe, if in his waies be stood?
 For if he misfiue, in lewdnesse and lust,
 Little bootes all the wealth and the trust,
 That his father left by inheritance,
 All will be soone wasted with misgouernance.
 But through this, and other their miscreance,
 They maken many a wrong cheuissance,
 Heaping vp waues of wealth and woe,
 The floods whereof shall them ouerflowe.

Sike mens follie I cannot compare
 Better, then to the Apes foolish care,
 That is so enamoured of her young one,
 (And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)
 That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
 She stopth the breath of her youngling.
 So often times, when as good is ment,
 Euill ensucth of wrong entent.

The time was once, and may againe retorne,
 (For oft may happen that hath been before)
 When shepheards had none inheritance,
 Ne of land, nor see in sufferance:
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
 (Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
 Well wyis was it with shepheards tho:
 Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgo,
 For PAN himselfe was their inheritance,
 And little them serued for their maintenance.
 The shepheards God so well them guided,
 That of nought they were enprouided:
 Butter enough, hony, milke, and whay,
 And their flock fleeces them to array.
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie,
 (That, nource of vice, this of insolencie)
 Lulled the Shepheards in such securitie,
 That not content with loyal obeyfance,
 Some gan to gape for greedy gouernance,
 And match themselue with mightie potentates,
 Louers of Lordships, and troublers of states.
 Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke aloft,
 And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft.
 Tho vnder colour of shepheards, some-while,
 There crept in Wolues, full of fraude and guile,
 That often deuoured their owne sheepe,
 And often the shepheards that did them keepe,
 This was the first soure of shepheards sorrow,
 That now will be quit with bale, nor borrow.

PALINODE.

Three things to beare, been very burdenous,
 But the fourth to forbear, is outrageous.
 Women that of loues longing once lust,
 Hardly forbear, but haue it they must:
 So when choler is enflamed with rage,
 Wanting reuenge, is hard to aswage:
 And who can counsell a thirstie soule,
 With patience to forbear the offered boule?
 But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
 Most is, a foolles talke to beare and to heare.
 I weene the giant has not such a weight,
 That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.
 Thou findest fault, where nys to be found,
 And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground:
 Thou railest on right, without reason,
 And blamest hem much, for small encheason.
 How woulde shepheards liue, if not so?
 What, should they pynen in paine and wo?
 Nay, say I thereto, by my deare borrow,
 If I may rest, I will liue in sorrow.
 Sorrow ne need to be hastened on:
 For he will come without calling on.
 While times enduren of tranquillitie,

Ven we freely our felicitie:
 For when approchen the stormie stowres,
 We mought with our shoulders beare off the sharpe
 And sooth to laine, nought seemeth like strife, (Howres.
 That shepherds so twinen each others life,
 And laye their faults the world before,
 The while their foes done each of them scorne,
 Let none mistake of that may not be amended:
 So conteck, soone by concord, mought be ended,

P I E R S.

Shepherd, I list no accordance make
 With shepheard, that does the right way forsake,
 And of the twaine, if choise were to me,
 Had leuer my foe, then my friend he be.
 For what concord han light and darke sam?
 Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?
 Such fatours, when their falle harts been hid,
 Will do, as did the Foxe by the Kid.

P A L I N O D E.

Now P I E R S, of fellowship, tell vs that saying:
 For the Lad can keepe both our flocks from straying.

P I E R S.

THilke same Kidde (as I can well deuise)
 Was too very foolish and vnwise,
 For, on a time, in Sommer season,
 The Goat her dame, that had good reason,
 Yode forth abroad vnto the greene wood,
 To brouze, or play, or what she thought good:
 But, for she had a motherly care
 Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
 She set her youngling before her knee,
 That was both fresh and louely to see,
 And full of fauour, as Kidde mought bee.
 His veluet head began to shoote out,
 And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout:
 The blossomes of lust to bud did begie,
 And sprung forth rankly vnder his chin.

My sonne (quoth she) and with that gan weepe:
 (For carefull thoughts in her hart did creepe)
 God blesse thee poore Orphane, as he mought me,
 And leaue thee ioy of thy lollitie.
 Thy father (that wold she spake with paine,
 For a sigh had nigh rent her hart in twaine)
 Thy father, had he liued this day,
 To see the branches of his body display,
 How would he haue ioyed at this sweet sight?
 But ah, false Fortune such ioy did him spight,
 And cut off his daies with vtumely wo,
 Betraying him vnto the traines of his fo.
 Now I a waillefull widow behight,
 Of my old age haue this one delght,
 To see thee succede in thy fathers stead,
 And flourish in flowers of lustie head,
 For cunen to thy father his head vpheld,
 And so his hautie hornes did he weld.

Tho marking him with melting eyes,
 A thrilling throb from her hart did arise,
 And interrupted all her other speech,
 With some old sorrow that made a new breach:
 Seemed she saw (in her younglings face)
 The old lineaments of his fathers grace.

At last, her fullen silence she broke,
 And gan his new budded beard to stroke.
 Kiddie (quoth she) thou kenst the great care,
 I haue of thy health and thy welfare,
 Which many wilde beasts ligen in waite,
 For to intrap in thy tender fate:
 But most the Foxe, maister of collusion:
 For he has vowed thy last confusion,
 For thy my Kiddie, be ruled by me,
 And neuer giue trust to his trecherie:
 And if he chance come when I am abroad,
 Spare the yate fast, for feare of fraude,
 Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
 Open the doore at his request.

So schooled the Goate her wanton sonne,
 That answered his mother, all should be done.
 Tho went the pensiuë Dame out of doore,
 And chaunst to stumble at the threhold floore:
 Her stumbling step somewhat her amazed,
 (For such as signes of ill lucke hath been dispraised)
 Yet forth she yode, therat halfe agast,
 And Kiddie the doore sparred after her fast.
 It was not long after she was gone,
 But the false Foxe came to the doore anone.
 Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
 But all as a poore pedler he did wend:
 Bearing a truste of trifles at his back,
 As belles, and babies, and glasses in his pack.
 A biggen he had got about his braine,
 For in his headpeece he felt a fore paine.
 His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
 For with great cold he had got the gout.
 There at the doore he cast me downe his packe,
 And laid him downe, and groned, alack, alacke:
 Ah deere Lord, and sweet Saint Charitie,
 That some good body would once pittie me.

Well heard Kiddie all this fore constraint,
 And lengd to know the cause of his complaint:
 Tho creeping close, behind the Wickets clinke,
 Priuily he peeped out through a chinke:
 Yet not to priuily but the Foxe him spied,
 For deceitfull meaning is double eyed.

Ah, good young Maister (then gan he cry)
 Iesus blesse that sweet face I elpic,
 And keepe your corpes from the carefull stounds
 That in my carrion carkas abouts.

The Kidde, pitying his heauinesse,
 Asked the cause of his great distresse,
 And also who, and whence that he were.

Tho he, that had wel ycond his lere,
 Thus medled his talke with many a teare:
 Sicke, sicke, alas, a little lacke of dead,
 But I be relieved by your beastlie-head.
 I am a poore sheepe, albe my colour dunne:
 For with long traauile I am brent in the sunne.
 And if that my Grandfire me sad, be true,
 Siker I am very sybbe to you:
 So be your goodwillhead doe not disdaine
 The base kindred of so simple swaine.
 Of mercie and fauour then I you pray,
 With your ayde to forestall my neere decay.

Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke :
Wherein while Kiddie vnares did looke,
Hec was so enamoured with the newel,
That nought he deemed deare for the Jewel.
Tho opened he the dore, and in came
The false Foxe, as he were starke lame,
His taile he clapt betwixt his legs twaine,
Left he should be defcried by his traine.

Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,
All for the loue of the glasse he did see,
After his cheare, the Pedler gan chat,
And tell many lesings of this, and that:
And how he could shew many a fine knack,
Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,
All saue a bell, which he left behind
In the basket, for the Kidde to find.
Which when the Kidde stouped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did latch:
Ne stayed he once, the doore to make fast,
But ranne away with him in all hast.

Home when the doubtfull Dame had her hide,
She mought see the dore stand open wide,
All agast, lowdly she gan to call

Her Kidde: but he nould answere at all.
Tho on the flore she saw the marchandise,
Of which her sonne had set too deare a price.
What helpe? her Kidde she knew well is gone:
She weeped and wailed, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde: for he nould warned be
Of craft coloured with simplicitie:
And such end purdie does all hem remaine,
That of such falsers friendship been faire.

PALINODE.

Truly P I E R S, thou art beside thy wit,
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit,
Now I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow
For our fir I O H N, to say to morrow,
At the Kirke, when it is holiday:
For well he meanes, but little can say,
But and if Foxes been so craftie, as so,
Much needeth all Shepheards hem to know.

PIERS.

Of their falshood more could I recount,
But now the bright sunne ginneth to dismount:
And for the deawie night now draw'th nie,
I hold it best for vs home to hic.

Palinodes Embleme.
Pas men apistos apistei.

Piers his Embleme.
Tis d'ara pistis apisto.

GLOSSE.

Thilke, this same moneth. It is applied to the season of the moneth, when all men delight themselves with the pleasance of fields, and gardens and garments.

Blonket lineries, gray coats. *Yclad*, arrayed. *Y*, redowndeth, as before.

In euery where, a strange, yet proper kind of speaking.

Baskets, a diminutiue. i. little bushes of hawthorne.

Kirke, Church.

Queme, please.

A shole, a multitude: taken of fish, whereof some going in great companies, are said to swim in a shole.

Yode, went.

Iouisauce, joy.

Swinke, labour.

Inly, entirely.

Fayours, vagabonds.

Great Pan, is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the great and good shepherd. The name is most rightly (mee thinks) applied to him, for *Pan* signifieth all, or omnipotent, which is onely the Lord Iesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of *Eusebius*, in his fift booke *De preparat. Euange.* who thereof telleth a proper storie to that purpose. Which storie is first recorded of *Plinarch*, in his booke of the ceasing of miracles: and of *Lanatore* translated, in his booke of walking spirits. Who saith, that about the same time that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion, for the redemption of man, certaine persons sayling from Italie to Cyprus, and passing by certaine Iles called *Paxa*, heard a voyce calling aloud, *Thamus, Thamus*, (now *Thamus* was the name of an Egyptian, which was

Pylot

Pyloot of the ship) who giuing care to the cry, was bidden, vvhē hee came to *Palodes*, to tell that the great *Pan* was dead: vvhich he doubting to doe, yet for that whē he came to *Palodes* there suddenly was such a calme of vwind, that the ship stood still in the sea vnmouued, he was forced to cry aloud, that *Pan* vvas dead: vvhē vwith- all, there was heard such pitious outcries, and dreadfull shriking, as hath not bene the like. By vvhich *Pan*, though of some be vnderstood the great Sathanas, vvhose kingdomē vvas at that time by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and Death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as hee saith, all Oracles surceaused, and enchanted spirits, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held their peace:) and also at the demaund of the Eniperour *Tiberius*, who that *Pan* should be, answere was made him by the wisest and best learned, that it was the sonne of *Mercurie*, and *Penelope*: yet I thinke it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the onely and verie *Pan*, then suffering for his flocke.

I as I am, seemeth to imitate the common prouerbe, *Malim inuidere mibi omnes, quam miserescere.*

Nas, is a syncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould for would not.

Tho wib them, doth imitate the Epitaph of the ryotous king, *Sardanapalus*, which he caused to be vwritten on his tombe in Greeke: which verses be thus translated by *Tullie*.

“Hac habui qua edi, quaque exaturata libido

“Hauit: at illa manent multa ac praecleara relicta.

Which may thus be turned into English.

“All that I eate, did I ioy; and all that I greedily gorged:

“As for those many goodly matters, left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good Earle of Deuonshire, which though much more vvisedome bewraith then *Sardanapalus*, yet hath a sinacke of his sensuall delights and beastlinesse; the rimes be these:

“Ho, ho, who lies heere?

“I the good Earle of Deuonshire,

“And Mauld my wife that was full deare:

“We liued together lv. yeare.

“That we spent, we had:

“That we gaue, we haue:

“That we left, we lost.

Algrind, the name of a shepheard.

Men of the lay, Lay men.

Enanter, least that.

Somenance, remembrance.

Miscreance, dispraife, or misbeliefe.

Chensauance, sometimes of Chaucer vsed for gaine: somtime of other, for spoile, or bootie, or enterprise, and sometime for chiefedome.

Pan himselfe, God: according as is said in Deuteronomie, that in diuision of the land of *Canaan*, to the tribe of *Leui* no portion of heritage should be allotted, for God himselfe was their inheritance.

Some gan, meant of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates, which vsurpe a tyrannicall dominion in the Church, and with Peters counterfeit keyes, open a wide gate to all wickednesse and insolent government. Nought heere spoken, as of purpose to denie fatherlie rule and gouernance (as some maliciously of late haue done, to the great vnrest and hinderance of the Church) but to display the pride & disorder of such, as in stead of feeding their sheepe, in deed feed of their sheepe.

Sowse, vvell-spring and originall.

Borrow, pledge or suretie.

The

The Giant, is the great Atlas, vvhom the poets faine to be a huge Giant, that beareth heauen on his shoulders: beeing indeed a maruailous high mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, vvwhich to mans seeming pearceth the cloudes, & seemeth to touch the heauens. Other thinke, and they not amisse, that this fable vvas meant of one Atlas, King of the same country, vvho (as the Greekes say) did first find out the hidden course of the starres, by an excellent imagination; vvherefore the poets fained, that he sustained the firmament on his shoulders. Many other conjectures needlesse betold heereof.

Warke, vvorke.

Encheasion, cause, occasion.

Deare borrow, that is our Sauour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

Twiten, blame.

Nought seemeth, is vnseemely.

Contecke, strife, contention.

Her, their, as vsseth Chaucer.

Han, for haue.

Sam, together.

This tale is much like to that in Æsops fables: but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde, may be vnderstood the simple sort of the faithful and true Christians. By his damme, Christ; that hath alreadie vvith carefull vvatchvvords (as heere doth the Gore) vvarned his little ones, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the Fox, the false and faithlesse Papists, to vvhom is no credite to be giuen, nor fellowship to be vsed.

The Gate, the Gore: Notthrenly spoken, to turne O into A.

Yode, went, aforesaid.

She set, A figure called *Filatio*, vvwhich vsseth to attribute reasonable actions, and speeches, to vnreasonable creatures.

The blossomes of lust, be the young and mossiehaire, vvwhich then begin to sprout and shoote forth, when lustfull heat beginneth to kindle.

And with, a very poeticall *Pathos*.

Orphane, a youngling or pupill, that needeth a tutor or gouernour.

That word, a patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.

The branch of the fathers body, is the child.

For enen so, alluded to the saying of Andromache to Afcanius in Virgil.

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb, a piercing sigh.

Liggen, lie.

Maister of collusion, i. coloured guile, because the Foxe of all beafts is most wylie and craftie.

Sparre the yate, shut the doore.

For such: the Gotes stumbling, is here noted as an euill signe. The liketo be marked in all histories: and that not the least of the Lord Haltings in King Richard the third his daies. For beside his dangerous dreame (which was a shrewd prophesie of his mishap that followed) it is said, that in the morning riding towards the tower of London, there to sit vpon matters of counsell, his horse stumbled twice or thrice by the way: vvwhich of some, that (riding vvith him in his company) were priuy to his neere destinie, vvas secretly marked, and afterwarde noted for memorie of his great mishappe that ensued. For, beeing then as merrie as man might be, & least doubting any mortall danger, he vvvas vvithin two houres after, of the Tyrant put to a shamefull death.

As belles: by such trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popish superstition, vvwhich put no small religion in Belles, and babies. i. Idoles, and glasse, s. Paxes, & such like trumperies.

Great cold, for they boast much of their outward patience, and voluntarie sufferance,

rance, as a worke of merit, and holy humbleness.

Sweet S. Charitie, the Catholiques common oath, and onely speech, to haue charitie alwaies in their mouth, and sometime in their outward actions, but neuer inwardly in faith and godly zeale.

Clinke, a key-hole: whose diminutiue is *clicker*, vsed of Chaucer for a key.

Stonnds, fittes: afore said.

His lere, his lesion.

Medled, mingled.

Beastlibead, a greeting to the person of a beast.

Sibbe, akinne.

Newell, a new thing.

To forestall, to preuent.

Glee, cheare: afore said.

Deare a price, his life which he lost for those toyes.

Such end, is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale; whose purpose is to warnethe Protestant to beware, how he giueth credit to the vnfaithful Catholique: vwhereof we haue daily proofes sufficient, but one most famous of all, practised of late yeeres by Charles the ninth.

Faine, glad or desirous.

Our sir Iohn, a popish priest. A saying fit for the grossnesse of a shepheard, but spoken to taunt vnlearned priests.

Dismount, descend or set.

Nie, draweth neere.

Embleme.

Both these Emblemes make one vvhole Hexametre. The first spoken of Pallinode, as in reproach of them that be distrustfull, is a peece of Theognis verse, intending, that who doth most mistrust, is most false. For such experience in fallhood, breedeth mistrust in the mind, thinking no lesse guile to lurk in others, then in himselfe. But Piers thereto strongly replieth with another peece of the same verse, saying as in his former fable, vvhath faith then is there in the faithlesse? For, if faith be the ground of Religion, which faith they daily false, what hold is there of their Religion? And this is all that they say.





☞ *Aegloga sexta.*

ARGVMENT.

THIS Aeglogue is whollie vowed to the complaining of *Collins* ill successe in his loue. For beeing (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a countrey Lasse, *Rosalinde*, and hauing (as seemeth) found place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deere friend *Hobbinoll*, that he is now forsaken vnfaithfully, and in his stead, *Menalcas* another shepheard receiued disloyallie. And this is the whole Argument of this Aeglogue.

HOBBINOLL.

LO COLIN, heere the place, whose pleasant sight
From other shades hath weand my wandring mind:
Tell me, what wants mee heere, to worke delight?
The simple aire, the gentle warbling wind,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I find:
The grassie ground with daintie Daieses dight,
The Bramble bush, where Birds of eueery kind
To th' waters fall their tunes attempere right.

COLIN.

O happy HOBBINOLL, I blesse thy stare,
Thar Paradise hast found which ADAM lost.
Here wander may thy flocke early or late,
Withouten dread of Wolues to been ytost:
Thy lonely layes heere maist thou freely boste:
But I, vnhappy man, whom cruell fate,
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can no where finde, to shroud my lucklesse pate.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou list aduised be,
Forake thy soyle, that so doth thee bewitch:
Leaue me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,
Nor holy-bush, nor breere, nor winding writch.

COLIN CLOVT.

And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritche,
And fruitfull flocks been eueery where to see:
Heere no night Rauens lodge, more black then pitch,
Nor cluifh gholts, nor gasty Owles doe see.

But friendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfoote Nymphs can chafethe lingring night,
With heydeguius, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst sisters nine, which dwell on *Parnasse* hight,
Do make them musick, for their more delight:
And PAN himselfe to kisse their crystall faces,
Will pipe and daunce, when PHOEBE shineth bright:
Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

COLIN.

And I, whilst youth, and course of carelesse yeeres,
Did let me walke withouten links of loue,
In such delights did ioy amongst my peeres:
But riper age such pleasures doth reproc,
My fansie eke from former follies moue
To stayed steps: for time in passing weares
(As garments doen, which wexen old about)
And draweth new delights with hoarie haire.

The count I sing of to , and tune my pipe
Vnto my plaintive plaine in verses made:
Tho' would I heeke for Quene-apples vnrripe,
To giue my ROSALINDE, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudie Garlands, and my common trade,
To crowne her golden locks, but yeeres more ripe,
And losse of her, whose loue as life I wayde,
Thole weary wanton toyes away did wipe.

HOBBINOLL.

COLIN, to heare thy rimes and roundelaies,
Which thou wert wont on waffeful hills to sing,
I more delight, then Larke in Sommer daies:
Whose Eecho made the neighbour groues to ring,
And taught the byids, which in the lower spring
Did shroude in shady leaues from sunny rayes,
Frame to thy song their cheerfull cherping,
Or hold their peace, for shame of thy sweet layes.

I sawe CALLOPE with Muses moe,
Soone as thy Oaten pipe began to sound,
Their suorie Lutes and Timburins forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they fate around,
Renne after hastily thy siluer sound.
But when they came, where thou thy skill didst shoue,
They drewe aback, as halfe with shame confound,
Shepherd to see, them in their art out-goe.

COLIN.

Of Muses HOBBINOLL, I conne no skill,
For they been daughters of the highest LOVE,
And holden feorne of homely shepherds quill:
For sith I heard, that PAN with PHOEBVS stroue,
Which him to much reuke and danger droue,
I neuer hst presume to *Parn* see hill,
But piping lowe, in shade of lowly groue,
I play to please my selfe, albeit ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth praise or blame,
Ne strue to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
With shepherd sits or, followe flying fame:
But feede his flocke in fields, where falls hem best.

I wore my rimes beate rough, and dady drest;
The finer they, my careful care to frame:
Enough is me to print out my wofit,
And poure my pious plants out in the same.

The God of Shepheards TITVVS is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make:
He, whilst he liued, was the four-raigne head
Of shepheards all, that been with Iue yuake.
Well couth he wale his woes, and highly flake
The flames, which loue within his hart had bredde,
And tell vs merry tales, to keepe vs wake,
The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Then should my plaints, cause of discutesee,
As messengers of my painfull plight,
Fly to my loue, where euer that the bee,
And peace her heart with point of worthy wight:
As shee deserues, that wrought to deadly spight.
And thou MENALCAS, that by trechene
Didst vnderfong my Lasse, to wexe so light,
Shouldst it well be knowne for such thy villanie.

But since I am not, as I wist I were,
Ye gentle shepheards, which your flocks doe feed,
Whether on hilles, or dales, or other where,
Beare witness all of this to wicked deede:
And tell the Lasse, whose flowre is woxe a weed,
And faultlesse faith, is turned to faithlesse feede,
That she the truest shepheards hart made bleed,
That liues on earth, and loued her most deere.

HOBBINOLL.

O carefull COLIN, I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe.
Ah faultlesse ROSALINDE, and void of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then rite ye blessed flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes do you forefloe,
And wet your tender Lammes, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.
Gia speme spenta.

GLOSSE.

Syte, situation and place.

Paradise, A Paradise in Greeke, signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compared the soyle, wherein *Hobbinoll* made abode, to that earthly Paradise, in Scripture called *Eden*, wherein *Adam* in his first creation was placed. Which of the most learned is thought to be in *Mesopotamia*, the most fertile pleasant country in the world (as may appeare by *Diodorus Syculus* description of it, in the historie of *Alexanders* conquest thereof) lying betwene the two famous Rivers (vvhich are said in Scripture to flowe out of Paradise) *Tygris* and *Suphrates*, whereof it is denominate.

For sake the soyle. This is no poeticall fiction, but vnfainedly spoken of the

D.

Poet

Poet selfe, vvho for speciall occasion of priuate affaires (as I haue been partlie of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, remoued out of the North partes, came into the South, as *Hobbinoll* indeed aduised him priuately.

Those hills, that is, in the North countrey, vvhere he dwelt. *Nis*, is not.

The dales. The South parts, vvhere he now abideth; vvhich though they be full of hills and vvoods (for Kent is very hilly and vvoody, and therefore so called: (for *Kantsh* in the Saxons tongue, signifieth vvoody) yet in respect of the North partes, they be called dales. For indeed, the North is counted the higher countrey.

Night Ravens, &c. By such hatefull birdes, he meaneth all misfortunes (vvhereof they be tokens) flying euery vvhere.

Friendly Faeries. The opinion of Faeries and Elfes is very old, and yet sticketh verie religiously in the minds of some. But to roote that ranke opinion of Elfes out of mens harts, the truth is, that there be no such things, nor yet the shadows of the things, but onely by a sort of bald Friers and knauish shauelings so fained; vvhich as in other things, so in that, sought to nouell the common people in ignorance, least being once acquainted vvith the truth of things, they vvould in time smell out the vntruth of their packed selfe, and Masse-peny religion. But the sooth is, that vvhen all Italy was distract into the factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelyns, beeing tvvo famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mischiefes & many outrages, to be so odious, or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if their children at any timewere froward and wanton, they vvould say to them that the Guelfe or the Gibelyne came. Which vvords now from them (as many things else) be come into our vsage, and for Guelfes and Gibelynes, vve say Elfes and Goblins. No othervvise then the Frenchmen vsed to say of that valiant captaine, the verie scourge of Fraunce, the Lord Thalbot, aftervvard Earle of Shrewsbury, vvose noblenesse bred such a terror in the harts of the French, that oft times great armies were defeated and put to flight at the onely hearing of his name: Insonmuch that the French vvomen, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot cometh.

Many Graces, though there be indeed but three Graces or *Charites* (as afore is said) or at the vtmost but foure; yet in respect of many gifts of bountie, there may be said more. And so Musæus saith, that in Heroes either eye there sate a hundreth Graces. And by that authoritie, this same Poet in his Pageants, saith, An hundreth Graces on her eye-lid sate, &c.

Haydegues, A countrey daunce or round. The conceit is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vvnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke, all night by Moone-light. To signifie the pleasantnesse of the soyle.

Peeres, Equals and fellow shepheards.

Queene-apples vnripe, immitating Virgils verse:

Ipse ego canalem tenera laungine mala.

Neighbour groues, a strange phrase in English, but vvord for vvord expressing the Latine, *vicina nemora*.

Spring, not of vvater, but of young trees springing.

Calliope, afore said.

This staffe is full of very poeticall inuention.

Tamburines, an old kind of instrument, vvhich of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan with Phæbus. The tale is well knowne, how that Pan and Apollo struing for excellencie in musicke, chose Midas for their Iudge: vvho being corrupted vvith partiall affection, gaue the vvictory to Pan, vvndeferued: for vvhich, Phæbus set a paire
of

of Atlas eares vpon his head, &c.

Tityrus: that by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath been already sufficiently said, & by this more plaine appeareth, that he saith, he told merie tales. Such as be his Canterbury tales; whom he calleth God of the Poets for his excellencie: so as Tullie calleth *Lentulus*, *Deum vite sue*. i. the God of his life.

To make, to versifie.

O vrbj, A pretie Epanorthosis or correction.

Discurtesie: he meaneth the fallenes of his louer Rotalinde, who forsaking him, had chosen another.

Point of vvorthy wit, the pricke of deserued blame.

Menalcas, the name of a shepheard in Virgil: but heere is meant a person vnknovne and secret, against vvhom he often bitterly inueyeth.

Vnderfong, vndermine and deceiue by false suggestion.

Embleme.

You remember, that in the first Aeglogue, Colins Poesie was *Anchora speme*: for as then there was hope of fauour to be found in time. But now beeing cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished & turned into despaire, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come: vvhich is all the meaning of this Embleme.

IVLY.



Aegloga septima.

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue is made in the honour & commendation of good shepherds, and to the shame and dispraise of proude & ambitious Pastors; Such as Morrell is heere imagined to be.

THOMALIN.

IS not thilke same a Gotcheard prowde
that sits on yonder banke :
Whose straying heard themselfe doth shrowde
among the bushes ranke ?

MORRELL.

What ho, thou iolly shepheards swaine,
come vp the hill to mee :
Better is, then the lowly plaine,
als for thy stocke, an' three.

THOMALIN.

Ah, God shield, man, that I should clime,
and learne to looke aloft :
This reate is rife, that oftentime
great clumbers fall vnsoft.
In humble dales is footing fast,
the trode is not so tickle :
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the sun hath reared vp,
his fierie-footed teme,
Making his way betwene the Cup
and golden Diademe :
The rampant Lion hunts he fast,
with dogges of noisome breath,
Whose balefull barking brings in hast,
pine, plagues, and dreerie death.
Against his cruell scorching heate
where thou hast couerture :
The wastfull hilles vnto his threat
is a plaine ouerture.
But if thee lust, to holden chat
with seely shepheards swaine :
Come downe, and learne the little what,
that THOMALIN can saine.

MORRELL.

Siker, thous but a laesie loord,
and rekkes much of thywinke,
That with fond termes, and witleffe words
to blere mine eyes doost thinke.
In euill houre thou hentst in hond
thus holy hills to blame,
For sacred vnto Saints they stond,
and of them han their name.
S. Michels mount who does not knowe,
that wards the Westerne coast ?
And of S. Bridgets bowre I trowe,
all Kent can rightly boast :
And they that con of Muses skill,
saine most what, that they dwell
(As Gotcheards wont) vnto a hill,
beside a learned vrell.
And woned not the great God PAN,
vpon mount *Oliues* :
Feeding the blessed stocke of DAN,
which did himselfe beget ?

THOMALIN.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,
that bought his stocke so deare :
And them did saue with bloudie sweat,
from Wolues that would them teare.

MORRELL.

Beside, as holy fathers saine,
there is a holy place :
Where TITAN riseth from the maine,
to ren his daily race.
Vpon whose top the starres been staied,
and all the skie doth leane,
There is the caue where PHOEBE laied,
the shepheard long to dreame.
Whilome there vfed shepheards all
to feed their stocks at will,
Till by his folly one did fall,
that all the rest did spill,
And sithence shepheards becme forscid
from places of delight :
For thy, I ween thou be afraid,
to clime this hilles hight,
Of *Synai* can I tell thee more,
and of our Ladies bowre :
But litle needs to strowe my store,
suffice this hill of our.
Heere han the holy FAYNES recourse,
and SYLVANES haunten rather,
Heere has the salt Medway his soure,
wherein the Nymphes doe bathe :
The salt Medway that trickling streames
adowne the dales of Kent,
Till with the elder brother Themes,
his brackish waues be meynt.
Heere grows *Melampode* euery where,
and *Terbinth*, good for Gotes :
The one, my madding Kids to smere,
the next, to heale their throtes.
Hereto, the hilles been nigher heauen,
and thence the passage ethe :
As well can proue the peacing leuin,
that seldome falles beneath.

THOMALIN.

Siker thou speakest like a lewd lorell,
of heauen to deemen so :
Mow be I am but rude and borrell,
yet nearer waies I know.
To Kirke the narre, to God more farr,
has been an old said saw,
And he that strues to touch a starre,
oft stumbles at a straw.
Alsoone may shepheards clime to skie,
that leades in lowly dales :
As Gotcheards proud that siting hie,
vpon the mountraine saies.
My seely sheepe like well belowe,
they need not *Melampode*,
For they been hale enough, I trowe,
and liken their abode.
But if they with thy Gotes should yede,
they soone might be corrupted :
Or like not of the frowie fede,
or with the weeds be glutted.
The hills where dwelled holy Saints,
I reuerence and adore :
Not for themselfe, but for the Saings,

which

which haue been dead of yore.
 And now they been to heauen forwent,
 their good is with them go :
 Then tample onely to vs lent,
 that als we mought do so.
 Shepheards they were of the best,
 and liued in lowly leas :
 And sith their foules be now at rest,
 why done we them dislike ?
 Such one he was (as I haue heard)
 old **A L G R I N D**, of ten fame)
 That whilome was the first shepheard,
 and liued with little gaine :
 And meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
 simple, as simple sleepe,
 Humble, and like in each degree
 the flock which he did keepe.
 Often he yfed of his sleepe,
 a sacrifice to bring,
 Now with a Kridde, now with a sleepe,
 the Altars hallowing.
 So louted he vnto the Lord,
 Such fauour couth he find,
 That neuer sithens was aboord
 the simple shepheards kind.
 And such Tweene the brethren were,
 that came from *Canaan* :
 The brethren twelue, that kept yfere
 the flocks of mighty **P A N**.
 But nothing such thilke shepheard was,
 whom *Ida* hill did beare,
 That left his flock to fetch a Lasse,
 whose loue he bought too deare :
 For he was proud, that ill was paid,
 (no such mought shepheards bee)
 And with lowd lust was ouer-laid :
 tway things doen ill agree :
 But shepheards mought be meeke and mild,
 well eyed, as **A R G V S** was,
 With fleihly follies vndefilde,
 and stout as steed of brasse.
 Sike one (said **A L G R I N D**) **M O S E S** was,
 that saw his Makers face,
 His face more cleare, then crystall glasse,
 and spake to him in place.
 This had a brother, (his name I knowe)
 the first of all his cote :
 A shepheard true, yet not so true,
 as he that east I hote.
 Whilome all these were lowe, and leefe,
 and loued their flocks to feede,
 They neuer strouen to be chiefe :
 and simple was their weede.
 But now (thanked be God therefore)
 the world is well amend :
 Their weeds bene not so nightly wore,
 such simpleste mought them shend.
 They been yclad in purple and pall,
 so hath their God them blist :
 They raigne and rulen ouer all,

Palinodes Embleme. *In medio virtus.* Merrels Embleme. *In summo felicitas.*

and Lord, as they list :
 Ygent with belts of glitter and gold,
 (mought they good shepheards been)
 Their **P A N** their sleepe to them has fold,
 I lay, as to me haue Icene.
 For **P A L I N O D E** (if thou him ken)
 yode late on pilgrimage
 To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then
 he saw thilke misvisege.
 For shepheards (said he) there doen lead,
 as Lords done oterwhere :
 Their sleepe han crufts, and they the bread :
 the chips, and they the cheere :
 They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
 (O silly sleepe the while)
 The corne is theirs, let others thresh,
 their hands they may not file.
 They han great store, and thristie flocks,
 great friends, and feeble foes :
 What need hem caren for their flocks,
 their boyes can looke to thole.
 These Wilards welter in wealths waues,
 pumped in pleasures deepe :
 They han fat kernes, and leany knaues,
 their fasting flocks to keepe.
 Sike mister men been all misgone,
 they heapen hilles of wrath :
 Sike sile shepheards han we none,
 they keepe all the path.

M O R R E L L.

Heere is a great deale of good matter,
 lost for lacke of telling :
 Now siker I see thou doost but clatter :
 harme may come of melling.
 Thou meddest more then shall haue thanke
 to witen shepheards wealth :
 When folke been fat, and riches ranke,
 it is a signe of health.
 But say me, what is **A L G R I N D**, he
 that is so oft bynempt ?

T H O M A S L I N.

He is a shepheard great in gree,
 but hath been long ypent :
 One day he sate vpon a hill,
 (as now thou wouldest mee,
 But I am taught by **A L G R I N D S** ill,
 to loue the lowe degrec.)
 For sitting so with bared scalpe,
 an Eagle fored hic,
 That weening his white head was chaike
 a shell fish downe let fire.
 She weend the fluck fish to haue broke,
 but therewith bruzde his braine :
 So now astonied with the stroke,
 he lies in lingring paine.

M O R R E L L.

Ah good **A L G R I N D**, his hap was ill,
 but shall be better in time :
 Now Erewell shepheard, sith this hill
 thou hast such doubt to clime.

GLOSSE.

A Gotheard, by Gotes in scripture bee represented the vicked and reprobate, vvhose Pastour also must needs besuch.

Banke, is the seat of honour. *Straying heard*, vvhich wander out of the way of truth. *Alt*, for also. *Climbe*, spoken of ambition.

Great climbers, according to Seneca his verse,

Decidunt celsa graniore lapsu.

Mickle, much.

The sunne: a reason vvhich he refused to dwell on the mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scorching Sunne, according to the time of the yeere, vvhich is the hottest moneth of all.

The Cup and Diademe, be two signes in the firmament, through which the sunne maketh his course in the moneth of Iuly.

Lion, this is poetically spoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion with one dog. The meaning vvhereof is, that in Iuly the Sun is in Leo. At which time, the Dog starre, which is called Syrius, or Canicula, raigeth, vvvith immoderate heate causing pestilence, drought, and many diseases.

Ouerture, an open place: the vvord is borrowed of the French, and vsed in good Writers.

To bolden chat, to talke and prate.

A loorde, vvas wont among the old Britons to signifie a Lord. And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped their tyrannie heere in Britannie, were called for more dread then dignitie, Lurdans. i. Lord Danes. At vvhich time it is said, that the insolencie and pride of that nation vvas so outrageous in this Realme, that if it fortun'd a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, & saw the Dane set foote vpon the same, he must returne back, till the Dane vvere cleane ouer, or else abide the price of his displeasure, vvhich vvas no lesse then present death. But beeing afterward expelled, the name of Lurdane became so odious vnto the people, vvhom they had long oppressed, that euen at this day they vse for more reproche, to call the quartane Ague the feauer-lurdane.

Recks much of thy swinke, counts much of thy paines.

Weetlesse, not vnderstood.

S. Michaels mount, is a promontorie in the West part of England.

A hill, Parnassus aforesaid.

Pan, Christ.

Dan, one tribe is put for the whole nation, per Synecdochen.

Where Titan, the Sunne. Which storie is to be read in Diodorus Syc. of the hill Ida, from vvhence he saith, all night time is to be seene a mightie fire, as if the skie burned, vvhich toward morning beginneth to gather a round forme, and thereof riseth the Sunne, vvhom the Poets call Titan.

The shepheard, is Endymion, vvhom the Poets saie to haue beene so beloued of Phoebe. i. the Moone, that he vvas by her kept asleepe in a caue by the space of thirtie yeeres, for to enjoy his company.

There, that is, in Paradise; vvhich, through error of the shepheards vnderstanding, he saith, that all shepheards did vse to feed their flocks, till one, (that is) Adam, by his folly and disobedience, made all the rest of his offspring to be debarred, and shut out from thence.

Sinab, a hill in Arabia, vvhich God appeared.

Our Ladies bowre, a place of pleasure so called.

Faunes, or Syluanes, be of Poets saied to be Gods of the vvood.

Medway,

Medway, the name of a riuer in Kent, vvhich running by Rochester, meeteth vwith Thames: vvhom he calleth his elder brother, both becaute he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the sea.

Mint, mingled. *Melampode*, and *Terebinth*, be hearbs good to cure diseased Goats, of the one speaketh Mantuan: and of the other, Theocritus.

Terminthou *tragoon* *eikaton* *acremonia*.

Nigher heauen: note the shepheards simplencise, vvhich supposeth that from the hilles is nigher vway to heauen.

Leuin, lightning; vvhich he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnesse to heauen, becaufe the lightning doth commonly light on high mountaines, according to the saying of the Poet:

Feriuuntque summos fulmina montes.

Lorrell, a losell.

A borrell, a plaine fellow.

Narre, nearer.

Hale, for hole.

Yede, go.

Frowye, multie or mossie.

Of yore, long ago.

Forewent, gone afore.

The first shepheard, vvas Abell the righteous, vvhom (as Scripture saith) bent his mind to keeping of sheep, as did his brother Caine to tilling the ground.

His keepe, his charge. i. his flocke.

Lownted, did honour and reuerence.

The brethren, the twelue sonnes of Iacob, which were sheepmasters, and liued onely thereupon.

Whom Ida, Paris, which (being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy) for his mother Hecubas dreame, (vvhich being vwith child of him, dreamed she brought forth a fire-brand, that set the towne of Ilium on fire) vvas cast forth on the hill Ida; where beeing soltred of shepheards, he eke in time became a shepheard, and lastly came to the knowledge of his parentage.

A Lasse, Helena, the wiffe of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, vvas by Venus for the golden apple to her giuen, then promised to Paris: vvhom thereupon, with a sort of lustie Trojans, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troy; which vvas the cause of the tenne yeeres warre in Troy, and the most famous Cittie of all Asia, lamentably sacked and defaced.

Argus, vvas of the Poets deuised to befull of eyes, and therefore to him was committed the keeping of the transformed Cow, Io: so called, becaufe that in the print of the Cowes foote, there is figured an I in the midst of an O.

His name, he meaneth Aaron: vvhose name, for more *Decorum*, the shepheard saith hee hath forgot, least his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writ, should seeme to exceed the meanenesse of the person.

Not so true: for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatrie.

In purple, Spoken of the Popes and Cardinals, vvhich vse such tyrannicall colours and pompous painting.

Belts, girdles.

Glitterand, glittering; a participle, vsed sometimes in Chaucer, but altogether in Ioh. Goore.

Their Pan, that is, the Pope, vvhom they count their God and greatest shepheard.

Palinode, a shepheard, of vvwhose report he seemeth to speake all this.

Wizards, great learned heads.

Welter, vvallow.

Kerne, a Churle or Farmer.

Sike mister men, such kind of men.

Sarly, stately and proude.

Melling, medling.

Bett,

Bett, Better. *Benempt, named.* *Gree, for degree.*
Algrind, the name of a shepheard aforefaid, vvhoſe miſhappe he alludeth to the
chaunce that happened to the Poet Aefchylus, that was brained with a ſhell fiſh.

Embleme.

By this poeſie Thomalin confirmeth that, vvvhich in his former ſpeech by ſundry reaſons he had prooued: for beeing both himſelfe ſequeſtred from all ambition, and alſo abhorring it in others of his core, he taketh occaſion to praiſe the meane & lowly ſtate, as that wherein is ſafetie without feare, and quiet without danger, according to the ſaying of old Philoſophers, that Vertue dwelleth in the miſt, beeing environed with two contrarie viccs: vvhereto Morrell replieth with continuance of the ſame Philoſophers opinion, that albeit all bountie dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitie dwelleth in ſupremacie. For, they ſay, and moſt true it is, that happineſſe is placed in the higheſt degree: ſo as if any thing be higher or better, then that way ceaſeth to be perfect happineſſe. Much like to that which once I heard alledged in defence of humilitie, out of a great Doctour, *Suorum Chriſtus humillimus*: vvvhich ſaying, a gentleman in the company taking at the rebound, bear backe againe with a like ſaying of another Doctour, as he ſaid, *Suorum Deus altiffimus*.

AVGVST.



Aegloga octava.

ARGVMENT.

IN this Aeglogue is ſet forth a delectable controuerſie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto alſo Virgil fashioned his third & ſeauenth Aeglogue. They choſe, for Vmpere of their ſtriſe, Cuddy a neat-heards boy: who hauing ended their cauſe, reciteth alſo himſelfe a proper ſong, whereof Colin he ſaith was Author.

WILLY.

WILLY. PERIGOT. CYDDY.

TELL me PERIGOT, what shall be the game,
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy musick match?
Or been thy Bagpipes renne faire out of frame?
Or hath the Crumpe thy ioynts beunnd with ach?

PERIGOT.

Ah WILLY, when the hart is ill affaide,
How can Bagpipe or ioynts be well apaide?

WILLY.

What the foule euill hath thee so bestid?
Whilonic thou wast per gall to the best,
And wont to make the iolly shepheards glad,
With pyping and dauncing, did passe the rest.

PERIGOT.

Ah, WILLY, now I haue learned a new daunce:
My old musick made by a new mischaunce.

WILLY.

Mischiefe mought to that mischaunce befall,
That to hath rist vs of our meriment:
But rede me, what paine doth thee to appall?
Or louest thou, or becom thy yonglings miswent?

PERIGOT.

Loue hath misled both my yonglings and mee:
I pine for paine, and also my plaint to see.

WILLY.

Perdie and wele away: ill may they thrive:
Neuer knew I louers sheepe in good plight:
But and if rimes with me thou dare strue,
Such fond fantasies shall soone be put to flight.

PERIGOT.

That shall I doe, though mochel worse I fared:
Neuer shall be said that PERIGOT was dared.

WILLY.

Then loe PERIGOT, the pledge which I plight,
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre:
Wherein is enchafted many a faire sight,
Of Beares and Tygers, that maken fierce warre:
And ouer them spread a goodly wilde Vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Irie twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues iawes:
But see, how fast renneth the shepheards swaine,
To saue the innocet from the beasts pawes:
And heere with his sheepooke hath him flaine.
Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer seene?
Well mought it becom any hauest Queene.

PERIGOT.

There to will I pawne yonder spotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis sike another:
For I brought him vp without the Dumbe:
But COLIN CLOVFF rast me of his brother,
That he purchast of me in the plaine field:
Sore against my will was I forst to yeld.

WILLY.

Siker make like account of his brother,
But who shall iudge the wager woune or lost?

PERIGOT.

That shall yonder heardgroom, and none other,
Which ouer the pouffe hitherward doth post.

WILLY.

But for the Sunne beame fore doth vs beate,

Were not better, to shunne the scorching heate?
PERIGOT.

Well agreed WILLY: then sit thee downe swaine:
Sike a song neuer heardest thou, but COLIN sing.

CYDDY.

Ginne, when ye list, ye iolly shepheards kinge:
Sike a iudge, as CYDDY, were for a king.

PER.

IT fell vpon a holy eue,
hey ho holiday,
When holy fathers wont to shriue:
WILLY. now ginne this roundelay.

PER.

Sitting vpon a hill so hie,
hey ho the high hill,
The while my flocke did feede thereby,
WILLY. the while the shepard selfe did spill:

PER.

I saw the bouncing Bellibowe:

WILLY.

hey ho Bomibell,

PER.

Tripping ouer the dale alone,

WILLY.

she can trip it very well.

PER.

Well decked in a flock of gray,

WILLY.

hey ho gray is greet,

PER.

And in a kirtle of greene Say,

WILLY.

the greene is for maidens meet.

PER.

A chaplet on her head she wore,

WILLY.

hey ho chapel,

PER.

Of sweet Violets therein was store,

WILLY.

she sweeter then the Violet.

PER.

My sheepe did leaue their wanted foode,

WILLY.

hey ho seely sheepe,

PER.

And gazde on her, as they were wood,

WILLY.

wood as he, that did them keepe.

PER.

As the bonillasse passed by,

WILLY.

hey ho bonillasse,

PER.

She rove at me with glancing eye,

WILLY.

as cleare as the crytall glasse:

PER.

All as the sunny beame so bright,

WILLY.

hey ho the sunne beame,

PER.

Glauceeth from PHOEBVS face forthright,

WILLY.

so loue into thy hart did streame:

PER.

Or as the thunder cleaueth the clowdes,

WILLY.

hey ho the thunder,

PER.

Wherein the light some leuin shroudes,

WILLY.

so cleaueth thy soule afunder:

PER.

Or as Dame CYNTHYAS silver ray,

WILLY.

hey ho the Moone light,

PER.

Vpon the glittering wauie doth play:

WILLY.

such play is a pittious plight.

PER.

The glance into my heart did glide,

WILLY.

hey ho the glider,

PER.

Therewith my soule was sharply gride,

WILLY.

such wounds foone wexen wide,

PER.

Hasting to ransh the arrowe out,

WILLY.

hey ho PERIGOT,

PER.

I left the head in my hart roote:

WILLY.

it was a desperate shot,

PER.

There it rankleth ay e more and more,

WILLY.

hey ho the arrow,

PER.

Ne can I find salue for my sore:

WILLY.

loue is a carelesse sorrow.

PER.

And though my bale with death I bowght,

WILLY.

WILLY.

WILL. hey ho heauy cheere,
 PER. Yet should thilke Lasse not from my thought:
 WILL. fo you may buy gold too deere.
 PER. But whether in painfull loue I pine,
 WILL. hey ho pinching paine,
 PER. Or thriue in wealth, she shalbe mine.
 WILL. but if thou can her obtaine.
 PER. And if for gracelesse grieue I die,
 WILL. hey ho gracelesse grieue,
 PER. Witnesse, the flue me with her eye,
 WILL. let thy folly be the prife.
 PER. And you that saw it, simple sheepe,
 WILL. hey ho the faire flock,
 PER. For prife thereof, my death shall weepe,
 WILL. and none with many a mock.
 PER. So learn'd I loue on a holy cue,
 WILL. hey ho holy day,
 PER. That euer since my hart did grieue,
 WILL. now endeth our roundelay.

CVDDY.

Siker, sike a rounde neuer heard I none,
 Littlelacketh PERIGOT of the best,
 And WILLE is not greatly ouer-gone,
 So weren his vader-songs well adrest.

WILLY.

Heardgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye,
 Areoed vprightly, who has the victorie?

CVDDY.

Faith of my soule, I deeme each haue gained.
 For thy, let the Lambe be WILLY his owne:
 And for PERIGOT so well hath him pained,
 To him be the wroughten Mazer alone.

PERIGOT.

PERIGOT is well pleased with the doome:
 Ne can WILLY wite the witelesse heardgrome.

WILLY.

Neuer dempt more right of beautie I weene.
 The shepheard of *Ida*, that iudg'd beautes *Queene*.

CVDDY.

But tell me shepheards, should it not yshead
 Your roundels fresh, to heare a dolefull verse
 Of ROSALINDE, (who knows not ROSALINDE?)
 That COLIN made: ylike can I you rehearse.

PERIGOT.

Now say it CVDDY, as thou art a ladde:
 With mery thing its good to muddle sad.

WILLY.

Faith of my soule, thou shalt ycrowned be
 In COLINs steed, if thou this song arced:
 For neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,
 As him to heare, or matter of his deed.

CVDDY.

Then listen each vnto my heaue lay,
 And tuce your pipes as ruffull, as ye may.

YE waifull woods beare witnesse of my woe,
 Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:
 Ye carelesse birds are priuie to my cries,
 Which in your songs were wont to make apart:
 Thou pleasant spring hast luld me oft asleepe,
 Whose streams my trickling teares did oft augment.
 Resort of people doth my griefes augment,
 The walled townes doe worke my greater woe:
 The Forrest wide is fitter to resound
 The hollow Echo of my carefull cries,
 I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,
 Whose waifull wants debar mine eyes of sleepe.
 Let streames of teares supply the place of sleepe:
 Let all that sweetis, void: and all that may augment
 My dole, draw neere. More meet to waile my woe,
 Beene the wilde woods, my sorrowes to resound,
 Then bed, nor bowre, both which I fill with cries,
 When I them see so waste, and find no part
 Of pleasure past. Heere will I dwell apart
 In gaitfull grone therefore, till my last sleepe
 Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
 With sight of such as change my restlesse woe:
 Helpe me ye baneful birds, whose shrieking sound
 Is signe of dreery death, my deadly cries
 Most ruthfully to tune. And as my cries
 (Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
 You heare all night, when nature craeth sleepe,
 Increase, so let your yrksome yellis augment.
 Thus all the nights in plaints, the day in woe,
 I vowed haue to waste, till safe and sound
 She home returne, whose voices siluer sound
 To cheerfull songs can change my cheerelesse cries.
 Hence, with the Nightingale will I take part,
 That blessed bird, that spends her time of sleepe
 In songs and plaintiue pleas, the more t'augment
 The memory of his misdeed, that bred her woe.
 And you that feele no woe, when as the sound
 Of these my nightly cries ye heare apart,
 Let breake your soulder sleepe, and pittie augment.

PERIGOT.

O COLIN, COLIN, the shepheards ioy,
 how I admire each turning of thy verse:
 And CVDDY, fresh CVDDY, the liefest boy,
 how dolefull is his dole thou didst rehearse.

CVDDY.

Then blow your pipes shepheards, till you be at home:
 The night higheth fast, its time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

Vincenti gloria victi.

Willies Embleme.

Vinto non vitto.

Cuddies Embleme.

Felice chi puo.

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

Bestadde, disposed, ordered. *Peregall*, equall. *W'wilome*, once.
Raft, bereft, deprived. *Misfwent*, gone astray. *Ill may*, according
 to Virgill:

Infelix ô semper ovis percus.

A Mazer. So also doe Theocritus and Virgil feigne pledges of their strife.

Enchased, engraven. Such prettie descriptions euery where v'sth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause indeed, he by that name tearmeth his Aeglogues: for Idyllion in Greek, signifieth the shape or picture of any thing, where of his booke is full. And not as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called, not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Gods heards in them.

Entrailed, vvrought betwene.

Haruest Queene, The manner of country folke in haruest time.

Pouffe, Pease.

It fell vpon. Perigot maketh all his song in praise of his Loue, to whom Willy answereth euery vnder verse. By Perigot, vvho is meant, I cannot vvrightly say: but if it be, who is supposed his Loue, shee deserueth no lesse praise, then hee giueth her.

Greet, vweeping and complaint.

Chaplet, a kinde of Garland like a crowne.

Lenin, Lightning.

Cynthia, vvas said to be the Moone.

Cryde, pearced.

But if, not vnlesse.

Squint eye, partiall iudgement.

Each haue,

so saith Virgil:

Et vitula tu dignus, & hic &c.

Dooome, iudgement.

Dempr, for deemed, iudged.

Wite the witelesse, blame the blamelesse.

The shepheard of Ida, vvas said to be Paris.

Beauties Queene, Venus, to vvhom Paris a iudged the golden Apple, as the price of her beautie.

Embleme.

The meaning heereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesie claiming the conquest, and Willie not yeelding, Cuddie the Arbitrer of their cause, and Patron of his ovvne, seemeth to challenge it, as his due: saying, that he is happie vvhich can: so abruptly ending; but he meaneth either him, that can vvwin the best, or moderate himselfe beeing best, and leaue off with the best.

September.



Aegloga nona.

ARGUMENT.

Herein Diggon Davie is deuifed to be a shepheard, that in hope of more gaine, draue his sheepe into a farre countrey. The abuses whereof, & loofe liuing of popifh Prelates, by occafion of Hobbinols demaund, he difcourfeth at large.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON DAVIE.

DIGGON DAVIE, I bid her God day:
Or DIGGON her is, or I miffay.

DIGGON.

Her was her, while it was day light,
But now her is a moft wretched wight.
For day that was, is wightly paff,
And now at earft the darke night doth haf.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON, areede who has thee fo dight?
Nauer I wift thee in fo poore a plight.
Where is the faire flocke, thou wafst wont to leade?
Or been they chaffred? or at mifchiefe dead?

DIGGON.

Ah for looe of that, is to thee moft leefe,
HOBBINOLL, I pray thee gall not my old greefe:
Sike queftion rippeth vp caufe of new woe;
For one opened, mote vnfold many mo.

HOBBINOLL.

Nay, but forrow clofe shrowded in hart,
I knowe, to keepe is a burdenous fmart.
Each thing imparted, is more eath to beare:
When the raine is fallen, the clouds wax cleare:
And now fithence I faw thy head laft,
Thrice three Moones been fully fpent and paff:

Since when thou haft meafured much ground,
And wandred weele about the world round,
So as thou can many things relate:
But tell me firft of thy flocks eftate.

DIGGON.

My sheepe been wafsted, (woe is me therefore)
The iolly shepheard that was of yore,
Is now nor iolly, nor shepheard more.
In forreine coafths men laud, was plentie:
And fo there is, but all of mifery.
I dempt there much to haue eeked my ftore,
But fuch eeking hath made my hart fore.
In tho countreyes where I haue been,
No becing for thofe, that truly meane:
But for fuch as of guile maken gaine,
No fuch countrey as there to remaine.
They fetten to fale their ftrops of ftame,
And maken a marke: of their good name.
The shepheards there robben one another,
And layen bautes to beguile her brother.
Or they will buy his sheepe forth of the core,
Or they will caruen the shepheards throre.
The shepheards fwaine youe, euer will ken,
But it be by his pride, from other men:

They

They looken bigge, as Bulles that been bate,
And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As Cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranke,

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON, I am so stiffe and so stanke,
That vnneth may I stand any more:
And now the Westerne wind bloweth fore,
That is in his chiefe soueraigntee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree.
Sit we downe heere vnder the hill:
Tho may we talke and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustering blast:
Now say on DIGGON what euer thou hast.

DIGGON.

HOBBIN, ah HOBBIN, I curse the sound,
That euer I cast to haue lorne this ground.
Wele-away the while I was so fond,
To leaue the good, that I had in hand,
In hope of better that was vnouth:
So lost the dogge the best in his mouth.
My feely sheepe (ah feely sheepe)
That heereby there I whilome vide to keepe,
All were they lustie, as thou diddest see,
Been all sterued with pice and penurie:
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke paine,
Driuen for need to come home againe.

HOBBINOLL.

Ah son, now by thy losse art taught,
That seldom change the better brought.
Content who liues with tried state,
Need feare no change of frowning fate:
But who will seeke for vnknowne gaine,
Of liues by losse, and leaues with paine.

DIGGON.

I wote ne HOBBIN how I was bewitcht,
With vaine desire, and hope to be enricht.
But sicker so it is, as the bright starre,
Seemeth a greater, when it is farr:
I thought the soyle would haue made me rich:
But now I wote it is nothing fish.
For either the shepheards been idle and still,
And led of their sheepe, what way they will:
Or they been false, and full of coueise,
And casten to compasse many wrong Emprise.
But more been fraught with fraude and spight,
Ne in good nor goodnesse taken delight:
But kundle coales of cooteck and yre,
Wherewhen they set all the world on fire:
Which when they thinke againe to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench,
They say they con to heauen the high way:
But by my soule I doe vndersey,
They neuer set foote in that same trode,
But balke the right way, and strayen abroad.
They boast they han the diuell at commaund:
But aske them, therefore what they haue paund.
Mury that great PAN bought with great borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorrow.
But they han sold thilke same long agoe:
For they would draw with hem many moe.

But let hem gang alone a Gods name:
As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.

HOBBINOLL.

DREGON, I pray thee speake not so dirke,
Such myster saying mee seemeth to mirke.

DIGGON.

Then plainly to speake of shepheards most what:
Bad is the best (this English is flat)
Their ill hauour garmes men mislay,
Both of their doctrine, and their fay.
They lay the world is much war then it woont,
All for her shepheards is beauly and bloont,
Other faine, but how truly I note,
All for they holden shame of their cote.
Some sick not to fay (hate cole on her tongue)
That sike mischiefe grafeth hem among,
All for they casten too much of worlds care,
To decke her Dame, and enrich her heire:
For such encheafon, if you goe nic,
Few chimnyes reeken you shall epie:
The fat Oxe that woont ligge in the stall,
Is now fast stilled in her crumenall.

Thus chatten the people in their steads,
Ylike as a Monster of many heads,
But they that shooten nereest the prick,
Saine, other the fat from their beards doe licke.
For big Buls of Basan brace hem about,
That with their hornes butten the more stoute:
But the leane soules treaden vnder foote,
And to seeke redresse mought little boote:
For liker been they to pluck away more,
Then ought of the gotten good to restore.
For they been like foule wagnmoires ouergraft,
That if thy galage once sicketh fast,
The more to wynde it out thou doest winke,
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sinke,
Yet better leaue off with a litle losse,
Then by much wrestling to lese the grosse.

HOBBINOLL.

Now DIGGON, I see thou speakest too plaine:
Better it were, a litle to faine,
And cleanly couer that cannot be cured.
Such ill, as is forced, mought needs be endured,
But of sike Pastors how done the flockes creepe?

DIGGON.

Sike as the shepheards, sike been her sheepe,
For they will listen to the shepheards voice:
But if he call hem, at their good choice.
They wander at will, and stay at pleasure,
And to their folds yead at their owne leasure.
But they had be better come at their call:
For many han vnto mischiefe fall,
And been of rauenous vvolumes yrent,
All for they could be buxome and beat.

HOBBINOLL.

Fie on thee DIGGON, and all thy foule leasing,
Well is knowe that since the Sixon king,
Neuer was Woolfe seeme, many nor soime,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome:
But the fewer Wolues (the foote to faine,
The more been the Foxes that heere remaine,

DIGGON.

DIGGON.

Yes, but they gang in more secret wile,
And with sheeps clothing doen hem disguise.
They talke not widely as they were wont,
For feare of rangers and the great hount:
But priuily prolling to and fro,
Enaunter they mought beinly know.

HOBBINOLL.

Or priuie or pert if any bin,
We haue great bandogs will teare their skin.

DIGGON.

Indeed thy Ball is a bold bigge cur,
And could make a jolly hole in their fur.
But not good dogs hem needeth to chafe,
But heedy shepheards to discern their face:
For all their craft is in their countenance,
They been so graue, and full of maintenance.
But shall I tell thee what my selfe know,
Chaunced to ROFFIN not long yoe?

HOBBINOLL.

Say it out, DIGGON, what euer it hight,
For not but well mought him betright.
He is so meeke, wife, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is conuenable.
COLIN CLOYT I weene be his selfe boy,
(Ah for COLIN he whilome my ioy)
Shepheards sich, God mought vs many send,
That doen so carefully their flocks tend.

DIGGON.

Thilke same shepheard mought I well marke:
He has a dogge to bite or to barke,
Neuer had shepheard so ketnie a cur,
That waketh, and if but a leafe stir.
Whilom there woudd a wicked Wolfe,
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe,
And euer at night wont to repaire
Vnto the flock, when the Welkin shone faire,
Yclad in clothing of seely sheepe,
When the good old man vsed to sleepe.
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
(For he had est learned a cures call)
As if a Wolfe were among the sheepe.
With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,
And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To raunge the fields with open throte.
Tho when as Lowder was farre away,
This woluish sheepe would catchen his pray,
A Lambe, or a Kid, or a weanell wast:
With that to the wood would he speed him fast.
Long time he vsed this slippery prank,
Ere ROFFY could for his labour him thanke.
At end, the shepheard his practise spied,
(For ROFFY is wife, and as ARGY s'ied)
And when at euen he came to the flock,
Fast in their folds he did them locke,
And tooke out the Woolfe in his counterfeit cote,
And let out the sheeps blood at his throte.

HOBBINOLL.

Marry DIGGON, what should him affray

To take his owne where euer it lay?
For had his weatand been a little widdier,
He would haue deuoured both hidder and shidder.

DIGGON.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,
Too good for him had been a great deale wurse:
For it was a perillous beast aboue all,
And eke had he cond the shepheards call:
And oft in the night came to the sheepecote,
And called Lowder, with a hollowe throte,
As if the old mans selfe had been,
The dogge his maisters voice did it ween,
Yet halfe in doubt he opened the doore,
And ranne out, as he was wont of yore,
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
Fast by the hilde the Wolfe Lowder caught:
And had not ROFFY renne to the steuen,
Lowder had been flaine thilke same euen.

HOBBINOLL.

God shield man, he should so ill hauetruie,
All for he did his deuoir better.
If sike been Wolues, as thou hast told,
How mought we, DIGGON, hem behold.

DIGGON.

How, but with heed and watchfulnesse,
Forstallen hem of their wilnesse?
For thy with shepheard fittes nor play,
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:
But euer ligen in watch and ward,
From suddaine force their flocks for to gard.

HOBBINOLL.

Ah DIGGON, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to watch and waite,
We bene of flesh, men as other bee,
Why should we be bound so such miserie?
What-euer thing lacketh changeable rest,
Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

DIGGON.

Ah, but HOBBINOLL, all this long tale
Nought caseth the care, that doth me forhaile,
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
My pitious plight and losse to amend?
Ah good HOBBINOLL, mought I thee pray,
Of ayde or counsell in my decay.

HOBBINOLL.

Now by my soule, DIGGON, I lament
The haplesse mischiefe, that has thee hent:
Nethelesse thou seest my lowly faile,
That froward fortune doth euer auail.
But were HOBBINOLL, as God mought please,
DIGGON should soone find fauour and ease.
But if to my cottage thou wilt resort,
So as I can, I will thee comfort:
There maist thou ligen in a yetchy bed,
Till fairer Fortune shew forth his head.

DIGGON.

Ah HOBBINOLL, God mought it thee requite,
DIGGON on few such friends did euer lit.

Diggon's Embleme.

Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

The Dialect and phraſe of ſpeech in this Dialogue, ſeemeth ſomevvhat to differ from the common. The cauſe vvhereof is ſuppoſed to be, by ocaſion of the partie heerein meant, vvho becing verie friend to the Authour heereof, had bene long in forcine countries, and there ſeene many diſorders, vvich he heere recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her, Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to pray, vvhercof cōmcth beads for prayers; and ſo they ſay, To bidde his beades. ſ. to ſay his prayers.

Wightly, quickly, or ſuddainly. *Chaffred*, ſold. *Deſt at miſchiefe*, an vnſuall ſpeech, but much vſurped of Lidgate, and ſometime of Chaucer.

Leeſe, Deare. *Ethe*, calie. *Thrice three Moones*, nine Moneths. *Meaſured*, for trauailed.

Wae, vvoe. Northernly. *Eeked*, encreaſed. *Carnen*, cut. *Kenne*, knowe. *Cragge*, necke. *State*, ſtoutly. *Stanke*, vvearie or faint.

And now, he applieth it to the time of the yeere, vvich is in the end of harueſt, vvich they call the fall of the leaſe: at vvich time the Weſterne wind beareth moſt ſway.

A mocke, Imitating Horace, *Debes ludibrium ventie*.

Lorne, left. *Soots*, ſvveet. *Vncomth*, vnknowne. *Heerby*, there, heere and there.

As the bright, tranſlated out of Mantuan. *Empriſe*, for enterpriſe. Per Syncepen.

Contecke, ſtriſe. *Trode*, path.

Marris that, that is, their foules, vvich by Popiſh Exorcifmes and practiſes they damne to hell.

Blacks, hell. *Gang*, goe. *Miſter*, maner. *Mirke*, obſcure. *Warre*, worſe. *Crumenall*, purſe. *Brace*, compaſſe. *Encheſon*, ocaſion. *Ouergraſt*, ouergrowne vvith graſſe. *Galage*, ſhooe. *The groſſe*, the vvhole.

Buxome and bent, meeke and obedient.

Saxon King. King Edgar that raigned here in Britannie in the yeere of our Lord. VVhich King cauſed all the VVolves, vvhercof then vv as ſtore in this country, by a proper policie to be deſtroied. So as neuer ſince that time, there haue been Wolves heere found, vnleſſe they vv ere brought from other countries. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for ſaying that there be VVolves in England.

Nor in Chriſtendome. This ſaying ſeemeth to be ſtrange and vnreaſonable: but indeed it vv as vv ont to be an old prouerbe and common phraſe. The originall whereof vv as, for that the moſt part of England in the raigne of King Ethelbert was chriſtened, Kent onely except, vvich remained long after in miſbeliefe, and vnchriſtened: So that Kent vv as counted no part of Chriſtendome.

Great hunt. Executing of lawes and iuſtice.

Enaunter, leall that. *Inly*, invvardly: aforſaid.

Priuy or pert, openly ſaith Chaucer.

Roffy, the name of a ſhepherd in Marot his Aeglogue of Robin & the King. Whō he heere commendeth for great care and wiſe gouernance of his flock.

Colin Clout. Now I thinke no man doubteth, but by Colin is meant the Authors ſeſe, vvhoſe ſpeciall good friend Hobbinoll ſaith hee is, or more rightly Maifter

Gabriell Haruey: of vvhose especial commendation, as well in Poetrie as Rhetoricke and other choice learning, vvee haue lately had a sufficient triall in diuers his vvorks, but specially in his *Musarum Lacryme*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdinensium*: vvhich booke in the progresse at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in writing to her Maiestie; afterward, presenting the same in print to her Highnesse at the worshipfull Maister Capels in Hertfordshire. Beside other his sundry most rare and very notable writings, partly vnder vnknowne titles, and partly vnder counterfeit names: as his *Tyrannomastix*, his *Old Natalitia*, his *Rameidos*, and especially that part of *Philomusus*, his diuine *Anticosmopolita*, and diuers other of like importance. As also by the name of other shepheards, he couereth the persons of diuers other his familiar friends and best acquaintance.

This tale of Roffy, seemeth to colour some particular action of his. But vvhat, I certainly know not.

Wonned, haunted.

Welkin, skye, aforesaid.

A weaned waste, a weaned youngling.

Hidder and shidder, he and she, Male and Female.

Stenen, noise.

Belime, quickly.

What euer, Ouids verse translated:

Quod caret alterna requie, durable non est.

Forebaile, draw or distresse.

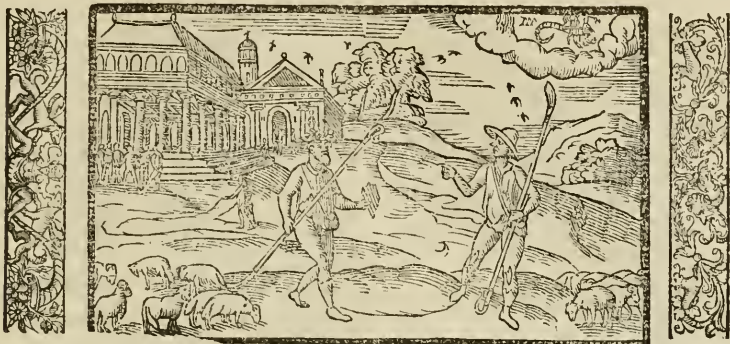
Veechie, of Pease straw.

Embleme.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ouid. For when the foolish boy by beholding his face in the brooke, fell in loue with his owne likenesse: and not able to content himselfe with much looking thereon, he cried out, that plentie made him poore, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sense. But Diggon vseth it to other purpose, as who that by triall of many waies, had found the worst, & through great plenty was fallen into penury. This Poësie I know, to haue been much vsed of the Authour, and to such like effect, as first Narcissus spake it.



October.



☞ *Aegloga decima.*

ARGUMENT.

IN Cuddy is set out the perfect paterne of a Poet, which finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: specially having bene in all ages, and euen amongst the most barbarous, alwaies of singular account and honour, and being indeed so worthy and comendable an art; or rather no art, but a diuine gift and heauenly instinct, not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine *Enthousiasmos*, and celestiall inspiration, as the Author heereof elswhere at large discourseth in his booke called the English Poet: which booke being lately come to my hands, I mind also by Gods grace, vpon further aduisement to publish.

PIERS.

CVDDY, for shame hold vp thy heauie head,
And let vs cast with what delight to chace,
And wearie this long lingring *PHOEBVS* race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards lads to lead,
In rimes, in riddles, and in bidding bafe:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.

CVDDY.

PIERS, I haue piped earst so long with paine,
That all mine Oaten reedes been rent and wore:
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gaine.
Such pleasure makes the Grasshopper so poore,
And ligge so laid, when Winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties that I wont devise,
To feed youthes fanfic, and the flocking fry,

CVDDY.

Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They han the pleasure, a slender prise.
I beat the bush, the birds to them doe flie:
What good thereof to CVDDY can arise?

PIERS.

CVDDY, the praise is better, then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gaine:
O what an honour is it, to restrain
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice?
Or pricke them forth with pleasure of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trained willes entice.

Soone as thou ginst to set thy notes in frame,
O how the rural routs to thee do cleave!
Seemeth tho doost their soule of sense bereaue,
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame

From **PLVTOES** balefull Bowre withouten leau:
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

CYDDY.

So prayen babes the Peacocks spotted traine,
And wondren at bright **ARGVS** blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye,
Sike words been winde, and waften soone in vaine.

PIERS.

Abandon then the base and viler clowe,
Lift vp thy selfe out of the lowly dust:
And sing of bloody **MARS**, of warres, of gusts,
Turne thee to those, that weld the awfull crowne,
To doubted knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes vnbruzed, wexen daily browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttering wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:
Whither thou list in faire **ELISA** rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Aduance the worthy whom she loueth best,
That first the white Beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds,
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:
Of loue and lustiehead the maist thou sing,
And carroll lowde, and lead the Millers round,
All were **ELISA** one of thulke fame ring,
So mought our **CYDDIES** name to heauen sound.

CYDDY.

Indeed the Romish **TITIVVS**, I heare,
Through his **MECOENA**s left his Oaten reed,
Whercon he earst had taught his flocks to feed,
And laboured lands to yeeld the timely care,
And est did sing of warres and deadly dreed,
So as the heauens did quake his verse to heare.

But ah! **MECOENA**s is yclad in clay,
And great **AVGVSTVS** long yge is dead:
And all the Worthies ligen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for Poets on to play.
For euer, who in derring doe were dead,
The lostie verse of hem was loued aye.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mighty manhood brought a bedde of ease:
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
To put in preace among the learned troupe:
Tho gan the streames of flowing wits to cease,
And sunbright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any budde of Poëtic,
Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote againe:

Or it mens follies more to force to faine,
And roll with rest in rimes of ribaudy:
Or as it sprung, it wither must againe:
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

PIERS.

O peerlesse poëtic, where is then thy place?
If not in Princes palace thou doost sit
(And yet is Princes palace the most fit)
Ne breift of baser birth doth thee in brace:
Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wir,
And, whence thou camst, sic back to heauen apace.

CYDDY.

Ah **PERCY**, it is all too weake and wanne,
So high to fore and make so large a flight:
Her peeced pinecons been not so in plight,
For **COLIN** fits such famous flight to canne:
He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

PIERS.

Ah son, for loue does teach him climbe so hie,
And lifts him vp out of the loathsome mire:
Such immortall mirror, as he doth admire,
Would raise ones minde about the starry skie,
And cause a caitiue courage to aspire:
For lostie loue doth lothe a lowly eye.

CYDDY.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly loue is such a tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell,
The vaunted verse a vacant head demands,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell:
Vnwisely weaues, that takes two webs in hand.

Who euer casts to compasse waightie prise,
And thinks to throwe out thundring words of threat:
Let powre in lawish cups and thrifite bits ofmeate.
For **BACCHVS** fruit is friend to **PHOEBVS** wife:
And when with Wine the braine begins to swat,
The numbers flowe as fast as spring doth rife.

Thou'kenst not **PERCIE** how the rime should rage,
O if my temples were distaind with wine,
And girt in Girlonds of wilde luic twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint **BELLONA** in her equipage.

But ah, my courage cooles ere it be warme,
For thy content vs in this humble shade:
Where no such troublous tides han vs affride,
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

PIERS.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies laide,
CYDDY shall haue a Kiddle to store his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.
Agitante calefcimus illo, &c.

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his 16 Idilion, wherein hee reproved the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his niggardise toward Poets, in vvhom is the povver to make men immortall for their good deedes, or shamefull for their naughtie life. And the like also is in Mantuane. The like heereof, as also that in Theocritus, is more loftie then the rest, and applied to the height of poeticall wit.

Cuddy. I doubt vvether by Cuddy be specified the Authours selfe, or some other. For in the eight Aeglogue the same person vvvas brought in, singing a Cansion of Colins making, as he saith. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

Whylome, sometime.

Oaten reedes, Auenæ.

Ligge so laid, lye so faint and vnlustic.

Dapper, pretie.

Frye, is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes, for the multitude of young fish be called the Frye.

To reframe. This place seemeth to conspire vvith Plato, vvho in his first booke de *Legibus* saith, that the first inuention of Poetrie vvvas of very vertuous intent. For at vvhat time an infinit number of youth vsually came to their great solemne feastes called Panegyrica, vvwhich they vsed every five yeares to hold, some learned man beeing more able then the rest, for speciall gifts of vvit and Musick, vvould take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in praise either of vertue or of victorie, or of immortalitie, or suchlike. At vvhose vvonderfull gift all men beeing astonished, and as it vvwere rauished vvith delight, thinking (as it vvvas indeed) that he vvvas inspired from aboue, called him *Vatem*: vvwhich kinde of men aftervvvard, framing their verses to lighter musick (as of Musicke there be many kinds, some sadder, some lighter, some marriall, some heroicall: and so diuerly eke affect the minds of men) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some playing vvith loue, some scorning at mens fashions, some powred out in pleasure, & so were called Poets, or makers.

Sensebereaué. What the secret vvorking of musick is in the minds of men, as well appeareth heereby, that some of the ancient Philosophers, and those the most vvise, as Plato and Pythagoras, held for opinion, that the mind vvvas made of a certain harmonic and musicall numbers, for the great compassion, and likenesse of affection in the one and the other, as also by that memorable history of Alexander: to vvhom vvhen as Timotheus the great Musician played the Phrygian melody, it is said that he vvvas distraught vvith such vnwonted furie, that straightvvay rising from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to go to vvvar (for that musick is very vvvar-like.) And immediatly, vvhen as the Musitian changed his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he vvvas so far from vvarring, that he sat as still, as if he had been in matters of counsell. Such might is in musick. Wherefore Plato and Aristotle, forbid the Arabian Melody from children and youth. For that being altogether on the fifth and seauenth tone, it is of great force to mollifie and quench the kindly courage, vvwhich vseth to burne in our young breasts. So that it is not incredible vvwhich the Poet heere saith, that the musick can becaue the soule of sense.

The shepherd that, Orpheus: of vvhom it is said, that by his excellent skil in Musick and Poetry, he recovered his vvife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes. Of Argus is before said, that Iuno to him committed her husband Iupiter his Paragon Io, because he had an hundred eyes: but afterward Mercurie vvith his musick lulled Argus asleep, slevv him, and brought Io avvay; vvwhose eyes it is said that Iuno for his eternall memory, placed in her byrd the Peacocks taile, for those coloured spots indeed resemble eyes.

Wound-

Woundlesse armour, vnwounded in war, do rust through long peace.

Display. A poeticall metaphore, vv hereof the meaning is, that if the Poet list shew his skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely *Aeglogue*, good occasion is him offered of higher veine and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gracious Soueraigne, vv whom (as before) he calleth *Elihu*. Or if matter of knighthood and chiuallry please him better, that there be many noble and valiant men, that are both vvorthy of his paines in their deserued praises, and also fauourers of his skill and facultie.

The worthy, he meaneth (as I ghesse) the most honorable and renowned the Earle of Leicester, vv whom by his cognifance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bewraith, being not likly that the names of vvorthy Princes be known to countrey clownes.

Slack, that is, vvhen thou changeft thy verse to stately course, to matter of more pleasance and delight.

The Millers, a kind of daunce.

Ring, company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus, vvell knevv noble Virgil, vvho by Mecenas meanes vv as brought into the fauour of the Emperour Augustus, and by him mooued to write in loftier kind, then he earst had done.

Whereon: in these three verses are the three feuerall vvorks of Virgil intended, for in teaching his flock to feed, is meant his *Aeglogue*. In labouring of lands, is his *Georgiques*. In singing of vvares and deadly dread, is his diuine *Aeneis* figured.

In derring do, in manhood and chiuallrie.

For euer. He sheweth the cause vvhy Poets vv ere wont to be had in such honour of noble men, that is, that by them their vv oorthinesse and valour should through their famous poesies be commended to all posterities. Wherefore it is said, that Achilles had neuer been so famous, as he is, but for Homers immortal verses, which is the onely aduantage, which he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great, comming to his tombe in Sigues, vvith naturall teares blessed him, that euer it vv as his hap to be honoured with so excellent a Poets vv orke, as so renowned & ennobled onely by his meane. VVhich being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse worthily set forth in a Sonnet.

Giunto Alessandro à la famosa tomba,

Del fero Achillo sospirando disse

O fortunato che si chiaro tromba Trouasti, &c.

And that such account hath been alway made of Poets, as vv ell sheweth this, that the vvorthy Scipio in all his vv arres against Carthage and Numantia, had euermore in his company, and that in most familiar sort, the good old Poet Ennius: as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, vvhen he was enformed, that the famous Lyrick poet Pindarus vv as borne in that City, not onely commaunded straightly, that no man should vpon paine of death, do any violenceto that house, or othervvise: but also specially spared most, and some highly reuwarded that vv ere of his kinne. So fauoured he the onely name of a Poet. Which praise otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, then when he came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, whom he lately had ouerthrowne, he found in a little coffer of siluer the two bookes of Homers vvorks, as laid vp there for speciall Jewels & riches: vv hich he taking thence, put one of them daily in his bosome, and the other euer night lay vnder his pillow. Such honour haue Poets alwaies found in the sight of Princes & noble men, which this Authour heere very well sheweth, as else where more notably.

But after: he sheweth the cause of contempt of poetrie to be idleness and baseness

nelle of mind.

Pent, shut vp in sloth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom Piper, an ironicall Sarcastimus, spoken in derision of these rude vvits, vvwhich make more account of a ryming ribaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and iudgement.

Ne brest, the meaner sort of men.

Her peeceed pinions, vnperfect skill :

Spoken vvith humble modestie.

As foote as Swanne. The comparison seemeth to be strange : for the swan hath euer vvonne small commendation for her svveet singing : but it is said of the learned, that the Swanne a little before her death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophesying by a secret instinct her neere destinie, as vvell saith the Poet elswhere in one of his Sonets :

The siluer Svvan doth sing before her dying day,

As she that feelles the deep delight that is in death, &c.

Immortal mirroure, Beautie, vvwhich is an excellent obiect of poeticall spirits, as appeareth by the vvorthy Petrarch, saying :

Florir facena il mio debile ingegno.

Ala sua ombra, & crescer ne gli affanni.

A caytine courage, A bafe and abiect mind.

For lostie lone. I thinke this playing vvith the letter, be rather a fault then a figure, as vvell in our English tongue, as it hath been alvaies in the Latin, called *Cacozelon*.

A vacant, imitareth Mantuans saying, *Vacuum curis diuina cerebrum P'escit.*

Lauisto cups, Resembleth the common verse, *Fecundi calices que non fecere disertu.*

O of my: he seemeth heere to be rauished vvith a poeticall furie. For (if one rightly marke) the numbers rise so full, and the verse growveth so bigge, that it seemeth hee had forgot the meannesse of shepheards state and stile.

Wild Iuie: for it is dedicate to Bacchus, and therefore it is said, that the Mænades (that is, Bacchus frantick priests) vsed in their sacrifice to carrie Thyrsos, which were pointed staues or Iauelins, vvrapped about with Iuie.

In buskin. It vvas the manner of poets and players in Tragedies, to vvere buskins, as also in Comedies to vse socks and light shoes. So that the buskin in poeetrie, is vsed for tragicall matter, as is said in Virgill, *Sola Sophocleo tua caruina digna cothurno*. And the like in Horace, *Magnum loqui, nuique cothurno*.

Queint, strange. Bellona the goddesse of battell, that is Pallas: vvwhich may therefore vvell be called queint, for that (as Lucian saith) vvhen Iupiter her father vvas in trauaile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcan with his axe to heau his head. Out of vvwhich leaped out lustily a valiant Damselfe armed at all points : vvhom Vulcan seeing so faire and comely, lightly leaping to her, proffered her some curtesie, vvwhich the Lady disdainig, shaked her speare at him, and threatned his saucinesse. Therefore such strangenesse is vvell applied to her.

Equipage, order.

Tydes, seasons.

Charme, temper and order. For charmes vvere wont to be made by verses, as Ouid saith: *Aut si carminibus*.

Embleme.

Heereby is meant, as also in the vvhole course of this *Eglogue*, that poeetrie is a diuine instinct, and vvnatural rage passing the reach of common reason. Whom Piers answereth *lipiphonematicos*, as admitting the excellencie of the skill, whercof in Cuddie he had already had a taste.

November.



Aegloga vndecima.

ARGUMENT.

IN this xi. Aeglogue hee bewaileth the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secret, and to me altogether vnknowne, albeit of himselfe I often required the same. This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which hee made vpon the death of Loyes the French Queene. But farre passing his reach, and in mine opinion, all other the Aeglogues of this booke.

THENOT.

COLIN, my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou wert wont, songs of some iouissance?
Thy Muse too long slumbreth in sorrowing,
Lulled asleepe through loues misgouernaunce,
Now somewhat sing, whose endlesse souenaunce,
Among the shepherds swaines may aye remaine:
Whether thee list thy loued Lasse aduaunce,
Or honour PAN with hymnes of higher vaine.

COLIN.

THENOT, now tis the time of mery-make,
Nor PAN to herie, nor with loue to play:
Sike mirth in May is meetest for to make,
Or Sommer shade, vnder the cocked hay.
But now sad Winter welked hath the day,
And PHOEBVS weary of his ycerly taske,
Ystablisht hath his steeds in lowly lay,
And taken vp his Inne in Fishes haske,
Thilke sullen season sadder plight doth aske,
And loatheth sike delights, as thou doost praise:
The mournfull Muse in mirth now list ne maske,
As she was wont in youngth and sommer dayes,
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of loue to vnder song:

COLIN.

Who but thy selfe deserues like Poets praise:
Relieue thy Oaten pypes, that sleepe long.

THENOT.

The Nightingale is soueraigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmouse silent be:
And I, vsit to thrust in skilfull throng,
Should COLIN make iudge of my foolerie:
Nay; better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And had been watted at the Muses well:
The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if sad winters wrath, and feason chill,
Accord not with thy Muses meriment:
To sadder times thou maist attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrow and deaths drecrement.
For dead is DIDO, dead alas and dirent,
DIDO the great shepard his daughter sheene:
The fairest May she was that ever went,
Her like she has not left behind I weene.
And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull teene,
I shall thee giue yond Coffet for thy paine:
And if thy rymes as round and ruffull been,
As those that did thy ROSALINDE complaine,

Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gaine,
Then Kid or Collet, which I thee benempt:
Then vp I say, thou iolly shepheard swaine.
Let not my small demand be fo contempt,

COLIN.

T H E N O T, to that I chose, thou dost me tempt,
But ah! too vvell I wote, my humble vaine,
And how my rimes been rugged and vnkempt:
Yet as I con, my cunning I will straine.

V P then MELPOMENE, the mournfull Muse of
Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afore: (nine,
Vp grisly ghosts, and vp my ruffull rime,
Matter of mirth now shalt thou haue no more:
For dead she is, that murth thee made of yore,

D I D o my deare, alas is dead,
Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead:

O heaue herfe,

Let streaming teares be poured out in store:
O carefull verse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abide,

Waile ye this wofull waste of Natures warke:

Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pride:

Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke.

The sunne of all the world is dimme and darke:

The earth now lacks her wonted light,

And all we dwell in deadly night:

O heaue herfe,

Breake we our pipes, that shrill as loude as Larke,

O carefull verse.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)

Whose better daies death hath shut vp in woe?

The fairest floure our girlond all among,

Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.

Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no mo

The songs that COLIN made you in her praise,

But into weeping turne your wanton layes.

O heaue herfe:

Now is time to die. Nay, time was long ygoe,

O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flowret of the field doth fade,

And lyeth buried long in Winters bale?

Yet soone as Spring his mantle doth display,

It flowreth fresh, as it should neuer faile,

But thing on earth that is of most auaile,

As vertues branch and beauties bud,

Reliuen not for any good.

O heaue herfe,

The branch once dead, the bud eke needs must quail,

O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a wofull word to saie)

For beauties prauise and pleasure had no peere:

So well the couth the shepheards entertaine,

With cakes and cracknells, and such countrey cheere,

Ne would the scorn the simple shepheards swaine:

For she would kill him often heaue,

And giue him Curds and clouted Creame,

O heaue herfe:

Als COLIN CLOUT she would not once disdaie,

O carefull verse.

But now sike happy cheere is turnd to heauey chaunce,

Such pleasure now displast by dolours dint:

All Musicke sleepes, where death doth lead the daunce,

And shepheards wonted to lace is extinct.

The blewie in blacke, the greene in gray is tint:

The gaudy girlonds deckt her graue,

The faded floures her Corse embraue,

O heaue herfe,

Mourne now my Muse, now mourne with teares be present,

O carefull verse.

O thou great shepheard LOBBIN, how great is thy

Where bin the nosegayes that she dyght for thee? (griefe)

The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,

The knotted rush-rings, and gilt Rosemarie?

For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.

Ah, they been all yclad in clay,

One bitter blast blew all away.

O heaue herfe,

Thereof nought remains but the memoree,

O carefull verse.

Aye me that dreerie death should strike so mortal stroke,

That can vndoe Dame Natures kindly course:

The faded locks fall from the lostie Oke,

The flouds do gaspe, for dryed is their fource,

And flouds of teares flow in their stead performe.

The mantled medowes mourne,

Their sundry colours tounne.

O heaue herfe,

The heaueus doe melt in teares without remorse,

O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,

And hang their heads, as they would learne to weepe:

The beaits in Forrest waile as they were woode,

Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring sheepe:

Now shee is gone that safely did hem keepe.

The Turtle on the bared branch,

Lamepts the wound, that death did launch,

O heaue herfe:

And PHLOMELLE her song with teares doth steepe,

O carefull verse.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing & daunce,

And for her glond Olive branches beare,

Now balefull boughs of Cypres done aduance:

The Muses that were wont greene bayes to weare,

Now bidden bitter Eldre branches seare:

The small sisters eke repent,

Her vitall threed so soone was spent.

O heaue herfe,

Mourne now my Muse, now mourne with heauey cheare,

O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope

Of mortall men, that twinke and sweat for nought,

And

And shooting wide, doth misse the marked scope:
 Now haue I leard (a lesson decerly bought)
 That nis on earth assurance to be sought:
 For what might be in earthly mould,
 That did her buried body bound?
 O heaue herse,
 Yet saw I on the beere when it was brought,
 O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
 And gates of hell, and fiere furies force:
 She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
 Her soule vn bodied of the burdenous corpe.
 Why then weepes **L O B B I N** so without remore?
 O **L O B B**, thy losse no longer lament,
 D **I D O** nis dead, but into heauen hent:
 O happy herse,
 Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes source,
 O ioyfull verse.

Why waile we then? why wearie we the gods with plaints,
 As if some cuill were to her betight?
 Shee raignes a goddesse now among the Saints,
 That whilome was the saint of shepheards light:
 And is entalled now in heauens hight.
 I see the blessed soule, I see,
 Walke in *Elysian* fields so free.
 O happy herse,
 Mig it I once come to thee (O that I might)
 O ioyfull verse.

Vnwife and wretched men to weet whats good or ill,
 We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert:
 But knew we foolcs, what it vs brings vntill
 Die would we daily, once it to expert.
 No danger there the shepherd can affer:
 Faire fields and pleasant layes there beene,
 The fields aye fresh, the grasse aye greene:
 O happy herse,
 Make haste ye shepheards, thither to reuert,
 O ioyfull verse.

D **I D O** is gone afore (whose turne shall be the next)
 There liues she with the blessed Gods in blisse:
 There drinks the *Nectar* with *Ambrosia* mixt,
 And ioyes enioyes, that mortall men doe misse.
 The honour now of highest God she is,
 That whilome was poore shepheards pride:
 While heere on earth she did abide,
 O happy herse,
 Cease now my long, my woe now waisted is,
 O ioyfull verse.

T H E N O Y
 Aye franke shepherd, how been thy verses meist
 With dolefull pleasure, so as I ne wotte,
 Whether reioyce or weepe for great constraint?
 Thine be the Coffer, vrell haft thou it gotte.
 Vp **C O L I N**, vp, ynough thou mournd hast:
 Now giues to mizzle, hic we homeward fast.

Colins Embleme.
La mort my mord.

GLOSSE.

*Iouy*saunce, mirth. *Souen*nanee, remembrance. *Herie*, honour.
Welked, thortned or empayred. As the Moone beeing in the vane, is said
 of Lidgate to vvelk.

In lowly lay, according to the season of the moneth of Nouember, when the Sunne
 draweth louve in the South, toward the Tropick or returne.

In fishes haske, the Sun raigned, that is, in the signe Pifces, all Nouember: a haske
 is a wicker ped, wherein they vse to carry fish.

Virelayes, a light kind of song.

Bewetred: for it is a saying of Poets, that they haue drunke of the Muses Well, *Ca-*
stalias, vvhreeof was before sufficiently said.

Dreiment, dreery and heaue cheere.

The great shepheard, is some man of high degree, and not as some vainly suppose,
 God Pan. The person both of the shepheard and of Dido is vnknowne, and closely
 buried in the Authours conceit. But out of doubt I am, that it is not *Rosalinde*, as
 some imagine: for he speaketh soone after of her also.

Sheene, faire and shining.

May, for mayde.

Teens, sorrow.

Guerdon, reward.

Bynempt, bequeathed.

Coffer,

Coffet, a lambe brought vp vvithout the damme. *Vukempts*, Incompti. Not combed, that is, rude and vnhandfome.

Melpomene. The sad and vvailefull Muse, vsed of Poets in honour & Tragedies: as saith Virgil;

Melpomene tragico proclamat mæsta boatu.

Vp grieisly ghosts. The manner of the tragicall Poets, to call for helpe of Furies & damned ghosts: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the rest of the rest.

Herse, is the solemne obsequie in funeralls.

Waste of, decay of so beautifull a peece. *Carke*, care.

Ab voby, an elegant Epanorthosis, as also soone after. Nay time was long ago.

Florer, a diminutive for a little flowre. This is a notable and sententious comparison, *A minore ad maius*.

Reline not, liue not againe .i. not in their earthly bodies: for in heauen they receiue their due reward.

The branch. He meaneth Dido: vvhoe beeing as it vvere the maine branch nowv withered; the buds, that is, beautie (as he said afore) can no more flourish.

Wish cakes, fit for shepherds bankets.

Heame, for home, after the Northern pronouncing.

Tint, dyed or stained.

The gaudie. The meaning is, that the things which vvere the ornaments of her life, are made the honour of her funerall, as is vsed in burials.

Lobbin, the name of a shepheard, vvhich seemeth to haue been the louer and deere friend of Dido.

Rush-rings, agreeable for such base gifts.

Faded locks, dried leaues. As if Nature her selfe bewailed the death of the Mayde.

Sourse, spring. *Mantled Medowes*, for the sundry flovvvers are like a mantle or couerlet vvrought vvith many colours.

Philomele, the Nightingale. Whom the Poets faine once to haue been a Lady of great beautie, till being rauished by her sisters husband, she desired to be turned into a birde of her name: whose complaints be very well set forth of M. George Gascoine a wittie gentleman, & the verie chiefe of our laterimers: who & if some parts of learning vvanted not (albe it is vvell knowne hee altogether vvanted not learning) no doubt would haue attained to the excellencie of those famous Poets. For, gifts of vvitt, and naturall promptnesse, appeare in him abundantly.

Cypres, vsed of the old paynims in the furnishing of their funerall pompe, and properly the signe of all sorrov and heauinesse.

The fatall sisters, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, daughters of Herebus and the Night, vvhom the Poets faine to spinne the life of man, as it were a long thred, vvhich they draw out in length, till his fatall houre and timely death be come; but if by otherv casualtie his daies be abridged, then one of the, that is, Atropos, is said to haue cut the thred in twaine. Heereof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum bannat, Lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.

O trustlesse. A gallanreclamation moralized vvith great vvifedom, and passionate vvith great affection.

Beere, a frame, vvhereon they vse to lay the dead corps.

Furies, of Poets are faine to be three, Persephone, Alecto, and Megera, vvhich are said to be the Authors of all euill and mischiefe.

F.

Eternall

Eternall night, is death, or darknesse of hell.

Betwixt, happened.

I see. A liuely Icon or presentation, as if he saw her in heauen present.

Elysian fields, be deuised of Poets to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, vvhether the happy soules doe rest in peace and cternall happinesse.

Die would, the very expresse saying of Plato in Phædone.

Aster, befall vvvvares.

Nectar and Ambrosia, be fained to be the drinke and food of the Gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture, and Nectar to be vvwhite like creame, vvwhereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stained the heauens, as yet appeareth. But I haue already discoursed that at large in my Cōmentary vpon the dreames of the same Author.

Meynt, mingled.

Embleme.

Which is as much to say, as death byteth not. For although by course of nature vve be borne to die, and beeing ripened vvith age, as vvith timely haruest, we must be gathered in time, or else of our selues vve fall like rotted ripe fruite from the tree: yet death is not to be counted for euill, nor (as the Poet said before) as doome of ill desert. For though the trespassse of the first man brought death into the vvorld, as the guerdon of sinne, yet beeing overcome by the death of one that died for all, it is now made (as Chaucer saith) the greene pathway of life. So that it agreeth vvell vvith that vvvas said, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.





Ægloga duodecima.

ARGUMENT.

THis Æglogue (euen as the first beganne) is ended with a complaint of Colin to God Pan: wherein, as wearie of his former waies, he proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeere, comparing his youth to the Spring time, vvhhen he was fresh and free from loues follie. His manhood to the Sommer, which he saith, was consumed with great heate & excessiue drouth, caused through a Comet or blazing starre, by which hee meaneth loue, which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heate, his ripest yeeres he resembleth to an vnseasonable haruest, wherein the fruits fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to Winters chill and frostie season, now drawing neere to his last end.

THe gentle shepheard fate besides a spring,
 All in the shadow of a bushie Breere,
 That Colin might, which well could pipe and
 For he of TITVRVS his songs did lere. (sing,
 There as he fate in secret shade alone,
 Thus gaue he make of loue his pitious moone.

O soueraigne PAN, thou God of shepherds all,
 Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe:
 And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,
 Dooft saue from mischief the vnwarie sheepe.
 Als of their waiters hast no lesse regard
 Then of the flocks, which thou doost watch and ward:

I thee beseech (so be thou deigne to heare,
 Rude ditties, tunde to shepherds Oaten reed,
 Or if I euer Sonnet sung so cleare,
 As it with pleasure mought thy fancie feed)
 Harken awhile from thy greene Cabinet,
 The lawrell song of carefull COLINET.

Whilome in youth, when flow'd my youthfull spring,
 Like swallow swift, I wandred here and there:
 For heat of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
 That I of doubted danger had no feare.
 I went the wastfull woods and Forrest wide,
 Withouten dread of Wolues to be enspide.

I went to range amid the mazie thicket,
 And gather nuts to make me Christmas game:
 And ioyed oft to chase the trembling Pricker,
 Or hunt the hartlesse Hare, till she were tame.
 What recked I of wintry ages wast?
 Tho deemed I my spring would euer last.

How often haue I scald the craggie Oke,
 All to dislodge the Raven of her nest?
 How haue I wearied with many a stroke,
 The stately Walnut-tree, the while the rest
 Vnder the tree fell all for nuts at strife?
 For ylike to me, was libertie and life.

F 2.

And

And for I was in thilke same loofer yeeres,
(Whether the Muse, so wrought me from my birth;
Or I too much belieu'd my shepheards peeres)
Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth.

A good old shephard, WRENOC was his name,
Made me by art more cunning in the faine.

From thence I durst in derring to compare
With shepheards swaine, what-euer fed in field:
And if that H O B B I N O L L right iudgement bare,
To P A N his owne selfe pipe I need not yeeld.

For if the flocking Nymphes did follow P A N,
The wifer Muses after C O L I N ran.

But ah such pride at length was ill repaid,
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasance did me ill vpbraid,
My freedome lorne, my life he left to none.

Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,
But better thought they haue behote him Hate.

Tho gan my louely spring bid me farewell,
And summer season sped him to display
(For loue then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fire, that kindled at his ray.

A comet stird vp that vnkindly heate,
That raigned (as meen said) in V E N Y S seat.

Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,
When choice I had to chuse my wandring way:
But whither lucke and loues vnbridled lore
Would lead me forth on Fancies bit to play.

The bush my bed, the bramble was my bowre,
The woods can witnesse many a wofull stoure.

Where I was wont to seeke the hony Bee,
Working her formal rowmes in Wexen frame:
The grieu'd Todeestooke growne there mought I see,
And loathing Paddocks fording on the same.

And where the chaunting birds luld me asleep,
The ghastly Owle her grieuous Inne doth keepe.

Then as the spring giues place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruit of summers pride:
All to my age, now passed youthly prime,
To things of riper reason selfe applide:

And leara'd of lighter timber, cotes to frame,
Such as might laue my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And Baskets of bulrushes was my wont:
Who to entrap the fish in winding sale,
Was better seen, or hurtfull beafts to hunt?
I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,
How P H O E B Y S failes, where V E N Y S sits, & when.

And tried time yet taught me greater things,
The suddaine rising of the raging seas:
The sooth of byrds by beating of their wings,
The powre of beaibes, both which can hurt and ease:
And which be wont to craige the reflexse sheepe,
And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwise and witlesse C O L I N C L O V T,
That kydst the hidden kinds of many a weed:
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy fore hart roote,
Whose rankling wound as yet does rifuly bleed.
Why liu'it thou still, & yet hast thy deaths wound?
Why diest thou full, and yet aliuie art found?

Thus is my summer worne away and wasted:
Thus is my haruest hastened all too rathe:
The care that budded faire, is burnt and blasted,
And all my hoped gaine is turn'd to scathe.
Of all the feed, that in my youth was sowne,
Was nought but brakes & brambles to be mowne.

My boughs and blossoms that crowned were at first,
And promised of timely fruites such store:
Are left both bare and barren now at crift,
The flattering fruit is fallen to ground before,
And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:
My haruest waste, my hope away did wipe.

The fragrant flowers that in my garden grew,
Been wither'd, as they had been gathered long:
Their rootes been dried vp for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they ban been euer among.
Ah, who has wrought my R O S A L I N D this spight,
To spill the flowers that should her girlond dight?

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pipe,
Vnto the shifting of the shepheards foote:
Sike follies now haue gathered, as too ripe,
And cast hem out, as rotten and vnsoote.
The loofer Lasse I cast to please no more,
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my haruest hope, I haue
Nought reaped but a weedie crop of care:
Which, when I thought haue threst in swelling sheaue,
Cockle for corne, and chaffe for barley bare.
Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be finde,
All was blowne away of the waucring winde.

So now my yeare drawes to my latter terme,
My spring is spent, my summer burnt vp quite:
My haruest hastes to stir vp vvinter sterne,
And bids him claime with rigorous rage his right.
So now he stormes with many a sturdie stoure,
So now his blustering blast each coast doth scoure.

The carefull cold hath nipt my rugged rinde,
And in my face deepe furrowes old hath pight:
My head besprent with hoarie frost I find,
And by mine eye the crowe his claw doth wringt.
Delight is laid abed, and pleasure past,
No sunne now shines, clouds han all ouer-cast.

Now leaue you shepheards boyes your merry glee,
My Muse is hoarse and wearie of this stound:
Heere will I hang my pipe vpon this tree,
Was neuer pipe of reed did better found.
Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blast,
And after winter dreerie death does hast.

Gather ye together my little flocke,
My little flocke, that was to me most lief:
Let me, sh let me in your foulds ye loek,
Ere the breme winter breed you greater grife,
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
And after winter commeth timely death.

Adiew delights, that lulled me asleepe,
Adiew my deare, whosc loue I bought so deare:
Adiew my little lambes and loued sheepe,
Adiew ye woods, that oft my vvittnesse were:
Adiew good H O B B I N O L L, that was so true,
Tell R O S A L I N D E, her C O L I N bids her adiew.

Colins Embleme.

G L O S S E.

Tytiriu, Chaucer, as hath been oft said.

Lamkins, young lambes.

Als of their, seemely to expresse Virgils verse;

Pan curat oues ouiumque magistros.

Deigne, vouchsafe.

Cabinet, Colinet, diminutiues.

Mazie, for they be like to a maze, whence it is hard to get out againe.

Peeres, Fellowes and companions.

Musicke, that is, Poetrie, as Terence saith; *Qui artem tractant musicam*, speaking of Poets.

Derring doe, afore said.

Lions house, he imagineth simply that Cupid, which is loue, had his abode in the hote signe Leo, which is in midst of Sommer: a pretie allegory whereof the meaning is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinarie heate of lust.

His ray, vvhich is Cupids beame of flames of loue.

A comet, a blazing starr, meant of beautie, which was the cause of his hote loue.

Venus, the goddesse of beautie or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is heere taken. So he meaneth, that beautie, vvhich hath alway aspect to Venus, was the cause of his vnquietnesse in loue.

Where I was, a fine description of the change of his life and liking, for all thinges now seemed to him to haue altered their kindly course.

Lording, Spoken after the manner of Paddocks & Frogs sitting, which is indeed lordly, not moouing or looking once aside, vnlesse they be stirred.

Then as, The second part, that is, his manhood.

Cotes, Shepcotes, for such be exercises of shepheards.

Sal, or fallow, a kind of vvood like vvillow, fit to wreathe and bind in heapes to catch fish vvithall.

Phæbes sailes, The Eclipse of the Moone, which is a]waies in Cauda, or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.

Venus. i. Venus starrè, otherwise called Hesperus, and Vesper, and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starrs, and also first riseth, and setteth last. All which skill in starrs, beeing conuenient for shepheards to knowe, Theocritus and the rest vfe.

Raging seas, The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea cometh of the course of the Moone, sometime increasing, sometime waning and decreasing.

Sooth of birds. A kind of soothsaying vsed in the elder times, vvhich they gathered by the flying of birds: First (as is said) inuented by the Thuscans, & from them deriued to the Romans, vvho (as it is said in Liuiè) were so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euery noble man should put his sonne to the Thuscans, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

Of herbes. That wondrous things be wrought by herbes, vvell appeareth by the common working of the in our bodies, as also by the wonderfull enchaunments and forceries that haue been wrought by them: insomuch that it is said, that Circe a famous Sorceresse, turned men into sundry kinds of beasts and monsters, & onely by herbs: as the Poet saith; *Dea sena potentibus herbis, &c.*

Kidst, knovvest.

Eare, of corne.

Scathe, losse, hinderance.

Euer among, Euer and anone.

This is my, The third part, vvhether

in is set forth his ripe yceres, as an vntimely haruest that bringeth little fruit.

The fragrant flowers, sundry studies and laudable parts of learning, vvherein our Poet is seene: be they witness vvhich are priuie to his studie.

So now my ycere. The last part, vvherein is described his age, by comparison of vvintrie stormes. *Carefull cold,* for care is said to coole the bloud.

Glee, mirth.

Hoarie frost, A metaphor of hoarie haire, scattered

like a gray frost.

Breeme, sharpe and bitter.

Adieu delights, is a conclusion of all. Where in sixe verses hee comprehendeth all that was touched in this booke. In the first verse, his delights of youth generally. In the second, the loue of Rosalinde. In the third, the keeping of sheepe, vvhich is the argument of all the *Eglogues*. In the fourth, his complaints. And in the last two his professed friendship & good vwill to his good friend Hobbinoll.

Embleme.

The meaning vvhich is, that all things perish and come to their last end, but vvorke of learned vvits and monuments abide for euer. And therefore Horace of his Odes (a vvorke though full indeed of great vvit and learning, yet of no so great vvight and importance) boldly saith;

Exegi monumentum aere perennium,

Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax.

Therefore let not be enuid, that this Poet in his Epilogue saith, hee made a Calender that shall endure as long as time, &c. following the example of Horace & Ouid in the like;

Grande opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis,

Nec ferrum poterit, nec edax abolere vetustas, &c.

Loe, I haue made a Calender for euery yeere,

That keele in strength, and time in durance shall out-weare:

And if I marked well the starres reuolution,

In shall continue till the woorlds dissolution,

To teach the ruder shepheard how to feed his sheepe,

And from the falsers fraude his folded stocke to keepe.

Goe little Calender, thou hast a free passport:

Goe but a lowely gate amongst the meaner sort.

Dare not to match thy pipe with Tytirus his stile,

Nor with the Pilgrim that the Plough-man plaid awhile:

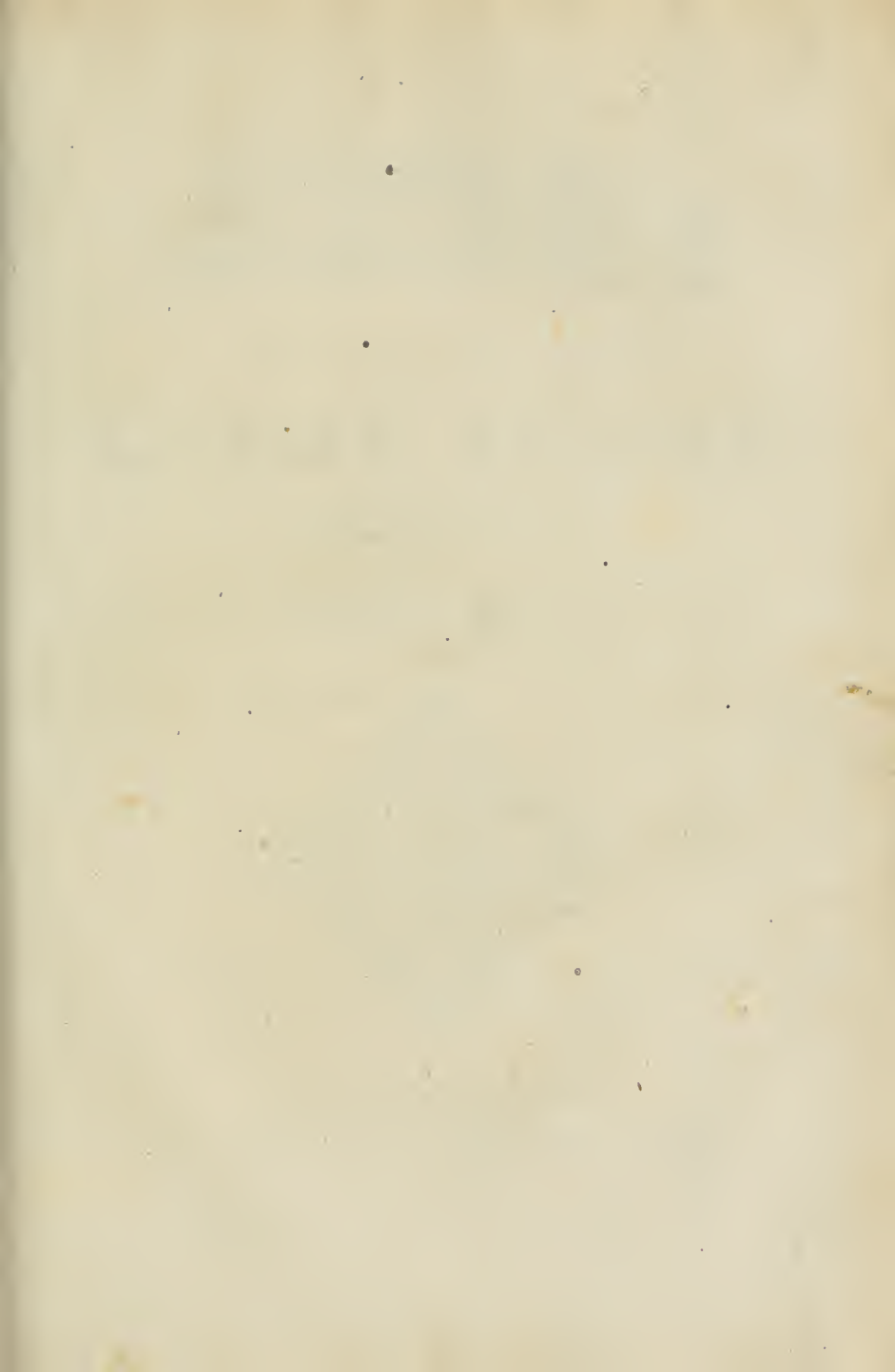
But follow them farre off, and their high steps adore,

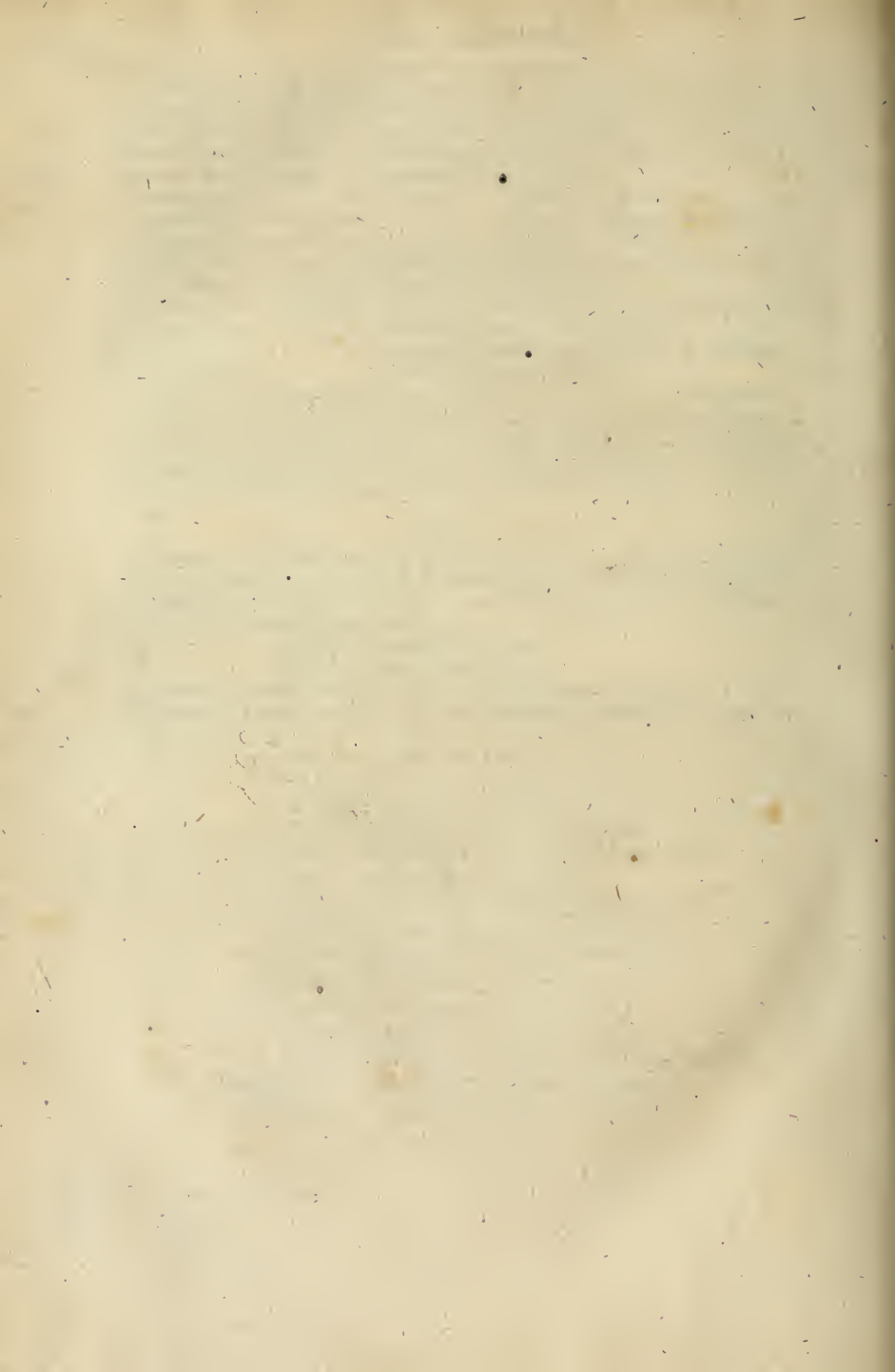
The better please, the worse displease: I aske no more.

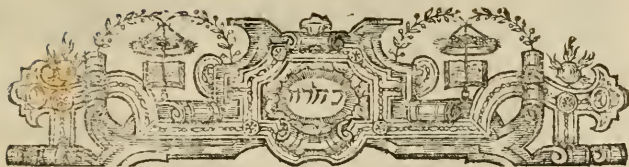
Merce non mercede.

FINIS.

*Horace Exegi monumentum aere perennium
Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax
Ouid Grande opus exegi quod nec Iouis ira*





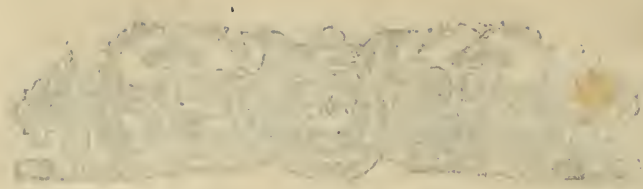


COLIN CLOVTS
COME HOME
AGAINE.

By *Edm. Spencer.*



AT LONDON,
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lowmes.*



COLIN CLOUT
COME HOME
AGAIN.

By Edwin Spenser



AT LONDON.
Printed by H. L. for M. W. Jones



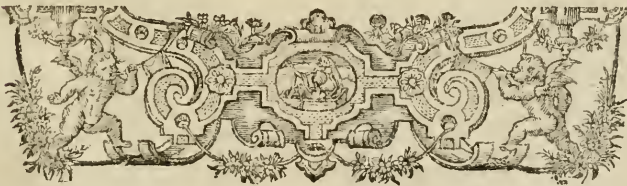
TO THE RIGHT WORTHY
and noble Knight, Sir *Walter Raleigh*, Captaine
of her Maiesties Guard, Lord Wardein of the Stan-
neries, and Lieutenant of the Countie
of Cornwall.



IR, that you may see that I am not alwaies idle as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether vndutifull, though not precisely officious; I make you present of this simple Pastorall. vnworthy of your higher conceipt for the meaneesse of the stile, but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and matter. The vvhich I humbly beseech you to accept in part of payment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge my selfe bounden vnto you (for your singular fauours, and sundry good turnes shewed to me at my late being in England) and with your good countenance protect against the malice of euill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning. I pray continually for your happinesse. From my house at Kilcolman, the 27. of December. 1591.

Yours euer humbly.

Ed. Sp.



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COLIN CLOVTS

come home againe.

THE shepheards boy (best known by that name)
 That after **TITVRVS** first sung his lay,
 Lies of sweet loue, without rebuke or blame,
 Sate (as his custome was) vpon a day,
 Charming his oaten pipe vnto his peres,
 The shepheard swaines that did about him play:
 Who all the while with greedy listfull cares,
 Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,
 Like hartlesse Deare, dismayd with thunders sound.
 At last, when as he piped had his fill,
 He rested him: and sitting then around,
 One of those groomes (a iolly groom was hee,
 As euer piped on an oaten reed,
 And Iou'd his shepheard dearest in degree,
 Hight **HOBBINOLL**) gan thus to him areed:
COLIN, my life, my life, how great a losse
 Had all the shepheards nation by thy lacke?
 And I, poore swaine, of many, greatest crosse:
 That sith thy Muse first since thy turning back
 Was heard to sound as she was wont on hie,
 Hast made vs all so blessed and so blythe.
 Whilst thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie:
 The woods were heard to waile full many a sythe,
 And all their birds with silence to complaine:
 The fields with faded flowers did seeme to mourne,
 And all their flocks from feeding to refrain:
 The running waters wept for thy returne,
 And all their fish with languour did lament:
 But oow both woods, and fields, and flocks reuine,
 Sith then art come, their cause of metiment,
 That vs late dead, hast made againe aliue:
 But were it not too painfull to repeat
 The passed fortunes which to thee befell
 In thy late voyage, we thee would intreat,
 Now at thy leisure time to vs to tell.
 To whom the shepheard gently answered thus,
HOBBIN, thou temptest me to that I couet:
 For of good passed, newly to discus,
 By double vsurie doth twise renew it.
 And since I saw that Angels blessed eye,
 Her worlds bright sun, her he mens fairest light,
 My mind full of my thoughts fatietie,
 Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight:
 Since that same day in nought I take delight,
 Ne feeling haue in any earthly pleasure,
 But in remembrance of that glorious bright,

My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall treasure,
 Wake then my pipe, my sleepe Muse awake,
 Till I haue told her praises lasting long:
HOBBIN desires, thou maist it not forsake,
 Harke then ye iolly shepheards to my song,
 With that, they all gan throng about him neare;
 With hungry cares to heare his harmonie:
 The whiles their flocks, denoid of dangers feare,
 Did round about them feede at libertie.
 One day (quoth he) I fate (as was my trade)
 Vnder the foote of **MOLLE**, that mountaine here,
 Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade,
 Of the Greene alders by the **MYLLE**s shore:
 There a strange shepheard chaunft to find me out,
 Whether allured with my pipes delight,
 Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
 Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right:
 Whom when I aske'd from what place he came,
 And how he hight: himselfe he did ycelepe,
 The shepheard of the **OCCAN** by name,
 And sith he came far from the maine, he decepe.
 He sisting me beside in that same shade,
 Prouoked me to play some pleaser fit.
 And when he heard the musike which I made,
 He found himselfe full greatly pleasur'd with it:
 Yet, reaching my pipe, he tooke it in hand
 My pipe, but ere this word he had sayd,
 And paid thereon (for sell that skill thee cond)
 Himselfe as skilful as the art as any.
 He piped, I sang: and when he sang, I piped,
 By change of tunes, each making other mery,
 Neither enuying each, nor enuid,
 So piped we, vntill we both were wearie.
 There interruing him, a bonny swaine,
 That **CVDV** might him thus awene, bespake:
 And shouldst thou not thy ready course refraine,
 I would request the **COLIN**, for my sake,
 To tell what thou didst sing, when he did play.
 Forwell I weene it worth recounting was,
 Whether it were some hymne, or metall lay,
 Or caroll made to praise thy loued Lasse.
 Nor of my loue, nor of my Lasse, quoth he,
 I then did sing, as then occasion fell:
 For loue had me forsorne, forlorne of me,
 That made me in that desert choose to dwell.
 But of my riuier **BREGGOS** loue I song,

Colin Clouts come home againe.

Which to the shiny M V L L A he did beare,
And yet doth beare, and euer will, so long
As water doth within his banks appeare.

Of fellowship, said then that bonny Boy,
Record to vs that lonely lay againe:
The stav whereof, shall nought these eares annoy,
Who all that C O L I N makes, do conet faire.

Hearc then, quoth he, the tenor of my tale,
In fort as I it to that sheheard told?
No leasng new, nor Grand: msfable stile,
But ancient truth, confirm'd with credence old.

Old father M O L E, (M O L E hight that mountain gray
That wal's the Northside of A R M V L L A dale)

He had a daughter fresh as flowre of May,
Whose gaue that name vnto that pleasant vale;
M V L L A the daughter of old M O L E, so hight
The Nymph, which of that water course has charge,
That springing out of M O L E, doth run downe right
To B Y T E V A N T, wherc spreading forth at large,
It giueth name vnto that ancient Citie,

Which K I L N E M V L L A h cleped is of old:
Whose craged ruines breed great ruth and pittie,
To trauellers, which it from farre behold.
Full faire she lou'd, and was below'd still faire.

Of her owne brother riuier, B R E G O G hight,
So hight because of this deceitfull traine,
Which he with M V L L A wrought to win delight.

But her old fire, more carefull of her good,
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,
Which A L L O hight, Broad-water called faire:

And wrought so well with his continual paine,
That he that riuier for his daughter wonne:
The dowre agreed, the day assigned plaine,
The place appointed where it should be donne.

Nath'lesse the Nymph her former liking held:
For loue will not be drawne, but must be ledde,

And B R E G O G did so well her fancie weld,
That her good will he got, her first to wedde.
But for her father sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she went,

And eke from farre obseru'd with ielous eye,
Which way his course the wanton B R E G O G bent,
Him to deceiue for all his watchfull ward,
The wily louer did deuise this slight:

First into many parts his streame he shar'd,
That whilst the one was watcht, the other might
Passe vnespide to meet her by the way;

And then besides, those little streames so broken,
He vnder ground so closely did conuay,
That of their passage doth appeare no token,
Till they into the M V L L A S water slide.

So secretly did he his loue enioy:
Yet not so secret but it was descride,
And told her father by a shepherds boy.

Who wondrous wroth for that so foule despight,
In great aunge did roll downe from his hill
Huge mightie stones, the which encomber might
His passage, and his water-courses spill.

So of a Riuier, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scattred all to nought,

And lost among those rocks into him rold,
Did lose his name: so deare his loue he bought.

Which hauing said, him T H E S T L I S bespake,
Now by my life, this was a merry lay:

Worthy of C O L I N S felte, that did it make.
But read now eke of friendship I thee pray,

What dittie did that other sheheard sing?
For I doe conet most the same to heare,

As men vse most to conet forraine thing.
That shall I eke, quoth he, to you declare.

His song was all a lamentable lay,
Of great vnkindesse, and of vjage hard,

Of C Y N T H I A the Lady of the Sea,
Which from her presence, faultlesse him debar'd.

And euer and anon with singlets rise,
He cried out, to make his vnder song,

Ah my loues Queene, and Goddesse of my life,
Who shall me pittie, when thou doost me wrong?

Then gan a gentle bonyllasse to speake,
That M A R T I N hight, Right well he sure did plaine,

That could great C Y N T H I A S fore displeasure break,
And moue to take him to her grace againe.

But tell on further C O L I N ; as befell
T'wixt him and thee, that thee did denne disswade.

When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
Quoth he, and each an end of singing made,

He gan to cast great liking to my lore,
And great disliking to my lucklesse lot,

That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.

The which to leaue, thenceforth he counfeld mee,
Vnmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,

And wend with him, his C Y N T H I A to see:
Whose grace was great, & bountie most rewardfull.

Besides her peerlesse skill in making wit,
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,

Such as all womankind did farre excell:
Such as the world admyr'd, and praised it:

So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
He me perswaded forth with him to fare:

Nought tooke I with me, but mine owen quill,
Small needments else need shepherds to prepare.

So to the sea we came; the sea? that is,
A world of waters heaped vp on hie,

Rolling like mountaines in wide wildernesse,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse cry.

And is the sea, quoth C O R I D O N, so fearefull?
Fearefull much more, quoth he, then hart can feare:

Thousand wilde beasts, with deep mouthes gaping dire-
Therin still wait, poore passengers to teare. (full)

Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
Before he die, already dead with feare,

And yet would liue with heart halfe stony cold,
Let him to sea, and he shall fee it there.

And yet as ghastrly dreadfull as it seemes,
Bold men, presuming life for gaine to sell,

Dare tempt that gulfe, and in those wandring streames
Seeke waies vnknowne, waies leading downe to hell.

For as we stood there waiting on the strand,
Behold, an huge great vessell to vs came,
Dauncing vpon the waters back to land,

As if it feard the danger of the same;
 Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
 Glued together with some subtle matter,
 Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,
 And life to moue it selfe vpon the water.
 Strange thing, how bold & swift the monster was,
 That neither car'd for wind, nor haile, nor raine,
 Nor swelling waues, but thorough them did passe
 So proudly, that she made them roare againe.
 The saue aboard vs gently did receaue,
 And I found haime, vs farre away did beare,
 So farre, that land our mother vs did leaue,
 And nought but sea and heauen to vs appeare.
 Then hard she quite and full of inward feare,
 That shepheard I beought to me to tell,
 Vnder what skie, or in what world we were,
 In which I saw no liuing people dwell.
 Who me recomforting all that he might,
 Told me that that same was the Regiment
 Of a great shepheardesse, that CYNTHIA hight,
 His hege, his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.
 If then, quoth I, a shepheardesse she bee,
 Where be the flocks and heards, which she doth keepe?
 And where may I the hills and pastures see,
 On which she vseth for to feed her sheepe?
 These be the hills, quoth he, the ferges bie,
 On which faire CYNTHIA her heards doth feed:
 Her heards be thousand fishes with their fric,
 Which in the besome of the billowes breed.
 Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chiefe,
 Is TRITON, blowing loud his wreathed horne:
 At sound whereof, they all for their reliefe
 Wend to and fro at euening and at morne,
 And PROTEVS eke with him does driue his heard
 Of stinking Seales and Porpisces together,
 With hoary head and dewie dropping beard,
 Compelling them which way he list, and whither.
 And I among the rest of many least,
 Haue in the Ocean charge to me assignd:
 Where I will liue or die at her behest,
 And serue and honour her with faithfull mind.
 Besides, an hundred Nymphs all heauenly borne,
 And of immortal race, do still attend, (shorne,
 To wash faire CYNTHIAS sheepe, when they be
 And fold them vp, when they haue made an end.
 Those be the Shepherds which my CYNTHIA serue,
 At sea, beside a thousand moe at land:
 For land and sea my CYNTHIA doth deserue
 To haue in her commandement at hand.
 Thereat I wondred much, till woodring more
 And more, at length we land far off descride:
 Which sight much gladded me; for much afore
 I feard, least land we neuer should haue eyde:
 Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
 As if the way she perfectly had knowne.
 We LVNDAY passe; by that same name is ment
 An Iland, which the first to West was showne.
 From thence another world of land we kend,
 Floating amid the sea in icopardie,
 And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,
 Against the seas encroching crueltie.

Those same the shepheard, told me, were the fields
 In which dame CYNTHIA her land-heardes fed,
 Faire goodly fields, the which ARMYLLA yeelds
 None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.
 The first to which we nigh approached, was
 An high head-land, thrust far into the sea,
 Like to an horne, whereof the name it has;
 Yet seem'd to be a goodly pleasant lea:
 There did a loftie mount at first vs greet,
 Which did a flatly heape of stones vpreare,
 That seem'd amid the lurges for to ster,
 Much greater then that frame, which vs did beare:
 There did our ship her fruitfull wombe vnlade,
 And put vs all ashore on CYNTHIAS land.
 What land is that thou meanst, then CYDDY said,
 And is there other, then whereon we stand?
 Ah CYDDY, then quoth COLIN, thou's a son,
 That hast not seene least part of Natures woike:
 Much more there is vnkend, then thou doost kon,
 And much more that does from mens knowledge lurke,
 For that same land much larger is then this,
 And other men and beasts and birds doth feed:
 There fruitfull come, faire trees, fresh herbage is
 And all things else that liuing creatures need.
 Besides, most goodly riuers there appeare,
 No whit inferiour to thy FVNCHEIN'S prafe,
 Or vnto ALLO, or to MYLLA clare:
 Nought hast thou foolish boye learn'd in thy daies.
 But if that land be there, quoth he, as here,
 And is their heauen, likewise there all one?
 And if like heauen, be heauenly graces there,
 Like as in this same world where we do won?
 Both heauen and heauenly graces doe much more,
 Quoth he, abound in that same land, then this,
 For there all happy peace and plentious store
 Conspire in one to make contented blisse:
 No wayning there nor wretche dole is heard,
 No bloodie illnes, nor no leprosyes,
 No grieffy famine, nor no raging sweard,
 No nightly bodrags, nor no hie anderies;
 The shepherds there abroad may safely lie,
 On hills and downes, withouten dread or danger:
 No rauenous Wolues the good mans hope delroy,
 Nor outlawes sell affray the forest ranger.
 There learned Arts do flourish in great honor,
 And Poets wits are had in peecelesse price:
 Religion hath lay powre to rest vpon her,
 Advaucing vertue, and suppressing vice.
 For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,
 Had people grace it gratefully to vie:
 For God his gifts there plentifully bestowes,
 But gracelesse men them greatly doe abuse.
 But say on further, then said CORYLAS,
 The rest of thine adventures, that beyded.
 Forth on our voyage we by land did passe,
 Quoth he, as that same shepheard still vs guided,
 Vntill that we to CYNTHIAS presence came:
 Whose glory, greater then my simple thought,
 I found much greater then the former fame;
 Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought:
 But if I her like ought on earth might read,

I would

Colin Clouts come home againe.

I would her liken to a crowne of Lillies,
 Vpon a virgin brides adored head,
 With Roses dight, and Goodles and Daffadillies
 Or like the circle of a Turtle true,
 In which all colours of the Raine lowe bee;
 Or like faire PHOEBES garland shining new,
 In which all pure perfection, one may see.
 But vaine it is to thinke by paragone
 Of earthly things, to iudge of things ditine:
 Her power, her mercy, & her wisdom, none
 Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define.
 Why then do I base sheheard bold and blind,
 Presume the things so sacred to prophane?
 More fit it is to adore with humble mind,
 The image of the heavens in shape humane.

With that, ALEXIS broke his tale afunder,
 Saying, By wondering at thy CYNTHIAS praise:
 COLIN, thy selfe thou mak'st vs more to wonder,
 And her vpraising, doost thy selfe vpraise.
 But let vs heare what grace she shewed thee,
 And how that sheheard strange, thy cause aduanced?

The sheheard of the Ocean (quoth he)
 Vnto that Goddesse grace me first enhanced:
 And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare,
 That she thenceforth there in gan take delight,
 And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,
 All were my notes but rude and roughly dight.
 For not by measure of her owne great mind,
 And wondrous worth the more my simple song,
 But ioyd that country sheheard ought could in
 Worth harkening to, amongst that learned throng.

Why? said ALEXIS then, what needeth thee
 That is so great a sheheardesse her selfe,
 And hath so many sheheards in her fee,
 To heare thee sing, a simple silly Elfe?
 Or be the sheheards which doe serue her Lesse?
 That they list not their merry pipes apply,
 Or be their pipes vtunable and craefie,
 That they cannot her honour worthily?

Ah nay, said COLIN, neither so, nor so.
 For better sheheards be not vnder skie,
 Nor better able, when they list to blow
 Their pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.
 There is good HARPALVS, now woxen aged,
 In faithfull seruice of faire CYNTHIA,
 And there is CORIDON, but meanely waged,
 Yet ablest wit of most I knowe this day.
 And there is sad ALCYON, bent to mourne,
 Though fit to frame an euerlasting dutie,
 Whose gentle spright for DAPHNES death doth toun
 Sweet layes of loue, to endless plaints of pittie.
 Ah perillous boy pursue that braue conceipt,
 In thy Sweet Eglantine of MERIFLYRE,
 Lift vp thy notes vnto their wanted height,
 That may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure.
 There eke is PALIN, worthy of great praise,
 Albe he enuie at my rusticke quill:
 And there is pleasing ALCYON, could he raise
 Histunes from layes, to matter of more skill.
 And there is old PALEMONT, free from spight,
 Whose careful pipe may make the hearer reu:

Yet he himselfe may reu'd be more right,
 That sung so long vntill quite hoarse he grew.
 And there is ALBASTER throughly taught
 In all his skill, though knowne yet to few:
 Yet were he knowne to CYNTHIA as he ought,
 His Elfishs would be redde anew.
 Who liues that can match that her oick song,
 Which he hath of that mightie Princesse made?
 O dreaded Dread, doe not thy selfe that wrong,
 To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade:
 But call it forth, & call him forth to thee,
 To end thy glory, which he hath begun:
 That when he finisheth hath as it should be,
 No brauer Poeme can be vnder Sun.
 Nor Ponor TYBERS swans, so much renowned,
 Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praised,
 Can match that Muse, when it with Bayes is crowned,
 And to the pitch of her perfection raised.
 And there is a new sheheard late vsprung,
 The which doth all afore him far surpass:
 Appearing well in that well tuned song,
 Which late he hang vnto a scornfull Lasse.
 Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly fie,
 As dauid not too rashly mount on high,
 And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie,
 In loues soft layes, and looser thoughts delight.
 Then rouze thy feathers quickly DANIEL,
 And to what course thou please thy selfe aduance:
 But moit me seemes, thy accent will excell,
 In Tragicke plaints and passionate mischance.
 And there that sheheard of the OCEAN is,
 That spends his wit in loues consuming smart:
 Full sweetly tempered is that Muse of his,
 That can empirie a Princes mightie hart.
 There also is (ah no, he is not now)
 But since I sad he is, he quite is gone,
 AMYNTAS quite is gone and lies full lowe,
 Hauing his AMARILLIS left to mone.
 Helpe, & ye sheheards, helpe ye all in this,
 Helpe AMARILLIS this her losse to mourne:
 Her losse is yours, your losse AMYNTAS is,
 AMYNTAS, howre of sheheards pride forlorne:
 He, whilst he liued, was the noblest waine,
 That euer piped on an oaten quill:
 Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine,
 And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.
 And there, though last not least is AETION,
 A gentler sheheard may no where be found:
 Whose Muse, full of high thoughts inuention,
 Doth like himselfe heroically found.
 All these, and many others moe remaine,
 Now after ASTROFELL is dead and gone.
 But while as ASTROFELL did liue and raigne,
 Amongst all these was none his Paragone:
 All these do flourish in their sundry kind,
 And doe their CYNTHIA immortal make:
 Yet found I liking in her rayll mind,
 Not for my skill, but for that sheheards sake.
 Then spake a louely Lasse, bright LVCEIDA:
 Sheheard, enough of sheheards thou hast told,
 Which fauour thee, and honour CYNTHIA,

But

Colin Clouts come home againe.

But of so many Nymphs which she doth hold
In her retinue, thou hast nothing said,
That seemes, with none of them thou fauour foundest,
Or art ingratitude to each gentle maid,
That none of all their due defers resondest.

Ah far be't, quoth COLIN CLOUT, fro me,
That I of gentle Mayds should ill deserue:
For that my selfe I doe professe to be
Vassall to one, whom all my dayes I serue.
The beame of beautie sparkled from aboute,
The floure of vertue and pure chastitie:
The blossome of sweet ioy and perfect loue,
The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie,
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my hart I nightly martyriz: e
To her my loue I lowely do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice,
My thought, my heart, my loue, my life is shee:
And I hers euer onely, euer one:
One euer I, all vowed hers to be,
One euer I, and others neuer none.

Then thus MELISSA said; Thrice happy Mayd,
Whom thou doost fo enforce to deifie:
That woods, and hills, and valleys, thou hast made
Her name to echo vnto heauen hie,
But say, who else youchsafed thee of grace?

They all, quoth he, me graced goodly well,
That all I praise: but in the highest place,
VRANIA, sister vnto ASTROFELL,
In whose braue mind, as in a golden coffer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are:
More rich then pearles of INDE, or gold of OPHER,
And in her sex more wonderfull and rare.

Ne lesse praise worthy I THEANA read,
Whose goodly beames though they be ouer-dight
With mourning stole of carefull widowhead,
Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright.
She is the vuell of bountie and braue mind,
Excelling most in glorie and great light:
She is the ornament of woman-kind,
And Courts chiefe garland, with all vertues dight.
Therefore great CYNTHIA her in chiefe grace
Doth hold, and next vnto her selfe aduance,
Well worthie she of so honourable place:

For her great worth and noble gouernance.
Ne lesse praise-worthy is her sister deare,
FAIRE MARIAN, the Muses onely darling:
Whose beautie shineth as the morning cleare,
With siluer dewe vpon the Roses pearling.
Ne lesse praise-worthy is MANSILLA,
Best knowne by bearing vp great CYNTHIAES traine:
That same is she to whom DAPHNAIDA

Vpon her necces death I did complaine.
She is the patterne of true womanhead,
And onely mirrhor of feminitie:
Worthy next after CYNTHIA to tread,
As she is next her in nobilitie.
Ne lesse praise-worthy GALATHEA seemes,
Then best of all that honourable crew,
FAIRE GALATHEA with bright shining beames,
Inflaming feeble eyes that her doe view.

She there then waited vpon CYNTHIA,
Yet there is not her won, but heere with vs
About the borders of our rich COSHMA,
Now made of MAA, the Nymph delitious.
Ne lesse praise-worthy faire NEAERAS,
NEAERA, ours, not theirs, though there she be,
For of the famous SHVRE, the Nymph shee is,
For high degree, aduauint to that degree.
She is the blossome of grace and curtesie,
Adorned with all honourable parts:
She is the branch of true nobilitie,
Belou'd of high and lowe with faithfull harts.
Ne lesse praise-worthy STELLA do I read,
Though nought my praies of her neede are,
Whom vertic of noblest shepheard lately dead
Hath praied and rauid about each other farte.
Ne lesse praise-worthy are the sisters three,
The honour of the noble familie:
Of which I meaneft boast my selfe to be;
And most, that vnto them I am so nie.

PHYLIS, CHARILLIS, & sweet AMARILLIS,
PHYLIS the faire is eldest of the three:
The next to her is bountifull CHARILLIS.
But th'youngest is the highest in degree.

PHYLIS, the floure of rare perfection,
FAIRE spreading forth her leaues with fresh delight,
That with their beauties amorous reflexion,
Bereauc of sense each rash beholders sight.
But sweet CHARILLIS is the Paragone
Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise,
Admyrd of all, yet enuid of none,
Through the mylde temperance of her goodly raies.

Thrice happy doe I hold thee noble swaine,
The which art of so rich a spoile posselt,
And it embracing deare without disdain,
Hast sole possession in so chaste a breast:
Of all the shepherds daughters which thee be,
(And yet there be the fairest vnder skie,
Or that elsewhere I euer yet did see)

A fairer Nymph yet neuer saw mine eye:
She is the pride and primrose of the rest,
Made by the Maker selfe to be admired:
And like a goodly beacon high adrest,
That is with sparks of heavenly beautie fired.

But AMARILLIS, whether fortunate,
Or else vnfortunate may I read,
That freed is from CVPIDS yoke by fate,
Since which, he doth new bands aduenture dread.
Shepheard what euer thou hast heard to be
In this or that prayd diuersly apart,
In her thou maist them all adembled see,
And seald vp in the treasure of her hart.

Ne thee lesse worthy gentle FLAVIA,
For thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme:
Ne thee lesse worthy courteous CANDIDA,
For thy true loue and loyalte I deeme.
Besides yet many mo that CYNTHIA serued,
Right noble Nymphs, & high to be commended.
But if I all should praise as they deserue,
This fun would faile me ere I had ended,
Therefore in closure of a thankfull mind,

Colin Clouts come home againe.

I deeme it best to hold eternally,
 Their bountious deeds & noble fauours shrynd,
 Then by discourse them to indigunifie.
 So hauing said, AGLAYRA him bespake:
COLIN, well worthy were those goodly fauours
 Bestowd on thee, that so of them doost make,
 And them requiteste with thy thankfull labours.
 Set of great **CYNTHIAES** goodnesse and high grace
 Finisht the storie which thou hast begunne.

More eath, quoth he, it is in such a case,
 How to begin, then knowe how to haue done.
 For euery gift, and euery goodly meed,
 Which she on me bestowd, demaunds a day;
 And euery day, in which she did a deed,
 Demaunds a yeere, it duly to display.
 Her words were like a streame of honny sweeting,
 The which doth lustily trickle from the hieue,
 Able to melt the hearers hart sweeting,
 And eke to make the dead, againe aliue.
 Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes,
 Which load the bunches of the fruitfull Vine:
 Offring to fall into each mouth that gapes,
 And fill the same with store of timely Wine.
 Her lookes were like beames of the morning Sunne,
 Forth-lookng through the windows of the East:
 When first the fleecie cattell haue begun
 Vpon the perled grasse to make their feast.
 Her thoughts are like the fume of Frankincence,
 Which from a golden Censer forth doth rise:
 And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro thence
 In rolling globes vp to the vaulted skies.
 There she beholds with high aspiring thought,
 The cradle of her owne creation:
 Emongst the seats of Angels heavenly wrought,
 Much like an Angel in all forme and fashion.

COLIN, said **CYDDY** then, thou hast forgot
 Thy selfe; me seemes, too much, to moue to hie:
 Such losse flight, base shepheard seemeth not,
 From flocks and fields, to Angels and to skie.

True, answered he; but her great excellence,
 Lifts me aboue the measure of my might:
 That being filld with furious insolence,
 I feele my selfe like one yrap in spright.
 For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
 Then want I words to speake it fitly forth:
 And when I speake of her what I haue thought,
 I cannot thinke according to her worth.
 Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,
 So long as life my limbs doth hold together,
 And when as death these vitall bands shall breake,
 Her name recorded I will leaue for euer.
 Her name in euery tree I will endosse,
 That as the trees doe growe, her name may growe:
 And in the ground each where will it engrosse,
 And fill with stones, that all men may it knowe,
 The speaking woods, & murmuring waters fall,
 Her name I teach in known termes to frame:
 And eke my lambs when for their dams they call,
 Ile teach to call for **CYNTHIA** by name.
 And long while after I am dead and rotten,
 Amongst the shepherds daughters dauncing round,

My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,
 But sung by them with flowrie gylonds crown.
 And ye, who so ye be, that shall suruiue,
 When as ye heare her memorie renewed,
 Be witness of her bountie here aloue,
 Which she to **COLIN** her poore shepheard shewed.

Much was the whole assembly of those heards
 Moov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake:
 And stood awhile astonisht at his words,
 Till **THESTYLS** at last their silence brake,
 Saying, Why **COLIN**, since thou foundst such grace
 With **CYNTHIA**, and all her noble crew:
 Why didst thou euer leaue that happy place,
 In which such wealth might vnto thee accrew?
 And backe returnedst to this barren soile,
 Where cold and care and penurie doe dwell,
 Here to keepe sheepe, with hunger and with toile:
 Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell.

Happy indeed, said **COLIN**, I him hold,
 That may that blessed presence still enjoy,
 Offortune and of enuy vncontrolld,
 Which still are wont most happy states annoy:
 But I by that which little while I proued,
 Some part of those enormities did see,
 The which in Court continually hooded,
 And followd those which happy seemd to bee.
 Therefore I silly man, whole former dayes
 Had in rude fields been altogether spent,
 Durst not aduenture such vnknewen waies,
 Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment,
 But rather chose back to my sheepe to tourne,
 Whose vtmost hardnesse I before had tnde,
 Then hauing learn'd repentance late, to mourne
 Emongst those wretches which I there deseride.
 Shepheard, said **THESTYLS**, it seemes of spight
 Thou speakest thus gant their rhetoric,
 Which thou eniest, rather then of right
 That ought in them blame worthy thou doost spie.

Cause haue I none, quoth he, of cased will
 To quite them ill, that me demaend so well:
 But selfe-regard of priuate good or ill,
 Moues me of each, so as I found, to tell,
 And eke to warne young shepherds wandring wit,
 Which through report of that lifes painted blisse,
 Abandon quiet home, to seeke for it,
 And leaue their lambs to losse, mistadmisse,
 For sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
 For shepheard fit to lead in that same place,
 Where each one seeks with malice and with strife,
 To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
 Himselfe to raise: and he doth soonest rise
 That best can handle his deceitfull wit,
 In subtilt shifts, and finest sleights deuise,
 Either by flaudning his well deemed name,
 Through leasings lewd, and fained forgerie:
 Or else, by breeding him some blot of blame,
 By creeping close into his secrecie:
 To which him needs, a guiltfull hollow hart,
 Masked with faire dissembling curtesie,
 A filed tongue, furnisht with tearmes of arts
 No art of schoole, but Courtiers schoolery.

Colin Clouts come home againe.

For arts of schoole haue there small countenance,
 Counted but royes to busie idle braines:
 And there professors find small maintenance,
 But to be instruments of others gaires.
 Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
 Vnlesse to please, it selfe it can apply:
 But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shrit,
 As base, or blunt, vnmeet for melodie,
 For each mans worth is mesur'd by his weede,
 As Harts by hornes, or Asses by their eares:
 Yet Asses been not all whose eares exceede,
 Nor yet all Harts, that hornes the highest beares.
 For highest lookes haue not the highest mind,
 Nor laughtie words most full of highest thoughts:
 But are like bladders blown vp with wind,
 That beeing prickt doe vanish into noughts.
 Euen such is all their vaunted vanitie,
 Nought else but smoke, that smeth soone away:
 Such is their glorie that in simple eye
 Seeme greater, when their garments are most gay.
 So they themselues for praise of fooles doe sell,
 And all their wealth for painting on a wall;
 With price whereof, they buy a golden bell,
 And purchase highest roomes in bower and hall:
 Whiles single Truth and simple Horstie
 Do wander vp and downe despyd of all;
 Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry
 Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call.

Al **COLIN**, then said **HOBBINOL**, the blame
 Which thou imputeest, is too generall,
 As if not any gentle wit of name,
 Nor honest mind might there be found at all.
 For well I wote, sith I my selfe was there,
 To wait on **LOBBIN** (**LOBBIN** well thou knewest)
 Full many worthy ones then waiting were,
 As euer else in Princes Court thou viewest.
 Of which among you many yet remaine,
 Whose names I cannot readily now ghesse:
 Those that poore Suters papers doe retaine,
 And those that skill of medicine profess.
 And those that do to **CYNTHIA** expound
 The ledder of strange languages in charge:
 For **CYNTHIA** doth in Sciences abound,
 And giues to their professors stipends large,
 Therefore vnwisly thou doost wite them all,
 For that which thou mistakedst in a few.

Blames, quoth he, more blamelesse generall,
 Then that which priuate errors doth pursue:
 For well I wote, that there amongst them be
 Full many persons of right worthy parts,
 Both for report of spotlesse honestie,
 And for profession of all leamed arts,
 Whose praise heereby no whit impaired is,
 Though blame doe light on those that faultie be;
 For all the rest doe most what fare anis,
 And yet their owne misfaring will not see:
 For either they be puff'd vp with pride,
 Or fraught with enuie, that their galls doe swell,
 Or they their daies to idleness diuide,
 Or drowned lie in pleasures wastefull well,
 In which like **Moldwarps** nousling still they lurke,

Vnmiadfull of chiefe parts of manlinesse,
 And doe themselues for want of other worke,
 Vaine votaries of laesie loue profite,
 Whose seruice high so basely they entwe,
 That **CYPID** selfe of them alliaued is:
 And mustring all his men in **VENVY** view,
 Denies them quite for seritors of his.
 And is loue then, said **CORYLAS**, once knowne
 In Court, and his sweet lor: professed there?
 I weened sure he was our God alone:
 And only woond in fields and forests here.

Not so, quoth he, loue most aboundeth here.
 For all the walls and windowes there are writ,
 All full of loue, and loue, and loue my deare,
 And all their talke and studie is of it.
 Ne any there doth braue or valiant seeme,
 Vnlesse that some gay Mistrisse badge he beares:
 Ne any one humfelle doth ought esteeme,
 Vnlesse he swim in loue vp to the eares.
 But they of Loue and of his sacred Iere,
 (As it should be) all otherwise deuise,
 Then we poore shepheards are accustomed here,
 And him doe sue and serue all otherwise.
 For with lewd speeches and licentious deeds,
 His mightie mysteries they doe prophane,
 And vt his idle name to other needs,
 But as a complement for courting vaine.
 So him they do not serue as they professe,
 But make him serue to them for lordly vses.
 Ah my dread Lord, that doost liege harts possesse,
 Auenge thy selfe on them for their abuses.
 But we poore shepheards, whether rightly so,
 Or through our iudicenesse into errour led,
 Do make religion how we rashly go,
 To seruice that God, that is so greatly dred:
 For him the greatest of the Gods we deeme,
 Borne without Syre or couples, of one kind:
 For **VENVY** selfe doth solely couples seeme,
 Both male and female, through commixture ioynd.
 So pure and spotlesse **CYPID** forth she brought,
 And in the gardens of **ADONIS** nurs't:
 Where growing, he his owne perfection wrought,
 And shortly was of all the Gods the first.
 Then got he bowe and shafts of gold and lead,
 In which so fell and pliant he grew,
 That **LOVE** him selfe his powre began to dread,
 And taking vp to heauen, him godded new.
 From thence he shootes his arrows euery where
 Into the world, at random as he will,
 On vs fraile men, his wretched vassals heere,
 Like as himselfe vs pleafeth sane or spill.
 So we him worship, so we him adore,
 With humble harts to heauen vp-listed hic,
 That to true loyes he may vs euermore
 Preferre, and of their grace vs dignifie:
 Ne is there shepheard, ne yet shepheards swaine,
 What-euer feeds in forest or in field,
 That dare with euill deed or leasing vaine,
 Blaspheme his power, or termes vnworthy yield.

Shepheard it seemes that some celestiall rage
 Of loue, quoth **CYDDY**, is breath'd into thy breast,

That

That powreth forth these oracles so sage,
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art posselt.
But neuer wilt I till this present day,
Albe of loue I alwaies humbly deamed,
That he was such an one, as thou doost say,
And so religiously to be esteemed,
Well may it seeme by this thy deepe insight,
That of that God the Priest thou shouldst bee:
So well thou wot't the myserie of his might,
As if his godhead thou didst present see.

Of loues perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed, said COLIN, passesth reasons reach,
And needs his priest t'expresse his powre diuine.
For long before the world was made of yore,
And bred about in VENUS bosome deare:
For by his powre the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare,
For how should else things so far from atone,
And so great enemies as of them bee,
Be euer drawne together into one,
And taught in such accordance to agree?
Through him the cold began to couet heate,
And water fire; the light to mount on hie,
And th'heauie downe to peize; the hungry t'eat,
And voidnesse to seeke full satietie.
So being former foes, they wedded friends,
And gan by little learne to loue each other:
So being knit, they brought forth other kinds
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
Then first gan heauen out of darknesse dread
For to appeare, and brought forth cheerfull day:
Next gan the earth to shewe her naked head,
Out of deepe waters which her drownd alway.
And shortly after, euery liuing wight
Crept forth like wormes out of their slimie nature,
Soone as on them the Suns like giuing light,
Had powred kindlie heat and formall feature,
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to loue,
And like himselfe desire for to beget,
The Lyon chose his mate, the Turtle Doue
Her deare, the Dolphin his owne Dolphinet:
But man that had the sparke of reasons might,
More then the rest to rule his passion,
Chose for his loue the fairest in his sight,
Like as himselfe was fairest by creation,
For beautie is the bayt which with delight
Doth man allure; for to enlarge his kind,
Beautie, the burning lampe of heauens light,
Darting her beames into each feeble mund:
Against whose power, nor God nor man can find
Defence, ne ward the danger of the wound,
But being hurt, seeke to be medicin'd
Of her that first did sur that mortall fownd.
Then doe they cry and call to loue apace,
With prayers lowd importuning the skie,
Whence he them heares, & when he list shew grace,
Does grant them grace that otherwise would die.
So loue is Lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powerfull saw:
All being made the vassalls of his might,

Through secret sense which thereto doth them draw,
Thus ought all louers of their Lord to deeme:
And with chaste heart to honour him alway:
But who else doth otherwise esteeme,
Are out-lawes, and his lore doe disobay,
For their desire is base, and doth not merit
The name of loue, but of disloyall lust:
Ne mongst true louers they shall place inherit,
But as Exuls out of his court be thrust.

So hauing said, MELISSA spake at will,
COLIN, thou now full deeply hast diuind
Of loue and beautie, and with wondrous skill,
Hast CYPID beset depainted in his kind,
To thee are all true louers greatly bound,
That doost their cause so mightily defend:
But most, all women are thy debtors found,
That doost their bountie still so much commend.

That ill, said HOBENOLL, they him requite:
For hauing loued euer one most deare,
He is repaid with scorn and foule despite,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare.

Indeed, said LYCID, I haue often heard,
Faire ROSALINDE of diuers fowly blamed:
For being to that swaine too cruell hard,
That her bright glorie else hath much defamed,
But who can tell what cause had that faire Mayd
To vse him so that loued her so well:
Or who with blame can iustly her vpbraid,
For louing not? for who can loue compell?
And sooth to say, tis foolhardie thing,
Rashly to wyten creatures so diuine,
For demigods they be, and first did spring
From heauen, though graff in fraillesse feminine.
And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
How one that first HELEN did reuile,
Through iudgement of the gods to been wrooken,
Lost both his eyes, and so remaind long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked crimes,
And made amends to her with trebble praise,
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read beames,
How rashly blame of ROSALINDE y'raife,

Ah shepherds, then said COLIN, ye new wect
How great a guilt vpon your heads ye draw
To make so bold a doome with words vntrect,
Of thing celestiall, which ye neuer saw:
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepherds daughters which amongst you bee,
But of diuiner regard and heavenly hew,
Excelling all that euer ye did see.
Not then to her, that scorned thing so base,
But to my selfe the blame, that lookt so hie:
So hie her thoughts as she her selfe haue place,
And loath each lowly thing with lestie eye,
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swaine, sith her I may not loue:
Yet that I may her honour parauant,
And praise her worth, though far my wit aboue,
Such grace shall be some querdon for the grieft,
And long affliction which I haue endured,
Such grace sometimes shall giue me some reliefe,
And ease of paine which cannot be recured.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which doe see
And heare the languours of my too long dying,
Vnto the world for euer witnesse bee,
That hers I die, nought to the world denying,
This simple trophee of her great conquest,

So, hauing ended, he from ground did rise,
And after him vprofe eke all the rest:
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies,
Warnd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.

FINIS.



ASTROPHEL.

A Pastorall Elegie vpon the death of the most Noble
and valorous Knight, Sir Philip Sidney.

DEDICATED
To the most beautifull and vertuous Ladie, the
Countesse of *Essex*.

ASTROPHEL.

Shepheards that wont on pipes of oaten reede,
Of times to plaine your loues concealed smart:
And with your pitious layes haue learnd to breed
Compassion in a country-lasses hart;
Harken ye gentle shepheards to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint, your plaints among.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfullst verse that euer man heard tell:
To you whose softned hearts it may empierse,
With dolours dart, for death of *Astrophel*.
To you I sing, and to none other wight:
For well I wot my rimes been rudely dight.

Yet as they beene, if any nyce wit
Shall hap to heare, or couet them to read:
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the liuing, but the dead.
And if in him found pittie euer place,
Let him be mou'd to pittie such a case.

B.

A gentle

A Gentle Shepheard borne in **ARCADY**,
Of gentlest race that euer shepheard bore:
About the grasie banks of **HAEMONV**,
Did keepe his sheepe, his little stock and store.
Full carefully he kept them day and night,
In fairest fields, and **ASTROPHEL** he hight.

Young **ASTROPHEL**, the pride of shepheards praise,
Young **ASTROPHEL**, the rusticke Lasses loue:
Far passing all the Pastors of his dayes,
In all that seemely shepheard might behoue.
In one thing onely sayling of the best,
That he was not so lappy as the rest.

For fir m the time that first the Nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lames to feed,
A slender swaine, excelling farre each other,
In comely shap, like her that did him breed,
He grew vp fast in goodnesse and in grace,
And doubly faire wox both in mind and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle vsage, and demeanour mild:
That all mens harts with secret ranshment
He stole away, and weetingly beguild.
Ne spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his ioyance innocent,
Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall:
And he himselfe seemd made for meriment,
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delighfull play,
When **ASTROPHEL** lo-euer was away.

For he could pipe and daunce, and caroll sweet,
Emongst the shepheards in their shearing feasts:
As Sommers lark, that with her song doth greet
The dauning day, forth comming from the East.
And layes of loue he also could compose.
Thrice happy she, whom he to praice did chose.

Full many Maydens often did him woo,
Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
Or make for them as he was wont to doo,
For her that did his hart with loue inflame.
For which they promised to dight, for him,
Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a Nymph, both of the wood and brooke,
Soone as his oaten pipe began to thrill:
Both crytall vells and shadie groues forooke,
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill.
And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
Or mellow fruit, if it were haruett time.

But he, for none of them did care a whit,
Yet wood Gods for them often sighed sore:
Ne for their gifts, vnworthy of his wit,
Yet not vnworthie of the countries store.
For one alone he car'd, for one he sigh't,
His lifes desire, and his deare louses delight.

STELLA the faire, the fairest starre in skie,
As faire as **VENVS**, or the fairest faire:
(A fairer starre saw neuer liuing eye)
Shot her sharpe pointed beames through purest ayre.
Her he did loue, her he alone did honor,
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all vpon her.

To her he vowd the seruice of his daies,
On her he spent the riches of his wit:
For her he made hymnes of immortal praise,
Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of loue he worthy deemed,
For all the rest but little he esteemed.

Ne her with idle words alone he vowd,
And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine)
But with braue deeds to her sole seruice vowd,
And bold achievements her did entertaine.
For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
Both wise and hardie (too hardie alas)

In wrestling, nimble; and in running, swift;
In shooting, steddie; and in swimming, strong:
Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to list,
And all the sports that shepheards are emong.
In euery one, he vanquish't euery one,
He vanquish't all, and vanquish't was of none.

Besides, in hunting, such felicitie,
Or rather, infelicitie he found:
That euery field, and forest farre away,
He sought, where saluage beasts do most abound.
No beast so saluage but he could it kill,
No chase so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill match't with such courage as he had,
Did prick him forth with proud desire of praice:
To seeke abroad, of danger nought ydrad,
His Mistresse name, and his owne fame to raise.
What needeth perill to be sought abroad,
Sith round about vs, it doth make abroad?

It fortun'd, as he that perillous game
In foraine soile pursued far away:
Into a forest wide and waste he came,
Where store he heard to be of saluage pray.
So wide a forest, and so waste as this,
Nor famous **ANDERN**, nor soile **ARLO** is.

There his well-wouen toyles and subtill traines
He laid, the brutish nation to enwrap:
So well he wrought with practise and with paines,
That he of them great troupes did soone entrap.
Full happy man (miswetting much) was hee,
So rich a spoyle within his power to see.

Estsoones all heedlesse of his dearest hale,
Full greedily into the heard he thrust,
To slaughter them, and worke their finall bale,
Least that his toyle should of their troupes be burst.
Wide wounds emongst them many one he made,
Now with his sharpe bore-speare, now with his blade.

Colin Clouts come home againe.

His care was all, how he them all might kill,
That none might scape (so partiall vnto none)
Ill mind, so much to mind anothers ill,
As to become vnminfull of his owne.
But pardon that vnto the cruell skyes,
That from himselfe to them withdrew his eyes.

So as he rag'd amongst that beafully rout,
A cruell beast of most accursed brood:
Vpon him turn'd (despaire makes cowards stout)
And with fell tooth, accustomed to blood,
Launched his thigh with so mischeuous might,
That it both bone and muscles riued quight.

So deadly was the dint, and deepe the wound,
And so huge streames of blood there-out did flow,
That he endured not the direfull stound,
But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw:
The whiles the captiue heard his nets did rend,
And hauing none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while his shepheard peares,
To whom aliuie was nought so deare as hee:
And ye faire Maydes, the matches of his yeares,
Which in his grace did boast you most to bee?
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need,
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed?

Ah wretched boy! the shape of deric head,
And sad ensample of mans sudden end:
Full little faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Vnpitied, vnplaynd, of foe or friend.
Whilt none is nigh, thine eye-lids vp to close,
And kisse thy lips like faded leaues of rose.

A sort of Shepheards sewing of the chase,
As they the Forrest ranged on a day:
By fate or fortune came vnto the place,
Whereas the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay:
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would fill haue bled,
Had not good hap those shepheards thither led.

They stoppt his wound (too late to stop it was)
And in their armes tho softly did him reare:
Tho (as he wild) vnto his loued Lasse,
His dearest loue him dolefully did beare.
The dolefull beate that euer man did see,
Was ASTROPHEL, but dearest vnto mee.

She when she sawe her loue in such a plight,
With crudled blood and filthy gore deformed:
That woe to be with flowers and girlonds dight,
And her deare fauours dearely well adorned,
Her face, the fairest face that eye more see,
She like wife did deforme, like him to bee.

Her yellowe locks, that shone so bright and long,
As sunny beames in furest summers day:
She fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong,
From her red cheeks the roses rent away:
And her faire brest, the treasure of ioy,
She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

His palled face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with teares, and dried oft:
And with sweet kisses suckt the wafting breath,
Out of his lips, like Lillies, pale and oft.
And oft sic said to him, who answerd nought;
But oft hee look'd to his loikes did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient feegret;
And pitious mone the which she for him made;
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can set,
But he whose hart like sorrow did inuade:
At last, when paine his vital powres had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staid not awhit,
But after him did make vntimely haste:
Forth-with her gholt out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make, like Turtle chaste:
To proue that death their harts cannot diuide;
Which liuing were in loueto finally tide.

The Gods which all things see, this same beheld;
And pitying this paire of louers tiew,
Transformed them there lying on the field,
Into one flower, that is both red and blew.
It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade;
Like ASTROPHEL, which thereto was made:

And in the midst thereof a starre appeares;
As fairly form'd as any starre in skyes:
Resembling SELLA in her freshest yeeres,
Forth darting beames of beaurie from her eyes;
And all the day it standeth full of dew,
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That herbe of some, Starlight is call'd by name,
Of others, PENTHA, though not so well:
But thou, where euer thou doost find the same,
From this day forth doe call it ASTROPHEL.
And when loeuer thou it vp doost take,
Doe pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Heere of when tydings far abroad did passe,
The shepheards all which loued him full deare
(And sure full deare of all he loued was)
Did thither flocke, to see what they did heare.
And when that pitious spectacle they view'd,
The same wish bitter teares they all bedew'd.

And every one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguish, and great griefe oppress:
And euerie one did weepe, and waile, and moue,
And meane deuis'd to shew his sorrow best:
That from that houre since first on grassie Greene
Shepheard kept sheepe, was not like mourning scene.

But first, his siter, that CLORINDA highly
The gentlest shepheardesse that liues this day:
And most resembling both in shape and pray:
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay:
Which, least I marre the sweetnesse of the verse,
In fort as she it sung, I will rehearse.

AY me! to whom shall I my case complain,
That may compassion my impatient griefe?
Or where shall I vnfold my inward paine,
That my enriuen heart may find reliefe?
Shall I vnto the heauenly powres it flow?
Or vnto earthly men, that dwell below?

To heauens? ah! they alas the Authors were,
And workers of my vnremedied woe:
For they foresaw what to vs happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so.
From them comes good, from them comes also ill,
That which they made, who can them warne to spill.

To men? ah! they alas like wretched bee,
And subiect to the heauens ordinance:
Bound to abide what euer they decree.
Their best redresse, is their best suffering,
How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,
The which no lesse, need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrowe mourne,
Sith none aloue like sorrowfull remains:
And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,
To pay their vsury with double paines.
The woods, the hills, the riuers shall resound
The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.

Woods, hills and riuers, now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:
And all the fields do waile their widow state,
Sith death their fairest floure did late deface.
The fairest floure in field that euer grew,
Was **A S T R O P H E L**; that was, we all may rewe.

What cruell hand of cursed foe vnknowne,
Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a floure?
Vntimely cropt, before it well were growne,
And cleane defaced in vntimely houre.
Great losse to all that euer him did see,
Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee.

Breake now your girlonds, & ye shepherds lasses,
Sith the faire floure, which them adorn'd, is gone:
The floure, which them adorn'd, is gone to ashes,
Nener againe let Lasse put girlond on.
In stead of girlond, wear sad Cypres now,
And bitter Elder, broken from the bow.

Ne euer sing the loue-layes which he made:
Who euer made such layes of loue as hee?
Ne euer read the riddles, which he said
Vnto your selues, to make you mery glee.
Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
Your mery maker now alas is dead.

Death the deuourer of all worlds delight,
Hath robbed you, and rest fro me my ioy:
Both you and me, and all the world he quight
Hath robd of ioyance, and left sad annoy.
Ioy of the world, and shepherds pride was hee,
Shepherds hope, neuer like againe to see.

Oh Death that hast vs of such riches rest,
Tell vs at least, what hast thou with it done?
What is become of him whose floure here left
Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone.
Scarfe like the shadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pas.

But that immortal spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestiall grace:
By foueraine choice from th'heauenly quires select,
And lineally deriu'd from Angels race,
O what is now of it become, aread,
Aye me! can so diuine a thing be dead?

Ah no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But liues for aye, in blisfull Paradise:
Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie,
In bed of Lillies, wrapt in tender wif,
And compass all about with Roses sweet,
And daintie Violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds all of celestiall brood,
To him doe sweetly caroll day and night:
And with strange notes, of him well vnderstood,
Lull him asleepe in Angel-like delight:
Whilst in sweet dreame to him presented bee
Immortal beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their diuine aspects, appearing plaine,
And kindling loue in him aboue all measure,
Sweet loue, still ioyous, neuer feeling paine.
For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
He may enjoy from ialous rancor free.

There liueth he in euerlasting blis,
Sweet spirit, neuer fearing more to die:
Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,
Ne fearing sauage beasts more crueltie,
Whilst we heere wretches waile his priuate lacke,
And with vaine vowes doe often call him backe.

But liue thou there still happy, happy spirit,
And giue vs leave thee heere thus to lament:
Not thee that doest thy heauens ioy inherit,
But our owne selues, that heere in doleare drent,
Thus doe we weep and waile, and weare our eyes,
Mourning in others, our owne miseries.

Which when she ended had, another swaine,
Of gentelwit, and daintie sweet deuce
Whom **A S T R O P H E L** full deare did entertaine,
Whilst heere he liu'd, and held in passing price
Hight **T H E S T Y L I S**, began his mournfull tourne,
And made the Muses in his song to mourne.

And after him full many other moe,
And eury one in order lou'd him best,
Gao dight themselves t'expresse their inward woe,
With dolefull layes vnto the time adrest:
The which I here in order will rehearse,
As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse.



The mourning Muse of *Thestylis*.

Come forth ye Nymphs, come forth,
forlake you; warty bowres,
Forlake you molsy caues,
and help me to lament:
Helpe me to tune my dolefull notes
to gurgling found
Of **L I F F E S** tumbling streames:
Come let salt teares of ours,
Mixe with his waters fresh.
ô come, let one consent
Ioyne vs to mourne with wailfull plaints
the deadly wound
Which fatal clap hath made;
decreed by higher powres.
The dreery day in which
they haue from vs yrent
The noblest plant that might
from East to West be found.
Mourne, mourne, great **P H I L I P S**, fall,
mourne we his wofull end,
Whom spightfull death hath pluckt
vntimely from the tree,
Whiles yet his yeares in flowre
did promise worthy fruite.
Ah dreadfull **M A R S**!
why didst thou not thy knight defend?
What wrathfull mood,
what fault of ours hath moued thee
Of such a shining light
to leaue vs destitute?
Thou with benigne aspect
sometimè didst vs behold,
Thou hast in **B R I T O N S** valour
tane delight of old,
And with thy presence oft
vouchsafst to attribute
Fame and renowne to vs
for glorious martiall deeds.
But now their irefull beames
haue chill'd our hearts with cold,
Thou hast estrang'd thy selfe,
and deignest not our land:
Farre off to others now,
thy fauour honour breeds,
And high disdain doth cause
thee shunne our Clime (I feare)
For hadst thou not been wroth,
or that time neere at hand,
Thou wouldest haue heard the cry
that wofull **E N G L A N D** made,

Eke **Z E L A N D S** pitious plaints,
and **H O L L A N D S** toren haire
Would haply haue appeas'd
thy diuine angry mind:
Thou shouldst haue seene the trees
refuse to yeeld their shade,
And wailing, to let fall
the honour of their head,
And birds in mournfull tunes
lamenting in their kind:
Vp from his tombe
the mightie **C O R I N E V S** rose,
Who curling of the Fates
that this mishap had bred,
His hoary locks he tare,
calling the heauens vnkind.
The **T H A M E S** was heard to roare,
the **R E Y N E** and eke the **M O S E**,
The **S C H A L D**, the **D A N O V V** selfe
this great mischance did rue,
With torment and with griefe;
their fountaines pure and cleare
Were troubled, and with swelling floods
declar'd their woes.
The Muses comfortlesse,
the Nymphs with paled hue,
The **S Y L V A N** Gods likewise
came running farr and neare,
And all with teares bedewd,
and eyes cast vp on hee,
O help, ô help ye Gods,
they ghastly gan to cry.
O change the cruell fate
of this so rare a wight,
And grant that Natures course
may measure out his age,
The beasts their foode forsooke,
and trembling fearefully,
Each sought his caue or den,
this cry did them to fright,
Out from amid the waves,
by storme then stir'd to rage,
This crie did cause to rise
th'old father **O C E A N** hoare,
Who graue with old,
and full of maiestie in sight,
Spake in this wise:
Refraine, quoth hee, your teares & plaints,
Cease these your idle words,
make vaine requests no more.

No humble speech nor moine,
may moue the fixed stint
Of destinie or death :

Such is his will that paints
The earth with colours fresh ;
the darkeſt ſkies with ſtore
Of ſtarry lights : And though
your teares a hart of ſint
Might tender make,

yet nought heerein they will preuaile.

Whiles thus he ſaid,
the noble Knight, who gan to feele

His vitall force to faint,
and death with cruell dint

Of direfull dart
his mortall body to aſſaile,

With eyes liſt vp to hea'ns,
and courage franke as ſteele,

With cheerefull face,
where valour liuely was expreſt,

But humble mind, he ſaid ;

O Lord, if ought this fraile

And earthly carkaſſe haue
thy ſeruiſe ſought t'aduance,

If my deſire haue been

ſill to relieue th'oppreſt :

If iuſtice to maintaine

that valour I haue ſpent

Which thou me ga'ſt ;

or if henceforth I might aduance

Thy name, thy truth,

then ſpare me (Lord) if thou think beſt

Forbear theſe vnripe yeeres.

But if thy will be bent,

If that prefixed time

be come which thou haſt ſet,

Through pure and ſeruent faith,

I hope now to be plaſt

In th'euerlaſting bliſſe,

which with thy precious blood

Thou purchaſe didſt forvs.

With that a ſigh he ſet,

And ſtraight a clouddie miſt

his ſenſes ouer-caſt,

His lips waxt pale and wan,

like damaske roſes bud

Caſt from the ſtalke,

or like in field to purple flowre,

which languiſteth being ſhred

by culter as it paſt.

A trembling chilly cold

ranne through their veines, which were

With eyes brim-full of teares

to ſee his fatal howre,

Whoſe bluſting ſighes

at firſt their ſorrow did declare,

Next, murmuring enſide :

at laſt they not forbear

Plaine out-cries, all againſt

the hea'ns, that eniuouſly

Depriu'd vs of a ſpright

ſo perfect and ſo rare.

The Sun his lightſome beames

did throw, and hide his face

For grieſe, whereby the earth

feard night eternally :

The mountaines each where ſhooke,

the riuers turnd their ſtreames,

And th'ayre gan winter-like

to rage and fret apace :

And grimly ghos'ts by night were ſcene,

and ſerie gleames,

Amid the cloudes

with claps of thunder, that did ſeeme

To rent the ſkies,

and made both man & beaſt aſcared :

The birds of ill preſage

this luckleſſe chance fore-told,

By dernfull noiſe, and dogs

with howling mademans deeme

Some miſchiefe was at hand :

for ſuch they doe eſteeme

As tokens of miſhap,

and ſo haue done of old.

Ah that thou haſt but heard

his lovely **STELLA** plaine

Her grieuous loſſe,

or ſcene her heauiſe mourning cheere,

While ſhe with woe oppreſt,

her ſorrowes did vnfold.

Her haire hung looſe neglect,

about her ſhoulders twaine,

And from thoſe two bright ſtars,

to himſometime ſo deere,

Her hart ſent drops of pearle,

which fell in ſoyfon downe

T'wixt Lilly and the Roſe.

She wrong her hands with paine,

And pitiouſly gan ſay,

My true and faithfull pheere,

Alas, and woe is mee,

why ſhould my fortune frowne

On me thus frowardly

to rob me of my ioy?

What cruell eniuous hand

hath taken thee away,

And with theſe my content,

my comfort and my ſtay?

Thou onely waſt the caſe

of trouble and annoy :

When they did me aſſaile,

in thee my hopes did reſt.

Alas, what now is left but grieſe,

that night and day

Aſſiſts this wofull life,

and with continual rage

Torments ten thouſand waies

my miſerable breſt?

O greedie eniuous hea'ns,

what needed thee to haue

Enrich with ſuch a Jewell

this vnhappy age,

The mourning Muse of Thestylis.

To take it backe againe to loone?
Alas, when shall

Myne eyes see eough that may
content them, since thy graue

My onely treasure hides
the ioyes of my poore hart?

As here with thee on earth I liu'd,
euen so equall

Me thinks it were with thee
in heau'n I did abide:

And as our troubles all
we heere on earth did part,

So reason would that there
of thy most happy state

I had my share,

Alas, if thou my trustie guide

Were wont to be,
how canst thou leaue me thus alone

In darknesse and astray;

weake, wearie, desolate,

Plung'd in a world of woe,

refusing for to take

Me with thee, to the place of rest
where thou art gone.

This said, she held her peace,

for sorrow tide hir tooing;

And instead of more words,

seemd that her eyes a lake

Of teares had been, they flow'd
so plentifully thereto:

And with her sobs and sighes,

th'ayre round about her roong.

If V E N V S when she waild

her deare A D O N I S slaine,

Ought moou'd in thy fierce hatt

compasion of her woe,

His noble sisters plaints,

her sighes and teares among,

Would sure haue made thee mild,

and inly rue her paine:

A V R O R A halfe so faire,

her selfe did neuer show,

When from old T I T H O N S bed,

shee weeping did arise.

The blinded archer-boy,

like Larke in shoure of raine

Sate bathing of his wings,

and glad the time did spend

Vnder those crysfall drops,

which fell from her faire eyes,

And at their brightest beames

him proynd in louely wise.

Yet sorie for her griefe,

which he could not amend,

The gentle boy gan wipe her eyes,

and cleere thole lights,

Those lights through which,

his glory and his conquests shine.

The Graces tuckt her haire,

which hung like threds of gold,

Along her Iuorie brest

the treature of delights,

All things with her to weep,

it seem'd, did encline,

The trees, the hills, the dales,

the caues, the fiones so cold,

The ayre did helpe them mourne,

with darke clouds, raine and mist,

Forbearing many a day

to cleare it selfe againe,

Which made them estoones feare

the dayes of P E R R H A should,

Of creatures spoile the earth,

their fatall threds vturist.

For P H O E B V S gladsome raies

were wish'd for in vaine,

And with her quincering light

L A T O N A S daughter faire,

And C H A R L E S - V V A I N E eke refus'd

to be the shipmans guide.

On N E P T V N E warr was made,

by A E O L V S and his traine,

Who letting loose the winds,

toft and torment'd th'ayre,

So that on eu'ry coast

men shipwrack did abide,

Or else were swallowed vp

in open sea with waues,

And such as came to shoare,

were beaten with despair.

The Medwaies siluer streames,

that wont so still to slide,

Were troubled now and wroth:

whose hidden hollowe caues

Along his banks with fog

then shrouded from mans eye,

Aye P H I L I P did resound,

aye P E N I T I N C Y they did cry.

His Nymphs were leene no more

(though in some still in traies)

With haire spread to the wind

themselues to baue or sport,

Or with the hooke or net,

baucosted waer only

The pleasant daintie fish

to entangle or deceiue.

The shepherds left

their wonted places of resort,

Their bagpipes now were still;

their louing merry layes

Were quite forgot and now

their flocks, men might perceiue

To wander and to stray,

all carelesly neglect.

And in the stead of mirth,

and pleasure, nights and dayes,

Nought els was to be heard,

but woes, complaints and moone.

But thou (O blessed soule)

doost haply not respect,

These teares we shed,

though full of louing pure aspect,

The mourning Muse of Thestylis.

Having affixt thine eyes
on that most glorious throne,
Where full of maieftic
the high Creator raignes,
In whole bright shining face
thy ioyes are all complete;
Whose loue kindles thy spright;
where happy alwaies one,
Thou liu'ft in bliffe
that earthly paffion neuer ftaines;
Where from the pureft Spring
the sacred Nectar sweet
Is thy continuall drinke:
where thou dooft gather now
Of well employed life,
th'ineftimable gaines.
There VENVS on thee fmiles,
APOLLO giues thee place,
And MARS in reuerent wife
doth to thy vertue bow,
And decks his fiery fphere,
to doe thee honour moft.
In higheft part whereof,

thy valour for to grace,
A chaire of gold he fetts to thee,
and there doth tell
Thy noble acts arew,
whereby euen they that boast
Themfelves of auncient fame,
as PYRRHVS, HANNIBALL,
SCIPIO and CAESAR,
with the reft that did excell
n martiall prowefle,
high thy glory do admire.
All haile therefore.
O worthy PHILIP immortal,
The floure of SYDNEYS race,
the honour of thy name,
Whose worthy praife to fing,
my Muses not afpire;
But sorrowfull and fad
theſe teares to thee let fall,
Yet wiſh their veries might
fo farre and wide thy fame
Extend, that enuies rage,
nor time might end the ſame.



AP



A Pastorall Æglogue vpon the death of Sir
Philip Sidney, Knight, &c.

(..)

Lycon.

Colin.

COLIN, vvell fits thy sad cheare this sad frownd,
This wofull frownd, wherein all things complaine
This great mishap, this greuous losse of owres.
Hear'st thou the OROVVN? how with hollow sound
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,
And seemes to say vnto the fading flowres,
Along his bankes, vnto the bared trees;
PHILLISIDES is dead. Vp holly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Helpe him to mourne. My hart with griefe doth freeze,
Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part
Sure would I beare, though rude: But as I may,
With sobs and sighes I second will thy song,
And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart. (teach

COZIN. Ah LYCON, LYCON, what need skill to
A grieued mind poure forth his plaints? how long
Hath the poore Turtle gone to schoole (ween'st thou)
To learne to mourne her lost Make? No, no, each
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander now?
Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
In dolefull sound. Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to shew a heauie cheare.
What bird, I pray thee, hast thou seene, that prunes
Himselfe of late? did any cheerfull note
Come to thine eares, or glad some sight appeare
Vnto thine eyes, since that same fatal howre?
Hath not the ayre put on his mourning coate,
And testified his griefe with flowing teares?
Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his poore
Doth vs inuite to make a sad consort;
Come let vs ioyne our moumfull song with theirs,
Griefe will en dute, and sorrow will enforce
Thy voice, and Echo will our words report.

LYC. Though my rude rimes, ill with thy verses
That others farre excell: yet will I force (frame,
My selfe to answer thee the best I can,
And honour my base words with his high name.
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit
In secret shade or caue; vouchsafe, O PAN,
To pardon me, and heare this hard constraint
With patience while I sing, and pittie it.
And eke y rural Muses, that doe dwell

In these wilde woods; if euer pitious plaint
We did endite, or taught a wofull mind
With words of pure affect, his griefe to tell,
Instruēt me now. Now COLIN then goe on,
And I will follow thee, though farre behind.

COL. PHILLISIDES is dead, O harmful death,
O deadly harme. Vnhappy ALBION,
When shalt thou see among thy shepherds all,
Any so sage, so perfect? Whom vncaut
Ennie could touch for vertuous life and skill;
Curteous, valiant, and liberall.
Behold the sacred PALES, where with haire
Vntrust she sits, in shade of yonder hill.
And her faire face bent sadly downe, doth send
A flood of teares to bathe the earth; and there
Doth call the heauens despightfull, enuious,
Cruell his fate, that made so short an end
Of that same life, well worthy to haue been
Prolongd with many yeeres, happy and famous.
The Nymphs and ORHEADS her round about
Doe sit lamenting on the grassie greene;
And with shrill cries, beating their white st breasts,
Accuse the dreffull dart that death sent out
To giue the fatal stroke. The starrs they blame,
That deaf or carelesse seeme at their request.
The pleasant shade of stately groues they ihun;
They leaue their cry stall springs, where they wont frame
Sweet bowres of Myrtle twigs and Laur all faire,
To sport themselves free from the scorching Sun.
And now the hollowe caues where horror darke
Doth dwell, whence banisht is the glad some aire
They seeke; and there in mourning spend their time
With wailefull tunes, whiles wolues do howle & barke,
And seeme to beare a burden to their plaint.

LYC. PHILLISIDES is dead. O dolefull rime,
Why should my tongue expresse thee? who is left
Now to vphold thy hopes, when they doe faint,
LYCON vnfortunate? What spightfull fate;
What lucklesse destinie hath thee bereft
Of thy chiefe comfort; of thy onely stay?
Where is heeome thy wouled happie state,
(Alas) wherein through many a hill and dale,
Through pleasant woods, & many an vnknown way,

Along

A Pastoral Aeglogue.

Along the banks of many silver streames,
 Thou with him yodest; and with him didst scale
 The craggy rocks of th'Alpes and APENNINE?
 Still with the Mutes sporting, while those beames
 Of vertue kindled in his noble brest,
 Which after did so gloriously forth shine?
 But (woe is me) they now yquenched are
 All suddainly, and death hath them opprest.
 Loe father NEPTVNE, with sad countenance,
 How he sits mourning on the strand now bare,
 Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rolling waues
 The white feete washeth (waying this mischance)
 Of DOVER-cliffes. His sacred skirt about
 The Sea-gods all are set; from their moist caues
 All for his comfort gather'd there they be.
 The THAMIS rich, the HVMBERTough & stout,
 The fruitfull SEVERNE, with the rest arc come
 To helpe their Lord to mourne, and eke to see
 The dolefull sight, and sad pomp funerall
 Of the dead corps passing through his kingdom.
 And all their heads with Cypres gyrlonds crown'd
 With wofull shrikes salute him great and small.
 Eke wailefull Echo, forgetting her deare
 NARCISVS, their last accents, doth refound.
 COL. PHILLISIDES is dead. O lucklesse age;
 O widow world; O brookes and fountaines cleere;
 O hills, O dales, O woods that oft haue rong
 With his sweet caroling, which could aswage
 The fiercest wrath of Tygre or of Beare.
 Ye Syluans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that among
 These thickets oft haue daunst after his pipe,
 Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden haire,
 That oft haue left your purest crystall springs
 To barken to his layes, that coulden wipe
 Away all grieife and sorrow from your hartes.
 Alas! who now is left that like him sings?
 When shall you heare againe like harmonie?
 So sweet a found, who to you now imparts?

Loe, where engraued by his hand yer lues
 The name of STELLA, in yonder Bay tree.
 Happy name, happy tree, faire may you grow,
 And spread your sacred branch, which honour giues,
 To famous Emperours, and Poets crowne.
 Vnhappy flocke that wander scattered now,
 What maruell if through grieife ye woxen leane,
 For sake your foode, and hang your heads adowne?
 For such a shepheard neuer shall you guide,
 Whose parting, bath of weale bereft you cleane.
 LYC. PHILLISIDES is dead. O happy sprite,
 That now in heau'n with blessed soules doost bide:
 Looke downe awhile from where thou sitt above,
 And see how busie shepheards be to endie
 Sad songs of grieife, their sorrowes to declare,
 And gratefull memory of their kind loue.
 Behold my selfe with COLIN, gentle twaine
 (Whose learned Muse thou cherishst most whylear)
 Where we thy names recording, seeke to ease,
 The inward torment and tormenting paine,
 That thy departure to vs both hath bred:
 Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
 Behold the fountaines now left desolate,
 And withred grasle with Cypres boughes bespred,
 Behold these flowres which on thy graue wstrew;
 Which faded, shew the giuers faded state,
 Though eke they shew their feruent zeale and pure
 Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
 Whose prayers importune shall the heau'ns for aye,
 Thar to thy ashes, rest they may assure:
 That learnedst shepheards honour may thy name
 With yeerely praises, and the Nymphs alway
 Thy tombe may decke with fresh & sweetest flowres;
 And that for euer may endure thy fame.
 (COL. The Sun (lo) hastned hath his face to steepe
 In Western waues: and th'ayre with stormie showres
 Warnes vs to driue homewards our silly sheepe,
 LYCON, let's rise, and take of them good keepe,

Virtute summa: cetera fortuna.

L. B.



An



AN ELEGIE, OR FRIENDS PAS- sion, for his *Astrophell*.

Written vpon the death of the right Honourable Sir
Phillip Sydney, Knight, Lord Gouvernour
of Flushing.

AS then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling cloude, accloid the ayre,
The skie, like graffe of watchet hew;
Reflected PHOEBVS golden haire,
The garnisht tree, no pendant stird,
No voice was heard of any bird.

There might you see the burly Beare,
The Lion King, the Elephant,
The maiden Vnicorne was there,
So was ACTEON'S horned plant,
And what of wilde or tame are found,
Were coucht in order on the ground.

ALCIDES speckled Poplar tree,
The palme that Monarchs doe obtaine,
With loue-iyuce stained the Mulberie,
The fruite that dewes the Poets braine,
And PHILLIS philbert there away,
Comarde with Myrtle and the Bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
With stately height threatening the skie,
And for the bed of Loue forlorne,
The blake & dolfull Ebonie,
All in a circle compast were,
Like to an Amphitheater.

Vpon the branches of those trees,
The airc-winged people sat,
Distinguished in ord degrees,
One sort is this, another that,
Here PHILOMELLE, that knowes ful well,
What force and wit in loue doth dwell.

The skie-bred Eagle, royall bird,
Percht there vpon an Oake aboue,
The Turck by him neuer stird,

Example of immortal loue.
The Swan, that sings about to die,
Leauing MEANDER, stood thereby.

And that which was of wonder most,
The Phœnix left sweet Arabic:
And on a Cæder in this coast,
Built vp her tombe of spicerie,
As I coniecture by the same,
Preparde to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,
I saw one groueling on the graffe:
A man or stone, I knew not that,
No stone: of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More then the image made of stone.

At length, I might perceiue him reare
His body on his elbowe end:
Earthly and pale with gaffly cheare,
Vpon his knees he vpward tend,
Secming like one in vncouth stound,
To be ascending out the ground.

A grievous sigh forthwith he throwes,
As might haue torne the vital strings,
Then downe his cheekes the teares so flowes,
As doth the streame of many springs,
So thunder rends the clowd in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine.

Incontinent, with trembling sound,
He wofully gan to complaine,
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine.
After his throbs did some-what stay,
Thus heuily he gan to say.

An Elegie.

O sunne, said he, seeing the sunne,
On wretched me why dost thou shine?
My starre is false, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of mine eie,
Shine vpon those possesse delight,
And let me liue in endlesse night.

O griefe that liest vpon my soule,
As heauie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Confort me quickly with the dead,
- Halfe of this hart, this sprite and will,
Di'de in the brest of **ASTROPHILL**.

And you compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shade trees,
I am assurde ye long to know,
What be the forrowes me agreeu's,
Listen ye then to that int' th,
And heare a tale of teares and ruth.

You knew, who knew not **ASTROPHILL**,
(That I should liue to say I knew,
And haue not in possession still)
Things knowne permit me to renew:
Of him, you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you heare too much.

Within these woods of **ARCADIE**,
He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,
And on the mountaine **PARTHENIE**,
Vpon the cryftall liquid brooke,
The Muses met him eu'ry day,
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe the mount,
His personage seem'd most diuine,
A thousand graces one might count,
Vpon his lovely cheerefull eie,
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradiſe the while.

A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospell bookes,
I trow that count'nance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

Was neuer eye, did see that face,
Was neuer eare, did heare that tongue,
Was neuer mind, did mind his grace,
That euer thought the trauell long:
But eyes, and eares, and eu'ry thought,
Were with his sweet perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man,
In whom so rare defects did raigue,
Desired thus, must leaue vs than,
And we to wish for him in vaine,
O could the starres that bred that wit,
In force no longer fixed sit?

Then being filld with learned dew,
The Muses willed him to loue,
That instrument can aptly shew,
How finely our conceits will moue.
As **BACCHVS** oper dissembled harts,
So loue sets out our better parts.

STELLA, a Nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heau'nly blis,
The highest in his fancie stood,
And she could well demerite this,
'Tis likely they acquainted soonc,
He was a Sun, and she a Moone.

Our **ASTROPHILL** did **STELLA** loue,
O **STELLA** vauant of **ASTROPHILL**,
Albeit thy graces gods may moue,
Where wilt thou find a **ASTROPHILL**,
The rose and lillie haue their prime,
And so hath beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie doe exceede,
In common sight of eu'ry eie,
Yet in his Poesies when we reede,
It is apparant more thereby,
He that hath loue and iudgement to,
Sees more than any others do.

Then **ASTROPHILL** bath honord thee,
For when thy body is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternall be,
And liue by vertue of his inke,
For by his verses he doth giue,
To short liude beautie, ay to liue.

About all others, this is hee,
Which erst approued in his song,
That loue and honour might agree,
And that pure loue will doe no wrong.
Sweet faints, it is no sinne nor blame,
To loue a man of vertuous name.

Did neuer loue so sweetly breath
In any mortall brest before,
Did neuer Muse inspire beneath,
A Poets braine with finer store:
He wrote of loue with high conceits,
And beautie reard abou'cher height.

Then **PALLAS** afterward attyrd,
Our **ASTROPHILL** with her deuce,
Whom in his armor heauen admyrd,
As of the nation of the skies,
He sparkled in his armes afarrs,
As he were dight with fiery starres.

The blaze whereof when **MARS** beheld,
(An enuious eye doth see afar)
Such maiestie, quoth he, is feld,
Such maiestie my mart may mar,
Perhaps this may a suter be,
To set **MARS** by his deuce.

An Epitaph.

In this furrize he made with speede
An Iron cane, wherein he put
The thunder that in cloudes doth breed.
The flame and bolt together shut,
With priuie force burst out againe,
And so our **A S T R O P H I L** was flaine.

This word (was flain) straightway did moue,
And natures inward life-strings twitch,
The skie immediady aboue,
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
The wrastling winds fro out the ground,
Fild all the ayre with rattling sound.

The bending trees exprest a grone,
And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall,
The Forrest beasts made rutfull mone,
The birds did tune their mourning call,
And **P H I L O M E L** for **A S T R O P H I L**,
Vnto her notes annex a phill.

The Turtle Doue with tunes of ruth,
Shew'd feeling passion of his death,
Me thought she said, I tell the truth,
Was neuer he that drew in breath,
Vnto his loue more trustie found,
Than he for whom our griefes abound.

The Swan that was in presence heere,
Began his funeral dirge to sing,
Good things, quoth he, may scarce appeere,
But passe away with speedy wing.
This mortall life, as death is tride,
And death giues life, and so he di'de.

The generall sorow that was made
Among the creatures of each kind,
Fired the Phoenix where she laid,
Her ashes flying with the wind,
So as I might with reason see,
That such a Phoenix nere should bee.

Haply the ciorders driuen about,
May breed an offspring neere that kind,
But hardly a peere to that I doubt,
It cannot sinke into my mind,
That vnder-branches ere can bee
Of worth and value as the tree.

The Eagle markt with pearcing sight,
The mourfull habite of the place,
And parted thence with mounting flight,
To signifie to **I O V A** the case,
What sorrow Nature doth sustaine,
For **A S T R O P H I L**, by enue flaine.

And while I follow'd, with mine eye,
The flight the Eagle vward tooke,
All things did vanish by and by,
And disappeared from my looke,
The trees, beasts, birds, & groue was gone,
So was the friend that made this mone.

This spectacle had firmly wrought,
A deepe compassion in my spright,
My molting hart influde, me thought,
In streames forth at mine eyes aright,
And heere my pen is forst to shrinke,
My teares discolour fo mine inke.

An Epitaph vpon the right Honourable Sir *Philip Sidney*, Knight: Lord Gouvernour of Flushing.

TO praise thy life, or waile thy worthy death,
And want thy wit, thy wit, high, pure, diuine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,
And friendly care obfcurde in secret brest,
And loue that enuie in thy life supprest,
Thy deere life done, and death, hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and liuing state,
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,
As one that fild the rising Sun bath fought,
With words and teares now waile thy timelesse fate.

Drawne was thy race, aright from princely line,
Nor lesse then such (by gifts that Nature gaue,
The common mother that all creatures haue,
Doth vertue shew, and princely linage shine.

A king gaue thee thy name, a kingly mind,
That God thee gaue, who found it now too deere

For this base world, and hath resumed it neere,
To sit in skies, and fort with powers diuine,

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth,
The heauens made hast, and staid nor yeers, nor time,
The fruites of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
Thy will, thy words; thy words the scales of truth.

Great gifts and wisdome rare employd thee thence,
To treat from kings, with those more great then kings,
Such hope men had to lay the highest things,
On thy wife youth, to be transported hence.

Whence, to sharpe warres sweet honour did thee call,
Thy countries loue, religion, and thy friends:
Of worthy men, the markes, the liues and ends,
And her defence, for whom we labour all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
Griefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes might;
Thy rising day, saw neuer wofull night,
But past with praise, from off this worldly stage.

C.

Backe

An Epitaph.

Back to the campe, by thee that day was brought,
First thine owne death, and after thy long fame;
Teares to the souldiers, the proud *Castilians* shame;
Vertue exprest, and honour truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great graces hath wooon,
Young yeares, for endlesse yeares, and hope vnfore
Of fortunes gifts, for wealth that still shall dure,
Oh happie race with fo great praises runne.

England doth hold thy limmes that bred the same,
Flaunders thy valure, where it last was tried,
The Campe thy sorrow, where thy bodie died,
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our minds lay vp thy loue,
Letters thy learning, thy losse, yeeres long to come,
In thy worth harts sorrow hath made thy tombe,
Thy foule and spright enrich the heauens about.

Thy liberall hart imbalm'd in gratefull teares,
Young sighes, sweet sighes, sage sighes bewaile thy fall,
Enuie her sting, and spight hath left her gall,
Malice her selfe, a mourning garment weares.

That day their *HANNIBAL* died, our *SCIPIO* fell,
SCIPIO, *CICERO*, & *PETRARCH* of our time,
Whose vertues wounded by my worthlesse rime,
Let Angels speake, and heauen thy praises tell.

An other of the same.

Silence augmenteth grieffe,
writing increaseth rage,
Stald are my thoughts, which lou'd,
and lost, the wonder of our age:
Yet quickned now with fire,
though dead with frost ere now,
Enrag'd I write, I knowe not what:
dead, quick, I knowe not how.

Hard-harted minds relent,
and rigors teares abound,
And enuie strangely rues his end,
in whom no fault she found,
Knowledge her light hath lost,
valor hath flaine her knight,
SIDNEY is dead, dead is my friend,
dead is the worlds delight.

Place peniue wailes his fall,
whose presence was her pride,
Time crieth out, my ebbe is come:
his life was my spring tide,
Fame mournes in that she lost
the ground of her reports,
Each liuing wight laments his lack,
and all in sundry sorts.

He was (wo worth that word)
to each well thinking mind,
A spotlesse friend, a matchlesse man,
whose vertue euer shind,
Declaring in his thoughts,
his life, and that he writ,
Highest conceits, longest foresights,
and deepest works of wit.

He onely like himselfe,
was second vnto none,
Whose death (though life) we rue, and
and all in vaine doe mone, (wrong,
Their losse, not him waile they,
that fill the world with cries,
Death slew not him, but he made death
his ladder to the skies.

Now sinke of sorow I,
who liue, the more the wrong,
Who wishing death, whom death denies,
whose thred is all too long,
Who tied to wretched life,
who lookes for no reliefe,
Must spend my euer dying dayes,
in neuer ending grieffe.

Harts ease and onely I,
like parallels runne on,
Whose equall length, keepe equall bredth,
and neuer meet in one,
Yet for not wronging him,
my thoughts, my sorrowes cell,
Shall not run out, though leake they will,
for lking him so well.

Farewell to you my hopes,
my wonted waking dreames,
Farewell sometimes enioyed ioy,
eclipsed are thy beames,
Farewell false-pleasing thoughts,
which quietnesse brings forth,
And farewell friendships sacred league,
vnting minds of worth.

And farewell merry hart,
the gift of guiltlesse minds,
And all sports, which for liues restore,
varietie assignes,
Let all that sweet is void;
in me no mirth may dwell;
PHILIP, the cause of all this woe,
my lifes content, farewell.

Now rime, the sonne of frage,
which art no kin to skill,
And endlesse grieffe, which deads my life,
yet knowes not how to kill,
Go seeke that haplesse tombe,
which if ye hap to find,
Salute the stones, that keepe the limmes,
that held fo good a mind.

F I N I S.



PROTHALAMION

OR

A SPOVSALL VERSE: MADE

by *Edmunde Spenser,*

In honour of the double mariage of the two Honourable and vertuous Ladies, the Ladie *Elizabeth*, and the Ladie *Katherine Somerset*; Daughters to the Right Honourable the Earle of *Worcester*: and espoused to the two worthy Gentlemen, *M. Henry Gilford*, and *M. William Peter*,
Esquires.



AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lowmes.*

1611.



PROTHALAMION.

Calmc was the day, & through the trembling ayre,
 Sweet-breathing ZEPHYRVS did softly play
 A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
 Hot TITANS beames, which then did glyster faire:
 When I, whom fullen care,
 Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
 In Princes Court, and expectation vaine
 Of idle hopes, which still doe sic away,
 Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my braine,
 Walkt forth to ease my paine
 Along the shore of siluer streaming THEMES,
 Whose rutty Banke, the which his Riuer hemmes,
 Was painted all with variable flowers,
 And all the meades adorn'd with daintie gemmes,
 Fit to decke maydens bowres,
 And crowne their Paramours,
 Against the Bridale day, which is not long:
 Sweet THEMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

There, in a Meadow, by the Riuers side,
 A flock of Nymphes I chanced to espy,
 All louely daughters of the Flood thereby,
 With goodly greenish locks, all loose vntyde,
 As each had been a Bryde,
 And each one had a litle wicker basket,
 Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,
 In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket:
 And with fine fingers, cropt full feateously
 The tender stalkes on hie,
 Of euery sort, which in that Meadow grew,
 They gathered some; the Violet pallid blew,
 The little Dazie, that at euening closes,
 The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose trew,
 With flor of vermeil Roses,
 To decke their Bridegroomes posies,
 Against the Bridale day, which was not long:
 Sweet THEMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

With that, I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe,
 Come softly swimming downe along the Lee;
 Two fairer Birds I yet did neuer see:
 The snow which doth the top of PINDVS strew,
 Did neuer whiter shewe,

Nor IOVE himselfe when he a Swan would be,
 For loue of LEDA, whiter did appeare:
 Yet LEDA was (they say) as white as he,
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare:
 So purely white they were,
 That euen the gentle streame, the which them bare,
 Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
 To wet their silken feathers, least they might
 Soyle their faire plumes, with water not so faire,
 And marre their beauties bright,
 That shone as heauens light,
 Against their Bridale day, which was not long:
 Sweet THEMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

Eftsoones the Nymphes, which now had flowers their
 Ran all in haste, to see that siluer broode, (fill,
 As they came floting on the crytall Flood.
 Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,
 Their wondring eyes to fill,
 Them seem'd they neuer saw a sight so fayre,
 Of Fowles so louely, that they sure did deeme
 Them heauenly borne, or to be that same payre
 Which through the Skie draw VENVS siluer Teeme,
 For sure they did not seeme
 To be begot of any earthly Seede,
 But rather Angels, or of Angels breed:
 Yet were they bred of SOMMERS-HEAT, they say,
 In sweetest Season, when each Flower and weed
 The earth did fresh aray,
 So fresh they seem'd as day,
 Euen as their Bridale day, which was not long:
 Sweet THEMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew,
 Great store of Flowers, the honour of the field,
 That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
 All which, vpon those goodly Birds they threw,
 And all the Waues did strew,
 That like old PENEVS Waters they did seeme,
 Whe down along by pleasant TEMES shore (stream,
 Scattered with Flowers, through THESSALY they
 That they appeare through Lillies plentiful store,
 Like a Brides Chamber flore:

PROTHALAMION.

Two of those Nymphes, mean-while two garlands bound,
Of freshest Flowres, which in that Mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim Array,
Their snowie Foreheads therewithall they crownd,
Whil't one did sing this Lay,
Prepar'd against that Day,
Against their Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet **T H E M M E S** runne softly, till I end my Song.

Ye gentle Birds, the worlds faire ornament,
And heavens glorie, whom this happy hower
Doth leade vnto your louers blisfull bower,
Ioy may you haue, and gentle hearts content
Of your loues couplement:
And let faire **V E N V S**, that is Queene of loue,
With her hart-quelling Sonne vpon you smile,
Whose smile they say, hath vertue to remoue
All loues dislike, and friendships faultie guile
For cuer to affoile.
Let endlesse Peace your stedfast hearts accord,
And blessed Plentie waite vpon your bord,
And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your ioyes redound,
Vpon your Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet **T H E M M E S** runne softly, till I end my Song.

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her vnderlong,
Which said, their Bridale day should not be long.
And gentle Echo from the neighbour ground,
Their accents did resound.
So forth, those ioyous Birds did passe along,
A downe the Lee, that to them murmurde low,
As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,
Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
Making his streame runne flow.
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
Gan flocke about these twaine, that did excell
There, so far, as **C Y N T H I A** doth shend
The lesser starres. So they engaged well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best seruice lend,
Against their wedding day, which was not long:
Sweet **T H E M M E S** runne softly, till I end my Song.

At length, they all to merry **L O N D O N** came,
To merry **L O N D O N**, my most kindly Nurse,
That to me gaue this Lifes first natie source:
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame.

There when they came, whereas those bricky towres,
The which on **T H E M M E S** brode aged back doth ride,
Where now the studious Lawyers haue their bowers,
There whylome wont the T'empler Knights to bide,
Till they decayd through pride:
Next wherevnto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feels my friendlesse case:
But ah! heere fits not well
Old woos, but ioyes to tell
Against the Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet **T H E M M E S** runne softly, till I end my Song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peere,
Great *Englands* glory, and the Worlds wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name, late through all *Spaine* did thun-
And **H E R C U L E S** s two pillars standing neere, (der,
Did make to quake and feare:
Faire branch of Honour, flower of Cheualrie,
That fillest *England* with thy triumphs fame,
Ioy haue thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
That promiseth the same:
That through thy prowess and victorious armes,
Thy Country may be freed from farraine harmes:
And great **E L I S A B E S** glorious name may ring
Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide Alarmes,
Which some braue Muls may sing
To ages following,
Vpon the Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet **T H E M M E S** runne softly, till I end my Song.

From those high Towers, this noble Lord issuing,
Like radiant **H E S P E R**, when his golden haire
In th' Ocean billowes he hath bathed faire,
Descended to the Riuers open viewing,
With a great traine ensuing.
About the rest were goodly to be seene
Two gentle Knights of louely face and feature
Belesing well the bower of any Queene,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature:
That like the twinnes of **I O V E** they seem'd in sight,
Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heavens bright.
They two forth passing to the Riuers side,
Receiu'd those two faire Brides, their Loues delight,
Which at th' appointed tide,
Each one did make his Bride,
Against their Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet **T H E M M E S** runne softly, till I end my Song.
FINIS.



AMORETTI
AND
EPITHALAMION.

Written by *Edmunde Spenser.*

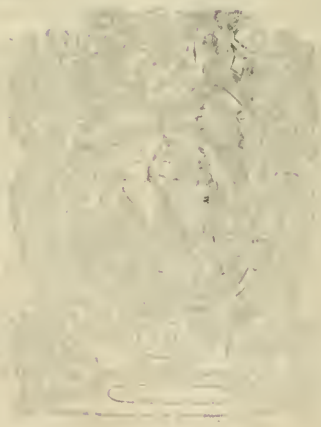


AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lowmes.*

1611.

AMORETTI
AND
EPITHALAMION

By JOHN MILTON



Printed by J. Sturges, in Pall-mall
1633



AMORETTI.

G. W. senior, to the Author.

DArke is the day, whē Phœbus face is shrowded,
 And weaker sights may wander soone astray:
 But whē they see his glorious raies vnclouded,
 With steady steps they keepe the perfect way:
 So while this Muse in forraine Land doth stay,
 Inuention weepes, and pennes are cast aside,
 The time like night, deprivd of chearfull day,
 And few doe write, but (ah) too soone may slide.
 Then, bie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
 And with thy wit illustrate Englands fame,
 Daunting therby our neighbors ancient pride,
 That do for poeie, challenge chiefest name:
 So we that live, and ages that succeed,
 With great applausē thy learned works shall reed.

AH Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,
 Piping to shepheards thy sweet roundelayer:
 Or whether singing in some lofty vaine,
 Heroicke deeds, of past, or present dayes:
 Or whether in thy lovely Mistresse praise,
 Thou list to exercise thy learned quill, (please,
 Thy Muse hath got such grace and power to
 With rare invention, beautified by skill:
 As who therein can ever ioy their fill!
 O therefore let that happy Muse proceed
 To clime the height of vertues sacred hill,
 Where endlesse honour shall be made thy meed.
 Because no malice of succeeding daies,
 Can raise those records of thy lasting praise.

G. W. I.

SONNET I.

HAppy ye leaves, when as those lilly hands,
 which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
 shall handle you, and hold in loutes soft bands,
 like captiues trembling at the victors sight.
 And happy lines, on which with starry light,
 those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to looke
 and reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
 written with teares in harts close bleeding booke
 And happy rimes bath'd in the sacred brooke,
 of **H E L I C O N** whence she deriued is,
 when ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
 my soules long lacked foodde, my heauens blis.
 Beaes, lines, and rimes, seeke her to please alone,
 Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

SONNET II.

VNquiet thought, whom at the first I bred,
 of th' inward bale of my loue pined hart:
 and sithens haue with sighes and sorrowes fed,
 till greater then my wombe thou woren art:
 Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
 in which thou lurkest like to vipers brood:
 and seeke some succour both to ease my smart,
 and also to sustaine thy selfe with food.

But if in presence of that fairest proud
 thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet:
 and with meeke humbleesse and afflicted mood,
 pardon for thee, and grace for me intreat.
 Which if she grant, then live, and my loue cherish:
 If not, die soone, and I with thee will perish.

SONNET III.

THe soueraigne beautie which I doe admire,
 witnesse the world how worthy to be praised:
 the light whereof hath kindled heavenly fire,
 in my fraile spirit, by her from basenesse raised;
 That being now with her huge brightnes dazed,
 base thing I can no more endure to view:
 but looking still on her, I stand amazed,
 at wondrous sight of so celestiaall hew.
 So when my tongue would speake her praises dew,
 it stopped is with thoughts astonishment:
 and when my pen would write her titles true,
 it rauisht is with fancies wonderment:
 Yet in my hart I then both speake and write
 The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET IIII.

NEw yeare forth looking out of **I A N V S** gate,
 doth seeme to promise hope of new delight:

and bidding th'old Adieu, his passed date
bids all o'd thoughts to die in dumpish spright,
And calling forth out of sad Winters night,
fresh loue, that long hath slept in cheerlesse bower:
wils him awake, and soone about him dight
his wanton wings, and darts of deadly power.
For lustie Spring now in his timely howre,
is ready to come forth, him to receiue:
and warnes the Earth, with diuers colourd flowre
to decke her selfe, and her faire mantle weaue.
Then you faire flowre, in whom fresh youth doth raine,
Prepare your selfe, new loue to entertaine.

SONNET V.

RVdely thou wrongest my deare harts desire,
in finding fault with her too portly pride:
the thing which I doe most in her admire,
is of the world vnworthy most enuide.
For in those lustie lookes is close implide,
scorne of base things, & fdeigne of foule dishonor:
threatning rash eyes which gaze on her so wide,
that loosely they ne dare to looke vpon her.
Such pride is praise, such portlinesse is honor,
that boldned innocence beares in her eyes:
and her faire countenance like a goodly banner,
spreads in defiance of all enemies.
Was neuer in this world ought worthy tride,
Without some sparke of such selfe-pleasing pride.

SONNET VI.

BE nought dismayd that her vnamoued mind
doth still persist in her rebellious pride:
such loue not like to lusts of baser kind,
the harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
The durefull Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
is long ere it conceiue the kindling fire:
but when it once doth burne, it doth diuide
great heate, & makes his flames to heauen aspire.
So hard it is to kindle new desire,
in gentle brest that shall endure for euer:
deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
with chaste affects, that nought but death can seuer.
Then thinke not long in taking little paine,
To knit the knot, that euer shall remaine.

SONNET VII.

FAire eyes, the myrrour of my mazed hart,
what wondrous vertue is containd in you,
the which both life and death forth from you dart
into the object of your mightie view?
For when ye mildly looke with louely hew,
then is my soule with life and loue inspired:
but when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,
then doe I die, as one with lightning fired.
But since that life is more then death desired,
looke euer louely, as becomes you best,
that your bright beams of my weak eyes admired,
may kindle liuing fire within my brest.
Such life should be the honor of your light,
Such death the sad ensample of your might.

SONNET VIII.

MORE then most faire, full of the liuing fire,
kindled aboue vnto the maker neere:
no eyes but ioyes, in which all powers conspire,
that to the world nought else be counted deare.
Through your bright beams doth not the blinded guest
shoote out his darts to base affects wounds:
but Angels come to leade fraile minds to rest
in chaste desires, on heauenly beautie bound.
You framie my thoughts, and fashion me within,
you stop my tongue, and teach my hart to speake,
you calme the storme that passion did begin,
strong through your cause, but by your vertue weake.
Darke is the world, where your light shined neuer;
Well is he borne, that may behold you euer.

SONNET IX.

LONG-while I sought to what I might compare
those powerfull eyes, which lighten my dark spright:
yet find I nought on earth, to which I dare
resemble th' image of their goodly light.
Not to the Sun: for they doe shine by night;
nor to the Moone: for they are changed neuer;
nor to the starrs: for they haue purer sight;
nor to the fire: for they consume not euer;
Nor to the lightning: for they still perseuer;
nor to the Diamond: for they are more tender;
nor vnto Crystall: for nought may them seuer;
nor vnto glasse: such basenesse mought offend her.
Then to the Maker selfe they likest bee,
Whose light doth lighten all that heere we see.

SONNET X.

VNrighteous Lord of loue, what law is this,
that me thou makest thus tormented be?
the whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse
of her free-will, scorning both thee and me.
See how the Tyrannesse doth ioy to see
the huge massacres which her eyes do make:
and humbled harts brings captiues vnto thee,
that thou of them mayst mightie vengeance take.
But her proud hart doe thou a little shake
and thar high looke, with which she doth controll
all this worldes pride now to a baser make,
and all her faults in thy blacke booke enroll:
That I may laugh at her in equall sort,
As she doth laugh at me, & makes my paine her sport.

SONNET XI.

DAily when I doe seeke and die for peace,
and hostages doe offer for my truth:
she cruell warour doth her selfe adresse
to battell, and the wearie war renew th.
Ne will be moou'd with reason or with ruth,
to grant small respite to my restlesse toile:
but greedily her fell intent pursueth,
of my poore life to make vnpitied spoile.
Yet my poore life, all forrowes to assioile,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacifie:
but then she seekes with torment and turmoile,
to force me liue, and will not let me die.

All paine hath end, and euery war hath peace,
But mine, no price nor prayer may surceaſe.

SONNET XII.

One day I fought with her hart-thrilling eyes
to make a truce, and termes to entertaine:
all feareleſſe then of ſo falſe enemies,
which ſought: me to entrap in treaſons traine,
So, as I then diſarmed did remaine,
a wicked ambuſh which lay hidden long,
in the cloſe couert of her guiſſefull eyen,
thence breaking forth, did thicke about me throng.
Too feeble I t' abide the brunt ſo ſtrong,
was forſt to yeeld my ſelſe into their hands:
who me capturing ſtraight with rigorous wrong,
haue cuer ſince kept me in cruell bands.
So Lady, now to you I doe complaine,
Aga'inſt your eyes, that iuſtice I may gaine.

SONNET XIII.

IN that proud port, which her ſo goodly graceth,
whiles her faire face ſhe reares vp to the ſkie:
and to the ground her eye-lids lowe embaceth,
moſt goodly temperature ye may deſcry,
Mild humbleſt, mixt with awfull maieſtic.
for looking on the earth whence ſhe was borne,
bet minde remembreth her mortalitye,
what ſo is faireſt ſhall to earth returne.
But that ſame loſtie countenance ſeemes to ſcorne
baſe thing, and thinke how ſhe to heauen may clim: :
treading downe earth, as lothſome and forlorne,
that hinders heauenly thoughts with droſſie ſlime.
Yet lowly ſtill vouchſafe to looke on me,
Such lowlineſſe ſhall make you loſtie be.

SONNET XIII.

Returne againe my forces late diſmayd,
vnto the ſiege by you abandon'd quite.
great ſhame it is to leane, like one afraid,
ſo faire a peece, for one repulſe ſo light.
Gai'nſt ſuch ſtrong caſtles needeth greater might
then thoſe ſmall forces, ye were wont belay:
ſuch haughty minds enur'd to hardy fight,
diſdaine to yeeld vnto the firſt aſſay.
Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
and lay inceſſant battery to her hart,
plaints, prayers, vowes, ruth, ſorrow, and diſmay,
thoſe engins can the proudeſt loue conuert:
And if thoſe faile, fall downe and die before her,
So dying liue, and liuing doe adore her.

SONNET XV.

YE tradefull Merchants, that with weary toyle,
doe ſeck moſt precious things to make your gaine:
and both the Indias of their treaſure ſpoile,
what needeth you to ſeek ſo farre in vaine?
For loe, my loue doth in herſelſe containe
all this worlds riches that may farre be found:
if Saphyres, loe, her eyes be Saphyres plaine,
if Rubies, loe, her lips be Rubies found:

If Pearles, her teeth be pearles, both pure and round:
if Iuorie, her forehead Iuorie weene:
if Gold, her locks are fineſt gold on ground,
if Siluer, her faire hands are ſiluer ſheen:
But that which faireſt is, but few behold,
Her mind adorn'd with vertues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

One day as I vnwarily did gaze
on thoſe fayre eyes my loutes immortal light:
the whiles my ſtoniſht hart ſtood in a maze,
through ſweet illuſion of her looks delight;
I mote perceiue how in her glancing ſight,
legions of loutes with little wings did flie:
darting their deadly arrowes ſieric bright,
at euery raſh beholder paſſing by.
One of thoſe archers cloſely I did ſpy,
ayming his arrow at my very hart:
when ſuddenely with twinkle of her eye,
the Damzell broke his miſintended dart.
Had ſhe not to done, ſure I had been ſlaine,
Yet as it was, I hardly ſcap't with paine.

SONNET XVII.

The glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,
made to amaze weak mens conſul'd ſkill:
and this worlds worthleſſe glory to embace,
what pen, what penſill can expreſſe her fill?
For though he colours could deuize at will,
and eke his learned hand at pleaſure guide,
leaſt trembling, it his workmanſhip ſhould ſpill,
yet many wondrous things there are beſide.
The ſweet eye-glances, that like arrowes glide,
the charming ſmiles, that rob ſenſe from the hart:
the louely pleaſance, and the loſty pride,
cannot expreſſed be by any art.
A greater craftſmans hand thereto doth need,
That can expreſſe the life of things indeed.

SONNET XVIII.

The rolling wheele that runneth often round,
the hardeſt ſteele in tract of time doth teare:
and drizzling drops that often doeround,
the firmeſt ſtint doth in continuance weare:
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare,
and long intreacie, ſoften her hard hart:
that ſhe wil once vouchſafe my plaint to heare,
or looke with pity on my painefull ſmart.
But when I plead, ſhe bids me play my part,
and when I weepe, ſhe ſayes, Teares are but water:
and when I ſigh, ſhe ſayes, I knowe the art,
and when I waile, ſhe turnes herſelſe to laughter.
So doe I weepe and waile, and plead in vaine,
Whiles ſhe as ſteele and ſtint doth ſtill remaine.

SONNET XIX.

The merry Cuckowe, meſſenger of Spring,
his trumpet thrill hath thrice already founded:
that warnes all louers waite vpon their king,
who now is coming forth with giſland crowned.

With noyse whereof the quire of Birds resounded
 their antheses sweet deuized of Loues praise,
 that all the woods their Echoes back rebounded,
 as if they knew the meaning of their layes.
 But mongit them all, which did Loues honour raise,
 no word was heard of her that most it ought,
 but the his precept proudly disobayes,
 and doth his idle message set at nought.
 Therefore, ô loue, vntlesse she turne to thee
 Ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be.

SONNET XX.

IN vaine I seeke and sue to her for grace,
 and doe mine humble hart before her poure:
 the whiles her foote ste in my necke doth place,
 and tread my life downe in the lowly floure.
 And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,
 and raigeth ouer euery beast in field,
 in his most pride disdeigneth to deuoure
 the silly Lambe that to his might doth yield.
 But she, more cruell and more salvage wilde,
 then eyther Lyon, or the Lionesse:
 flames not to be with guiltlesse bloud defilde,
 but taketh glory in her cruellnesse,
 Fairer then fairest, let none euer say,
 That ye were blooded in a yccled pray.

SONNET XXI.

VVAs it the worke of Nature or of Art,
 which tempered fo the feature of her face,
 that pride and meeknes mixt by equall part,
 doe both appeare t' adorne her beauties grace?
 For with mild pleasure, which doth pride displace,
 she to her loue doth lookers eyes allure:
 and with sterne count'nance backe againe doth chase
 their looser lookes that stir vp lustes impure,
 With such strange traines her eyes the doth inure,
 that with one looke she doth my life dismay:
 and with another doth it straight recure,
 her smile me drawes, her frowne me driues away.
 Thus doth she traine and teach me with her lookes,
 Such art of eyes, I neuer read in bookes.

SONNET XXII.

THIS holy season, fit to fast and pray,
 men to deuotion ought to be inclin:
 therefore, I likewise on so holy day,
 for my sweet Saint some seruice fit will find.
 Her temple faire is built within my mind,
 in which her glorious image placed is,
 on which my thoughts doe day and night attend,
 like sacred priests that neuer thinke amis:
 There I to her, as th' author of my bliss,
 will build an altar to appease her ire,
 and on the same my hart will sacrifice,
 burning in flames of pure and chaste desire.
 The which vouchsafe, ô goddesse to accept,
 Amongst thy deertst relics to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

PENELOPE for her VLYSSES sake,
 deuiz'd a Web her woocers to deceaue:

in which, the worke that shee all day did make,
 the same at night she did againe vntreave:
 Such subtil craft my Damzell doth conceaue,
 th' importune sute of my desire to shonne:
 for, all that I in many daies doe weaue,
 in one short houre I find by her vndonoe,
 So when I thinke to end that I begonne,
 I must begin and neuer bring to end:
 for with one looke, she spils that long I sponne,
 and with one word my whole yeares work doth rend.
 Such labour like the Spydres web I find,
 Whose fruitlesse worke is brocken with least wind.

SONNET XXIII.

WHEN I behold that beauties wonderment,
 and rare perfection of each goodly part:
 of natures skill the onely complement,
 I honour and admire the makers art.
 But when I feele the bitter balsfull smart,
 which her faire eyes vnwares doe worke in mee:
 that death out of their shyny beames doe dart,
 I thinke that I a new PANDORA see:
 Whom all the Gods in councill did agree,
 into this sinfull world from heauen to send:
 that she to wicked men a scourge should bee,
 for all their faults with which they did offend.
 But since ye are my scourge, I will intreat,
 That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.

HOW long shall this like dying life endure,
 and know no end of her owne miserie?
 but waste and weare away in termes vnure,
 twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully.
 Yet better were attonce to let me die,
 and shew the last ensample of your pride:
 then to torment me thus with crueltie,
 to proue your pouwe, which I too well haue tride.
 But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide
 a close intent at last to shew me grace:
 then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
 as meanes of blis I gladly will embrace:
 And wish that more and greater they might be,
 That greater meed at last may turne to me.

SONNET XXVI.

Sweet is the Rose, but growes vpon a brier:
 sweet is the Iunipere, but sharpe his bough:
 sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere:
 sweet is the firbloomie, but his branches rough:
 Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rind is tough,
 sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill:
 sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet fowre enough:
 and sweet is Moly, but his roote is ill.
 So euery sweet with foure is tempered still,
 that maketh it be couered the more:
 for easie things that may be got at will,
 most sores of men doe set but little sore.
 Why then should I account of little paine,
 That endlesse pleasure shall vnto me gaine.

SONNETS.

SONNET XXVII.

FAire proud, now tell me, why should faire be proud,
 Sith all worlds glory is but drosse vnclene?
 and in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,
 how-euer now thereof ye little weene.
 That goodly Idoll now so gay becene,
 shall doffe her floures borrow faire attire:
 and be forgot as it had neuer been,
 that many now much worship and admire.
 Ne any thea shall after it inquite,
 ne any mention shall thereof remaine,
 but what this verie, that neuer shall expire,
 shall to you purchase with her thanklesse paine.
 Faire, be no longer proud of that shall perish,
 But that which shall you make immortal, cherish.

SONNET XXVIII.

THe Laurell leafe, which you this day doe weare,
 giues me great hope of your relenting mind:
 for since it is the badge which I doe beare,
 ye bearing it, doe seeme to me inchiad:
 The powre thereof, which oft in me I find,
 let it likewise your gentle brest inspire
 with sweet infusion, and put you in mind
 of that proud mayd, whom now those leaues attyre.
 Proud **DAPHNE**, scorning **Phœbus** louely fire,
 on the Thessalian shore from him did flie:
 for which the gods in their reuengefull ire
 did her transforme into a Laurell tree.
 Then flie no more faire Loue from **Phœbus** chace,
 But in your brest his leafe and loue embrace.

SONNET XXIX.

SEe how the stubborn damzell doth depraue
 my simple meaning with disdainfull seeme:
 and by the bay which I vnto her gaue,
 accounts my selfe her captiue quite forlorne.
 The bay, quoth she, is of the Victors borne,
 yeilded them by the vanquisht as their meeds,
 and they there-with doe Poets heads adorne,
 to sing the glory of their famous deeds.
 But sith she will the conquest challenge needs,
 let her accept me as her faithfull thrall,
 that her great triumph which my skill exceeds,
 I may in trump of fame blaze ouer all.
 Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,
 And fill the world with her victorious prayse.

SONNET XXX.

MY Loue is like to Ice, and I to fire;
 how comes it then that this her cold so great
 is not dissold'd through my so hot desire,
 but harder grows the more I her intreat?
 Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
 is not delay'd by her hart frozen cold:
 but that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
 and feele my flames augmented manifold?
 What more miraculous thing may be told,
 that fire which all thing melts, should harden Ice:
 and Ice, which is congeald with senselesse cold,
 should kindle fire by wonderfull deuise?

Such is the powre of loue in gentle mind,
 That it can alter all the course of kind.

SONNET XXXI.

AH, why hath nature to so hard a hart
 giuen so goodly gifts of beauties grace?
 whose pride depraues each other better part,
 and all those pretious ornaments deface.
 Sith to all other beasts of bloody race,
 a dreadfull countenance she giuen hath:
 that with their terrour all the rest may chace,
 and warne to shun the danger of their wrath.
 But my proud one doth worke the greater feath,
 through sweet allureme of her lonely hew:
 that she the better may in bloody bath
 of such poore thralls, her euell hands embrew.
 But did she knowe how ill these two accord,
 Such crueltie she would haue soone abhord.

SONNET XXXII.

THe painfull Smith, with force of feruent heat,
 the hardest Iron soone doth mollifie,
 that with his heauy sledge he can it beat,
 and fashion to what be it list apply.
 Yet cannot all these flames in which I fry,
 her hart more hard then Iron soft awhit:
 ne all the plaints and prayers with which I
 doe beat on th' anuile of her stubborn wit:
 But still the more she feruent sees my fit,
 the more she friezeth in her willfull pride:
 and harder grows the harder she is smit,
 with all the plaints which to her be applyde.
 What then remains but I to ashes burne,
 And she to stones at length all frozen turne?

SONNET XXXIII.

Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
 to that most sacred Empreffe my deare dread,
 not finishing her Queene of Faëry,
 that mote enlarge her liuing prayse dead:
 But **LORD VVICK**, this of grace to me arad;
 doe ye not thinke th' accomplishment of it,
 sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
 all were it as the rest, but rudely writ.
 How then should I without another wit?
 thinke euer to endure so tedious toyle,
 sith that this one is toft with troublous fir,
 of a proud Loue, that doth my spirit spoyle.
 Cease then, till she vouchsafe to grant merest,
 Or lend you me another liuing brest.

SONNET XXXIII.

LIke as a ship, that through the Ocean wide,
 by conduct of some starre doth make her way,
 when as a storme hath dimd her trustie guide,
 out of her course doth wander far astray:
 So I, whose starre, that wont with her bright ray,
 me to direct, with cloudes is ouer-cast,
 doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,
 through hidden perils round about me plast:

D.

Yet

Yet hope I well, that when this storme is past,
my **H E L I C E**, the lodestar of my life
will shine againe, and looke on me at last,
with louely light to cleare my cloudy grieffe.
Till then I wander carefull comfortles,
In secret sorrow, and sad pensiueneſs.

SONNET XXXV.

MY hungry eyes through greedy couetice,
still to behold the object of their paine,
with no contentment can themselves suffice:
but hauing pine, and hauing not complaine.
For lacking it, they cannot life sustaine,
and hauing it, they gaze on it the more:
in their amazement like **N A R C I S S U S** vaine,
whose eyes him staru'd: so plentie makes me pore.
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,
but lothe the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glorie seemeth vaine to me,
And all their shoues but shadowes, sauing she.

SONNET XXXVI.

Tell mee, when shall these wearie woes haue end,
or shall their ruthlesse torment neuer cease:
but all my daies in pining languor spend,
without hope of asswagement or release.
Is there no meanes for me to purchase peace,
or make agreement with her thrilling eyes:
but that their crueltie doth still increase,
and daily more augment my miseries.
But when ye haue shew'd all extremities,
then thinke how little glory ye haue gained,
by slaying him, whose life though ye despise,
mote haue your life in honor long maintained.
But by his death, which some perhaps will mone,
Ye shall condemned be of many a one.

SONNET XXXVII.

What guile is this, that those her golden tresses
she doth attyre vnder a net of gold:
and with flie skill so cunningly them dresses,
that which is gold or haire, may scarce be told?
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
shee may entangle in that golden snare:
and being caught, may craftily unfold
their weaker parts, which are not well aware?
Take heede therefore, mine eyes, how ye doe stare
henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
in which, if euer ye entrapped are,
out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.
Fondnesse it were for any being free,
To couet fetters, though they golden bee.

SONNET XXXVIII.

AR I O N, when through tempests cruell wrack,
A he forth was throwe into the greedy seas:
through the sweet musick which his harp did make,
allur'd a Dolphin him from death to ease.

But my rude musick, which was wont to please
sonic daintie eares, cannot with any skill,
the dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,
nor moue the Dolphin from her stubborne will,
But in her pride the doth persecuter fill,
all carelesse how my life for her decays:
yet with one word she can it saue or spill.
to spill were pittie, but to saue were praise.
Chuse rather to be prayd for dooing good,
Then to be blam'd for spilling guilelesse blood.

SONNET XXXIX.

Sweet smile, the daughter of the Queene of loue,
expressing all thy mothers powrefull art,
with which she wnts to temper angry **I O V E**,
when all the gods he threats with thunder dart,
Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art,
for when on me thou shinedst late in sadnesse,
a melting pleasure ran through euery part,
and me reuiued with hart-robbing gladnesse.
Whilst rapt with ioy resembling heauenly madnes,
my soule was rauisht quite as in a trance:
and feeling thence no more her sorrowes sadnesse,
fed on the iulnesse of that chearefull glance.
More sweet then **Nectar** or **Ambrosiall** meat,
Seemd euery bit which thenceforth I did eate.

SONNET XL.

MArke when she smiles with amiable cheare,
and tell me whereto can ye liken it:
when on each eye-lid sweetly doe appeare
an hundred Graces as in shade to fit.
Likest it seemeth in my simple wit,
vnto the faire sunshine in sommers day:
that when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray:
At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
and euery beast that to his den was fled,
comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
and to the light lift vp their drooping hed.
So my storme-beaten hart likewise is cheared,
With that sun-shine when cloudy lookes are cleared.

SONNET XLI.

IS it her nature, or is it her will,
to be so cruell to an humbled foe?
if nature, then she may it mend with skill:
if will, then she at will may will forgot.
But if her nature and her will be fo,
that she will plague the man that loues her most:
and take delight to encrease a wretches woe,
then all her natures goodly gifts are lost.
And that same glorious beauties idle boast,
is but a bayt such wretches to beguile,
as being long in her loues tempest tost,
she meanes at last to make her pittious spoils.
O fayrest faire, let neuer it be named,
That so faire beauty was so foully shamed.

SONNET XLII.

THe loue which me so cruelly tormenteth,
so pleasing is in my extreamest paine,

that

that all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
the more I loue and doe embrace my bane.
Ne doe I wish (for wishing were but vaine)
to be acquit from my continuall smart:
but toy, her thrall for euer to remaine,
and yield for pledge my poore captiued hart;
The which that it from her may neuer start,
let her, if please her, bind with Adaint chaine:
and from all wandering loues which more peruert,
in safe assurance strongly it restraine.
Onely let her abstaine from crueltie,
And doe me not before my time to die.

SONNET XLIII.

Shall I then silent be, or shall I speake?
and if I speake, her wrath renew I shall:
and if I silent be, my hart will breake,
or choked be with ouerflowing gall.
What tyrannic is this, both my hart to thrall,
and my tongue with proud restraint to tie;
that neither I may speake nor thinke at all,
but like a stupid stock in silence die?
Yet I my hart with silence secretly
will teach to speake, and my iust cause to plead:
and eke mine eyes with meeke humilitie,
loue-learned letters to her eyes to read:
Which her deepe wit, that true harts thought can spell,
Will soone conteiue, and learne to construe well.

SONNET XLIIII.

When those renowned noble Péeses of Greece,
through stubborne pride among the selues did iar,
forgetfull of the famous golden seece,
then ORPHEVS with his harp their strife did bar:
But this continuall, cruell, ciuill war,
the which my selfe against my selfe doe make:
whilst my weak powres of passions warred are,
no skill can stint, nor reason can aslake.
But when in hand my tunelesse harp I take,
then doe I more augment my foes despight:
and griefe renew, and passions doe awake
to battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight.
Mongst whom the more I seeke to settle peace,
The more I find their malice to increase.

SONNET XLV.

Leue Lady in your glasse of crysfall cleane,
your goodly selfe for euer more to view:
and in my selfe, my inward selfe I meane,
most liuely like behold your semblant true.
With my hart, though hardly it can shew
thing to diuine to view of earthly eye:
the faire Ideas of your celestall hiew,
and eury part remains immortally.
And were it not that through your crueltie,
with sorrow dimmed and deformd it were,
the goodly image of your visage my
clearer then crysfall would therein appeare.
But if your selfe in me ye plaine will see,
Remoue the cause by which your faire beames darkned

SONNET XLVI.

When my abodes prefixed time is spent,
my cruell faire straight bids me wend away:
but then from heauen most hideous stormes are sent,
as willing me against her will to stay.
Whom then shall I, or heauen or her obey?
the heauens know best what is the best for me:
but as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
my lower heauen, so it perforce must be.
But ye high heauens, that all this sorrow see,
sith all your tempests cannot hold me back,
asswage your stormes, or else both you and shee,
will both together me too fortoe wrack.
Enough it is for one man to sustaine
The stormes, which she alone on me doth raine.

SONNET XLVII.

Trust not the treason of those smiling lookes,
vntill ye haue their guilefull traines well tried:
for they are like but vnto golden hookes,
that from the foolish sith their bayts doe hide:
So she with flattering smyles weake harts doth guide
vnto her loue, and tempt to their decay:
whom beeing caught, she kills with cruell pride,
and feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray:
Yet euen whilst her bloody hands them slay,
her eyes looke louely, and vpon them smile:
that they take pleasure in her cruell play,
and dying, doe them selues of paine beguile.
O mightie charme which makes men loue their bane,
And thinke they die with pleasures, liue with paine.

SONNET XLVIII.

Innocent paper, whom too cruell hand
did make the matter to auenge her ire:
and ere she could thy cause well vnderstand,
did sacrifice vnto the greedy fire.
Well worthy thou to haue found better hire,
then so bad end for her sticks ordained:
yet her selfe nor treason didst conspire,
but plead thy Masters cause, vniuistly pained.
Whom she, all carelesse of his griefe, constrained
to vtter forth the anguish of his hart:
and would not heare, when he to her complained
the pittious passion of his dying smart.
Yet liue for euer, though against her will,
And speake her good; though she require it ill.

SONNET XLIX.

FAyre cruell, why are ye so fierce and cruell?
Is it because your eyes haue power to kill?
then knowe that mercy is the Mighties iwell,
and greater glory thinke to saue, then spill.
But if it be your pleasure and proud will,
to shew the powre of your imperious eyes:
then not on him that neuer thought you ill,
but bend your force against your enemies.
Let them feeble th' vmoist of your cruelties,
and kill with lookes, as Cockatrices doe:
but him that at your footstool humbled lies,
with mercifull regard, giue mercy to
Such

Such mercy shall you make admird to be,
So shall you liue, by giuing life to me.

SONNET L.

Long languishing in double malady,
Of ny harts wound, and of my bodies grieft,
there came to me a Leach, that would apply
fit medicines for my bodies best reliefe.
Vaine man, quoth I, that hast but little prife,
in deepe discouery of the minds disease:
is not the hart of all the body chiefe?
and rules the members as it selfe doth please?
Then with some cordials seeke first to appease
the inward languor of my wounded hart,
and then my body shall haue shortly ease:
but such sweet cordials passe Physitions art.
Then my lifes Leach, doe you your skill reueale,
And with one saluc, both hart and body heale.

SONNET LI.

DOe I not see that fairest Images,
of hardest Marble are of purpose made?
for that they should endure through many ages,
ne let their famous monuments to fade.
Why then doe I, vntraid in Louers trade,
her hardnesse blame, which I should more commend?
sith neuer ought was excellent as I sayd,
which was not hard t'atchiue and bring to end.
Ne ought to hard, but he that would attend,
mote soften it and to his will allure:
so doe I hope her stubborn hart to bend,
and that it then more stedfast will endure.
Onely my paines will be the more to get her,
But hauing her, my ioy will be the greater.

SONNET LII.

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
I goe like one that hauing lost the field,
is prisoner led away with heauy hart,
despoild of warlike armes and knowen shield.
So doe I now my selfe a prisoner yield,
to sorrow and to solitarie paine:
from presenece of my dearest deare exild,
long while alone in languour to remaine.
There let no thought of ioy, or pleasure vaine,
dare to approche, that may my solace breed:
but sudden dumps, and dreary sad dildaine
of all worlds gladnesse more my tormēt feed.
So I her absence will my penaunce make,
That of her presenece I my meed may take.

SONNET LIII.

The Panther knowing that his spotted hide
doth please all beasts, but that his looks them fray:
within a bush his dreadfull head doth hide,
to let them gaze, whilst he on them may pray.
Right so my cruell faire with me doth play,
for with the goodly semblance of her hew,
she doth allure me to mine owne decay,
and then no mercy will vnto me shew.

Great shame it is, thing so diuine in view,
made for to be the worlds most ornament:
to make the bayte her gazers to embrew,
good shames to be to ill an instrument.
But mercy doth with beautie best agree,
As in their maker ye them best may see.

SONNET LIIII.

Of this wolds Theater in which we stay,
my Loue like the Spectator, idly sits,
beholding me that all the pageants play,
disgusing diuersly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I ioy when glad occasion fits,
and maske in mirth like to a Comedy:
soone after, when my ioy to sorrow fits,
I waile, and make my woes a Tragedie.
Yet she beholding me with constant eye,
delights not in my mirth, nor rues my smart:
but when I laugh, she mocks, and when I cry,
she laughs, and hardens euermore her hart.
What then can moue her t' if nor mirth nor mone,
She is no woman, but a senselesse stone.

SONNET LV.

So oft as I her beautie doe behold,
and there-with doe her crueltie compare,
I maruaile of what substance was the mould,
the which her made at once so cruell faire.
Not earth; for her high thoughts more heu'nly are,
not water; for her loue doth burne like fire:
not ayre; for she is not so light or rare,
not fire; for she doth frize with faint desire.
Then needs another Element inquire
wherof she mote be made; that is, the skye.
for, to the heauen her haughty looks aspire:
and eke her loue is pure immortal hie.
Then sith to heauen ye likened are the best,
Be like in mercy as in all the rest.

SONNET LVI.

Faire yee be sure, but cruell and vnkind,
as is a Tygre, that with greedinesse
hunts after blood, when he by chance doth find
a feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse.
Faire be ye sure, but proud and pittiflesse,
as is a storme, that all things doth prostrate:
finding a tree alone all comforthlesse,
beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.
Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
as is a rocke amidst the raging floods:
gaiost which, a ship of succour desolate,
doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.
That ship, that tree, and that same beast am I,
Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

SONNET LVII.

Sweet warrior, when shall I haue peace with you?
high time it is this warre now ended were:
which I no longer can endure to see,
ne your incessant battay more to beare.

So weake my powres, so fore my wounds appeare,
that wonder is how I should liue a iot,
seeing my hart through-launched euery where
with thousand arrowes, which your eyes haue shot:
Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not,
but glory thinke to make these cruell stoures.
ye cruell one, what glory can be got,
in slaying him that would liue gladly yours?
Make peace therefore, and grant me timely grace,
That all my wounds will heale in little space.

SONNET LVIII.

By her that is most assured to her selfe.

WEake is th' assurance that weake flesh reposech
in her owne powre, and scorneth others ayde:
that soonest falls, when as the most supposeth
her selfe assur'd, and is of nought affraid.
All flesh is fraile, and all her strength vntayd,
like a vaine bubble blowen vp with ayre:
deuouring time & changefull chance haue prayd,
her glorious pride that none may it repaire.
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or faire,
but faileth, truiting on his owne assurance:
and he that standeth on the highest stayre
falls lowest: for on earth nought hath endurance.
Why then do ye proud faire, misdeeme so farre,
That to your selfe ye most assured are.

SONNET LIX.

THrife happy she, that is to well assur'd
vnto her selfe, and felled to in hart:
that neither will for better be allur'd,
ne feard with worse to any chance to start,
But like a stedy ship, doth strongly part
the raging waues, and keeps her course aright:
ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.
Such selfe assurance need not feare the spight
of grudging foes, ne fauour seeke of friends:
but in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
neither to one her selfe nor other bends.
Most happy she that most assur'd doth rest,
But he most happy who such one loues best.

SONNET LX.

THEY that in course of heavenly sphæres are skild,
to euery planet point his sundry yeare:
in which her circles voyage is fulfilld,
as **MARS** in threecore yeeres doth run his sphære.
So since the winged God his planet cleare,
began in me to moue, one yeare is spent:
the which doth longer vnto me appeare,
then all those fortie which my life out-went.
Then by that count, which louers bookes iouent,
the sphære of **CVPID** fortie yeeres containes:
which I haue wasted in long languishment,
that seemd the longer for my greater paines.
But let my Loues faire planet short her waies,
This yeere ensuing, or else short my dayes.

SONNET LXI.

THe glorious image of the Makers beantie,
my foueraigne saint, the Idoll of my thought,
dare not henceforth about the bounds of dutie,
t' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.
For, beeing as she is, diuinely wrought,
and of the brood of Angels heau'nly borne:
and with the crew of blessed Saints vpbrought,
each of which did her with their giuts adorne;
The bud of ioy, the bloesome of the mome,
the beame of light, whom mortall eyes admire:
what reason is it then but she should forne
base things, that to her loue too bold aspire?
Such heau'nly formes ought rather worshipt bee,
Then dare be lou'd by men of meane degree.

SONNET LXII.

THe wearie yeere his race now hauing runne,
the new begins his compact course anew:
with shew of morning nyd he hath begun,
betokening peace and plentie to ensue,
So let vs, which this change of weather view,
change eeke our minds, and former liues amend,
the old yeares sinnes forepast let vs eschew,
and stie the faults with which we did offend.
Then shall the new yeeres ioy forth freshly send,
into the glooming world his gladfomeray:
and all these stormes which now his beantie blend,
shall turne to calmes, and timely cleare away.
So, likewise Loue, cheare you your heauy spight,
And change old yeeres annoy, to new delight.

SONNET LXIII.

After long stormes and tempests sad assay,
which hardly I endured heere tofore,
in dread of death, and dangerous dismay,
with which my silly barke was tossed fore:
I doe at length descry the happy shore,
in which I hope ere long for to arriue:
faire soyle it seemes from far, & fraught with store
of all that deare and daintie is aliuie.
Most happy he, that can at last atchieue,
the ioyous safetie of so sweet a rest;
whose least delight sufficeth to depriue
remembrance of all paines which him opprest.
All pines are nothing in respect of this,
All sorowes short that gaue eternall blis.

SONNET LXIII.

Comming to kisse her lips (such grace I found)
mee seemd I smelt a garden of sweet flowres:
that dainty odours from them threw around,
for damzels fit to decke their louers bowres.
Her lips did smell like vnto Gilliflowers,
her ruddy cheeks, like vnto Roses red:
her snowy browes like budded Bellamoures,
her lovely eyes, like Pinks but newly spred.
Her goodly botome, like a Strawberry bed,
her necke, like to a bunch of Cullambines:
her brest like Lillies, ere their leaues be shed,
her nipples like young blossomid Ieffemines:

SONNETS.

Such fragrant flowres doe giue most odoros smell,
But her sweet odour did them all excell.

SONNET LXV.

THe doubt which ye misdeeme, faire loue, is vaine,
that fondly feare to lose your libertie,
when losing one, two liberties ye gaine,
and make him bound that bondage earst did free.
Sweet be the bands, the which true loue doth tie,
without constraint, or dread of any ill:
the gentle bird feels no captiuitie
within her cage, but sings, and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approche, nor discord spill
the league twix them, that loyall loue hath bound:
but simple truth and mutual good will,
seekes with sweet peace to salue each others wound:
There faith doth fearelesse dwell in brazen towre,
And spodelesse pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

SONNET LXVI.

TO all those happy blessings which ye haue,
with plentifull hand by heauen vpon you throwne,
this one disparagement they to you gaue,
that ye your loue lent to so meane a one.
Yee whose high worths surpassing paragon,
could not on earth haue found one fit for mate,
ne but in heauen matchable to none,
why did ye stoupe vnto so lowly state?
But yet thereby much greater glorie gate,
then had ye sorted with a Princes peere:
for, now your light doth more it selfe dilate,
and in my darknesse, greater doth appeare.
Yet since your light hath once enlumin'd me,
With my reflex, yours shall encreased be.

SONNET LXVII.

Like as a huntsman after weary chace,
seeing the game from him escape away,
sits downe to rest him in some shady place,
with panting hounds beguiled of their pray:
So after long pursuit and vaine assay,
when I all wearie had the chace forsooke,
the gentle Deere returned the selfe-same way,
thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke:
There she beholding me with milder looke,
fought not to flee, but fearelesse still did bide:
till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
and with her owne good will, her firmly tyde.
Strange thing me seemd to see a beast so wild,
So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguild.

SONNET LXVIII.

Most glorious Lord of life, that on this day,
didst make thy triumph ouer death and sin:
and hauing harrowd hell, didst bring away
captiuitie thence captiue, vs to win:
This ioyous day, deare Lord, with ioy begin,
and grant that we for whom thou diddest die,
being with thy deare blood cleane washt from sin,
may liue for euer in felicitie:

And that thy loue we weighing worthily,
may likewise loue thee for the same againe:
and for thy sake, that all like deare didst buy,
with loue may one another entertaine.
So let vs loue, deare Loue, like as we ought,
Loue is the lesson which the Lord vs taught.

SONNET LXIX.

The famous warriors of the anticke world,
vsd trophees to erect in stately wise:
in which they would the records haue enrolld,
of their great deedes and valarous emprise.
What trophee then shall I most fit deuise,
in which I may record the memorie
of my loues conquest, peercelesse beauties prise,
adorn'd with honour, loue, and chastitie.
Euen this verse, vowd to eternitie,
shall be thereof immortal monument:
and tell her praise to all posteritie,
that may admire such worlds rare wonderment:
The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
Gotten at last with labour and long toyle.

SONNET LXX.

Fresh Spring, the herald of loues mightie king,
in whole coat-armour richly are displayd
all sorts of flowres the which on earth do spring,
in goodly colours, gloriously arrayd.
Goe to my loue, where she is carelesse layd,
yet in her winters bowre not well awake:
tell her the ioyous time will not be staid,
vlesse she doe him by the forelock take.
Bid her since her selfe soone ready make,
to wait on loue amongst his louely crew:
where euerie one that misleth then her make,
shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make hast therefore sweet loue, whilst it is prime,
For none can call againe the passed time.

SONNET LXXI.

Ioy to see how in your drawn worke,
your selfe vnto the Bee ye doe compare:
and me vnto the Spyder, that doth lurke
in close await, to catch her vnaware:
Right so your selfe were caught in cunning snare
of a deare foe, and thralld to his loue:
in whose streight bands ye now captiued are
so firmly, that ye neuer may remoue.
But as your worke is wouen all about,
with Woodbind flowers and fragrant Eglantine:
so sweet your prison you in time shall proue,
with many deare delights bedecked fine.
And all thenceforth eternall peace shall see,
Betwene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

SONNET LXXII.

Oft when my spirit doth spread her bolder wings,
in miod to mouer vp to the purest skie:
it downe is weigh'd with thought of earthly things,
and clogd with burden of mortallitie,

Where

SONNETS.

Where, when that soueraigne beautie it doth spy,
 resembling heauens glory in her light:
 drawne with sweet pleasures bayts, it back doth flie,
 and vnto heauen forgets her former sight.
 There my fraile fancie fed with full delight,
 doth bathe in blisse, and mandeth most at ease:
 ne thinks of other heauen, but how it might
 her harts desire with most contentment please.
 Hart need not wish none other happinesse,
 But heere on earth to haue such heauens blisse.

SONNET LXXIII.

Being my selfe captiued heere in care,
 my hart, whom none with seruile bands can tie:
 but the ~~same~~ tresses of your golden haire,
 breaking his prison, forth to you doth flie.
 Like as a bird, that in ones hand doth spy
 desired food, to it doth make his sight:
 euen so my hart, that wont on your faire eye
 to feed his fill, flies backe vnto your sight.
 Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright,
 gently enage, that he may be your thrall:
 perhaps he there may learne with rare delight,
 to sing your name and prayes ouer all.
 That it heereafter may you not repent,
 Him lodging in your bosome to haue lent.

SONNET LXXIII.

Most happy letters fram'd by skilfull trade,
 with which that happy name was first desynd,
 the which three times thrice happy hath me made,
 with gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
 The first, my beeing to me gaue by kind,
 from mothers wombe deriu'd by due descent,
 the second, is my soueraigne Queene most kind,
 that honour and loue riches to me lent.
 The third, my loue, my liues last ornament,
 by whom my spirit out of dust was raised:
 to speake her praise and glory excellent,
 of all alieue most worthy to be praised.
 Ye three **E L I Z A B E T H S** for euer liue,
 That three such graces did vnto me giue.

SONNET LXXV.

One day I wrote her name vpon the strand,
 but came the waues and washed it away:
 againe, I wrote it with a second hand,
 but came the tyde, and made my paines his pray.
 Vaine man, said she, that doost in vaine assay,
 a mortall thing so to immortalize,
 for I my selfe shall like to this decay,
 and eke my name be wiped out likewise.
 Not so, quoth I, let baser things deuise
 to die in dust, but you shall liue by fame:
 my verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
 and in the heauens write your glorious name.
 Where, when as death shall all the world subdew,
 Our loue shall liue, and later life renew.

SONNET LXXVI.

Faire bosome fraught with vertues riches treasure,
 the nest of loue, the lodging of delight,

the bowre of blisse, the paradise of pleasure,
 the sacred harbour of that heauenly spright:
 How was I rauisht with your louely sight,
 and my fraile thoughts too rashly led astray?
 whiles diuing deepe through amorous aslight,
 on the sweet spoile of beautie they did pray.
 And twixt her paps, like early fruitie in May,
 whose haruest seemd to hasten now apace:
 they loosely did their wanton wings display,
 and there to rest themselues did boldly place.
 Sweet thoughts, I eniue you so happy rest,
 Which oft I wisht, yet neuer was so blest.

SONNET LXXVII.

WAs it a dreame, or did I see it plaine,
 a goodly table of pure Iuorie:
 all spred with iuncats, fit to entertaine
 the greatest Prince with pompous roialty.
 Mongit which, there in a siluer dish did ly
 two golden apples of vnualwd price:
 far passing those which **H E R C U L E S** came by,
 or those which **A T A L A N T A** did entice.
 Exceeding sweet, yet void of sinfull vice,
 that many sought, yet none could euer taste,
 sweet fruitie of pleasure, brought from Paradise:
 by Loue himselfe, and in his garden plaste.
 Her brest that table was so richly spred,
 My thoughts the guests, which would thereon haue fed.

SONNET LXXVIII.

Lacking my loue, I goe from place to place,
 like a young Fawne, that late hath lost the Hind:
 and seeke each where, wherelast I saw her face,
 whose image yet I carry fresh in mind.
 I seeke the fields with her late footing synd,
 I seeke her bowre with her late presence deekt,
 yet nor in field nor bowre I can her find:
 yet field and bowre are full of her aspect;
 But when mine eyes I therevnto direct,
 they idly backe returne to me againe,
 and when I hope to see their true obiect,
 I find my selfe but fed with fancies vaine.
 Cease then mine eyes, to seeke her selfe to see,
 And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

SONNET LXXIX.

MEn call you faire, and you doe credit,
 for that your selfe ye daily such doe see:
 but the true faire, that is the gentle wit,
 and vertuous mind, is much more prais'd of me:
 For all the rest, how euer faire it be,
 shall turne to nought and lose that glorious hie:
 but onely that is permanent and free
 from fraile corruption, that doth flesh enwee.
 That is true beautie: that doth argue you
 to be diuine, and borne of heauenly seed:
 deriu'd from that faire Spirit, from whom all true
 and perfect beautie did at first proceed:
 He onely faire, and what he faire hath made,
 All other faire like flowres vntimely fade.

SONNET LXXX.

After so long a race as I haue runne
through fiery land, which those six books compile,
giue leaue to rest me being halfe foredonene,
and gather to my selfe new breath awhile.
Then as a feed refreshed after toile,
out of my prison I will breake anew:
and stoutly will that second worke assoile,
with strong endenour and attention due.
Till then giue leaue to me, in pleasant me
to sport my Muse, and sing my lones sweet praise:
the contemplation of whose heavenly hew,
my spirit to an higher pitch will raise.
But let her praises yet be lowe and meane,
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

SONNET LXXXI.

Faire is my Loue, when her faire golden haire,
with the loose winde ye wauing chance to marke:
faire when the rose in her red cheekes appeares,
or in her eyes the fire of loue doth sparke.
Faire when her breast like a rich laden barke,
with precious merchandize the forth doth lay:
faire when that cloud of pride, which oft doth darke
her goodly light with smiles she driues away.
But fairest she, when so she doth display,
the gate with pearles and rubies richly dight:
through which her words so wise do make their way
to beare the message of her gentle spright:
The rest be works of Natures wonderment,
But this the worke of hats astonishment.

SONNET LXXXII.

IOy of my life, full oft for louing you
I blesse my lot, that was so lucky placed:
but then the more your owne mishap I rewe,
that are so much by so meane loue embased.
For had the quall heauens so much you graced
in this as in the rest, ye mote inuent
some heauenly wit, whose verse could haue enchaced
your glorious name in golden monument.
But since ye deign'd so goodly to relent
to me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
that little that I am, shall all be spent,
in setting your immortal prayes forth:
Whose losse argument vplifting mee,
Shall lift you vp vnto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

MY hungry eyes, through greedy couetize,
still to behold the object of their paine:
with no contentment can themselves suffice,
but hauing pine, and hauing not complain.
For lacking it, they cannot life sustaine:
and seeing it, they gaze on it the more:
in their amazement like N A R C I S S V S vaine,
whose eyes him staru'd: so plentie makes me pore.
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke:
but loathe the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to looke.

All this worlds glory seemeth vaine to me,
And all their shewes but shadows, faining she.

SONNET LXXXIII.

Let not one sparke of filthy lustfull fire
breake out, that may her sacred peace molest:
ne one light glance of sensuall desire,
attempt to worke her gentle minds vncrest.
But pure affections bred in spotlesse breast,
and modest thoughts breath'd frō wel tempred spirits,
goe visite her, in her chaste bowre of rest,
accompanie with Angel-like delights.
There fill your selfe with those most ioyous sights,
the which my selfe could neuer yett attaine:
but speake no word to her of these sad plights,
which her too constant stiffnesse doth constraîne.
Onely behold her rare perfection,
And blesse your fortunes faire election.

SONNET LXXXV.

The world that cannot deeme of worthy things,
when I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter:
so doth the Cuckow, when the Mauius sings,
begin his witlesse note apace to clatter.
But they that skill not of so heauenly matter,
all that they knowe not, enuy or admire,
rather then enuy let them wonder at her,
but not to deeme of her desert aspire.
Deepe in the closet of my parts entire,
her worth is written with a golden quill:
that me with heauenly furie doth inspire,
and my glad mouth with her sweet praises fill.
Which when as Fame in her shrill trump shall thunder,
Let the world chuse to enuie or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXVI.

Venemous tongue, tipt with vile Adders sting,
of that selic kind with which the Furies sell
their snakie heads doe combe, from which a spring
of poysoned words, and spightfull speeches well;
Let all the plagues and horrid paines of hell,
vpon thee fall for thine accursed hire:
that with false forged lies, which thou didst tell,
in my true loue did stirre vp coales of fire,
The sparkes whereof let kinde thine owne fire,
and catching hold on thine owne wicked head
consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
in my sweet peace such breaches to haue bred.
Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy reward,
Due to thy selfe, that it for me prepar'd.

SONNET LXXXVII.

Since I did leaue the presence of my loue,
many long wearie dayes I haue out-worne:
and many nights, that slowly seemd to moue
their sad protract from euening vntill morne.
For, when as day the heauen doth adorne,
I wish that night the noyous day would end:
and when as night hath vs of light forlorne,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.

Thus I the time with expectation spend,
and faine my griefe with changes to beguile,
that further seemes his terme still to extend,
and maketh euery minute seeme a mile.
So sorrow still doth seeme too long to last,
But ioyous houres doe flie away too fast.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

Since I haue lackt the comfort of that light
the which was wont to lead my thoughts astray,
I wander as in darknesse of the night,
affraid of euery dangers least dismay.
Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
when others gaze vpon their shadowes vaine:
but th'onely image of that heavenly ray,
whereof some glance doth in mine eye remaine.
Of which beholding the Idæa plaine,
through contemplation of my purest part,
with light thereof I doe my selfe sustaine,
and thereon feed my loue-affamisht hart.
But with such brightnes whilst I fill my mind,
I starue my body, and mine eyes doe blind.

SONNET LXXXIX.

Like as the Culuer on the bared bough,
sits mourning for the absence of her mate:
and in her songs lends many a wishfull vew,
for his returne that seemes to linger late;
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
mourne to my selfe the absence of my loue:
and wandring here and there all desolate,
seekew with my plaints to match that mournfull Doue:
Ne ioy of ought that vnder heauen doth haue,
can comfort me, but her owne ioyous sight:
whose sweet aspect both God and man can moue,
in her wspotted pleasauns to delight.
Dark is my day, whiles her faire light I mis,
And dead my life that wants such liuely blis.

In youth, before I waxed old,
The blinded boy, Venus baby,
For want of cunning made mee bold,
In bitter hiue to grope for honny:
But when he saw me stung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did flie.

As Diane hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,
his quiver by his head:
One of his shafts she stole away,
And one of hers did close conuay,
into the others stead:
With that Loue wounded my Loues hart,
But Diane beafts with Cupids dart.

I Saw, in secret to my Dame
How little Cupid humbly came:
and said to her, All haile my mother.
But when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashfull blood did flame,
not knowing Venus from the other.
Then, neuer blush Cupid, quoth I,
For many haue err'd in this beautie.

Vpon a day, as Loue lay sweetly slumbring
all in his mothers lap:
A gentle Bee with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
about him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with the noise,
and saw the beast so small:
Whats this (quoth he) that giues so great a voice,
that wakens men withall?
In angry wise he flies about,
And threatens all with courage stout.

To whom his mother closely smiling said,
twixt earnest and twixt game:
See thou thy selfe likee, as a little made,
if thou regard the same,
And yet thou suffrest neither gods in skie,
nor men in earth to rest:
But when thou art disposed cruelly,
their sleepe thou doost molest.
Then either change thy crueltye,
Or giue like leaue vnto the flie.

Nathlesse, the cruell boy not so content,
would needs the flie pursue:
And in his hand with heedlesse hardiment,
him caught for to subdue,
But when on it he hastie hand did lay,
the Bee him stung therefore:
Now out alas, he cride, and wele-away,
I wounded am full fore:
The flie that I so much did scorne,
Hath hurt me with his little horne.

Vnto his mother straight hee weeping came,
and of his griefe complained:
Who could not chuse but laugh at his fond game,
though sad to see him paine.
Thinke now (quoth she) my sonne, how great the smart
of those whom thou doost wound:
Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,
that pittie neuer found:
Therefore henceforth some pittie take,
When thou doost spoile of Louers make.



EPITHALAMION.

By *Edmunde Spenser.*

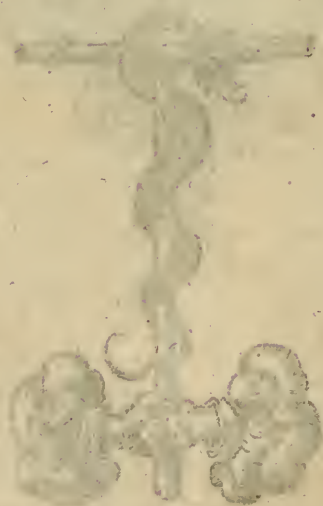


AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*

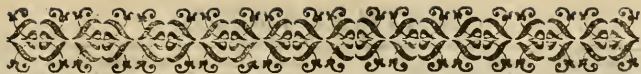
1611.

THE HISTORY OF THE

EPITHEMA
MION



AT LONDON
Printed by H. A. for M. A. G. G. G.
1611



EPITHALAMION.

YE learned Sisters, which haue oftentimes
 Been to me ayding, others to adorne,
 Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rimes,
 That euen the greatest did not greatly forne
 To heare their names lung in your simple layes,
 Butioyed in their praise;
 And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,
 Which death, or loue, or fortunes wreck did raise,
 Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
 And teach the woods and waters to lament
 Your dolefull ieriment:
 Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,
 And hauing all your heads with girlands crown'd,
 Helpe me nine owne loues praises to relound,
 Ne let the fame of any be enuide:
 So **ORPHEVS** did for his owne bride:
 So **I** vnto my selfe alone will sing;
 The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring.

EArly before the mercans light giuing lampe
 His golden beame vpon the hills doth spread,
 Hauing disperst the nights vncharefull dampes,
 Doe ye awake, and with fresh lusthead,
 Go to the bowre of my beloued loue,
 My truest Turtle-doue,
 Bid her awake; for **HYMEN** is awake,
 And long since ready forth his maske to moue,
 With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,
 And many a bachelor to waite on him,
 In their fresh garments trim.
 Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
 For loe the wished day is come at last,
 That shall for all the paines and sorrowes past,
 Pay to her vsury of long delight:
 And whilst she doth her dight,
 Doe ye to her of ioy and lolace sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Ring with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
 Both of the Riuers and the Forrests greene:
 And of the Sea that neighbours to her oare,
 All with gay girlands goodly well befene.
 And let them also with them bring in hand
 Another gay girland,
 For my faire Loue, of Lillies and of Roses,
 Bound true-loue wife, with a blew silke riband.
 And let them make great store of bridale poses,
 And let them eke bring store of other flowers
 To deck the bridale bowers.
 And let the ground whereas her foote shall tread,
 For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
 Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
 And diapred like the discoloured mead.
 Which done, doe at her chamber dore await,
 For she will waken strait,
 The whiles doe ye this long vnto her sing,
 The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho ring.

YE Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
 The siluer scaly trouts doe tend full well,
 And greedy pikes which vse therein to feed,
 (Those trouts and pikes all others doe excell)
 And ye likewise which keepe the russh lake,
 Where none doe fishes take,
 Bind vp the locks the which hang scatterd light,
 And in his waters which your mirror make,
 Behold your faces as the crystall bright,
 That when you come whereas my Loue doth lie,
 No blemish she may spie.
 And keepe your lightfoot mayds which keepe the dore,
 That on the hoary mountaine vse to towre,
 And the wilde Woules which seek r' em to deuoure,
 With your Steele darts doe chace from comming aere,
 Be also present heere,
 To helpe to deck her, and to helpe to sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

WAke now my Loue, awake; for it is time,
 The rosig Morne long since left **TITHONS** bed,
 All ready to her siluer coach to clime,
 And **PHOEBVS** gins to shew his glorious head.
 Harke how the cheerefull birds do chaunt their laies,
 And carroll of loues praise,
 The merry Larke her mattins sings aloft,
 The Thrush replies, the Mauiis descant playes,
 The Ouzell shrils, the Ruddock warbles soft,
 So goodly all agree with sweet consent,
 To this daies meriment.
 Ah my deere Loue, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,
 T' await the comming of your ioyous make,
 And hearken to the birds loue-learned song,
 The dewy leaues amooq:
 For they of ioy and pleance to you sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring.

MY Loue is now awake out of her dreame,
 And her faire eyes like starrs that dimmed were
 With darksome cloud, now shew their goodly beames
 More bright then **HESPERVS** his head doth rere.
 Come now ye damfels, daughters of delight,
 Helpe quickly her to dight,
 But first come ye faire houres which were begot
 In **IOVS** sweet paradise, of Day and Night,
 Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
 And all that euer in this world is faire,
 Doe make and fill repaire.
 And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
 The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
 Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride:
 And as ye her array, still throw betwene
 Some graces to be seene:
 And as ye vnto **VENVS**, to her sing,
 The whiles the woods shall answer, & your eccho ring.

E.

Now

EPITHALAMION.

Now is my Loue all ready forth to come,
 Let all the virgins therefore well await,
 And ye fresh boyes that tend vpon her grome,
 Prepare your selues, for he is comming frait.
 Set all your things in seemely good aray,
 Fit for so ioyfull day:
 The ioyfullst day that euer sinnen did see.
 Faire Sun, shew forth thy fauourable ray,
 And let thy life-full heart not feruent be,
 For feare of burning her sunshiny face,
 Her beautie to disgrace.
 O fairest P H O E B V S, father of the Muse,
 If cuer I did honour thee aright,
 Or sing the thing, that more thy mind delight,
 Doe not thy seruants simple boone refuse,
 But let this day, let this one day be mine,
 Let all the rest be thine.
 Then I thy foueraine prayes loud will sing,
 That all the woods shall answer, and their eccho ring.

HArke how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud
 Their merry musick that resounds from far,
 The pipe, the taber, and the trembling Croud,
 That well agree withouten breach or iar.
 But most of all, the Damzels doe delight,
 When they their tymbrels smite,
 And thereunto doe daunce and carroll sweet,
 That all the senses they doe raniush quite,
 The whiles the boyes run vp and downe the street,
 Crying aloud with strong confused noice,
 As if it were one voyce,
H Y M E N, io H Y M E N, H Y M E N they doe shout,
 That euen to the heaueus their shouting shrill
 Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
 To which the people standing all about,
 As in approuance doe thereto applaud,
 And loud aduance her laud,
 And euermore they **H Y M E N H Y M E N** sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring.

LOe where she comes along with portly pace,
 Like P H O E B E, from her chamber of the East,
 Arising forth to run her mightie race,
 Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.
 So well it her becomes, that ye would weene
 Some Angell she had been.
 Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
 Sprinkled with pearle, & perling flowres atweene,
 Doe like a golden mantle her attire:
 And beeing crowned with a girland greene,
 Seeme like some mayden Queene.
 Her modest eyes abashed to behold
 So many gazers, as on her do stare,
 Vpon the lowly ground affixed are;
 Ne dare lift vp her countenance too bold,
 But blusht to heare her prayes (sung so loud,
 So farre from beeing proud.
 Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayes sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Tell me ye Merchants daughters, did ye see
 So faire a creature in your towne before?

So sweet, so louely, and so mild as shee,
 Adorn'd with beauties grace and vertues store:
 Her goodly eyes like Saphyres shining bright,
 Her forehead Iuorie white,
 Her cheekes like apples which the sun hath rudded,
 Her lips like cherries charming mento bite,
 Her brest like to a bowle of creame vcrudded,
 Her paps like lillies budded,
 Her snowie necke like to a marble towre,
 And all her bodie like a palace faire,
 Ascending vp with many a stately faire,
 To honours seate, and chastities sweet bowre.
 Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
 Vpon her so to gaze,
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
 To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring.

BVt if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
 The inward beautie of her luely spright,
 Garnish'd with heauenly gifts of high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
 And stand astonisht like to those which red
M E D V S A E S amazfull head.
 There dwells sweet loue and constant chastitie,
 Vnspotted faith, and comely womanhood,
 Regard of honour, and mild modestie,
 There Vertue raignes as Queene in royall throne,
 And giueth lawes alone,
 The which the base affections doe obey,
 And yeeld their seruices vnto her will,
 Ne thought of thing vncomely euer may
 Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
 Had ye once seene these her celestiall treasures,
 And vreuueled pleasures,
 Then would ye wonder, and her prayes sing,
 That all the woods should answer, and your eccho ring.

Open the temple gates vnto my Loue,
 Open them wide that the may enter in,
 And all the postes adorne as doth behoue,
 And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
 For to receiue this Saint with honour dew,
 That commeth in to you.
 With trembling steps and humble euereuce,
 She commeth in, before th'almighties view:
 Of her ye virgins learne obedience.
 When so ye come into those holy places,
 To humble your proud faces;
 Bring her vp to th'high altar, that she may
 The sacred ceremonies there pertake,
 The which doe endlesse matrimony make,
 And let the roring Organs loudly play,
 The prayes of the Lord in liuely notes,
 The whiles with hollowe throates
 The Organisters the ioyous Anthem sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and their eccho ring.

BEhold, whiles she before the altar stands,
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
 And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
 How the red roses flush vp in her cheekes,
 And the pure snowe, with goodly vermill staine,

EPITHALAMION.

Like crimſin dyde in graine:
 That euen the Angels, which continually
 About the ſacred Altar doe remaine,
 Forget their ſeruice and about her ſie,
 Oft peeping in her face, that ſeemes more faire,
 The more they on it ſtare.
 But her ſad eyes ſtill ſaſt'ned on the ground,
 Are governed with goodly modeſtie,
 That ſuffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
 Which may let in a litle thought vnſound.
 Why bluſh ye Loue to giue to me your hand,
 The pledge of all our band.
 Sing ye ſweet Angels, Alleluys ſing,
 That all the woods may anſwere, and your echo ring.

Now all is done; bring home the Bride againe,
 Bring home the triumph of our victorie,
 Bring home with you the glory of her gaie,
 With ioyance bring her and with iollitie,
 Neuer had man more ioyfull day then this,
 Whom heauen would heape with blis.
 Make feaſt therefore now all this liue long day,
 This day for euer to me holy is,
 Poure out the wine without reſtraint or ſtay,
 Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
 Poure out to all that wull,
 And ſprinkle all the poſtes and wals with wine,
 That they may ſweat, and drunken be withall.
 Crowne ye god **BACCHVS** with a coronall,
 And **HYMEN** alſo crowne with wreathes of vines,
 And let the Graces daunce vnto the reſt,
 For they can doe it beſt:
 The whiles the maydens doe their carroll ſing,
 To which the woods ſhall anſwer, & their echo ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the towne,
 And leave your wanted labors for this day:
 This day is holy; doe you write it downe,
 That ye for euer it remember may.
 This day the ſunne is in his chiefſt light,
 With **BARNABY** the bright,
 From whence declining daily by degrees,
 He ſomewhat loſeth of his heat and light,
 When once the Crab behind his back he ſees.
 But for this time it ill ordained was,
 To chuſe the longeſt day in all the yeare,
 And ſhorteſt night, when longeſt ſitter weare:
 Yet neuer day ſo long, but late would paſſe.
 Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,
 And benefiers make all day,
 And daunce about them, and about them ſing:
 That all the woods may anſwer, and your echo ring.

AH! when will this long weary day haue end,
 And lend me leaue to come vnto my loue?
 How ſlowly doe the houres their numbers ſpend?
 How ſlowly doth ſad **TRIME** his members moue?
 Haſt thee, O faireſt Planct to thy home,
 Within the Weſterne ſome:
 Thy tyred ſteds long ſince haue need of reſt.
 Long though it be, at laſt I ſee it gloome,

And the bright Euening ſtar with golden creſt
 Appeare out of the Eaſt.
 Faire child of beauty, glorious lampe of loue,
 That all the hoſt of heauen in ranks dooſt lead,
 And guideſt Louers through the nights ſad dread,
 How chearefully thou lookeſt from above,
 And ſeem'ſt to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
 As ioying in the ſight
 Of theſe glad many, which for ioy doe ſing,
 That all the woods them anſwer, and their echo ring.

Now ceaſſe ye damſels your delights fore-paſt,
 Enough it is that all the day was yours:
 Now day is done, and night is niſhing ſaſt,
 Now bring the Bride into the bridal bowres.
 Now night is come, now ſoone her diſaray,
 And in her bed her lay;
 Lay her in Lillies and in Violets,
 And ſilken curtaines ouer her diſplay,
 And odour ſheets, and Arras couerlets.
 Behold how goodly my faire Loue doct'ry,
 In proud humilty;
 Like vnto **MARIA**, when ſhe **LOVE** her tooke,
 In Tempe lying on the ſlowric gras,
 Twixt ſleepe and wake, after the weary was,
 With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
 Now it is night, ye damſels may be gone,
 And leaue my Loue alone,
 And leaue likewiſe your former lay to ſing:
 The woods no more ſhall anſwer, nor your echo ring.

Now welcome night, thou night ſo long expected,
 That long dayes labour dooſt at laſt deſtroy,
 And all my cares, which cruell loue collected,
 Haſt ſund in one, and cancelled for aye:
 Spread thy broad wing ouer my Loue and me,
 That no man may vs ſee,
 And in thy ſable mantle vs enwrap,
 From feare of perill and ſoule horror free.
 Let no falſe treaſon ſeek' vs to entrap,
 Nor any drad diſquiet once annoy
 The ſaſtetic of our ioy:
 But let the night be calme and quietſome,
 Without tempeſtuous ſtormes or ſad affray:
 Like as when **LOVE** with faire **AZCUBENA** lay,
 When he begot the great Tiryntian grooms:
 Or like as when he with thy ſelfe did lie,
 And begot Maieſtie.
 And let the mayds and young men ceaſe to ſing:
 Ne let the woods them anſwer, nor their echo ring.

Let no lamenting cries, nor dolefull teares,
 Be heard all night within, nor yet without:
 Ne let falſe whiſpers, breeding hidden feares,
 Breake gentle ſleepe with miſconceiued doubt.
 Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadfull ſights,
 Make ſudden ſad affrights;
 Ne let houſe-fires, nor lightning, helpeleſſe harmes,
 Ne let the Ponke, nor other euill ſpirits,
 Ne let miſchieuous Witches with their charmes,
 Ne let Hob-goblins, names whoſe ſenſe we ſce not,

EPITHALAMION.

Frays vs with things that be not,
 Let not the shriech-Owle, nor the Storke be heard,
 Nor the night Rauen that still deadly yels,
 Nor damned ghosts cald vp with mightie spels,
 Nor grieufully vultures make vs once affeard:
 Ne let th'vnpleasant Quyre of Frogs still croking
 Make vs to wishe their chocking.
 Let none of these their dreary accents sing,
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor their eccho ring.

BVt let still Silence true night watches keepe,
 That sacred peace may in assurance raine,
 And timely sleepe, when it is time to sleepe,
 May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant plaine,
 The whiles an hundred little winged looses,
 Like diuers feathered doutes,
 Shall flie and flutter round about your bed,
 And in the secret darke, that none reprocues,
 Their prey stealthes shall worke, and snares shall spread
 To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
 Conceald through couert night.
 Ye sonnes of V E N U S, play your sports at will:
 For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyses,
 Thinks more vpon her paradise of ioyes,
 Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
 All night therefore attend your merry play,
 For it will soone be day:
 Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing,
 Ne will the woods now answer, n or your eccho ring.

VV Ho is the same, which at my window peeps?
 Or whose is that faire face which shines so bright?
 Is it not C Y N T H I A, shee that neuer sleepees,
 But walks about high heauen all the night?
 O fairest goddesse, doe thou not enuy
 My Loue with me to spy:
 For thou likewise didst loue, though now vnthought,
 And for a fleece of wooll, which priuily,
 The Latmian shepheard once vnto thee brought,
 His pleasures with thee wrought.
 Therefore to vs be fauourable row;
 And sith of womens labours thou hast charge,
 And generation goodly doost enlarge,
 Encline thy will to effect our wishfull vow,
 And the chaste wombe informe with timely seede,
 That may our comfort breed:
 Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing,
 Ne let the woods vs answer, nor our eccho ring.

ANd thou great I V N O, which with awfull might
 The lawes of wedlocke still doost patronize,
 And the religion of the faith first plight
 With sacred rites hast taught to solemnisie:
 And eke for comfort often called art
 Or women in their smart,
 Eternally bind thou this lonely band,
 And all thy blessings vnto vs impart.
 And thou glad Genius, in whose gentle hand,
 The bridele bowre and geniall bed remaine,
 Without blemish or staine,
 And the sweeter pleasures of their loues delight
 With secret ayde doost succour and supply,
 Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,
 Send vs the timely fruit of this same night.
 And thou faire H E B E, and thou H Y M E N free,
 Grant that it may so bee:
 Till which we cease your further praise to sing,
 Ne any woods shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

ANd ye high heauens, the temple of the gods,
 In which a thousand torches flaming bright
 Doe burne, that to vs wretched earthly clods,
 In dreadfull darknesse lend desired light:
 And all ye powers which in the same remaine,
 More then we men can faigne,
 Poure out your blessing on vs plentiously,
 And happy influence vpon vs raine,
 That we may raise a large posteritie,
 Which from the earth, which they may long possesse,
 With lasting happinesse,
 Vp to your haughty palaces may mount,
 And for the guerdon of their glorious merit,
 May heauenly tabernacles there inherit,
 Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
 So let vs rest, sweet Loue, in hope of this,
 And cease till then our timely ioyes to sing,
 The woods no more vs answer, nor our eccho ring.

Song made in lieu of many ornaments,
 With which my loue should duly haue been deckt,
 Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
 Ye would not stay your due time to expect,
 But promist both to recompence,
 Be vnto her a goodly ornament,
 And for short time an endlesse monument.

F I N I S.





FOVRE
HYMNES,

MADE
By *Edmunde Spenser.*



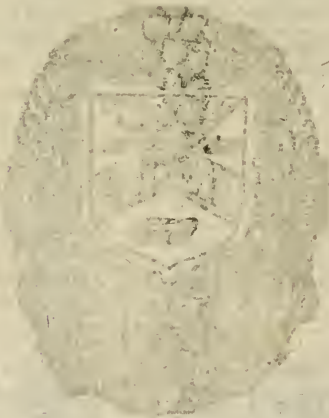
AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*

1611.



FOUR
HYMNS

MADE
By Edwards & Sons.



AT LONDON
Printed by H. L. for the Author London
1811



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
and most vertuous Ladies, the Ladie *Maga-*
ret, Countesse of Cumberland, and the Lady *Mary*,
Countesse of Warwicke.

(. . .)

HAuing in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymnes in the prayse of Loue and Beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which beeing too vehemently caried with that kind of affection, do rather sucke out poyson to their strong passion, then hony to their honest delight; I was mouued by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same. But being vnable so to doe, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolued at least to amend, and by way of retraction to reforme them, making (in stead of those two Hymnes of earthly or naturall loue and beautie) two others, of heauenly and celestiaall. The which I doe dedicate ioyntly vnto you two honourable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true loue and beautie, both in the one and the other kind: humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble seruice, in lieu of the great graces and honourable fauours which ye daily shew vnto mee, vntill such time as I may by better meanes, yeeld you some more notable testimony of my thankful mind and dutifull deuotion. And euen so I pray for your

happinesse. Greenewich, this first of

September. 1596.

(* * *)

*Your Honours most bounden euer
in all humble seruise,*

Edm. Sp.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

the most virtuous Ladies the Ladies of the
Council of Wiltshire

(..)

And in the procurement of my youth, composed
these former in the year of 1600 and
having and finding that the same too much pleased
those of like and disposition which hath been
happily met with in the most of us, do hereby
think our duty to their long passion, then hereby
their hearts, I am moved by the great
two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same. But be-
ing unable to do so, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly care-
fully preserved, I returne at least to you, and by way of restoration to re-
form them, making in stead of the two typos of earth, or natural
four and twenty, two others of heaven, and celestiall. The which I doe
dedicate joyfully unto you two honorable sisters, as to the most excellent
and most ornaments of all the world, and therein, be in the mean the
that kind; I humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the peruse of them, and
to accept this my humble service, in lieu of the great graces and honours
honours which ye daily bestow upon me, until such times I may by better
means receive you some more ample testimony of my thankfull
and dutiful devotion. And ever so I pray for your

Lappineth, O. C. 1600

September 1600

(*)

For answers with bounden duty
all humble thanks

Edm. Sp.



AN HYMNE, IN honour of Loue.

LOVE, that long since hast to thy mightie powre
Perforce subdu'd my poore captiu'd hart,
And raging now therein with restlesse stowre,
Dooft tyrannize in euery weaker part:
Faine would I looke to cate my bitter smart,
By any seruice I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.

And now t'assuage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I meane to sing the prayes of thy name,
And thy victorious conquests to reed;
By which thou madest many harts to bleed
Of mighty Victors, with wide wounds embrew'd,
And by thy cruell darts to thee subdew'd.

Onely I feare my wits enfeebled late,
Through the sharpe sorrowes, which thou hast me bred,
Should faint, and words should faile me to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-hed.
But if thou wouldst vouchsafe to ouer-spread
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,
I should enabled be thy acts to sing.

Come then, & come, thou mighty God of loue,
Out of thy siluer bowres and iecrer blisse,
Where thou doost sit in VENVS lap above,
Bathing thy wings in her Ambrosiall kisse,
That sweeter faire then any Nectar is:
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And yee sweet Muses, which haue often prou'd
The piercing points of his aueng. full darts;
And yee faire Nymphs, which oftentimes haue lou'd
The cruell worker of your kindly smarts,
Prepare your selues, and open wide your harts,
For to receiue the triumph of your glory,
That made you merry oft, when ye were sorie.

And yee faire blossomes of youths wanton breed,
Which in the conquests of your beautie boast,
Wherewith your louers feeble eyes you feed,
But sterue their harts, that needeth nurture most,
Prepare your selues, to march amongst his host,
And all the way this sacred Hymne, doe sing,
Made in the honour of your Soueraigne King.

GREAT god of might, that reignest in the mind,
And all the bodie to thy left doost frame,
Victor of gods, subduer of mankind,
That doost the Lions and fell Tygers tame,
Making their cruell rage thy scornfull game,
And in their roring taking great delight;
Who can expresse the glory of thy might?

Or who aliuie can perfectly declare
The wondrous cradle of thine infancie?
When thy great mother VENVS first thee bare,
Begot of Plentie and of Penurie,
Though elder then thine owne natiuitie;
And yet a child, renewing still thy yeares:
And yet the eldest of the heauenly Peares.

For ere this worlds still mouing mightie masse,
Out of great Chaos vgly prison crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From heauens view, and in deepe darknesse kept;
LOVE, that had now long time securely slept
In VENVS lap, vnarmed then and naked,
Gan reare his head, by CLORHO being waked.

And taking to him wings of his owne heat,
Kindled at first from heauens life-giuing fire,
He gan to moue out of his idle seat,
Weakely at first, but after with desire
Lifted aloft, he gan to mount vp hier,
And like fresh Eagle, made his hardie flight
Through all that great wide waste, yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandering way,
His owne faire mother, for all creatures sake,
Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray:
Then through the world his way he gan to take,
The world that was not, till he did it make;
Whose sundry parts he from themselves did seuer,
The which before had lycn confus'd euer.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fire,
Then gan to range themselves in huge array,
And with contrary forces to conspire
Each against other, by all meanes they may,
Threatning their owne confusio and decay:
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fire,
Till LOVE relented their rebellious ire.

An Hymne

He then them tooke, and tempering goodly well,
Their contrary dislikes with loued meanes,
Did place them all in order, and compell
To keepe themselues within their sundry raines,
Together lukt with Adamantine chaines;
Yet so, as that in euery liuing wight
They mixe themselues, and shew their kindly might.

So euer since they firmly haue remain'd,
And duly well obserued his behest:
Through which, now all these things that are contain'd
Within this goodly cope, both most and least
Their being haue, and daily are increast,
Through secret sparks of his infused fire,
Which in the barraine cold he doth inspire.

Thereby they all doe liue, and moued are
To multiply the likenesse of their kind,
Whilst they seeke onely, without further care,
To quench the flame, which they in burning find:
But Man, that breathes a more immortal mind,
Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,
Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie.

For hauing yet in his deducted spright,
Some sparks remaining of that heauenly fire,
He is enlumind with that goodly light,
Vnto like goodly semblant to aspire:
Therefore in choice of loue, he doth desire
That seemes on earth most heauenly, to embrace,
That same is B I A V T Y, borne of heauenly race.

For sure of all, that in this mortall frame
Contained is, nought more diuine doth seeme,
Or that resembleth more th' immortal flame
Of heauenly light, then B I A V T I E S glorious beame.
What wonder then, if with such rage extreame,
Fraile men, whose eyes seeke heauenly things to see,
At sight thereof so much enrauisht bee?

Which well perceiving, that imperious boy,
Doth therewith tip his sharp empoisoned darts;
Which glancing through the eyes with count'nance coy,
Rest not, till they haue pierst the trembling harts,
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which suckes the blood, and drinketh vp the life
Of carefull wretches with consuming griefe.

Thenceforth they plainc, and make full pitious moone
Vnto the author of their balefull bane;
The daies they waste, the nights they grieue and grone,
Their liues they loathe, and heauens light disdainc:
No light but that, whose lampe doth yet remaine
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
They deigne to see, and seeing it, still dye.

The whilst, thou tyrant L O V E doost laugh & scorne
At their complaints, making their paine thy play:
Whilst they lie languishing like thral's forlorne,
The whiles thou doost triumph in their decay,
And otherwhiles, their dying to delay,

Thou doost emmarble the proud hart of her,
Whose loue before their life they doe prefer.

So hast thou often done (aye me the more)
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart,
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so fore,
That whole remains scarce any little part:
Yet to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enfreozed her disdainfull breast,
That no one drop of pittie there doth rest.

Why then doe I this honour vnto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Sith thou doost shew no fauour vnto mee,
Ne once moue ruth in that rebellious Dame,
Somewhat to slake the rigour of my flame?
Certes, small glory doost thou winne hereby,
To lether lue thus free, and me to die.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call,
The worlds great Parent, the most kind preferer
Of liuing wights, the soueraigne Lord of all,
How sailes it then, that with thy furious feruour,
Thou doost afflict as well the not deseruer,
As him that doth thy louely heats despise,
And on thy subiects most doost tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glorie seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best thee serue,
That ere thou doost them vnto grace restore,
Thou maist well trie if they will cuer sverue,
And maist them make it better to deserue:
And hauing got it, may it more esteeme.
For things hard gotten, men more deereley deeme.

So hard those heauenly beauties be enfired,
As things diuine, least passions doe impress,
The more of stedfast minds to be admired,
The more they stayed be on stedfastnesse:
But baseborne minds such lamps regard the lesse,
Which at first blowing take not haste fire,
Such fancies feele no loue, but loose desire.

For loue is Lord of truth and loyaltie,
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust,
On golden plumes vp to the purest skie,
Above the reach of loathly sinfull lust,
Whose base affect through cowardly distrust
Of his weake wings, dare not to heauen flie,
But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth lie.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselues enure
To durtic drosse, no higher dare aspire,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celestiall fire,
Which kindleth loue in generous desire,
And makes him mount about the native might
Of heaue earth, vp to the heauens height.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion,
That it all fordid basenesse doth expell,

And the refined mind doth newly fashion
Vnto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it selfe excell;
Which he beholding full with constant sight,
Admires the mirrour of so heauenly light,

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
He thereon feeds his hungry fantasie,
Still full, yet neuer satisfide with it,
Like TANTALE, that in store doth starued ly:
So doth he pine in most tartetie;
For nought may quench his infinite desire,
Once kindled through that first conceiued fire.

Thereon his mind affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought, but how it to attaine;
His care, his ioy, his hope is all on this,
That seemes in it all blisses to containe,
In sight whereof, all other blisse seemes vaine.
Thrice happy man, might he the same possesse,
He faunes himselfe, and doth his fortune blesse.

And though he doe not win his wish to end,
Yet thus farre happy he himselfe doth weene,
That heuens such happy grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth so heauenly, to haue seene,
His harts enslured Saint, his heuens queene,
Fairer then fairest, in his fayning eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicitie.

Then forth he casts in his vnquiet thought,
What he may doe, her fauour to obtaine;
What braue exploit, what perill hardly wrought,
What puissant conquest, what aduentrous paine
May please her best, and grace vnto him gaine:
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guide,
Thou beeing blind, lest him not see his feares,
But cariest him to that which he hath eyde,
Through seas, through flames, through thousand
(swords and speares):
Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,
With which thou arnest his resistlesse hand.

Witness LEANDER, in the Euxine waues,
And stout AENEAS in the Troiane fire,
ACHILLES preassing through the Phrygian glaues,
And ORPHEVS, daring to pronoke the ire
Of damned fiends, to get his loue retire:
For both through heauen and hell thou makest way,
To win them worship which to thee obey.

And if by all these perils and these paines,
He may but purchase lyking in her eye,
What heuens of ioy, then to himselfe he faines,
Effloones he wipes quite out of memory
What euer ill before he did aby:
Had it been death, yet would he die againe,
To liue thus happy as her grace to gaine.

Yet when he hath found fauour to his will,
He nathemore can so contented rest,
But forceth further on, and striueth still
T'approach more neare, till in her inmost breast,
He may embosomed bee, and loued best;
And yet not best, but to be lou'd alone:
For loue cannot endure a Paragone.

The feare whereof, o how doth it torment
His troubled miud with more then hellish paine!
And to his fayning fanse represent
Sights neuer seene, and thousand shadowes vaine,
To breake his sleepe, and waste his idle braine:
Thou that hast neuer lou'd canst not beleue
Least part of th'euels which poore Louers grieue.

The gnawing enuie, the hart-fretting feare,
The vaine fumes, the distrustfull shewes,
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the dangers, the delays, the woes,
The fained frienas, the vnassured foes,
With thousands more then any tongue can tell,
Doe make a Louers life a wretches hell.

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,
That canker-worme, that monster close,
Which eates the hart, and feedes vpon the gall,
Turning all loues delight to miserie,
Through feare of losing his felicitie.
Ah Gods, that euer ye that monster placed
In gentle loue, that all his ioyes defaced.

By these, o LOVE, thou doost thy entrance make,
Vnto thy heauen, and doost the more eendere
Thy pleasures vnto those which them partake,
As after stormes when clouds begin to cleare,
The sunne more bright & glorious doth appeare:
So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie,
Doost beare vnto thy blisse, and heuens glorie.

There thou them placest in a Paradise
Of all delight, and ioyous happy rest,
Where they doe feed on Nectar heauenly wise,
With HERCVLES and HERBE, and the rest
OF VENVS dearlings, through her bouotic blest,
And lie like gods in luory beds arayd,
With rose and lillies ouer them displayd,

There, with thy daughter PLEASVRE they do play
Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or blame,
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay
Their quiet heads, deuoyd of guilty shame,
After full ioyance of their gentle game;
Then her they crowne their goddesse & their Queene,
And decke with flowres thy altars well befene.

Aye me, deare Lord, that euer I might hope,
For all the paines and woes that I endure,
To come at length vnto the wished scope
Of my desires; or might my selfe assure,
That happy port for euer to recure.

An Hymne

Then would I thinke these paines no paines at all,
And all my woes to be but penance small.

Then would I sing of thine immortal praise,
An heaucny Hymne, such as the Angels sing.

And thy triumphant name then would I raise
Boue all the gods, thee onely honouring.
My guide, my God, my victor, and my King;
Till then, drad Lord, vouchsafe to take of mee
This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.

FINIS.



AN HYMNE, IN honour of Beautie.

AH! whither, **L O V E**, wilt thou now carry mee?
What wondrous fury doost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
Whilst seeking to aslake thy raging fire,
Thou in me kindest much more great desire,
And vp aloft about my strength dost raise
The wondrous matter of my fire to praise.

That as I carst, in praise of thine owne name,
So, now in honour of thy Mother deare,
An honourable Hymne i eke should frame;
And with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
The ravisht harts of gazefull men might reare,
To admiration of that heavenly light,
From whence proceeds such soule enchanting might.

There to doct thou great Goddesse, queen of **B E A U T Y**,
Mother of **L O V E**, and of all worlds delight,
Without whose soueraigne grace and kindly deutie,
Nothing on earth seemes faire to fleshly sight,
Do thou vouchsafe with thy loue-kindling light,
T'illuminate my dim and dilled cyne,
And beautifie this sacred Hymne of thine.

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
And eke to her, whose faire immortal beame
Hath darred fire into my feeble ghost,
That now it wasted is with woes extreme,
It may to please, that she at length will streame
Some dew of grace, into my withered hart,
After long sorrowe and consuming smart.

VWhat time this worlds great workmaister did cast
To make all things, such as we now behold,
It seemes that he before his eyes had plac't
A goodly Patterne, to whose perfect mould
He fashiond them as comely as he could;
That now so faire and seemly they appeare,
As nought may be amended any where.

That wondrous Patterne wherefore it bee,
Whether in earth layd vp in secret store,
Or else in heauen, that no man may it see
With sinfull eyes, for feare it to desore,
Is perfect **B E A U T Y**, which all men adore:
Whose face and feature doth so much excell
All mortall sense, that none the same may tell.

Thereof, as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or lesse by influence diuine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the grosse matter of this earthly mine
Which closeth it, thereafter doth reaine,
Dooing away the drosse which dims the light
Of that faire beame, which therein is empight.

For through infusion of celestial powre,
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits pruiely doth poure
Through all the parts, that to the lookers sight
They seeme to please. That is, thy loueraigne might
O Cyprian Queene, which flowing from the beame
Of thy bright starre, thou into them doost streame.

That

of Heauenly Beautie.

That is the thing which giueth pleatant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth liuely fire,
Light of thy lampe, which shining in the face,
Thence to the foule darts amorous desire,
And robs the harts of those which it admire,
Therewith thou pointest thy sonnes poyned arrow,
That wounds the life, & waxes the inmost marrow.

How vainely then doe idle wits inuent,
That beautie is nought else, but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goodly temperment
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a Sommers shade,
Or that it is but comely composition,
Of parts well meassurd, with meet disposition.

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th'eyes vnto the hart,
And therein stirre such rage and restlesse stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolours (smart)
Or can proportion of the outward part,
Moue such affection in the inward mind,
That it can rob both sense and reason blind?

Why doe not then the blossoms of the field,
Which are araid with much more orient hew,
And to the sense most dainty odours yield,
Worke like impression in the lookers view?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,
In which oft-times, we Nature see of Art
Excelde, in perfect limming euery part.

But ah! beleeue me, there is more then so,
That workes such wonders in the minds of men.
I that haue often prou'd, too well it know;
And who so list the like assayes to ken,
Shall find by triall, and confesse it then,
That **B E A U T Y** is not, as fond men misdeeme,
An outward shew of things, that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are sprinkled, shall decay.
And those sweet rose leaues so fairely spred
Vpon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, euen to corrupted clay.
That golden wire, those sparkling starres so bright,
Shall turne to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray
That light proceeds, which kindleth Louers face,
Shall neuer be extinguisht nor decay;
But when the vitall spirits doe expire,
Vnto her native planet shall retire:
For it is heauenly borne and cannot die,
Becing a parcell of the purest skie.

For when the foule, the which deriued was
At first, out of that great immortal Spright,
By whom all liue to loue, whosome did pas
Downe from the top of purest heauens height,
To be embodied here, it then tooke light

And liuely spirits from that fairest starre,
Which lights the world forth from his fire carte.

Which powre retaining still or more or lesse,
When she in fleshy seed is eft enraced,
Through euery part she doth the same impresse,
According as the heauens haue her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoile
Of th'heauenly riches, which she rob d erewhile.

Thereof it comes, that these faire soules, which haue
The most resemblance of that heauenly light,
Frame to themselues most beautiful and braue
Their fleshy bowre, most fit for their delight,
And the grosse matter by a oueraine might
Tempers to trim, that it may well be teene,
A palace fit for such a virgin Queene.

So euery spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heauenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With chearefull grace and amiable sight.
For of the foule the bodie forme doth take:
For soule is forme, and doth the body make;

Therefore where-euer that thou doost behold
A comely corpse, with beautie faire endewed,
Knowe this for certaine, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soule, with faire conditions thwed;
Fit to receiue the seed of vertue strewed.
For all that faire is, is by nature good;
That is a signe to knowe the gentle blood.

Yet oft it fallas, that many a gentle mind
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,
Either by chauce; against the courte of kind,
Or through vnaptnesse in the substance found,
Which it assumed of some stubborn ground,
That will not yield vnto her formes direction,
But is perform'd with some foule imperfection.

And oft it fallas, (aye me the more to rewe)
That goodly beautie, albe heauenly borne,
Is soule abused, and that celestiall hew,
Which doth the world with her delight a'orne,
Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorne;
Whilst euery one doth seeke and sue to haue it,
But euery one doth seeke, but to depraue it.

Yet nathemore is that faire beauties blame,
But theirs that doe abuse it vnto ill:
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
May be corrupt; and wrested vnto will.
Nathelasse, the soule is faire and beauteous still;
How euer fleshes fault it filthy make:
For things immortal no corruption take;

But ye faire Dames, the worlds deare ornaments,
And liuely images of heauenly light,

An Hymne

Let not your beames with such disparagements
Be dimd, and your bright glory darkned quight:
But mindfull fill of your first countries sight,
Doe still preferre your first informed grace,
Whose shadow, yet shines in your beautilous face.

Louth that foule blot, that hellish fierbrand,
Disloyall lust, faire B E A U T I E S foulest blame,
That bale affections, which your cares would bland,
Commend to you by louses abused name;
But is indeed the bond-slave of defame,
Which will the garland of your glory marre,
And quench the light of your bright shining starre.

But gentle L O V E S, that loyall is and true,
Will more illumine your replendent ray,
And adde more brightnesse to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire, which by like way
Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display,
Like as two mirrours by oppold reflexion,
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore to make your beautie more appear,
It you behoues to loue, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches, which in you ye beare,
That men the more admire their fountaine may.
For else what bootheth that celestiall ray,
If it in darknes be enshrin'd euer,
That it of louing eyes be viewed neuer?

But in your choice of Louses, this well advise,
That likest to your selues ye them select,
The which your formes first soure may sympathise,
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt:
For if you loosely loue, without respect,
It is not loue, but a discordant warre,
Whose valike parts amongst them selues do iarre.

For loue is a celestiall harmonie,
Of likly harts compold of starres consent,
Which ioyne together in sweet sympathy,
To worke each others ioy and true content,
Which they haue harboured since their first descent
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see
And knowe each other here belou'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
Should in louses gentle band combined bee,
But those whom heauen did at first ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t'agree:
For all that like the beauty which they see,
Straight doe not loue: for loue is not so light,
As straight to burne at first beholders sight.

But they which loue indeed, looke otherwise,
With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,
Drawing out of the obiect of their eyes,
A more refined forme, which they present
Vnto their mind, voyde of all blemishment;
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleshes fraile infection.

And then conforming it vnto the light,
Which in it selfe it hath remaining still
Of that first Sunne, yet sparkling in his sight,
Theof he fashions in his higher skill,
An heavenly beautie to his fancies will,
And it embracing in his mind entire,
The mirroure of his owne thought doth admire.

Which seeing now so inly faire to bee,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his spirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
And fully setteth his felicitie,
Counting it faire, then it is indeed,
And yet indeed her faireness doth exceed.

For Louers eyes more sharply sighted bee
Then other mens, and in deare louses delight,
See more then any other eyes can see,
Through mutuall receipt of the beames bright,
Which carry priuie message to the spright,
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,
As plaine as light discouers dawning day.

Therein they see through amorous eye-glauces,
Armies of louses still flying to and fro,
Which dart at them their little fierie launces:
Whom having wounded, backe againe they goe,
Carrying compassion to their louely foe;
Who seeing her fayre eyes so sharpe effect,
Cures all their sorrowes with one sweet aspect.

In which, how many wonders doe they need
To their conceit, that others neuer see,
Now of her smiles, with which their soules they feed,
Like Gods with Nectar in their bankets free,
Now of her lookes, which like to Cordials bee;
But when her words embassade forth she sends,
Lord, how sweet musick that vnto them lends!

Sometimes vpon her forehead they behold
A thousand Graces masking in delight,
Sometimes within her eye-lids they vnfold
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their sight
Doe seeme like twinkling starres in frosty night:
But on her lips, like rosie buds in May,
So many millions of chaste pleasures play.

All these, O C Y T H E R E A, and thousands more
Thy handmaids be, which doe on thee attend,
To deck thy beauty with their dainties store,
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
And make it more admyr'd of foe and friend;
That in mens harts thou mayst thy throne enstall,
And spread thy louely kingdome ouer all.

Then *In triumph*, O great beauties Queene,
Aduance the banner of thy conquest hie,
That all this world, the which thy vassals beene,
May drawe to thee, and with due fealtie,
Adore the powre of thy great Maiestie,

of Heauenly Loue.

Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,
Compyld by me, which thy poore liegeman am.

In lieu whereof, grant, ô great Soueraigne,
That the whose conquering beautie doth captiue
My trembling hart in her ciernall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me giue,
That I her bounden thrall by her may liue:
And this same life, which first from me she rescued,
May owe to her, of whom I it receaued.

And you faire V E N V S dearling, my deare dread,
Fresh flowre of grace, great Goddesse of my life,
When your faire eyes these fearefull lines shall read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of due reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pynning grieffe,
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can restore a damned wight from death.

F I N I S.

A N H Y M N E, O F heauenly Loue.

LO V E, lift me vp upon thy golden wings,
From this base world vnto thy heauens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things,
Which there thou workest by thy soueraigne might,
Farre aboue feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heauenly Hymne may sing
Vnto the god of L O V E, high heauens King.

Many lewd layes (ah woe is me the more)
In praise of that mad fit, which fooles call loue,
I haue in th'heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection moue.
But all those follies now I doe reprove,
And turned haue the tenor of my string,
The heauenly praises of true loue to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire,
To read my fault, and wondring at my flame,
To warme your selues at my wide sparkling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame:
For who my passed follies now purfewes,
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renews.

BEfore this worlds great frame, in which all things
Are now containd, found any beeing place,
Ere sitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mighty bound, which doth embrace
The rolling Sphere, & parts their houres by space,
That high Eternall powre, which now doth moue
In all these things, mou'd in it selfe by loue.

It lou'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire;
(For faire is lou'd;) and of it selfe begot
Like to it selfe his eldest sonne and heire,
Eternall, pure, and void of sinfull blot,
The firstling of his ioy, in whom no ioy
Of lous dislike, or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equall honor crown'd,

With him beaign'd, before all time prescribed,
In endlesse glorie and immortal might,
Together with that third from them deriued,
Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright,
Whose kingdoms throne, no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse,
With equall words can hope it to reherse.

Yet ô most blessed Spirit, pure lampe of light,
Eternall spring of grace and wisdom true,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright,
Some little drop of thy celestall dew,
That may my rimes with sweet infuse embrew,
And giue me words equall vnto my thought,
To tell the marueiles by thy mercy wrought.

Yet beeing pregnant still with powrefull grace,
And full of fruitfull loue, that lous to ger
Things like him selfe, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood, though not of powre to great,
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget
An infinite increase of Angels bright,
All gliftring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heauens ill'mitable hight
(Not this round heauen, which wee from hence behold,
Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gemmes of shining gold)
He gaue, as their inheritance to hold,
That they might see him in eternall blis,
And be partakers of those ioyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his messages doth send,
Or on his owne drad presence to attend,
Where they behold the glory of his light,
And caroll Hymnes of loue both day and night.

Both day and night is vnto them all one,
For he his beames doth vnto them extend,

F 2.

That

An Hymne

That darknes there appeareth neuer none,
Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse an end,
But there their tennelless time in pleasure spend,
Ne ener should their happinesse decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puffed them vp with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan cast their state how to increase
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And fit in Gods owne seate without commission:
The brightest Angell, euen the Child of light,
Drew millions inore against their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of his consuming ire,
And wich his onely breath them blew away
From heauens hight, to which they did aspire,
To deepeft hell, and lake of damned fire;
Where they in darknes and drad horror dwell,
Hating the happy light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers loue,
Next to himselfe in glorious degree,
Degenerating to hate, fell from aboue
Through pride; (for pride and loue may ill agree)
And now of sinne to all ensample bee:
How then can sinfull flesh it selfe assure,
Sith purest Angels fell to be impure?

But that eternall fount of loue and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodnes vnto all,
Now seeing left a waste and emptic place
In his wide Palace, through those Angels fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enfall
A new vnknown Colonie therein, (begin.
Whose roote from earths base ground-worke should

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might:
According to an heauenly patterne wrought,
Which he had fashion'd in his wise foresight,
He man did make, and breath'd a liuing spright
Into his face, most beautifull and faire,
Endew'd with wisdoms riches, heauenly rare.

Such he him made, that he resemble might
Himselfe, as mortall thing immortal could;
Him to be Lord of euery liuing wight,
He made by loue out of his owne like mould,
In whom he might his mightie selfe behold,
For loue doth loue the thing belou'd to see,
That like it selfe in lovely shape may bee.

But Man, forgetfull of his Makers grace,
No lesse then Angels, whom he did ensee,
Fell from the hope of promitt heauenly place,
Into the mouth of death, to sinners dew,
And all his off-spring into thraldome threw:
Where they for euer should in bonds remaine,
Of neuer dead, yet euer dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Loue, which him at first
Made of meere loue, and after lik'd well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurst,
In that deepe horror of despaired hell,
Him wretch in doole would let no longer dwell,
But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreme.

Out of the bosome of eternall blifs,
In which he reigned with his glorious fire,
He downe descended, like a most demifs
And abiect thrall, in fleshes fraile attire,
That he for him might pay sinnes deadly hire,
And him restore vnto that happy state,
In which he stood before his hapless fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfide:
Nor spirit, nor Angell, though they man surpas,
Could make amends to God for mans misguide,
But onely man himselfe, who selfe did slide,
So taking flesh of sacred Virgins wombe,
For mans deare sake, he did a man become.

And that most blessed body, which was borne
Without all blemish or reproachfull blame,
He freely gaue to be both rent and torne
Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
Reuiling him, that them most vile became,
At length him nayled on a gallow tree,
And slew the iust, by most vniust decree.

O huge and most vnspokeable impression
Of loues deepe wound, that pierst the pitious hart
Of that deare Lord with so entire affection,
And sharply launcing euery inner part,
Dolours of death into his soule did dart;
Dooing him die, that neuer it deserued,
To free his foes, that from his heast had swerued.

What hart can feele least touch of so sore launch,
Or thought can thinke the depth of so deare wound?
Whose bleeding fource their streames yet neuer staunch,
But still do flowe, and freshly still redound,
To heale the sores of sinfull soules vnfound,
And cleanse the guilt of that infected crime,
Which was enrooled in all fleshy slime.

O blessed well of loue! O flowre of grace!
O glorious Morning starre! O lampe of sight!
Most liuely image of thy fathers face,
Eternall King of glory, Lord of might,
Meeke lambe of God before all world behight,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy most precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this loue,
But loue of vs, for guerdon of thy paine.
Aye me! what can vs lesse then that behoue?
Had he required life of vs againe,
Had it beene wrong to aske his owne with gaine?

of Heauenly Loue.

He gaue vs hie, he it restored lost;
Then life were least, that vs fo little cost.

But he our life hath left vnto vs free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band;
Ne ought demands, but that we louing bee,
As he himselfe hath lou'd vs afore-hand,
And bound thereto with an eternall band,
Him first to loue, that vs so dearly bought,
And next, our brethren to his image wrought.

Him first to loue, great right and reason is,
Who first to vs our life and beeing gaue;
And after, when we fared had amis,
Vs wretches from the second death did saue:
And last, the food of life, which now we haue,
Euen hee himselfe in his deare sacrament,
To feede our hungry soules vnto vs lent.

Then next, to loue our brethren, that were made
Of that selfe mould, and that selfe Makers hand,
That we; and to the same againe shall fade,
Where they shall haue like heritage of land,
How-euer here on higher steps we stand;
Which also were with selfe same price redeemed
That we, how-euer of vs light esteemed.

And were they not, yet sith that louing Lord
Commanded vs to loue them for his sake,
Euen for his sake, and for his sacred word,
Which in his last bequest he to vs spake,
We should them loue, & with their needs partake;
Knowing, that whatsoever to them we giue,
We giue to him, by whom we all doe liue.

Such mercy he by his most holy reed
Vnto vs taught, and to approuit trew,
Ensampl'd it by his most righteous deed,
Shewing vs mercy (miserable crew)
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And loue our brethren; thereby to approue,
How much himselfe that loued vs, we loue.

Then rouze thy selfe, ô earth, out of thy soyle,
In which thou wallow'st like to filthy swine,
And doot thy mind in durty pleasures moyle,
Vnmindfull of that dearest Lord of thine;
Lift vp to him thy heauie clouded eyne,
That thou his soueraigne bounty maist behold,
And read through loue his mercies manifold.

Begin from first where he enradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toylefull Oxe and humble Ass,
And in what rags, and in how bale aray,
The glory of our heauenly riches lay,
When him the silly Shepheards came to see,
Whom greatest Princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence read on the story of his life,
His humble carriage, his vntauly waies,

His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his strife,
His paines, his pouerty, his sharpe afflaires,
Through which he past his miserable daies,
Offending none, and dooing good to all,
Yet being malist both of great and small.

And looke at last, how of most wretched wights
He taken was, betrayd, and false accused,
How with most scornfull taunts, & fell delights
He was reuil'd, dilgrast, and foule abused,
How feoug'd, how crown'd, how buffeted, how brus'd;
And lastly, how twixt robbers crucifide, (side.
With bitter wounds, through hands, through feet, through

Then let thy finny hart that feelles no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorse,
And let thy bowels bleed in euery vaine,
At sight of his most sacred heauenly corse,
So torne and mangled with malicious force:
And let thy soule, whose finnes his sorrowes wrought,
Melt into teares, and grone in grieued thought.

With sense whereof, whilst to thy softned spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale,
Through meditation of his endlesse merit,
Lift vp thy mind to th' author of thy weale,
And to his soueraigne mercy doe appeale;
Learne him to loue, that loued thee so deare,
And in thy brest his blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, wich all thy soule and mind,
Thou must him loue, and his bechests embrace:
All other loues, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and stirre vp affections base,
Thou must renounee, and yterly dis'lace,
And giue thy selfe vnto him full and free,
That full and freely gaue him selfe for thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possess'd,
And raiust with deuouring great desire
Of his deare selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
Inflame with loue, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through euery part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth, all worlds desire will in thee die,
And all earths glory, on which men doe gaze,
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure sighted eye,
Compar'd to that celestall beauties blaze,
Whole glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and luming the spright.

Then shall thy raiust soule inspired bee
With heauenly thoughts, farre aboue humane skill,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
Th' Idee of his pure glory, present full
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweet enragement of celestall loue,
Kindled through sight of those faire things aboue.



AN HYMNE, OF HEA- uenlie Beautie.

Rapt with the rage of mine owne rauisht thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights,
And glorious Images in heauen wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty breathing sweet delights,
Doe kindle loue in high conceited spirits:
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, o thou most almighty Spright,
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flowe,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternall Truth; that I may showe
Some little beames to mortall eyes belowe,
Of that immortal beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mind I see.

That with the glorie of so goodly sight,
The harts of men, which fondly here admire
Faire-seeming shewes, and feede on vaine delight,
Transported with celestiall desire
Of those faire formes, may lift themselues vp hier,
And learne to loue with zealous humble dewty,
Th'eternall fountaine of that heauenly beautie.

Beginning then belowe, with th' easie view
Of this base world, subiect to fleshy eye,
From thence to mount aloft by order dew,
To contemplation of th' immortal skie.
Of the soare Faulcon so I learne to flie,
That flaps awhile her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she herselfe for stronger sight can breath.

Then looke who list, thy gaze full eyes to feed
With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame
Of this wide *Vniuers*, and therein reed
The endlesse kinds of creatures, which by name
Thou canst not count, much lesse their natures aime:
All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
And all with admirable beauty deckt.

First th' Earth, on Adamantine pillars founded,
Amid the Sea, engirt with brazen bands;
Then th' Ayre still flitting, but yet firmly bounded
On euery side, with pyles of flaming brands,
Neuer consum'd, nor quencht with mortall hands;
And last, that mightie shining crystal wall,
Wherewith he hath encompassed this All.

By view wherof, it plainly may appeare,
That still as euery thing doth vpward tend,
And further is from earth, so still more cleare
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
O' purest beautie, it at last ascend:
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
And heauen then fire appeares more pure and fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye,
On that bright shine round still moouing Masse,
The house of blessed Gods, which men call *Skye*,
All sow'd with glistering starres more thicke then grasse,
Wherof each other doth in brightnesse passe;
But those two most, which ruling night and day,
As King and Queene, the heauens Empire sway.

And tell me then, what hast thou euer seene,
That to their beautie may compared be,
Or can the sight that is most sharpe and keene,
Endure their Captaines flaming head to see?
How much lesse those, much higher in degree,
And so much fairer, and much more then these,
As these are fairer then the land and seas?

For, farre above these heauens which here we see,
Be others, farre exceeding these in light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same be,
But infinite in largenesse and in height,
Vnmoouing, vncorrupt, and spotelesse bright,
That need no Sunne to illuminate their spheres,
But their owne natie light, farre passing theirs.

And as these heauens still by degrees arise,
Vntill they come to their first Movers bound,
That in his mighty compasse doth comprise,
And carry all the rest with him around;
So those likewise doe by degrees redound,
And rise more faire, till they at last arriue
To the most faire, whereto they all doe striue.

Faire is the heauen, where happy soules haue place,
In full enioyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face
Of the diuine eternall Maestie:
More faire is that, where those *IDEES* on hie
Enranged be, which *PLATO* so admired,
And pure *INTELLIGENCES* from God inspired.

Yet fairer is that heauen, in which doe raigne
The fouerain *POVERES* & mighty *POTENTATES*,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall Princes, and imperiall States;
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
And heauenly *DOMINATIONS* are set,
From whom all earthly gouernance is fet.

Yet far more faire be those bright *CHERVINS*,
Which all with golden wings are our-dight,
And those eternall burning *SERAPHINS*,
Which from their faces dart out fierie light;
Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright
Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne person, without rest or end.

These

of Heauenly Beautie.

These thus in faire each other farre excelling,
As to the Highest they approach more neare,
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,
Though all their beauties ioyn'd together were :
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse ?

Cease then my tongue, and lend vnto my mind
Leaue to be thinke how great that beautie is,
Whose vtmost parts so beautifull I find :
How much more those essentiall parts of his,
His truth, his loue, his wisdome, and his blis,
His grace, his doome, his mercy and his might,
By which he lends vs of himselfe a sight,

Those vnto all he daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in th' image of his grace,
As in a looking glasse, through which he may
Be seene, of all his-creatures vile and base,
That are vnable else to see his face,
His glorious face which glistereth else so bright,
That th' Angels selues cannot endure his sight.

But we fraile wights, whose sight cannot sustaine
The Sun-bright beames, when he on vs doth shine,
But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne,
The glory of that Maiestie diuine ;
In sight of whom both Sun and Moone are darke,
Compared to his least repndent sparke ?

The meanes therefore which vnto vs is lent
Him to behold, is on his works to looke,
Which he hath made in beautie excellent,
And in the same, as in a brazen booke,
To read enregistred in eury nooke
His goodnes, which his beautie doth declare.
For all thats good, is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mind,
Mount vp aloft through heauenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose danisps the soule do blind,
And like the native brood of Eagles kind,
On that bright Sunne of glory fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmitie.

Humbled with feare and awfull reuerence,
Before the footstool of his Maiestie,
Throw thy selfe downe with trembling innocence,
Ne dare looke vp with corruptible eye,
On the drad face of that great DEITYE,
For feare, least if he chance to looke on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded bee.

But lowly fall before his Mercie seate,
Close covered with the Lambes integritie,
From the iust wrath of his auenging threat,
That sits vpon the righteous throne on hie :
His throne is built vpon Eternitie,

More firme and durable then Steele or brasse,
Or the hard Diamond, which them both doth passe.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust.
And the great Dragon strongly doth repressse,
Vnder the rigour of his iudgement iust :
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust ;
From whence proceed her beames so pure & bright,
That all about him sheddeth glorious light.

Light farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke,
Which darted is from TRAns flaming head,
That with his beames enlumineth the darke
The darke damp ayre, whereby all things are red :
Whose nature yet so much is maruelled
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest Wifards, which thereon doe gaze.

But that immortal light which there doth shine,
Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare,
More excellent, more glorious, more diuine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here ;
And euen the thoughts of men, doe plaine appeare :
For from th' eternall Truth it doth proceed,
Through heauenly vertue, which her beams do breed.

With the great glory of that wondrous light,
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight
Of all that looke thereon with eyes vnfound :
And vnderneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fire,
The instruments of his auenging ire.

There in his bosome SAPIENCE doth sit,
The foweraine dealing of the DEITYE,
Clad like a Queene in royall robes, most fit
For so great powre and peerelesse maiestie ;
And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeously
Adorn'd, that brighter then the starrs appeare,
And make her nauie brightnesse seeme more cleare.

And on her head a crowne of purest gold
Is set, in signe of highest fowerainctie,
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hie,
And menage th' euer-mouing sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all,
Subiected to her powre imperiall.

Both heauen and earth obey vnto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe :
For of her fullnesse which the world doth fill,
They all partake, and doe in state remaine,
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
Through obseruation of her high beaueit,
By which they first were made, and still increast.

The fairenesse of her face no tongue can tell,
For she, the daughters of all womens race,

And

An Hymne

And Angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,
And more increast by her owne goodly grace,
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on earth compar'd be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he liued yet)
Which pictur'd VENVS with so curious quill,
That all posteritie admired it,
Hauē puttrayd this, for all his maistring skill;
Ne she herselfe, had she remained full,
And were as faire, as fabling wits doe faine,
Could once come neare this beaue fouraine.

But had those wits, the wonders of their dayes,
Or that sweet T E I A N Poet, which did spend
His plentious veine in setting forth her praise,
Scene but a glimpse of this, which I pretend,
How wondrously would he her face commend,
About that Idole of his faying thought,
That all the world should with his rimcs be fraught?

How then dare I, the nouice of his Art,
Presume to picture so diuine a wight,
Or hope t'expresse her least perfections part,
Whose beaueit fillcs the heauens with her light,
And darkes the earth with shadowe of her sight?
Ah gentle Muse, thou art too weake and faint,
The pourtraict of so heauenly hew to paint.

Let Angels, which her goodly face behold,
And see at will, her soueraigne praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries vnfold,
Of that faire loue of mightie heauens King.
Enough is me t'admire so heauenly thing:
And beeing thus with her huge loue possess't,
In th'onely wonder of her selfe to rest.

But who so may, thrice happy man him hold,
Of all on earth, whom God so much doth grace,
And lets his owne Beloued to behold:
For in the view of her celestiaall face,
All ioy, all blisse, all happinesse haue place,
Ne ought on earth can want vnto the wight,
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

For shee, out of her secret treasure,
Plentie of riches forth on him will poure,
Euen heauenly riches, which thers hidden lie
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th'eternall portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath giuen to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy be.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee
Vouchsafeth to her preference to receiue,

And letteth them her lonely face to see,
Whereof such wondrous pleasures they conceiue,
And sweet contentment, that it doth beaue
Their soule of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things,
As carries them into an extasie,
And heare such heavenly notes, and carolings
Of Gods high praise, that fillcs the brasen sky,
And feele such ioy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And onely thinke on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things remaine:
But all that earth seemd sweet, seemes now offence,
And all that pleased earth, now seemes a paine.
Their ioy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fixed all on that which oow they see,
All other sights but fained shadowes be.

And that faire lampe, which vseth to enflame
The hart of men with selfe-consuming fire,
Thenceforth seemes soule, and full of sinfull blame;
And all that pompe to which proud minds aspire
By name of honour, and to much desire,
Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,
And all mirth sadnes, and all lucre losse.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satietie,
That in nought else on earth they can delight,
But in th'aspect of that felicitie,
Which they haue written in their inward mind:
On which they feed, and in their fast'ned mind,
All happy ioy and full contentment find.

Ah then my hungry soule, which long hast fed
On idle fancies of my foolish thought,
And with false beauties flattering bait misled,
Hast after vaine deceitfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now haue left thee nought,
But late repentance through thy follies price;
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grieft.

And looke at last vp to that soueraigne light,
From whose pure beames all perfect beaueit springs,
That kindleth loue in euery godly spright,
Euen the true loue of God, which lasthing brings
Of this vile world, and these gay-seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures beeing so possess't,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for euer rest.

F I N I S .



DAPHNAIDA.

AN ELEGIE VPON THE
DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND
vertuous *Douglas Howard*, daughter and heire of *Henrie*
Lord Howard, Viscount *Byndon*, and wife of
Arthur Gorges, Esquire.
(* *)

Dedicated

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY
Helena, Marquesse of *North-hampton*.

By *Edmunde Spenser*.



AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes*.

1611.



THE
 VOLUME
 OF THE
 HISTORY
 OF THE
 KINGDOM
 OF GREAT
 BRITAIN
 AND
 IRELAND
 FROM THE
 CONQUEST
 TO THE
 PRESENT
 TIME

BY
 SAMUEL JOHNSON
 ESQ.
 WITH
 NOTES
 BY
 JOHN GAY
 ESQ.



AT LONDON
 BY R. B. A. for M. B. L. L.
 1791



TO THE RIGHT HONORA-
ble and vertuous Lady *Helena*, Marquesse of
North-hampton.



Haue the rather presumed, humbly to offer vnto your Honour, the dedication of this little Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous Gentlewoman of whom it is written, was by match neere allied, and in affection greatly deuoted vnto your Ladiship. The occasion why I wrote the same, was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceased, as the particular good will which I beare vnto her husband Master *Arthur Gorges*, a loue of learning & vertue: whose house, as your Ladiship by marriage hath honoured, so do I find the name of them by many notable records, to be of great antiquitie in this Realme; and such as haue euer borne themselues with honourable reputation to the world, and vnspotted loyaltie to their Prince and country: besides, so lineally are they descended from the *Howards*, as that the Ladie *Anne Howard*, eldest daughter to *John Duke of Norfolk*, was wife to Sir *Edmund*, mother to Sir *Edward*, and grand-mother to Sir *William* and Sir *Thomas Gorges*, Knights. And therefore I doe assure my selfe, that no due honour done to the white Lyon, but will be most gratefull to your Ladyship, whose husband and children doe so neerly participate with the blood of that noble family. So in all dutie I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honorable fauour and protection. London this first of Ianuary. 1591.

Your Honors humbly euer,

Edm. Sp.



THE [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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DAPHNAIDA.

WHat-euer man he be, whose heauy mind
With griefe of mournfull great mishap opprest,
Fit matter for his cares increase would find,
Let read the ruffull plaint herein exprest,
Of one (I weene) the wofullst man aliue;
Euen sad **A L C Y O N**, whose empierced brest,
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces riuie.

But whoſe elſe in pleaſure findeth ſenſe,
Or in this wretched life doth take delight,
Let him be baniſht farre away from hence:
Ne let the ſacred Siſters here be hight,
Though they of ſorrowe heauily can ſing;
For euen their hedie ſong would breed delight:
But here no tunes, ſaue ſobs and groanes ſhall ring.

In ſtead of them, and their ſweet harmonie;
Let thoſe three fatall Siſters, whoſe ſad hands
Doc weaue the direfull threds of deſtinie,
And in their wrath breake off the vitall bands;
Approach hecero: and let the dreadfull Queene
Of darknes deepe come from the **S T R Y G I A N** ſtrands;
And grifty Ghoſts to heare this dolefull teene.

In gloomie euening, when the wearie Sun,
After his dayes long labour drew to reſt,
And ſwicatic ſteedes now hauing ouer-run
The compaſt ſkie, gan water in the Weſt,
I walkt abroad to breathe the freſhing ayre
In open fields, whoſe flowing pride oppreſt
With early froſts, had loſt their beauty faire.

There came vnto my mind a troublous thought,
Which daily doth my weaker wit poſſeſs,
Ne lets it reſt, vntill it forth haue brought
Her long borne Infant, fruit of heauenly,
Which the conceiued hath through meditation
Of this worlds vaineſſe, and lifes wretchedneſs,
That yet my ſoule it deeply doth empaſſion.

So as I muſed on the miſerie
In which men liue, and I of many moſte,
Moſt miſerable man: I did eſpy
Where towards me a ſory wight did coſte,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
And **I A A K O B S** ſtaffe in hand deuouly croſt;
Like to ſome Pilgrim, come from farre away.

His careleſſe locks, vacombbed and vnſhorne,
Hung long adowne, and beard all ouer-growne,
That well he ſeemd to be ſome wight forlorne;
Downe to the earth his heauie eyes were throwne;
As loathing light: and euer as he went,
He ſighed oft, and inly deepe did grone,
As if his hart in peeces would haue rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I viewed nere,
And by the ſemblant of his countenance,
Me ſeemd I had his perſon ſcene elſewhere,
Moſt like **A L C Y O N** ſeeming at a glance;
A L C Y O N hee, the iolly Shepheard ſwaine,
That wont full merrily to pipe and daunce,
And fill with pleaſance euery wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, becauſe of his diſguiſe,
I ſoftly ſaid, **A L C Y O N**? There-withall
He lookt aſide as in diſdainfull wiſe,
Yet ſtayed not: till I againe did call.
Then turning backe, he ſaid with hollow ſound,
Who is it, that doth name mee, wofull thrall,
The wretchedſt man that treads this day on ground?

One, whom like wofulneſſe impreſſed deepe,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched caſe to heare,
And giuen like cauſe with thee to waile and weepe:
Griefe finds ſome cauſe by him that like does beare:
Then ſtay **A L C Y O N**, gentle ſhepheard ſtay
(Quoth I) till thou haue to my truſtie care
Committed, what thee doth ſo ill aſſay.

Ceſe fooliſh man (ſaid he, halfe wrothfully)
To ſeek to heare that which cannot be told:
For the huge anguiſh, which doth multiply
My dying paines, no tongue can well vnfold:
Ne doe I care, that any ſhould bemone
My hard miſhap or any weepe that would,
But ſeek alone to weepe, and die alone.

Then be it ſo, quoth I, that thou art bent
To die alone, vnpiſſied, vnplained,
Yet ere thou die, it were conuenient
To tell the cauſe, which thee thereto conſtrained:
Leaſt that the world thee dead, accuſe of guilt,
And ſay, when thou of none ſhalt be maintained,
That thou for ſecret crime thy blood haſt ſpilt.

G.

Who

DAPHNAIDA.

Who life dooes loath, and longs to be vnbound
From the strong shackles of fraile flesh, quoth hee,
Nought cares at all, what they that liue on ground
Deeme the occasion of his death to bee:
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
Then question made of his calamitie,
For harts deepe sorrow hates both life and light.

Yet sith so much thou seem'st to rue my grieft,
And car'st for one that for himselfe cares nought,
(Signe of thy loue, though nought for my reliefe:
For my reliefe exceedeth liuing thought)
I will to thee this heauie case relate.
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For neuer didst thou heare more haplesse fate.

Whilome I vnderstande (as thou right well doost know)
My litle flocke on Westerne-downes to keepe,
Not far from whence S A B R I N A E S stream doth flow,
And flowrie banks with siluer liquor steepe:
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce;
For all my ioy was on my gentle sheepe,
And to my pipe to caroll and to daunce.

It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearelesse and free, a faire young Lionesse,
White as the natie Rose before the change,
Which V E N V S blood did in her leaues impresse,
I spied playing on the grassie plaine
Her youthfull sports and kindly wantonnesse,
That did all other Beasts in beautie stainc.

Much was I moued at so goodly sight,
Whose like before, mine eye had seldome seene,
And gan to cast, how I her compasse might,
And bring to hand, that yet had neuer bene:
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
That I her caught disporting on the Greene,
And brought away fast bound with siluer chaine.

And afterwards, I handled her so faire,
That though by kind she stout and saluage were,
For beeing borne an ancient Lions heire,
And of the race, that all wild beasts doe feare;
Yet I her fram'd and wan so to my bent,
That shee became so meeke and milde of cheare,
As the least lambe in all my flock that weare.

For shee in field, where-euer I did wend,
Would wend with me, and wait by me all day:
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or else in sleepe, if nay,
She would all night by me or watch or sleepe;
And euermore when I did sleepe or play,
She of my flocke would take full wary keepe.

Safe then and safest were my lillie sheepe,
Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beaft:
All were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe:
My louely Lioness without beheaft
So carefull was for them, and for my good,

That when I waked, neither most nor least
I found miscaried or in plaine or wood.

Offt did the Shepheards, which my hap did heare,
And oft their Lasses, which my luck enuide,
Daily resort to me from farre and neare;
To see my Lionesse, whose praises wide
Were spred abroad; and when her worthinesse
Much greater then the rude report they tride,
They her did praise, and my good fortune blesse.

Long thus I ioyed in my happines,
And well did hope my ioy would haue no end:
But oh! fond man, that in worlds sicklenes
Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy friend,
That glories most in mortall miseries,
And daily doth her changefull counsels bend
To make new matter, fit for Tragedies.

For whilst I was thus without dread or doubt,
A cruell S A T Y R E with his murderous dart,
Greedy of mischief, ranging all about,
Gaue her the fatall wound of deadly smart:
And rest from me my sweet companion,
And rest from me my loue, my life, my hart:
My Lionesse (ah woe is me) is gone.

Out of the world thus was she rest away,
Out of the world, vnworthy such a spoyle;
And borne to heauen, for heauen a fitter prey:
Much fitter then the Lyon, which with toyle
A L C Y D E S slew, and fixt in firmament:
Her now I seeke throughout this earthly soyle,
And seeking misse, and missing doe lament.

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,
That I for pity of his heauy plight,
Could not abstaine mine eyes with teares to sleepe:
But when I saw the anguish of his spright
Some deale alayd, I him bespake againe;
Certes A L C Y O N, painfull is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equal paine.

Yet doth not my dull wit well vnderstand
The riddle of thy loued Lionesse;
For rare it seemes in reason to be skand,
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule possesse,
Should to a beaft his noble hart embaste,
And be the vassall of his vassallesse:
Therefore more plaine aread this doubtfull case.

Then sighing sore, D A P H N E thou knew'st, quoth hee,
Shee now is dead; ne more endur'd to say:
But fell to ground for great extremitie,
That I beholding it, with deepe dismay
Was much appald, and lightly him vprearing,
Reuoked life, that would haue fled away,
All were my selfe through grieft in deadly drearing.

Than gan I him to comfort all my best,
And with milde counsaile stroue to mitigate

DAPHNAIDA.

The stormy passion of his troubled breast;
 But he thereby was more empaffionate:
 As stubborn steed, that is with curbe restrained,
 Becomes more fierce and feruent in his gate,
 And breaking forth at last, thus dearnly pained;

1 What man henceforth that breatheth vitall ayre,
 Will honour heauen, or heauenly powers adore?
 Which so vnjustly do their iudgements share
 Mongst earthly wights, as to afflicke so fore
 The innocent, as those which doe transgresse,
 And doe not spare the best or fairest, more
 Than worst or fowlest, but doe both oppresse.

If this be right, why did they then create
 The world so faire, sith fairenesse is neglected?
 Or why be they themselues immaculate,
 If purest things be not by them respected?
 She faire, she pure, most faire, most pure she was,
 Yet was by them as thing impure reiected:
 Yet she in purenesse, heauen it selfe did pas.

In purenesse and in all celestiall grace,
 That men admire in goodly womankind,
 She did excell, and seem'd of Angels race,
 Liuing on earth like Angell new diuinde,
 Adorn'd with wisdom and with chastitie,
 And all the dowries of a noble mind,
 Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

No age hath bred (since faire **A S T R E A** left
 The infull world) more vertue in a wight:
 And when she parted hence, with her she left
 Great hope; and robd her race of bounty quight:
 Well may the shepheard Laines now lament,
 For double losse by her hath on them light;
 To lose both her and bounties ornament.

Ne let **E L I S A**, royall Shepheardesse
 The prayes of my parted loue enuy,
 For she hath praifes in all plentioufnesse,
 Pour'd vpon her, like showers of **C A S T A L Y**
 By her owne Shepheard, **C O L I N** her own Shepheard,
 That her with heauenly hymnes doth deifie,
 Of rusticke Muse full hardly to be betterd.

She is the Rose, the glory of the day,
 And mine the Primrose in the lowly shade,
 Mine, ah! not mine; amisse I mine did say:
 Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her made:
 Mine to be his, with him to liue for aye:
 O that so faire a flowre so soone should fade,
 And through vntimely tempest fall away.

She fell away in her first ages spring,
 Whilst yet her leafe was Greene, and fresh her rind,
 And whilst her branch faire blossomes forth did bring,
 She fell away against all course of kind:
 For age to die is right; but youth is wrong;
 She fell away like fruite blowne downe with wind:
 Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderlong.

2 What hart so stonie hard, but that would weepe,
 And poure forth fountaines of incessant teares?
 What **T I M O N**, but would let compassion creepe
 Into his breast, and pierce his frozen eares?
 In stead of teares, whole brackish bitter well
 I wasted haue, my hart bloud dropping weares,
 To thinke to ground how that faire blossome fell.

Yet fell she not, as one enforst to die,
 Ne dyed with dread and grudging discontent,
 But as one toyld with trauell, downe doth lye,
 So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
 And close her eyes with carelesse quietnesse:
 The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,
 And soule assayld from sinfull fleshincesse.

Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
 She all resolu'd, and ready to remoue,
 Calling to me (ay me!) this wife bespake;
A L C Y O N, ah! my first and latest loue,
 Ah! why does my **A L C Y O N** weepe and mourne,
 And grieue my ghost, that ill moue him behoue,
 As if to me had chaunft some euill tourne?

I, sith the messenger is come for mee,
 That summons soules vnto the brideall feast
 Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,
 And straight obey his soueraine behest:
 Why should **A L C Y O N** then so fore lament,
 That I from misery should be releast,
 And freed from wretched long imprisonment?

Our dayes are full of dolour and disease,
 Our life afflicted with incessant paine,
 That nought on earth may lessen or appease,
 Why then should I desire here to remaine?
 Or why should he that loues me, forrie bee
 For my deliuerance, or at all complaine
 My good to heare, and toward ioyes to see?

I goe, and long desired haue to goe,
 I goe with gladnes with my wished rest,
 Whereas no worlds sad care, nor wasting woe
 May come, their happy quiet to molest,
 But Saints and Angels in celestiall thrones
 Eternally him praise, that hath them blest:
 There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

Yet ere I goe, a pledge I leaue with vs
 Of the late loue, the which betwixt vs past,
 My young **A M B R O S I A**, in lieu of mee
 Loue her: so shall our loue for euer last.
 Thus deare adieu, whom I expect ere long.
 So hauing said, away she softly past:
 Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make mine vnderlong.

3 So oft as I record those piercing words,
 Which yet are deepe engrauen in my breast,
 And those last deadly accents, which like swords
 Did wound my hart, and read my bleeding chest,
 With those sweet sugred speeces doe compare,

DAPHNAIDA.

The which my soule first conquerd and possest,
The first beginners of my endlesse care;

And when those pallid checkes and ashie hew,
In which sad death his portraiture had writ,
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the cloud of ghastly night did sit,
I match with that sweet smile and cheerefull brow,
Which all the world subdued vnto it;
How happy was I then, and wretched now?

How happy was I, when I saw her lead
The Shepheards daughters dauncing in a round?
How trimly would she trace and softly tread
The tender grasse with rose garland crown'd?
And when the list aduance her heauenly voice,
Both Nymphes & Muses nigh she made astownd,
And flocks and shepheards caused to reioyce.

But now ye Shepheard Lasses, who shall lead
Your wandring troupes, or sing your vielayes?
Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead
That was the Lady of your holy dayes?
Let now your blisse be turned into bale,
And into plaints conuert your ioyous playes,
And with the same fill euery hill and dale.

Let Bagpipe neuer more be heard to shrill,
That may allure the senses to delight;
Ne euer Shepheard found his Oaten quill
Vnto the many, that prouoke them might
To idle pleasure: but let ghastriflesse
And drearie horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heauinesse.

Let birds be silent on the naked spray,
And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells:
Let streaming floods their hastie courses stay,
And parching drouth dry vp the crystall wells;
Let th'earth be barren and bring forth no flowres,
And th'ayre be filld with noyse of dolefull knells,
And wandring spirits walke vntimely howres.

And Nature, nurse of euery liuing thing,
Let rest her selfe from her long wearinesse,
And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hidious monstres full of vglainesse:
For she it is, that hath me done this wrong,
No Nurse, but Stepdame, cruell, mercilesse,
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnderfong.

4 My little flocke, whom earth I lou'd so well,
And wont to feede with finest grasse that grew,
Feede ye henceforth on bitter **A S T R O P H E L L**,
And stinking Smallage, and vnfaerie Rew;
And when your mawes are with those weeds corrupted,
Be ye the pray of Wolues: ne will I rew,
That with your carcases wild beasts be glutted.

Ne worfe to you my silly sheepe I pray,
Ne forer vengeance wish on you to fall

Than to my selfe, for whose confusde decay
To carelesse heauens I doe daily call:
But heauens refuse to heare a wretches cry,
And cruell death doth scorne to come at call,
Or grant his boone that most desires to die.

The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th'vnrighteous which aliuie remaine:
But the vngodly ones he doth forsake,
By liuing long to multiply their paine:
Else surely death should be no punishment,
As the great Iudge at first did it ordaine,
But rather riddance from long languishment.

Therefore my **DAPHNE** they haue tane away;
For worthy of a better place was she:
But me vnworthy willed here to stay,
That with her lack I might tormented be.
Sith then they so haue ordred, I will pay
Penance to her, according their decree,
And to her ghost doe seruiue day by day.

For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waste my bitter age.
My bread shall be the anguish of my mind,
My drinke the teares which from mine eyes do craine,
My bed the ground that hardest I may find:
So will I wilfully increafe my paine.

And she my Loue that was, my Saint that is,
When she beholds from her celestiall throne
(In which she ioyeth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my case bemone,
And pittie me that liuing thus doe die:
For heauenly spirits haue compassion
On mortall men, and rue their miserie.

So when I haue with sorrowe satisfide
Th'importune fates, which vengeance on me seeke,
And th'heavens with long languor pacifide,
She for pure pittie of my sufferance meeke,
Will send for me; for which I daily long,
And will tell then my painfull penance ceke:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderfong.

5 Henceforth I hate what euer Nature made,
And in her workmanship no pleasure find:
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade.
So soone as on them blowes the Northern wind,
They tarry not, but flit and fall away,
Leauing behind them nought but griefe of mind,
And mocking such as thinke they long will stay.

I hate the heauen, because it doth with-hold
Me from my Loue, and eke my Loue from me:
I hate the earth, because it is the mould
Of fleshy slime, and fraile mortalitie;
I hate the fire, because to nought it flies,
I hate the Ayre, because it sighes of it be,
I hate the Sea, because it teares supplies.

I hate

DAPHNAIDA.

I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, and not my Loue to see;
I hate the darknes, and the dreary night,
Because they breed sad balefulnesse in mee:
I hate all times, because all times doe fly
So fast away, and may not stayed bee,
But as a speeedy post that passeth by.

I hate to speake, my voice is spent with crying:
I hate to heare, lowd plaints haue duld mine cares:
I hate to taste, for foode with-holds my dying:
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares:
I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left:
I hate to feele, my flesh is numb'd with feares:
So all my senses from me are bereft.

I hate all men, and shun all womankind;
The one, because as I they wretched are:
The other, for because I doe not find
My Loue with them, that wont to be their Starre:
And life I hate, because it will not last,
And death I hate, because it life doth marre,
And all I hate, that is to come or past.

So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Because it changeth euer to and fro,
And neuer standeth in one certaine state,
But still vnstedfast, round about doth goe,
Like a Mill wheele, in midst of miserie,
Driuen with streames of wretchednes and woe,
That dying liues, and liuing still does die.

So doe I liue, so doe I daily die,
And pine away in selfe-consuming paine:
Sith she that did my vitall powres supply,
And feeble spirits in their force maintain
Is fetcht from me, why seeke I to prolong
My wearie dayes in dolour and disdain?
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnder-song,

6 Why doe I longer liue in lifes despight,
And doe not die then in despight of death?
Why doe I longer see this loathsome light,
And doe in darknes not abridge my breath,
Sith all my sorrowe should haue end thereby,
And cares finde quiet; is it so vneth
To leaue this life, or dolorous to dye?

To liue I find it deadly dolorous;
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe:
Therefore to die must needs be ioyous,
And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe.
But I must stay; I may it not amend,
My DAPHNE hence departing bad me so,
She bad me stay, till she for me did fend.

Yet whilst I in this wretched vale doe stay,
My wearie feet shall euer wandring be,
That still I may be ready on my way,
When as her messenger doth come for me:
Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse,

Ne will I rest my limmes for frailtie,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heaviness.

But as the mother of the Gods, that fought
For faire ERYDICE her daughter deere
Throughout the world, with wofull heavy thought;
So will I trauell whilst I tarrie heere,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I euer lin,
Ne when as drouping TITAN draweth neere,
To loofe his teeme, will I take vp my Inne.

Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
Shall euer lodge vpon mine eye-lids more.
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting lights,
Nor failing force to former strength restore:
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With PHILVMEÑE, my fortune to deplore,
With PHILVMEÑE, the partner of my plight.

And euer as I see the starre to fall,
And vnder ground to goe, to giue them light
Which dwell in darknes, I to mind will call,
How my faire Starre (that shin'd on me so bright)
Fell suddainly, and faded vnder-ground;
Since whose departure, day is turn'd to night,
And night without a VENVS starre is found,

But soone as Day doth shewe his deawie face,
And calls forth men vnto their toylsome trade,
I will withdrawe me to some darkefome place,
Or some deere caue, or solitarie shade:
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares vnload:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnder-song.

7 Henceforth mine eyes shall neuer more behold
Faire thing on earth, ne feed on false delight
Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quite:
For all I see is vaine and transitory,
Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,
But in a moment lose their grace and glory.

And ye fond men, on Fortunes wheele that ride,
Or in ought vnder heauco repose assurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honours pride:
Be sure that they shall haue no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will fit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th'only vsance
Of a small time, which none ascertain may.

And ye true Louers, whom defaistrous chaunce
Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,
To mourne in sorrowe and sad sufferance,
When ye doe heare me in that desert place,
Lamenting loud my DAPHNES Elegie,
Helpe me to waile my miserable case,
And when life parts, vouchsafe to close mine eye.

And ye more happy Louers, which enioy
The presence of your dearest loues delight,

DAPHNAIDA.

When ye doe heare my sorrowfull annoy,
Yet pittie me in your empaffiond fpright,
And thinke that luch mishap, as chaunft to me,
May happen vnto the most happieft wight;
For all mens states alike vnstedfast be.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which doe feed
Your carelesse flocks on hills and open plaines,
With better fortune, then did me fucceed;
Remember yet my vnderferued paines:
And when ye heare, that I am dead or flaine,
Lament my lor, and tell your fellow fwaines;
That sad ALCYON dyde in lifes difdaine.

And ye faire Damfels, Shepheards deare delights,
That with your loues doe their rude harts poffeffe,
When as my hearse fhall happen to your fights,
Vouchsafe to deck the fame with Cypareffe;
And euer fprinkle brackifh teares among,
In pittie of my vnderferu'd diftreffe,
The which I wretch endured haue thus long.

And ye poore Pilgrims, that with reffleffe toyle
Wearie your felues in wandring defert wayes,
Till that you come, where ye your vowes affoyle,
When paffing by, ye read thefe wofull layes,
On my graue written, rue my DAPHNES wrong,
And moune for me that languifh out my dayes:
Ceafe Shepheard, ceafe, and end thy vnderfong.

THus when he ended had his heauie plaint,
The heauieft plaint that euer I heard found,

His cheekes wext pale, and fprights began to faint,
As if againe he would haue fallen to ground;
Which when I faw, I (ftepping to him light)
Amoued him out of his ftomie fwound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

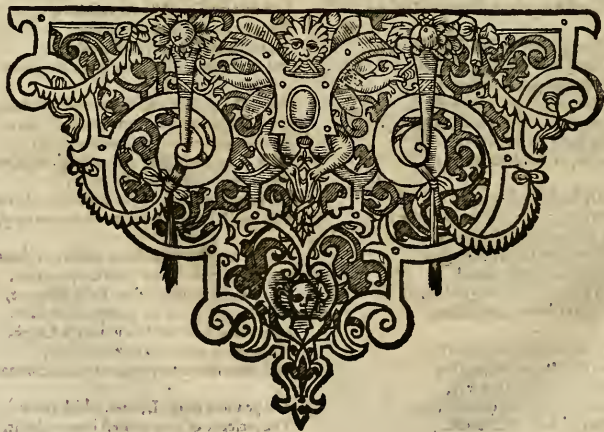
But he no way recomforted would be,
Nor fuffer folace to approach him nie,
But cafting vp a fdeignfull eye at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him lie,
Did rend his haire, and beate his blubbred face,
As one difpofed wilfully to die,
That I fore grieved to fee his wretched cafe.

Tho when the pang was fomewhat ouer-paft,
And the outrageous paffion nigh appeafed,
I him defirde, fith day was ouer-caft,
And darke night fast approached, to be pleafed
To tume afide vnto my Cabinet,
An ftay with me, till he were better eafed
Of that ftroong ftownd, which him fo fore befet.

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreat with me to ftay;
But without taking leane he forth did goe
With ftaggring pale and difmall lookes difmay,
As if that death he in the face had feene,
Or hellifh hags had met vpon the way:
But what of him became, I cannot weene.

FINIS.

COM.





COMPLAINTS
CONTAINING SVNDRY
SMALL POEMES OF THE
VVorlds Vanitie.

WHEREOF THE NEXT PAGE
following maketh mention.

(* *)

By *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*

1611.



A note of the sundry Poemes contained
in this Volume.

- 1 *The Ruines of Time.*
- 2 *The Teares of the Muses.*
- 3 *Virgils Gnat.*
- 4 *The Ruines of Rome: by Bellay.*
- 5 *Muiopotmos, or The tale of
the Butterflie.*
- 6 *Visions of the Worlds vanity.*
- 7 *Bellayes Visions.*
- 8 *Petrarches Visions.*





THE RUINES OF TIME.

DEDICATED

To the right Noble and beautifull Ladie, the
Ladie Marie, Countesse of
Pembroke.



MOST Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there be long
sithens deepe sowed in my breast, the seedes of most
braue loue and humble affection vnto that most braue
Knight your noble brother deceased; which taking
roote, began in his life time somewhat to bud forth:
and to shew themselues to him, as then in the weaknes
of their first spring; And would in their riper strength
(had it pleased high God till then to drawe out his daies) spired forth
fruite of more perfection. But sith God hath disdeigned the world of that
most noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron
of my young Muses; together with him both their hope of any further
fruit was cut off, and also the tender delight of those their first blossomes
nipped and quite dead. Yet sithens my late comming into England, some
friends of mine (which might much preuaile with me, and indeede com-
maund me) knowing with how straight bands of durie I was tied to him,
and also bound vnto that noble House, (of which the cheefe hope then re-
sted in him) haue sought to reuiue them by vpbrayding mee, for that I
haue not shewed any thankful remembrance towards him or any of them;
but suffer their names to sleepe in silence and forgetfulnesse. Whom chief-
lie to satisfie, or else to auoyd that foule blot of vnthankfulnesse, I haue
conceiued this small Poeme, intituled by a generall name of *The Worlds*
Ruines: yet specially intended to the renowning of that noble Race, from
which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe
of them late deceased. The which I dedicate vnto your La. as whom it
most specially concerneth: and to whom I acknowledge my selfe bound-
den, by many singular fauours and great graces. I pray for your Honora-
ble happinesse: and so humbly kisse your hands.

Your Ladiships euer
humbly at commaund,
Edm. Sp.



THE PRINTER TO THE gentle Reader.



Since my late setting forth of the Faerie Queene, finding that it hath found a fauourable passage amongst you; I haue since endeouored by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights,) to get into my hands such small Poëmes of the same Authors, as I heard were disperst abroad in sundry hands, & not easie to be come by, by himselfe; some of them hauing been diuersly imbeziled and purloyned from him, since his departure ouer Sea. Of the which I haue by good meanes gathered together these fewe parcels present, which I haue caused to be imprinted altogether, for that they all seeme to containe like matter of argument in them: beeing all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie, verie graue and profitable. To which effect I vnderstand that he besides wrote sundry others, namely, Ecclesiastes, and Canticum canticorum translated, A senights slumber, The hell of Louers, His Purgatorie, beeing all dedicated to Ladies; so as it may seeme, he meant them all to one volume. Besides, some other Pamphlets loosely scattered abroad: as, The dying Pellican, The houres of the Lord, The sacrifice of a Sinner, The seauen Psalmes, &c. Which when I can either by himselfe, or otherwise attaine to, I meane likewise for your fauour sake to set forth.

*In the meane time, praying you gently to accept of these,
and graciously to entertaine the new
Poet; I take leaue.*





THE RVINES OF TIME.

IT chanced me one day beside the shore
Of siluer-streaming THAMESIS to see,
Nigh where the goodly VERLAME stood of yore,
Of which there now remains no memorie,
Nor any little monument to see,
By which the trauailer that fares that way,
This once was shee, may warned be to say.

There, on the other side, I did behold
A woman sitting sorrowfully wailing,
Reading her yellow locks, like wine gold,
About her shoulders carelesly downe trailing,
And streames of teares fro' her faire eyes forth trailing.
In her right hand a broken rod she held,
Which towards heauen she seemd on high to weld.

Whether she were one of that Riuer Nymphes,
Which did the losse of some deere loue lament,
I doubt; or one of those three fatall Impes,
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;
Or th'ancient GENIUS of that Cittie bent:
But seeing her so pittiouslie perplexed,
I (to her calling) askt what her so vexed.

Ah! what delight (quoth she) in earthly thing,
Or comfort can I wretched creature haue?
Whose happinesse the heauens enuying,
From highest staire to lowest step me draue,
And haue in mine owne bowels made my graue,
That of all Nations now I am forlorne,
The worlds sad spectacle, and Fortunes scoorne.

Much was I moued at her pittious plaint,
And felt my hart nigh riuen in my brest

With tender ruth to see her sore constraint,
That shedding teares awhile, I still did rest,
And after, did her name of her request.
Though nought at all but ruines now I see,
Name haue I none (quoth she) nor any beeing,
Bereft of both by Fates vniust decreeing.

I was that Cittie, which the garland wore
Of BRITAINES pride, deliuered vnto me
By ROMANE Victors, which it wonne of yore;
Though nought at all but ruines now I see,
And lie in mine owne ashes, as ye see:
VERLAME I was; what bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weeds and wastefull gras?

O vaine worlds glorie, and vnstedfast state
Of all that liues on face of sinfull earth!
Which from their first vntill their vtmost date,
Taste no one houre of happinesse or merrth,
But like as at the ingate of their berth,
They crying creepe out of their mothers wombe:
So wailing, backe goe to their wofull tombe.

Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glas of breath,
Hunt after honour and aduancement vaine,
And reare a trophée for deuouring death,
With so great labour and long lasting paine,
As if his dayes for euer should remaioe?
Sith all that in this world is great or gay,
Doth as a vapour vanish, and decay.

Looke backe, who list, vnto the former ages,
And call to count, what is of them become:
Where be those learned wits and antique Sages,
Which of all wisdome knew the perfect soume:

Where

The Ruines of Time.

Where those great Warriors, which did ouercome
The world with conquest of their might and maine,
And made one meare of th'earth and of their raigne?

What now is of th' **A S S Y R I A N** Lyonesse,
Of whom no footing now on earth appears?
What of the **P E R S I A N** Beares outrageouesse,
Whose memory is quite worne out with yeares:
Who of the **G R E C I A N** Libbard now ought heares?
That ouer-ran the East with greedy powre,
And left his whelps their kingdoms to deuoure?

And where is that fame great feuen-headed beast,
That made all Nations vassals of her pride,
To fall before her feet at her behest,
And in the necke of all the world did ride?
Where doth she all that wondrous wealth now hide?
With her owne weight downe prest now she lies,
And by her heapes her hugeness testifies.

O R O M E, thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall, my fatall ouerthrowe,
That whilom was, whilst heauens with equall view
Deign'd to behold me, and their gifts bestowe,
The picture of thy pride in pompons shewe:
And of the whole world as thou wast the Emperesse,
So I of this small Northerne world was Princesse.

To tell the beautie of my buildings faire,
Adorn'd with purest gold, and precious stone;
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,
That by my foes are now all spent and gone:
To tell my forces, matchable to none,
Were but lost labour, that few would beleue,
And with rehearsing, would me more agreeue.

High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walles, rich porches, princely palaces,
Large streets, braue houses, sacred sepulchers,
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with faire pillours, and fine imageries,
All those (O pittie) now are turnd to dust,
And ouer-grown with blacke obliuions rust.

Thereto for warlike power, and peoples store,
In **B R I T A N N I E** was none to match with mee,
That many often did abie fall fore:
Ne **T R O Y N O V A N T**, though elder sister shee,
With my great forces may compared bee:
That stout **P E N D R A G O N** to his perill felt,
Who in a sieg'e seauen yeares about me dwelt.

But long ere this, **B V N D V C A**, Brittonesse
Her mightie hoast against my bulwarks brought,
B V N D V C A, that victorious conqueresse,
That lifting vp her braue heroïck thought
Boue womens weaknes, with the **R O M A N S** fought,
Fought, and in field against them thrice preailed:
Yet was she foyld, when as she me assailed.

And though at last, by force I conquer'd were,
Of hardie **S A X O N S**, and became their thrall;

Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full dere,
And priz'd with slaughter of their General:
The monument of whose sad funerall,
For wonder of the world, long in me lasted,
But now to nought through spoile of time is wast.

Wasted it is, as if it neuer were,
And all the rest that me so honourd made,
And of the world admited eu'rie where,
Is turnd to smoake, that doth to nothing fade;
And of that brightnes now appears no shade,
But grislie shades, such as doe haunt in hell,
With fearefull fiends, that in deepe darknes dwell.

Where my high steeples whilome vs'd to stand,
On which the lordly Faulcon wont to towre,
There now is but an heape of lime and sand,
For the Shrich-owle to build her balefull poure:
And where the Nightingale wont forth to bowre
Her restlesse plaints, to comfort wakefull Louers,
There now haunt yelling Mewes & whining Plovers.

And where the crysfall **T H A M I S** wont to slide
In siluer channell, downe along the Lee,
About whose flowrie banks on either side,
A thousand Nymphes, with mirthfull iollitree
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free:
There now no riuers course is to be seene,
But moorish fennes, and marshes euer greene.

Seemes, that that gentle Riuer for great griefe
Of my mishap, which oft I to him plain'd;
Or for to shun the horrible mischiese,
With which he saw my cruell foes main'd,
And his pure streames with guiltles blood oft stained,
From my vnhappy neighbourhood farre fled,
And his sweet waters away with him led.

There also whereth the winged ships were seene
In liquid waues to cut their fomic waue,
And thousand Fishers numbred to haue been,
In that wide Lake looking for plentious pray
Of fish, which they with baits vs'd to betray,
Is now no Lake, nor any Fishers store,
Nor euer ship shall saile there any more.

They are all gone, and all with them is gone,
Ne ought to mermaines, but to lament
My long decay, which no man else doth mone,
And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.
Yet is it comfort in great languishment,
To be bemoaned with compassion kind,
And mitigates the anguish of the mind.

But me no man bewaileth, but in game,
Ne sheddeth teares from lamentable eye:
Nor any liues that mentioneth my name
To be remembered of posteritie,
Sau'e One, that maugre Fortunes iourie,
And times decay, and enuies cruell tort,
Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort.

The Ruines of Time.

CAMBDEN, the nourice of antiquitie,
 And lanterne vnto late succeeding age,
 To see the light of simple veritie,
 Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
 Of her owne people, led with warlike rage:
 CAMBDEN, though time all monuments obscure,
 Yet thy iust labours euer shall endure.

But why (vnhappy wight!) doe I thus cry,
 And grieve that my remembrance quite is rased
 Out of the knowledge of posteritie,
 And all my amique monuments defaced?
 Sith I doe daily see things highest placed,
 So soone as Fates their vitall thred haue shorne,
 Forgotten quite, as they were neuer borne.

It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
 A mighty Prince, of most renowned race,
 Whom *England* high in count of honour held,
 And greatest ones did see to gaine his grace;
 Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
 Sate in the bosome of his Soueraine,
 And *Right and loyall* did his word maintaine.

I saw him die, I saw him die, as one
 Of the meane people, and brought forth on beare,
 I saw him die, and no man left to mone
 His dolefull fate, that late him loued deare:
 Scarce any left to close his eye-lids neare;
 Scarce any left vpon his lips to lay
 The sacred sod, or *Requiem* to say.

O trustlesse state of miserable men,
 That build your blis on hope of earthly thing,
 And vainely thinke your selues halfe happy then,
 When painted faces with smooth flattering
 Doe fawne on you, and your wide praises sing,
 And when the courting masker louteth lowe,
 Him true in hart and trustie to you trowe.

All is but fained, and with Oaker dide,
 That euer shower will wash and wipe away,
 All things doe change that vnder heauen abide,
 And after death all friendship doth decay.
 Therefore, what-euer man bearest worldly sway,
 Liuing, on God, and on thy selfe relye;
 For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
 Saue what in heauens storehouse he vplaid:
 His hope is faul, and come to passe his dread,
 And euill men (now dead) his deedes vpbraid:
 Spight bites the dead, that liuing, neuer baid.
 He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept
 Into the hole, the which the Badger swept.

He now is dead, and all his glory gone,
 And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
 That as a glasse vpon the water shone,
 Which vanisht quite, so soone as it was sought:
 His name is worne already out of thought,

Ne any Poet seekes him to reuine;
 Yet many Poets honourd him aliue.

Ne doth his COLIN, careles COLIN CLOYT,
 Care now his idle bagpipe vp to raise,
 Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout
 Of shepheard groomes, which wont his songs to praise:
 Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,
 Vntill he quite him of this guiltie blame:
 Wake shepherds boy, at length awake for shame.

And who so else did goodnes by him gaine,
 And who so else his bountious mind did try,
 Whether he shepheard be, or shepherds swaine,
 (For many did, which doe it now denie)
 Awake, and to his Song a part applye:
 And I, the whilstt you moume for his decease,
 Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increase.

He dide, and after him his brother dide,
 His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere,
 That whilstt he liued, was of none enuide,
 And dead is now, as liuing, counted deare,
 Deare vnto all that true affection beare:
 But vnto thee most deare, & dearest Dame,
 His noble Spoule, and Paragon of Fame.

Hee, whilstt he liued, happy was through thee,
 And heeing dead, is happy now much more;
 Liuing, that linked chaunst with thee to bee,
 And dead, because him dead thou doost adore
 As liuing, and thy lost deare Loue deplore.
 So whilstt that thou, faire flower of chastitie,
 Doost liue, by thee thy Lord shall neuer die.

Thy Lord shall neuer die, the whiles this verse
 Shall liue, and surely it shall liue for euer:
 For euer it shall liue, and shall rehearse
 His worthy praise, and vertues dying neuer,
 Though death his soule doe from his body seuer.
 And thou thy selfe, heerein shalt also liue;
 Such grace the heauens do to my verses giue.

Ne shall his Sister, ne thy Father die,
 Thy Father, that good Earle of rare renoune,
 And noble Patron of weake pouertie,
 Whose great good deeds in country and in towne,
 Haue purchast him in heauen a happy crowne:
 Where he now liueth in eternall blis,
 And left his sonne t'enue those steps of his.

He, noble bud, his Grandfires liuely heire,
 Vnder the shadow of thy countenance
 Now ginnes to shoote vp fast, and flourish faire
 In learned Arts, and goodly gouernance,
 That him to highest honor shall aduance,
 Braue Empe of B I D F O R D, adoue apace in bountie,
 And count of wisdom more then of thy Countie.

Ne may I let thy husbands Sister die,
 That goodly Ladie, sith she eke did spring

The Ruines of Time.

Out of this stocke, and famous familie,
Whose praises I to future age doe sing,
And forth out of her happy wombe did bring
The sacred brood of learning and all honour;
In whom the heauens pourd all their gifts vpon her.

Most gentle spirit breathed from aboue,
Out of the bosome of the makers blis,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous loue
Appeared in their natue proprietis,
And did enrich that noble breast of his,
With treasure passing all this worldes worth,
Worthy of heauen it selfe, which brought it forth.

His blessed spirit, full of power diuine,
And influence of all celestiall grace,
Loathing this sinfull earth and earthly slime,
Fled backe too soone vnto his natue place;
Too soone for all that did his loue embrace,
Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

Yet ere his happy soule to heauen went
Out of this fleshly gaole, he did deuise
Vnto his heauenly Maker to present
His body, as a spotlesse sacrifice;
And chose, that gultie hands of enemies
Should poure forth th' offering of his guiltlesse blood:
So life exchanging for his countries good.

O noble spirit, liue there euer blessed,
The worlds late wonder, & the heauens new ioy,
Liue euer there, and leaue me here distressed
With mortall cares, and cumberous worlds annoy.
But where thou doost that happines enioy,
Bid me, & bid me quickly come to thee,
That happy there I may thee alwaies see.

Yet whilst the Fates affoord me vitall breath,
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
And sing to thee, vntill that timely death
By heauens doome doe end my earthlie daies:
Thereto doe thou my humble spirit raise,
And into me that sacred breath inspire,
Which thou there breathest, perfect and entire.

Then will I sing: but who can better sing,
Then thine owne Sister, peereles Lady bright,
Which to thee sings with deepe harts sorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,
That her to heare, I feele my feeble spright
Robbed of sense, and rauished with ioy,
(O sad ioy!) made of mourning and annoy.

Yet will I sing: but who can better sing,
Then thou thy selfe, thine owne selves valiance,
That whilst thou liuedst, mad'st the Forrests ring,
And fields resownd, and flocks to leape and daunce,
And Shepherds leaue their lambs vnto mischaunce,
To runne thy Thrill *Arcadian* Pipe to heare:
O happy were those dayes, thrice happy were.

But now more happy thou, and wretched wee,
Which want the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,
Whiles thou now in *Elysian* fields so free,
With *ORPHEYS*, with *LINY S*, and the choice
Of all that euer did in Rimes reioice,
Conuersest, and doost heare their heauenly layes,
And they heare thine, and thine doe better praise,

So there thou liuest, singing euetmore,
And here thou liuest, being euer song
Of vs, which liuing, loued thee afore,
And now thee worship, amongst that blessed throng
Of heauenly Poets, and Hero's strong.
So thou both here and there immortal art,
And euerie where through excellent defart.

But such as neither of themselues can sing,
Nor yet are sung of others for reward,
Die in obscure obliuion, as the thing
Which neuer was; ne euer with regard,
Their names shall of the later age be heard,
But shall in rustie darknes euer lie,
Vnlesse they mentioend be with infamie.

What booteth it to haue been rich aliue?
What to be great? what to be gracious?
When after death no token doth suruiue,
Of former being in this mortall lious,
But sleepes in dust dead and inglorious,
Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrils is,
And hath no hope of happinesse or blis.

How many great ones may remembred be,
Which in their daies most famously did flourish:
Of whom no word we heare, nor signe now see,
But as things wipt out with a sponge doe perish,
Because they liuing, cared not to cherish
No gentle witt, through pride or couetize,
Which might their names for euer memorize.

Prouide therefore (ye Princes) whilst ye liue,
That of the Muses ye may friended be;
Which vnto men eternitic doe giue:
For they be daughters of Dame Memorie,
And *IOVE*, the Father of eternitic,
And doe those men in golden thrones repose,
Whose merits they to glorifie doe chose.

The seauen-fold yron gates of grisly Hell,
And horrid house of sad *PROSERPINA*,
They alle are with power of mightie spell
To breake, and thence the soules to bring away
Out of drad darknes, to eternall day,
And them immortal make, which else would die
In soule forgetfulnesse, and namelesse lie.

So whilome raised they the puissant brood
Of golden-girt *ALCEBNA*, for great merit,
Out of the dust, to which the *ORTHEAN* wood
Had him consum'd, and spent his vitall spirit:
To highest heauen, where now he doth inherit

The Ruines of Time.

All happinesse in HEBES siluer bowre,
Chosen to be her dearest Paramoure.

So raise they eke faire LEDAES warlike twinnes,
And interchanged life vnto them lent,
That when th'one dies, th' other then beginnes
To shew in heauen his brightnes orient;
And they, for pity of the sad wayment,
Which ORPHEVS for EYRIDICE did make,
Her back againe to life sent for his sake.

So happy are they, and so fortunate,
Whom the PIERIAN sacred Sisters loue,
That freed from bands of impacable fate,
And powre of death, they liue for aye aboue,
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remoue:
But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,
On Nectar and Ambrosia doe feede.

For deeds doe die, how euer noble donne,
And thoughts of men doe in themselves decay,
But wise words taught in numbers for to ronne,
Recorded by the Muses, liue for aye;
Ne may with storming showers be wastf away,
Ne bitter breathing winds with harmful blast,
Nor age, nor enuie shall them euer wast.

In vaine doe earthly Princes then, in vaine
Seekte with Pyramides, to heauen aspired;
Or huge Colosses, built with costly paine;
Or brazen Pillours, neuer to be fired,
Or Shrines, made of the metall most desired;
To make their memories for euer liue:
For how can mortall immortalitie giue.

Such one MAVSOLYS made, the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine:
Such one MARCELYS, but was torne with thunder:
Such one LISIPPVS, but is worne with raine:
Such one KING EDMOND, but was rent for gaine.
All such vaine monuments of earthlie masse,
Deuour'd of Time, in time to nought doe passe.

But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Above the reach of ruinous decay,
And with braue plumes doth beat the azure skie,
Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away:
Then whofo will with vertuous deeds assay
To mount to heauen, on PEGASVS must ride,
And with sweet Poets verse be glorifide.

For not to haue been dipt in LETHE lake,
Could saue the sonne of THETIS from to die;
But that blind Bard did him immortal make,
With verses, dipt in dew of CASTALIE:
Which made the Easterne Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate young-man, whose vertue found
So braue a Trompe, thy noble acts to found.

Therefore in this, halfe happie I doe read
Good MELIBÆX, that hath a Poet got,

To sing his liuing praises beeing dead,
Deferring neuer here to be forgot,
In spite of enuie, that his deeds would spout:
Since whose deceafe, learning lies vnguarded,
And men of Armes doe wander vnguarded.

These two be those two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieue the noble spright
Of SALOMON, with great indignities;
Who whilome was aliue the wisest wight.
But now his wisdome is disproued quight:
For, such as now haue most the World at will,
Scorne th'one and th'other in their deeper skill.

O grieue of griefes! O gall of all good harts!
To see that vertue should despised bee
Of such as first were raised for vertuous parts,
And now broad spreading, like an aged tree,
Let none shoote vp that nigh them planted be:
O! let not those, of whom the Muse is scorned,
Aliue nor dead, be of the Muse adorned.

O vile worlds trust, that with such vaine illusion,
Hath so wise men bewicht, and ouerkest,
That they see not the way of their confusion,
O vainnesse to be added to the rest,
That do my soule with inward grieue infect:
Let them behold the pitious fall of mee,
And in my case their owne ensample see.

And whofo else that sits in highest seat
Of this worlds glorie, worshipped of all,
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threat,
Let him behold the horror of my fall,
And his owne end vnto remembrance call;
That of like ruine he may warned bee,
And in himselfe be mou'd to pittie mee.

Thus hauing ended all her pitious plaint,
With dolefull shrikes she vanished away,
That I through inward sorrow wexen faint,
And all astonish'd with deepe dismay,
For her departure, had no word to say:
But sate long time in senselesse sad affright,
Looking still, if I might of her haue sight.

Which when I missed, hauing looked long,
My thought returned grieued, home againe,
Renewing her complaint with passion strong,
For ruth of that faire womans pitious paine;
Whose words recording in my troubled braine,
I felt such anguish wound my feeble hart,
That frozen horror ran through euery part.

So inly grieuing in my groning brest,
And deeply musing at her doubtfull speech,
Whose meaning, much I laboured forth to wrest,
Beeing about my slender reasons reach:
At length, by demonstration met to teach,
Before mine eyes strange sights presented were,
Like tragicke Pageants seeming to appeare.

The Ruines of Time.

1

I Saw an Image, all of massie gold,
Placed on high vpon an Altar faire,
That all, which did the same from far behold,
Might worship it, and fall on lowest faire.
Not that great Idoll might with this compare,
To which th' **A S S Y R I A N** Tyrant would haue made
The holy brethren fallie to haue praid.

But th' Altar, on the which this Image staid,
Was (ô great pity) built of brittle clay,
That shortly the foundation decayd,
With showres of heauen & tempests worne away :
Then downe it fell, and lowe in ashes lay,
Scorned of euery one, which by it went ;
That it seeing, dearely did lament.

2

N Ext vnto this, a stately Towre appear'd,
Built all of richest stone, that might be found,
And nigh vnto the Heauens in height vprear'd,
But placed on a plot of sandie ground.
Not that great Towre, which is so much renownd
For tongues confusion in holic writ,
King **N I N V S** worke, might be compar'd to it.

But ô vaine labours of terrestriall writ,
That buildes so strongly on so fraile a soyle,
As with each storme does fall away, and flit,
And giues the fruit of all your trauailes toyle,
To be the prey of Time, and Fortunes spoyle !
I saw this Towre fall suddainly to dust,
That nigh with griefe thereof my hart was brust.

3

T Hen did I see a pleasant Paradise,
Full of sweet flowres and daintiest delights,
Such as on earth man could not more deuise,
With pleasures choice to feed his cheerefull sprights.
Not that, which **M E R L I N** by his Magick slights
Made for the gentle Squire, to entertaine
His faire **B E L P H O R E**, could this garden staie.

But ô short pleasure, bought with lasting paine,
Why will hereafter any flesh delight
In earthly blis, and ioy in pleasures vaine,
Sith that I saw this garden wasted quite,
That where it was, scarce seemed any sight ?
That I, which onceth beaurie did behold,
Could not from teares my melting eyes with-hold.

4

S Oone after this, a Giant came in place,
Of wondrous powre, and of exceeding stature,
That none durst view the horror of his face,
Yet was he milde of speech, and meeke of nature.
Not he, which in despight of his Creatour,
With railing tearmes defide the Iewish hoast,
Might with this mightie one in hugeness boast.

For from the one he could to th' other coast,
Stretch his strong thighs, and th' Ocean ouerstride,
And reach his hand into his enemies hoast,
But see the end of pompe and fleshlie pride ;
One of his feete vnwares from him did slide,
That downe he fell into the deepe Abyffe,
Where drown'd with him is all his earthly blisse.

5

T Hen did I see a Bridge, made all of gold,
ouer the Sea, from one to other side,
Withouten prop or pillour it r'vphold,
But like the coloured Rainbowe arch'd wide.
Not that great Arche, which **T R A I A N** edifice,
To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
Was matchable to this in equall viewing.

But (ah !) what bootes it to see earthly thing
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,
Sith time doth greatest things to ruine bring ?
This goodly Bridge, one foote not fastned well,
Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,
Ne of so braue a building ought remain'd,
That griefe thereof my spirit greatly pain'd.

6

I Saw two Beares, as white as any milke,
Lying together in a mightie caue,
Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,
That saluage nature seem'd not to haue,
Nor after greedy spoile of bloud to craue :
Two fairer beasts might not else-where be found,
Although the compass world were sought around.

But what can long abide about this ground
In state of blis, or stedfast happines ?
The Caue, in which these Beares lay sleeping sound,
Was but of earth, and with her weightinesse
Vpon them fell, and did vnwares oppresse,
That for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heauie spirit,
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereaued quite,
And I in mind remained fore agast,
Disstraught twixt feare and pittie; when at last
I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called,
That with the suddaine shrill I was appalled.

Behold (said it) and by ensample see,
That all is vanitie and griefe of mind,
Ne other comfort in this world can bee,
But hope of heauen, and hart to God inclind ;
For all the rest must needs be left behind,
With that it bade me, to the other side
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

V Pon that famous Riuers further shore,
There stood a snowie Swan of heauenly hew,

And

The Ruines of Time.

And gentle kind, as euer Fowle afore;
A fairer one in all the goodly crew
Of white **S T R I M O N I A N** brood might no man view:
There he most sweetly fung the prophetic
Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie.

At last, when all his mourning melodie
He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
Feeling the fit that him forward to die,
With lastic flight about the earth he boanded,
And out of sight to highest heauen mounted:
Where now he is become an heauenly signe;
There now the ioy is his, here sorrow minc.

V Hilft thus I looked, loe, adowne the Lee
I saw an Harpe strung all with siluer twine,
And made of gold and costly Iunrie,
Swimming, that whilome seemed to haue been
The Harpe, on which **D A N O R P H E Y S** was seene
Wild beasts and forrests after him to lead,
But was th' Harpe of **P H I L I S I D E S** now dead.

At length, out of the Riuer it was reard,
And borne about the cloudes to be diuin'd,
Whilst all the way most heauenly noyse was heard
Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both ioy and sorrow in my mind:
So now in heauen a signe it doth appeare,
The Harpe well knowne beside the Northerne Beare.

S Oone after this, I saw on th' other side,
A curious Coffre made of **H E B E N W O O D**,
That in it did most precious treasure hide,
Exceeding all this baser worldes good:
Yet through the ouerflowing of the flood
It almost drowned was, and done to nought,
That fight thereof much grieu'd my penfue thought.

At length, when most in perrill it was brought,
Two Angels downe descending with swift flight,
Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,
And twixt their blessed armes it carried quight
About the reach of any liuing sight:
So now it is transform'd into that starre,
In which all heauenly treasures locked are.

L Ooking aside, I saw a stately Bed,
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
That might for any Princes couch be red,
And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it should
Be for some Bride, her ioyous night to hold:
Therein a goodly Virgine sleeping lay;
A fairer wight saw neuer Sommers day.

I heard a voyce that called farre away,
And her awaking, bad her quickly dight.

For loe, her Bridegrome was in ready ray
To come to her, and seeke her loues delight:
With that she started vp with cheerefull sight,
When suddenly both bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone.

S Till as I gazed, I beheld where stood
A Knight all arm'd, vpon a winged steed,
The same that bred was of **M E D Y S A E S** blood,
On which **D A N P E R S E Y S** borne of heauenly seed,
The faire **A N D R O M E D A** from perill freed:
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,
That streames of blood forth flowed on the gras.

Yet was he deckt (small ioy to him alas)
With many garlands for his victories,
And with rich spoyles, which late he did purchas
Through braue atchieuements from his enemies,
Fainting at last through long infirmities,
He smote his steed, that straight to heauen him bore,
And left me here his losse for to deplore.

L Astly, I saw an Arke of purest gold
Vpon a brazen pillour standing high,
Which th' ashes seem'd of some great Prince to hold,
Enclosde therein for endless memorie
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie:
Seemed the heauens with th' earth did disagree,
Whether should of those ashes keeper bee.

At last, me seem'd, wing-footed **M E R C V R I E**,
From heauen descending to appeale their strife,
The Arke did beare with him about the skie,
And to those ashes gaue a second life,
To liue in heauen, where happines is rise:
At which, the earth did grieue exceedingly,
And I for dole was almost like to die.

L: Envoy.

I Mmortall spirit of **P H I L I S I D E S**,
Which now art made the heauens ornament,
That whilome wast the worlds chiefst riches;
Giue leau to him that lou'd thee, to lament
His losse by lacke of thee, to heauen bent,
And with last duties of this broken verse,
Broken with sighes, to deck thy fable Herse.

And ye faire Lady, th'honour of your daies,
And glory of the world, your high thoughts scorne:
Vouchsafe this monument of his last praise,
With some few siluer-dropping teares t'adorne:
And as ye be of heauenly off-spring borne,
So vnto heauen let your high mind aspire,
And loathe this drosse of sinfull worlds desire.

F I N I S.

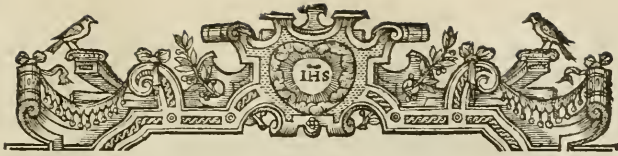
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APPENDIX

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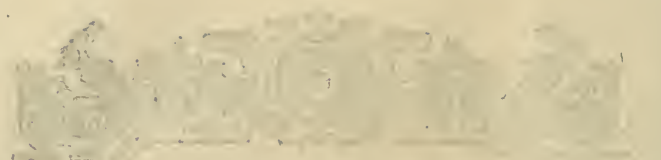
THE
TEARES OF
THE MVSES.

By *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*

1611.



THE
LEAVES OF
THE MYSES.

By Edmund Spenser.



AT LONDON
Printed by R. L. for Matthew Lane.



TO THE RIGHT HONOV-
rable, the Ladie *Strange*.

(* * *)



MOST BRAVE AND NOBLE
Ladie, the things that make yee so much ho-
nored of the world as ye be, are such, as (with-
out my simple lines testimonie) are throughly
knowne to all men; namely, your excellent
beautie, your vertuous behauiour, and your
noble match with that most honourable Lord,
the verie Patterne of right Nobilitie: But the
causes for which ye haue thus deserued of mee
to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are, both
your particular bounties, and also some pri-
uate bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge.
Of which when as I found my selfe in no part woorthy, I deuised this last
slender meanes, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiship, &
also to make the same vniuersallie knowne to the world; that, by honoring
you, they might knowe me, and by knowing me, they might honour you.
Vouchsafe noble Lady to accept this simple remembrance, though not
worthy of your selfe, yet such, as perhaps by good acceptance thereof, yee
may heereafter cull out a more meet and memorable euidence
of your owne excellent deserts. So, recommen-
ding the same to your Ladiships good
liking, I humblic
take leaue.

Your La: humblyeuer,

Ed. Sp.



THE TEARES OF THE MVSES.

(* *)

Rehearse to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,
The golden brood of great **A P O L L O S** wit,
Those pitious plaints and sorrowfull sad tine,
Which late ye poured forth as ye did sit
Beside the siluer Springs of **HE L I C O N E**,
Making your musick of hart-breaking mone.

For since the time that **P H O E B U S** foolish sonne
Ythundered through **I O V E S** auengefull wrath,
For trauffering the charact of the Sunne
Beyond the compass of his pointed path,
Of you his mournfull Sisters was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were neuer since inuented.

Nor since that faire **C A L L I O P E** did lose
Her loued Twinnes, the dearings of her ioy,
Her **P A E L E C I**, whom her vnkindly foes
The fatal Sitters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space;
Was euer heard such wailing in this place.

For all their groues, which with the heavenly noyses
Of their sweet instruments were wont to sound,
And th'hollow hills, from which their siluer voices
Were wont redoubled Echoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,
And yelling shrieks throwne vp into the skies.

The trembling streames which wont in chanel cleare
To rumble gently downe with murmur soft,
And were by them right tunefull taught to beare
A Bases part amongst their consorts oft;
Now fors to ouerflow with brackish teares,
With troublous noyse did dull their dainty cares.

The ioyous Nymphes, and lightfoote Faeries
Which thither came to heare their musick sweet,
And to the measure of their melodies
Did learne to moue their nimble-shifting feet;
Now hearing them so heauilie lament,
Like heauily lamenting from them went.

And all that else was wont to worke delight
Through the diuine infusion of their skill,
And all that else seemd faire and fresh in sight,
So made by nature for to serue their will,
Was turned now to dismall heauinesse,
Was turned now to dreadfull vglinesse.

Aye me! what thing on earth that all thing breeds,
Might be the cause of so impatient plight?
What furie, or what fiend with felon deeds
Hath stirred vp so mischieuous despight?
Can grieue then enter in'o heavenly harts,
And pierce immortal breasts with mortall smarts?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concerns,
To me those secret causes to display;
For none but you, or who of you it learns,
Can rightfully aread so dolefull lay.
Begin thou eldest Sister of the crew,
And let the rest in order thee ensue.

C L I O .

HEare thou great Father of the Gods on hie,
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts:
And thou our Sire that rainest in *Cassitie*,
And Mount *Parnasse*, the God of goodly Arts:
Heare and behold the miserable state
Of vs thy daughters, dolefull desolate.

Behold the foule reproach and open shame,
The which is day by day vnto vs wrought,
By such as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning, and each gentle thought;
They, not contented vs themselves to scorne,
Doe seeke to make vs of the world forlorne.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly dust,
The sonnes of darknes and of ignorance;
But they, whom thou great **I O V S** by doome vnjust

Didst

The Teares of the Muses.

Didst to the type of honour earst aduance;
They now putt vp with disdainfull insolence,
Despise the brood of blessed Sapience.

The sectaries of my celestiall skill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
And learned Impes that wont to shoote vp fill,
And grow to height of kingdoms government,
They vnder keepe, and with their spreading armes,
Doe beate their buds, that perish through their harmes.

It most behoues the honourable race
Of mightie Peeres, true wisdomes to sustaine,
And with their noble countenance to grace
The learned foreheads, without gifts or gaine:
Or rather learnd themselues behoues to bee;
That is the girlond of Nobilitie.

But (ah!) all otherwise they doe esteeme
Of th'heauenly gift of wisdomes influence,
And to be learned, it a base thing deeme;
Base minded they that want intelligence:
For, God himselfe for wisdom most is praised,
And men to God thereby are might raised.

But they doe onely strue themselues to raise
Through pompous pride, and foolish vanitie;
In th'eyes of people they put all their praise,
And onely boast of Armes and Ancestrie:
But vertuous deeds, which did those Armes first giue
To their Grandfures, they care not to atchiue.

So I, that doe all noble seates profess
To register, and found in trumpe of gold,
Through their bad dooings, or base stotifullness,
Find nothing worthy to be writ, or told:
For better farre it were to hide their names,
Then telling them, to blazon out their blames.

So shall succeeding ages haue no light
Of things forepast, nor monuments of time,
And all that in this world is worthy hight
Shall die in darknesse, and lie hid in slime:
Therefore I mourne with deepe harts sorrowing,
Because I nothing noble haue to sing.

With that the raine such store of streaming teares,
That could haue made a stonie hart to weepe,
And all her Sisters rent their golden heares,
And their faire faces with salt humour steepe.
So ended shee: and then the next anew,
Began her grievous plaint as doth ensue.

MELPOMENE.

Who shall poure into my swollen eyes
A sea of teares that neuer may be dride,
A brasen voice that may with shrilling cries
Pierce the dull heauens, and fill the ayer wide,
And yron sides that sighing may endure
To waile the wretchednes of world impure?

Ah! wretched world, the den of wickednesse,
Deformd with filth and foule iniquitie;
Ah! wretched world, the house of heauinesse,
Fild with the wrecks of mortall miserie;
Ah! wretched world, and all that is therein,
The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaues of sin.

Most miserable creature vnder sky,
Man without vnderstanding doth appeare;
For all this worlds affliction hee thereby,
And Fortunes freakes is wisely taught to beare;
Of wretched life the onely ioy hee is,
And th'only comfort in calamities.

Shee armes the breast with constant patience,
Against the bitter throes of dolours darts,
Shee solaceth with rules of Sapience
The gentle minds, in midst of worldly smartes:
When hee is sad, shee seeks to make him merie,
And doth refresh his sprights when they be wearie.

But he that is of reasons skill bereft,
And wants the stafe of wisdomome him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left,
Withouten helme or Pilot her to sway,
Full sad and dreadfull is that ships euent:
So is the man that wants intendment.

Why then doe foolish men so much despise
The precious store of this celestiall riches?
Why doe they banish vs, that patronize
The name of learning? Most vnhappy wretches,
The which lie drowned in deepe wretchednesse,
Yet doe not see their owne vnhappyenesse.

My part it is, and my professed skill,
The Stage with Tragick buskins to adorne,
And fill the Scenic with plaints and out-cries shrill
Of wretched persons, to misfortune borne:
But none more tragick matter I can find
Then this, of men depriv'd of sense and mind.

For all mans life me seemes a Tragedie,
Full of sad sights and sore Catastrophes;
First comming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes, like dolorous Trophes,
Are heapt with spoyles of fortune and of feare,
And he at last laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with ruffall spectacles is fild,
Fit for MEGERA or PERSEPHONE;
But I, that in true Tragedies am skild,
The floure of wit, find nought to buse me:
Therefore I mourne, and pitifully moune,
Because that mourning matter I haue none.

Then gan shee wofully to waile, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wise:
And all her Sisters thereto answering,
Threw forth lowd shriekes and drierie dolefull cries:
So rested shee: and then the next in row,
Began her grievous plaint as doth ensue.

THALIA.

VV Here be the sweet delights of learnings treat
That wont with Comick sock to beautify (sure,
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleasure
The listners eyes, and eares with melodie;
In which I late was wont to raigene as Queene,
And maske in mirth with Graces well betcene:

O! all is gone: and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is layd abed, and no where now to see;
And in her roome vnscemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow browes and grisly countenance,
Marring my ioyous gentle dalliance.

And him beside sits vgly Barbarisme,
And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of drad darknes of the deepe Abyssme,
Where beeing bred, he light and heauen does hate:
They in the minds of men now tyrannize,
And the faire Scene with rudeness foule disguise.

All places they with folly haue possest,
And with vaine toves the vulgar entertaine;
But me haue banished, with all the rest
That whilome wont to wait vpon my traine,
Fine Counterfeauce and vnburfull Sport,
Delight and Laughter deckt in seemly fort.

All these, and all that else the Comick Stage
With seasoned wit and goodly pleasure graced;
By which mans life in his likest image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced:
And those sweet wits which wont the like to frame,
Are now despizd, and made a laughing game.

And he the man, whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter vnder Mimick shade,
Our pleasant **WILLIAMS**, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all ioy and iolly meriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

In stead thereof, scoffing Scurrilitie,
And scornful Follie with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shamelesse ribaudry
Without regard, or due Decorum kept,
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the Learneds taske vpon him take.

But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of Honny & sweet Nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashly throwe;
Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,
Then fo himselfe to mockery to sell.

So am I made the seruant of the manie,
And laughing stocks of all that list to scorne,

Not honored nor cared for of any,
But loath'd of losels as a thing forlorne:
Therefore I mourne and sorrow with the rest,
Vntill my cause of sorrow be redrest.

Therewith the lowdly did lament and shrike,
Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly,
And all her Sifters with compassion like,
The breaches of her singults did supply.
So rested shee: and then the next in row,
Began her grieuous plaint, as doth ensue.

E V T E R P E.

Like as the dearling of the Summers pride,
Faيرة PHILOMELE, when Winters stormy wrath
The goodly fields, that earst to gay were dyde
In colours diuers, quite depoyled hath,
All comfortlesse doth hide her cheerlesse head
During the time of that her widowhead:

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
Whilst fauourable times did vs afford
Free liberty to chaunt our charmes at will:
All comfortlesse vpon the bared bow,
Like wofull Caluers doe sit wayling now.

For far more bitter storme then winters stowe
The beautie of the world hath lately wasted,
And those fresh buds, which wont to faire to flowre,
Hath mared quite, and all their blossoms blasted:
And those yong plants, which wont with fruit t'abound,
Now without fruite or leaues are to be found.

A stonie coldnes hath benumbd the sense;
And liuely spirits of each liuing wight,
And dimd with darknes their intelligence,
Darknes more then *Cymmerians* daily night:
And monstrous error flying in the ayre,
Hath mard the face of all that seemed fayre.

Image of hellish horror, Ignorance,
Borne in the boosome of the black Abyss,
And fed with Furies milke for sustenance
Of his weake infancie, begot amisse
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night;
So he his Sonnes both Sire and brother hight.

He, armd with blindnes and with boldnes stout,
(For blind is bold) hath our faire light defaced;
And gathering vnto him a ragged rout
Of Faunes and Satyres, hath our dwellings rased:
And our chaf bowers, in which all vertue rained,
With brutishnes and beastly filth hath stained.

The sacred springs of horse-foote *Helicon*,
So oft bedewd with our leared layes,
And speaking streames of pure *Castalion*,
The famous winites of our wonted praise,

The Teares of the Muses.

They trampled haue with their foule footings trade,
And like to troubled puddles haue them made.

Our pleafant groues, which planted were with paines,
That with our musick wont fo oft to ring,
And Arbors sweet, in which the Shepheards swaines
Were wont fo oft their Pastoralls to sing,
They haue cut downe, and all their pleafance mard,
That now no Pastorall is to be hard.

In stead of them, foule Goblins and Shriekowles,
With fearefull howling doe all places fill;
And feeble Echo now lamentations and howles,
The dreadfull accents of their out-cries shrill.
So all is turned into wildernesse,
Whilft ignorance the Muses doth oppresse.

And I whose ioy was cast with Spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft,
My spirits now dismayd with sorrow dull,
Doe mone my misery with silence soft.
Therefore I mourne and waile incessantly,
Till please the heauens afford me remedie.

Therewith she wailed with exceeding woe,
And pittious lamentation did make,
And all her Sisters seeing her doe so,
With equall plaints her sorrow did partake.
So rested she: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth ensue.

TERPSICHOE.

V Vho hath in the lap of soft delight (sweet,
Been long time lull, and fedde with pleasures
Fearelesse through his owne fault or Fortunes spight,
To tumble into sorrow and regret,
If chance him fall into calamitic,
Finds greater burthen of his miserie.

So we that earst in ioyance did abound,
And in the bosome of all blis did sit,
Like virgin Queenes with laurell garlands crownd,
For vertues meed and ornament of wit.
Sith ignorance our kingdome did confound;
Be now become most wretched sights on ground.

And in our royall thrones which lately stood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accursed brood,
By him begotten of foule infamie;
Blind Error, scornfull Folly, and base Spight,
Who hold by wrong, that we should haue by right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
And make them merry with their fooleries,
They cheerefully chaunt, and rimes at random sing,
The fruitfull spawn of their ranke fantasies:
They feed the eares of fooles with flattery,
And good men blame, and losels magnifie.

All places they doe with their toys possess,
And raigne in liking of the multitude,
The schooles they fill with fond new-fangleness,
And (way in Court with pride and rashnes rude;
Mongst simple Shepheards they do boast their skill,
And lay their musick matcheth P H O E B Y S quill.

The noble barts to pleasures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine,
Faire Ladies loues they spot with thoughts impure,
And gentle minds with lewd delights distaine:
Clerks they to loathly idleness inuice,
And fill their bookes with discipline of vice.

So euery where they rule and tyrannize,
For their vsurped kingdoms maintenance,
The whiles we silly Maids, whom they despize,
And with reproachfull scorn discountenance,
From our owne natiue heritage exild,
Walke through the world of euery one reuild.

Nor any one doth care to call vs in,
Or once vouchsafeth vs to entertaine,
Vnlesse some one perhaps of gentle kin,
For pitties sake compassion our paine,
And yeeld vs some reliefe in this distresse:
Yet to be so releu'd is wretchednesse.

So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,
Yet none doth care to comfort vs at all;
So seeke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,
Yet none vouchsafes to answer to our call:
Therefore we mourne and pittifull complaine,
Because none liuing pittieeth our paine.

With that the wept and wofully waymented,
That nought on earth her grieffe might pacifie;
And all the rest her dolefull din augmented,
With shrikes and groanes and grieuous agonie.
So ended she: and then the next in rew,
Began her pittious plaint as doth ensue.

ERATO.

YE gentle Spirits breathing from aboue,
Where ye in VENVS siluer bowre were bred,
Thoughts halfe diuine, full of the fire of loue,
With beautie kindled, and with pleasure fed,
Which ye now in securitie possesse,
Forgetfull of your former heauinesse.

Now change the tenor of your ioyous layes,
With which ye vse your loues to deifie,
And blazon forth an earthly beauties praise,
Aboue the compass of the arched skie:
Now change your praises into pittious cries,
And Eulogies turne into Elegies.

Such as ye wont whenas those bitter founts
Of raging loue first gan you to torment,

And

The Teares of the Muses.

And launce your hearts with lamentable wounds
Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
Before your Loues did take you vnto grace;
Thole now renew as fitter for this place.

For I that rule in measure moderate,
The tempest of that stormie passion,
And vse to paine in times the troublous state
Or Louers life in likest fashion,
Am put from practise of my kindlie skill,
Banisht by those that Loue with leawdnes fill.

Loue wont to be schoole-master of my skill,
And the demerfull matter of my song;
Sweet Loue deuoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and spotlesse, as at first he sprong
Out of th' Almighties bosome, where he nests;
From thence infused into mortall breasts.

Such high conceit of that celestially fire,
The base-borne brood of blindnes cannot ghesse,
Ne euer dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
Vnto so lostie pitch of perfectnesse,
But rime at riot, and doe rage in loue;
Yet litle wote what doth thereto behoue.

Faire **C Y T H E R E E**, the Mother of delight,
And Queene of beautie, now thou maist goe pack:
For lo, thy Kingdome is defaced quight,
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack,
And thy gay Sonne, the winged God of Loue,
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed Doue.

And yee three Twins to light by **V E N V S** brought,
The sweet companions of the Muses late,
From whom what-euer thing is goodly thought,
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggregate;
Go heg with vs, and be companions still,
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall any more
Find entertainment, or in Court or Schoole:
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meede, is now lent to the foole:
He sings of loue, and maketh louing layes,
And they him heare, and they him highly praise.

With that she poured forth a brackish flood
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone;
And all her Sisters seeing her sad mood,
With lowd laments her answered all at one.
So ended she: and then the next in row,
Began her gricuous plaint, as doth ensue.

CALLOPE.

T O whom shall I my euill case complaine,
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pittica perplexed hart:

But rather seekes my sorrow to augment
With foule reproach, and cruell banishment.

For they to whom I vsed to apply
The faithfull seruice of my learned skill,
The goodly of-spring of **I O V E S** progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill;
Whose living praises in heroick stile,
It is my chiefe profession to compile.

They all corrupted through the rust of time,
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
Or through vnobscure sloth, or finfull crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race;
Hauc both desire of worthy deeds forlorne,
And name of learning vtterly doe scorne.

Ne doe they care to haue the auncestrie
Of th' old Heroes memorizd anew:
Ne doe they care that late posteritie
Should know their names, or speak their praises dew:
But die forgot from whence at first they sprong,
As they themselues shalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to haue beene nobly bred?
What oddes twixt **I R V S** and old **I N A C H Y S**,
Twixt best and worst, when both alike are ded?
If none of neither mention should make,
Nor out of dust their memories awake?

Or who would euer care to doe braue deed,
Or strue in vertue others to excell;
If none should yeeld him his deserued meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of dooing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would chuse goodnes of his owne free-will.

Therefore the nurse of vertue I am hight,
And golden Trumpet of eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift vp to heauens hight,
And mortall men haue powre to desire:
B A C C H Y S and **H E R C V L E S** I raise to heauen,
And **C H A R L E M A I N E**, amongst the Starris seauen.

But now I will my golden Clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more:
Sith I no more find worthy to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore:
For noble Peeres whom I was wont to raise,
Now onely seekke for pleasure, nought for praise.

Their great reuenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they may spare:
And the rich see which Poets wont diuide,
Now Parasites and Sycophants doe share:
Therefore I mourne and endlesse sorrow make,
Both for my selfe, and for my Sisters sake.

With that she lowdly gan to waile and shrike,
And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre,

The Teares of the Muses.

And all her Sisters with compassion like,
Did more increase the sharpnes of her showre.
So ended she: and then the next in rew,
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensue.

VRANIA.

VVHat wrath of Gods, or wicked influence
Of Starres conspiring wretched men t'asslict,
Hath pourd on earth this noyous pestilence,
That mortall minds doth inwardly infect
With loue of blindness and of ignorance,
To dwell in darknes without soueraine?

What difference twixt man and beast is left,
When th'heavenly light of knowledge is put out,
And th'ornaments of wisdom are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Vnweeting of the danger hee is in,
Through besches frailtie, and deceit of sin.

In this wide world in which they wretches stray,
It is the onely comfort which they haue,
It is their light, their loadstarre, and their day;
But hell and darknes, and the griffie graue
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace,
That minds of men borne heavenly doth debace.

Through knowledge, we behold the worlds creation,
How in his cradle first he fostred was;
And iudge of Natures cunning operation,
How things hee formed of a formlesse mas:
By knowledge we doe learne our feluts to knowe,
And what to man, and what to God we owe.

From hence, we mount aloft vnto the skie,
And looke into the crystal firmament:
There we behold the heauens great Hierarchie,
The Starres pure light, the Spheres swift mouement,
The Spirits and Intelligences faire,
And Angels waighting on th'Almighties chaire.

And there, with humble mind and high insight,
Th'eternall Makers maiestie wee view;
His loue, his truth, his glorie, and his might,
And mercie more then mortall men can view.
O soueraine Lord, ô soueraine happinesse,
To see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse!

Such happinesse haue they, that doe embrace
The precepts of my heauenlic discipline;
But shame and sorrow and accursed case
Haue they, that scorn the choolc of Arts diuine,
And banish me, which doe profess the skill
To make men heauenly wise, through humbled will.

How-euer yet they me despise and spight,
I feed on sweet contentment of my thought,
And please my selfe with mine owne selfe-delight,
In contemplation of things heauenlic wrought.

So, loathing earth, I looke vp to the sky,
And beeing driuen hence, I thither flie.

Thence I behold the miserie of men,
Which want the blis that wisdom would them breed,
And like brute beasts doe lie in loathsome den,
Of ghostly darknes, and of gaffly dreed:
For whom I mourne and for my selfe complaine,
And for my Sisters eake whom they disdain.

With that, shee wept and waild so pitiously,
As if her eyes had bene two springing wells:
And all the rest her sorrow to supplie,
Did throw forth shrieks and cries and dreery yells.
So ended shee, and then the next in rew,
Began her mournfull plaint as doth ensue.

POLYHYMNIA.

ADolefull case desires a dolefull song,
Without vaine art or curious complements:
And squald Fortune into basenes flong,
Doth lorne the pride of wonted ornaments.
Then fittest are theseragged rimes for me,
To tell my sorrowes that exceeding be.

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures,
With which I wont the winged words to ty,
And make a tunefull Diapale of pleasures;
Now beeing let to runne at libertie
By those which haue no skill to rule them right,
Haue now quite lost their naturall delight.

Heaps of huge words yphoorded hideously,
With horrid sound though hauing little sence,
They thinke to be chiefe praise of Poëtry;
And thereby wanting due intelligence,
Haue mard the face of goodly Poësie,
And made a monster of their fantasie.

Whilome in ages past none might profess
But Princes and high Priests that secret skill.
The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,
And with deepe Oracles their verses fill:
Then was the held in soueraine dignitie,
And made the nourishing of Nobilitie.

But now nor Prince nor Priest doth her maintaine,
But suffer her prophaned for to be
Of the base vulgar, that with hands vnclene,
Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie;
And treadeth vnder foote her holy things,
Which was the care of Cæsars and of Kings.

One onely liues, her ages ornament,
And mirror of her Makers maiestie,
That with rich bountie and deare cherishment,
Supports the praise of noble Poësie:
Ne onely fauours them which it profess,
But is her selfe a peerlesse Poëtesse.

The Teares of the Muses.

Most peerlesse Prince, most peerlesse Poëtesse,
The true PANDORA of all heavenly graces,
Diuine ELIZA, sacred Emperesse,
Liue she for euer, and her royall P^rinces
Be filld with praises of diuine wits,
That her eternize with their heauenly writs.

Some few, beside, this sacred skill esteeme,
Admirers of her glorious excellences;
Which beeing lightned with her beauties beme,
Are thereby filld with happy influence,
And lifted vp about the worldes gaze,
To sing with Angels her immortal praise.

But all the rest, as borne of saluage brood,
And hauing beene with Acorns alwaies fed,
Can no whit saour this celesti all food;
But with base thoughts are into blindnesse led,
And kept from looking on the light some day:
For whom I waile and weepe all that I may.

Effsoones such store of teares she forth did powre,
As if she all to water would haue gone;
And all her sisters seeing her sad stowre,
Did weep and waille, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned instruments did breake.
The rest, vntold, no liuing tongue can speake.

FINIS.

I 3.

VIR-



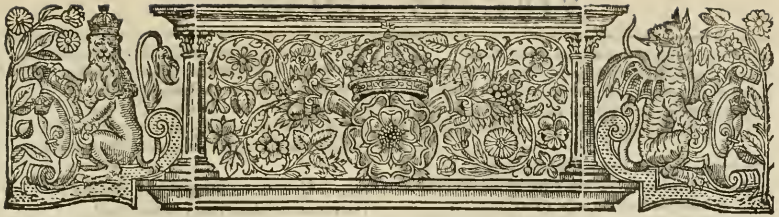


VIRGILS GNAT:

LONG SINCE DEDICATED
To the most noble and excellent Lord, the Earle
of *Leicester*, deceased.

(* *)

WRongd, yet not daring to expresse my paine,
To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
In clowdie teares my case I thus complaine
Vnto your selfe, that onely priuie are:
But if that any *Oedipus* vnware,
Shall chance, through power of some diuining spright;
To read the secreter of this riddle rare,
And knowe the purport of my euill plight,
Let him be pleased with his owne insight,
Ne further seeke to glose vpon the text:
For grieffe enough it is to griued wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.
But what-fo by my selfe may not be shoven,
May by this *Gnats* complaint be easily knowen.



VIRGILS GNAT.

WE now haue plaid (*AVGVSTVS*) wantonly,
Tuning our long vnto a tender Muse;
And like a cobweb weaving slenderly,
Haue onely playd: let thus much then excuse
This *GNAT*s small Poëme, that th'whole historie
Is but a iest, though enuie it abuse:
But who such sports and sweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter seeme then this *GNAT*s idle name.

Hereafter, when as season more secure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,
And for thy worth frame some fit Poësie:
The golden offspring of *LATONA* pure,
And ornament of great *IOVES* progenie,
PHOEBVS shall be the Author of my song,
Playing on *Ivorie* harp with siluer strong.

He shall inspire my verse with gentle moode
Of Poets Prince, whether he wood beside
Faire *XANTHVS* sprinkled with *CHIMÆRAS*
Or in the woods of *Astery* abide: (blood;
Or whereas mount *Parnasse*, the Muses broods,
Doth his broad forehead like two hornes diuide,
And the sweet waues of sounding *Castaly*,
With liquid foote doth slide downe easily.

Wherefore ye Sisters which the glorie be
Of the *Pierian* streames, faire *NAIADES*,
Goe to, and dauncing all in companie,
Adorne that God: and thou holy *PALES*,
To whom the honest care of husbandrie
Returneth by continuall successe,
Haue care for to pursue his footing light: (dight.
Through the wide woods, and groues, with green leaues

Professing thee, I listd am aloft
Betwix the Forrest wide and starrie sky:
And thou most drad (*OCTAVIVS*) which oft
To learned wits giu'st courage worthily,
O come (thou sacred child) come sliding soft,
And fauour my beginnings graciously:

For not these leaues do sing that dreadfull stound,
When Giants blood did staine *Phlegrean* ground.

Nor how th'halfe-horse people, *CENTAVRES* light,
Fought with the blouid *LAPITHÆAS* at bord,
Nor how the East with tyrannous despight
Burnt th'*Attick* towres, and people slew with sword;
Nor how mount *Athos* through exceeding might
Was digged downe, nor yron bands aboard
The *Pontick* sea by their huge Nauie cast,
My volume shall remowne, so long since past.

Nor *Hellespont* trampled with horses feet,
When *floking Persians* did the *Greekes* affray:
But my soft Muse, as for her power more meet,
Delights (with *PHOEBVS* friendly leaue) to play
An easie running verse with tender feete.
And thou (drad sacred child) to thee alway,
Let euerlasting lightsome glorie striue,
Through the worlds endlesse ages to suruiue.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee
Mongst heauenly ranks, where blessed soules do rest;
And let long lasting life with ioyous glee,
As thy due meede that thou deseruest best,
Hereafter many yeeres remembred be
Amongst good men, of whom thou oft art blest.
Liue thou for euer in all happinesse:
But let vs turne to our first business.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight,
Vp to the heauenly towers, and shot each where
Out of his golden Charet glistering light;
And faire *AVRORA* with her rosie heare,
The hatefull darknes now had put to flight,
When as the shepheard seeing day appeare,
His litle Goats gan driue out of their stalls,
To feede abroad, where pasture best befalls.

To an high mountaines top he with them went,
Where thickest grasse did cloathe the open hills:
They now amongst the woods and thickets ment,

Now

VIRGILS GNAT.

Now in the valleys wandring at their wills,
Spread themselves farre abroad through each descent;
Some on the soft Greene grass feeding their fill,
Some clambring through the hollow cliffes on hie,
Nibble the bushie shrubs, which growe thereby.

Others, the vtmost boughs of trees doe crop,
And brouze the woodbine twigges, that freshly bud;
This with full bit doth catch the vtmost top
Of some soft Willow, or new grown stude;
This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaues doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud;
The whiles another, high doth ouerlook
Her owne like image in a crytall brooke.

O the great happines, which shepheards haue,
Who-so loathes not too much the poore estate,
With mind that ill vye doth before depraue,
Ne measures all things by the costly rate
Of riotise, and semblants outward braue:
No such sad cares, as wont to macerate
And rend the greedie minds of couetous men,
Doe euer creepe into the shepheards den.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him araves,
Be not twice steeped in Assyrian die;
Ne glistering of gold, which vnderlayes
The Summer beames, doe blind his gazing eye,
Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes
Of precious stones, whence no good commeth by;
Ne yet his cup embost with Imagery
Of **BARTVS**, or of **ALCONS** vanity.

Ne ought the whelky pearles esteemeth hee,
Which are from Indian Seas brought far away:
But with pure brest from carefull sorrow free,
On the soft grasse his limbs doth oft display,
In sweet Spring time, when flowers varietie
With sundry colours paints the sprinkled lay:
There lying all at ease, from guile or spight,
With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himselfe, with palme bedight,
His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:
There his milke-dropping Goats be his delight,
And fruitfull **PALES**, and the Forrest Greene,
And darksome caues in pleasant vallies pight,
Whereas continuall shade is to be scene,
And where fresh springing wells, as crytall neate,
Doe alwaies flowe, to quench his thirstie heate.

O! who can lead then a more happy life,
Then he, that with cleane mind and hart sincere,
No greedy riches knowes, nor bloudie strife,
No deadly fight of warlike fleete doth feare,
Ne runnes in perill of foes cruell knife,
That in the sacred temples he may reare
A trophée of his glittering spoyle and treasure,
Or may abound in riches aboue measure.

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe,
And not with skill of craftiman polished:

He ioyes in groues, and makes himselfe full blythe,
With sundry flowers in wilde fields gathered;
Ne frankincense hee from **Panthea** buyth,
Sweet quiet harbours in his harmeles head,
And perfect pleasure buildes her ioyous bowre,
Free from sad cares, that rich mens harts deuoure.

This all his care, this all his whole endeavour,
To this, his mind and senses hee doth bend,
How he may flowe in quiet matchles treasure,
Content with any food that God doth lend,
And how his limbs, resolu'd through idle leifour,
Vnto sweet sleepe he may securely lend,
In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds doe eat.

O flocks! O Faunes! and O yeplesant springs
Of **Tempe**, where the country Nymphs are rise,
Through whose not costly care each shepheard sings
As merry notes vpon his rusticke Fife,
As that **Aspean** Bard, whose fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leades as ioyfull life;
Free from all troubles, and from worldly toyle,
In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

In such delights, whilst thus his carelesse time
This shepheard driues, vpleaning on his batt,
And on shrill reeds chaunting his rusticke rime,
Hyperion throwing forth his beames full hott,
Into the highest top of heauen gan clime;
And the world parting by an equall lott,
Did shed his whirling flames on either side,
As the great Ocean doth himselfe diuide.

Then gan the shepheard gather into one
His stragling Goates, and draue them to a foord,
Whose azure stream, rombling in Pibble stone,
Crept vnder mosse as Greene as any goord.
Now had the Sun halfe heauen ouergone,
When he is heard back from that water foord,
Draue from the force of **PHOEBVS** boyling ray,
Into thicke shadows, there themselves to lay.

Soone as he them plac't in thy sacred wood
(O **Delian** Goddesse) saw, to which of yore
Came the bad daughter of old **CADMY**s brood,
Cruell **AGAUE**, flying vengeance fore
Of king **NICTEVS**, for the guiltie blood,
Which she with cursed hands had shed before,
There she halfe frantick hauing slaine her sonne,
Did throw her selfe, like punishment to shonne.

Heere also playing on the grassie Greene,
Woodgods, and Satyres, and switt Dryades,
With many Fairies oft were dancing scene,
Not so much did **DAN ORPHEVS** repress,
The streames of **Hebrus** with his songs I weene,
As that faire troupe of wooddick Goddesse
Staid thee, (O **PHENEVS**) pouring forth to thee,
From cheerfull lookes, great mirth, & glad some glee.

The verie nature of the place, relounding
With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,
A pleasant bowte with all delight abounding
In the fresh shadowe did for them prepare,
To rest their limbs with wearines redounding.
For first, the high Palme trees with branches faire,
Out of the lowly vallies did arise,
And high shoote vp their heads into the skyes.

And them amongst the wicked Lotos grew,
Wicked, for holding guilefully away
V L Y S E S men, whom rapt with sweetnes new,
Taking to hoste, it quite from him did stay,
And eke those trees, in whose transformed hew,
The Sunnes sad daughters waild the rash decay
O F P H A E T O N, whose limbs with hightening rent,
They gathering vp, with sweet teares did lament.

And that same tree, in which D E M O P H O O N,
By his disloyaltie lamented fore,
Eternall hurt left vnto many one;
Who als accompanied the Oake, of yore
Through fatal charmes transformd to such an one:
The Oake, whose Acornes were our foode, before
That C E R E S seed of mortall men was knownc,
Which first T R I P T O L E M E taught how to be sownc.

Here also grew the rougher-rinded Pine,
The great *Argan* shups brane ornament,
Whom golden Fleece did make an heauenly signe,
Which couering, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the starrs diuine,
Decks all the Forrest with embelishment,
And the blacke Holme that loues the watrice vale,
And the sweet Cypride, signe of deadly bale,

Emongst the rest, the clambring Yuic grew,
Knitting his wanton armes with grasping hold,
Least that the Poplar happily should rew
Her brothers strokes, whose boughs she doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top suruew,
And paint with pallid Greene her buds of gold.
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,
Not yet vnmindfull of her older reproach.

But the small Birds in their wide boughs embowring,
Chaunted their sundry tunes with sweet consent,
And vnder them a siluer Spring forth pouring
His trickling streames, a gentle murmure sent;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
Of the moist moores, their iarring voyces bent;
And shrill grasshoppers chirped them a round:
All which the ayric Echo did relound.

In this so pleasant place, this Shepherds flock
Lay cuerie where, their wearie limbs to rest,
On cuerie bush, and cuerie hollow rack,
Where breathe on them the whistling wind mote best:
The whiles the Shepherd selfe tending his flock,
Sate by the fountaine side, in shade to rest,
Where gentle slumbring sleepe oppressed him,
Displaid on ground, and seized cuerie lim.

Of trecherie or traines nought tooke he keepe,
But loosie on the grassie Greene dispred,
His dearest life did trust to careles sleepe;
Which weighing down his drooping drowisie hed,
In quiet rest his molten hart did sleepe,
Denoid of care, and feare of all falsheid:
Had not inconstant fortune, bent to ill,
Bid strange mischaunce his quietnes to spill.

For at his wonted time, in that same place,
An huge great Serpent all with speckles pide,
To drench himselfe in moorish slime did trace,
There from the boyling heat himselfe to hide:
He passing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandisht tongue the emptie ayre did gride,
And wrapt his scalie boughs with fell despight,
That all things seem'd appalled at his sight.

Now more and more hauing himselfe enrold,
His glittering breast he listeth vp on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth hold;
His crest about spotted with purple die,
On cuerie side did shine like scalie gold,
And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfully,
Did seeme to flame out flakes of flashing fire,
And with sterne looks to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispace
There round about, when as at last hee spide
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand Captaine, and most trustie guide:
Estfoones more fierce in visage, and in pace,
Throwing his fiery eyes on cuerie side,
Her commeth on, and all things in his way
Full sternely rends, that might his passage stay.

Much he disdaines, that any one should dare
To come vnto his haunt: for which intent
He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare
The weapons, which to him Nature had lent:
Felly he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
And hath his lawes with angry spirits rent,
That all his track with bloodie drops is stained,
And all his folds are now in length outstrained.

Whom thus at point prepared, to prevent,
A little nourfing of the humid ayre,
A G N A T, vnto the sleepe Shepheard went,
And marking where his eye-lids twinkling rare,
Shewd the two pearles, which sight vnto him lent,
Through their thin coverings appearing faire,
His little needle there infixing deepe,
Warn'd him awake, from death himselfe to keepe.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan vpstart,
And with his hand him rashly bruizing, slew,
As in auengement of his heedlesse smart,
That straight the spirit out of his senses flew,
And life out of his members did depart:
When suddenly casting aside his view,
He spide his foe with felonous intent,
And feruent eyes to his destruction bent.

All suddainly dismayd, and hartlesse quight,
He fled abacke; and catching hastic hold
Of a young Alder hard beside him pight,
It rent, and streight about him gan behold,
What God or Fortune would asist his might.
But whether God or Fortune made him bold,
Its hard to read: yet hardy will he had
To overcome, that made him lesse adrad.

The scalie back of that most hideous Snake,
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire,
And oft him to aslaie, he fiercely strake
Whereas his temples did his creast-front tyre;
And for he was but slowe, did stoth off shake,
And gazing ghastly on (for feare and ire
Had blent so much his sense, that lesse he feard;)
Yet when he saw him slaine, himselfe he cheard.

By this, the night forth from the darksome bowre
Of HEREBVS her teemed steeds gan call,
And lazic VERSER in his timely howre,
From golden OETA gan proceed withall:
Whenas the Shepheard after this shapre stowre,
Seeing the doubled shadowes lowe to fall,
Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward fare,
And vnto rest his wearie ioynts prepare.

Into whose sense so soone as lighter sleepe
Was entred, and now loosing cucky lim,
Sweet slumbring deaw in carelesnes did sleepe,
The image of that GNA T appear'd to him,
And in sad tearmes gan sorrowfully weepe,
With grisly countenance and visage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In steed of good, hastning his cruell fate.

Said he, what haue I wretch deseru'd, that thus
Into this bitter bale I am out-cast?
Whilst that thy life more deare and precious
Was then mine owne, so long as it did last?
I now in lieu of paines loe gracious,
Am tost in th'ayre with euery windy blast:
Thou safe deliuered from sad decay,
Thy careles limbs in loose sleepe doost display.

So liuest thou: but my poore wretched ghost
Is forst to ferry ouer LETHES Riuier,
And spoyld of CHARON, to and fro am toft,
Seest thou not, how all places quake and quiuer,
Lightned with deadly lamps on euery post?
TISIPHONE each where doth shake and shiuer
Her flaming fier brond, encountering me,
Whose lockes vncombed cruell Adders be.

And CEREBRVS, whose many mouths do bay,
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed;
Adowne whose neck in terrible array,
Ten thousand Snakes cralling about his hed
Doe hang in heapes, that horribly asray,
And bloody eyes doe glister firic red:
He oftentimes me dreadfully doth threaten,
With painfull tormentes to be sorely beaten.

Ay me, that thanks so much should faile of meed,
For that I thee restord to life againe,
Euen from the doore of death and deadly deed,
Where then is now the gerdon of my paine?
Where the reward of my so pittious deed?
The praise of pity vanisht is in vaine,
And th'antique faith of Iustice long agone
Out of the Land is fled away and gone.

I saw anothers fate approaching fast,
And lest mine owne, his safety to tender;
Into the same mishap I now am cast,
And shund destruction doth destruction render:
Not vnto him that neuer hath trespast,
But punishment is due to the offender.
Yet let destruction be the punishment,
So long as thankfull will may it relent.

I carried am into waste wildernesse,
Waste wildernes, amongst Cymmerian shades,
Where endlesse paines, and hideous heauinesse
Is round about me heapt in darksome glades.
For there huge OTHOS sits in sad distresse,
Fast bound with Serpents that him oft inuades:
Farre off beholding EPHALTES side,
Which once assaid to burne this world so wide.

And there is mournfull TRYVS, mindfull yet
Of thy displeasure, OLATONA saite;
Displeasure too implacable was it,
That made him meate for wild foules of the ayre:
Much doe I feare among such fiends to sit,
Much doe I feare back to them to repaire,
To the black shadowes of the STYGIAN store,
Where wretched ghosts sit wailing euer-more.

There next the vtmost brinke doth he abide,
That did the bankers of the Gods bewray,
Whose throat through thirst to nought nigh being dride,
His sense to seeke for ease turnes euery way:
And he that in auengement of his pride,
For scorning to the sacred Gods to pray,
Against a mountaine rolls a mighty stone,
Calling in vaine for rest, can haue none.

Goe ye with them, goe cursed Damofells,
Whose bridall torches soule ERYNNIS tynde,
And HYMEN at your spoualls sad, foretells
Tydings of death, and massacre vnkind:
With them, that cruell COLCHID mother dwells,
The which concei'd in her reuengefull mind,
With bitter wounds her owne deere babes to slay,
And murdered troupes vpon great heapes to lay.

There also those two Pandionian maides,
Calling on ITIS, ITIS euermore,
Whom (wretched boy) they slew with guiltie blades:
For whom the Thracian king lamenting sore,
Turn'd to a Lapwing, foulie them vpbraides,
And fluttering, round about them still does fore:
There now they all eternally complaine
Of others wrong, and suffer endles paine.

VIRGILS GNAT.

But the two brethren borne of CADMVS blood,
 Whilst each does for the Soueraignty contend,
 Blind through ambition, and with vengeance wood,
 Each doth against the others bodie bend
 His cursed Steele, of neither will withstood,
 And with wide wounds their carcasses doth rend;
 That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
 Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was flaine.

Ah! (wcladay) there is no end of paine,
 Nor change of labour may intreated bee:
 Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,
 Where other Powers farre different I see,
 And must passe ouer to th'Elysian Plaize:
 There grim PERSERONE encountering mee,
 Doth vrge her fellow Furies earnestly,
 With their bright firebrands me to terrifie.

There chaste ALCESTE liues inuiolete,
 Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
 She did prolong by changing fate for fate.
 Lo there liues also the immortall praife
 Of womankind, most faithfull to her mate,
 PENELOPE: and from her farre awiaies
 A ruleless rout of young-men, which her woo'd,
 All flaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

And sad EYRIDICE thence now no more
 Must turne to life, but there detained bee,
 For looking back, being forbid before:
 Yet was the guilt thereof, ORPHEVS, in thee.
 Bold sure he was, and worthy spirit bore,
 That durst those lowest shadowes goe to see,
 And could beleue that any thing could please
 Fell CHERBERVS, or Strygian Powres appease.

Ne feard the burning waues of Phlegeton,
 Nor those fame mournfull kingdoms, compassed
 With rustie horrour and soule fashion,
 And deepe digd vawtes, and Tartar couered
 With bloodie night, and darke confusion,
 And iudgement teates, whose Iudge is deadly dreed;
 A Iudge, that after death doth punish fore
 The faults, which life hath trespassed before.

But valiant fortune made DAN ORPHEVS bold:
 For the swift running riuers still did stand,
 And the wilde beasts their furie did with-hold,
 To follow ORPHEVS musick through the land:
 And th'Oakes deepe grounded in the earthly mold
 Did moue, as if they could him vnderstand:
 And the shrill woods, which were of sense bereau'd,
 Through their hard barke his siluer sound receau'd.

And eke the Moone her haste steeds did stay,
 Drawing in teemes along the starrie skie,
 And didst (ô monthly Virgin) thou delay
 Thy nightly course, to heare his melodie?
 The same was able with like louely lay
 The Queene of hell to moue as easily,
 To yeeld EYRIDICE vnto her fere,
 Backe to be borne, though it vnlawfull were.

Shee (Lady) hauing well before approoued,
 The floods to be too cruell and seuer,
 Obseru'd th'appointed way, as her behouued,
 Ne euer did her eye-sight turne arete,
 Ne euer spake, ne cause of speaking mouued:
 But cruell ORPHEVS, thou much crueller,
 Seeking to kisse her, brok't the Gods decree,
 And thereby mad'st her euer damn'd to be.

Ah! but sweet loue of pardon worthy is,
 And doth deserue to haue small faults remitted;
 If Hell at least things lightly done amis
 Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted:
 Yet are ye both receiued into blis,
 And to the seates of happy soules admitted.
 And you, beside the honourable band
 Of great Heroës, doe in order stand.

There be the two stout sonnes of AEAECVS,
 Fierce PEELEVS, and the hardie TELAMON,
 Both seeming now full glad and ioyeous
 Through their Sires dreadfull iurisdiction,
 Being the Iudge of all that horrid lous:
 And both of them by strange occasion,
 Reuoun'd in choyce of happy marriage
 Through VENVS grace, and vertues carriage.

For th'one was rauisht of his own: bond-maid,
 The faire IxiONÈ, captiu'd from Troy:
 But th'other was with THETIS loue affaid,
 Great NEREVS his daughter, and his ioy.
 On this side them there is a yong-man laid,
 Their match in Argic, mightie, fierce and coy:
 That from th'Argolick ships, with furious ire,
 Bett back the furie of the Trojan fire.

O! who would not recount the strong diuorces
 Of that great warre, which Troyans oft beheld,
 And oft beheld the warlike Greeckish forces,
 When Teucrican foyle with bloody riuers sweld,
 And wide Sigeon shores were spred with corfes,
 And Simois and Xanthus blood out-weld,
 Whilst HECTOR ragèd with outrageous mind,
 Flames, weapons, woods in Greekes fleet to haue tynd.

For Ida selfe, in ayde of that fierce fight,
 Out of her mountaines ministred supplies,
 And like a kindly nurse, did yeeld (for spight)
 Store of firebrands out of her nurseries,
 Vnto her foster children, that they might
 Inflame the Naue of their enemies,
 And all the Rheetan shore to ashes turne,
 Where lay the ships, which they did seeke to burne.

Gainst which the noble sonne of TELAMON
 Opposd himselfe, and thwarting his huge shield,
 Them battell bad, gainst whom appeared anon,
 HECTOR, the glory of the Trojan field:
 Both fierce and furious in contention
 Encountred, that their mighty strokes so shrill,
 As the great clap of thunder, which doth riuic
 Therating heauens, and cloudes afunder driue.

So th'one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ships, from turning home againe
To *Argos*, th'other stroue for to defend
The force of *V L C A N E* with his might and maine.
Thus th'one *A E A C I D E* did his fame extend:
But th'other ioy'd, that on the *Phrygian* plain
Hauing the blood of vanquisht *H E C T O R* shed,
He compass *Troy* thrice with his body ded.

Againe great dole on either partie grewe,
That him to death vnfaithfull *P A R I S* sent;
And also him that fallie *V L Y S S E S* slewe,
Drawne into danger through close ambushment:
Therefore from him *L A E R T E S* sonne his yewe
Doth turne aside, and boasts his good euent
In working of *Strymonian Rhesus* fall,
And est in *Dolons* subtle surprisall.

Againe the dreadfull *Cyccons* him dismay,
And blacke *Lestrigones*, a people stout:
Then greedie *Scilla*, vnder whom there bay
Many great bandogs, which her gird about;
Then doe the *Aetnean Cyclops* him as fray,
And deepe *Charybdis* gulping in and out:
Lastly, the squalid lakes of *Tartarie*,
And grieftly Fiends of hell him terrifie.

There also goodly *A G A M E M N O N* boasts
The glorie of the stocke of *T A N T A L V S*,
And famous light of all the *Greekish* hosts,
Vnder whose conduct most victorious,
The *Doricke* flames consum'd the *Iliack* posts.
Ah! but the *Greekes* themselves more dolourous,
To thee, *O Troy*, paid penance for thy fall,
In th'*Hellefont* being nigh drowned all.

Well may appeare by prooffe of their mischance,
The changefull turning of mens slipperie state,
That none, whom fortune freely doth aduance,
Himselfe therefore to heauen should cleuate:
For lositie type of honour through the glance
Of enies dart, is downe in dust prostrate;
And all that vaunts in worldly vanitie,
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie.

Th' *Argolike* power returning home againe,
Enrich with spoiles of th'*Erichthonian* towne,
Did happie wind and weather entertaine;
And with good speed the fomic billowes scowre:
No signe of storme, no feare of future paine,
Which soone ensued them with heauie stowre.
Nereis to the Seas a token gaue,
The whiles their crooked keeles the furies claue.

Suddenly, whether through the Gods decree,
Or haplesse rising of some froward starre,
The heauens on euerie side enclouded bee:
Black stormies and fogs are blowne vp from farre,
That now the *Pylote* can no loadstarre see,
But skies and seas doe make most dreadfull warre;
The billow striding to the heauens to reach,
And th'heauens striding them for to impeach.

And in auengement of their bold attempt,
Both Sun and starres, and all the heauenly powres
Conspire in one to wreake their rash contempt,
And down on them to fall from highest towres:
The skie in peeces seeming to be rent,
Throwes lightning forth, & haile, & harmful showres,
That death on euerie side to them appeares
In thousand formes, to worke most ghastly feares.

Some in the greedy fouds are sunke and dreat,
Some on the rocks of *Caphareus* are throwne;
Some on th'*Euboick* Cliffs in peeces rent;
Some scattred on the *Hercean* shores vnknowne;
And many lost, of whom no moniment
Remaines, nor memorie is to be shoune:
Whilst all the purchase of the *Phrygian* pray
Toft on salt billowes, round about doth stray.

Heere many other like *Heroës* bee,
Equall in honour to the former cruce,
Whom ye in goodly seates may placed see,
Descended all from *Rome* by linage due,
From *Rome*, that holds the world in foueraigntie,
And doth all Nations vnto her subdue:
Heere *Fabij* and *Decij* doe dwell,
Horatij that in vertue did excell.

And here the antique fame of stout *C A M I L L*
Doth euer liue, and constant *C Y R T I V S*,
Who stify bent his vowed life to spill
For Countries health, a gulfe most hideous
Amidst the Towne with his owne corps did fill,
T'appeale the Powers; and prudent *M V T I V S*,
Who in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,
To daunt his foe by en'sample of the same.

And here wise *C Y R I V S*, his companion
Of noble vertues, liues in endless rest;
And stout *F L A M I N I V S*, whose deuotion
Taught him the fires scornd furie to detest;
And heere the praise of either *S C I P I O N*
Abides in highest place about the best,
To whom the ruind walls of *Carthage* vowd,
Trembling their forces, sound their praises lowd.

Liue they for euer through their lasting praise:
But I, poore wretch, am forced to retourne
To the sad lakes, that *P H O E B V S* sunny rayes
Doe neuer see, where foules doe alwaies mourne,
And by the wailing shores to waite my dayes,
Where *Phlegeton* with quenchelesse flames doth burne;
By which iust *M I N O S* righteous foules doth seuer
From wicked ones, to liue in blisse for euer.

Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell
Girt with long snakes, & thousand yron chaines,
Through doome of that their cruell Iudge, compell
With bitter torture and impatient paines,
Cause of my death, and iust complaint to tell,
For thou art he, whom my poore ghost complains
To be the Author of her ill vnares,
That carelesse hear't my intollerable cares.

VIRGILS GNAT.

Them therefore as bequeathing to the wind,
I now depart, returning to thee neuer,
And leaue this lamentable plaint behind.
But doe thou haunt the soft downe rolling riuer,
And wilde greene woods, and fruitfull pastures mind,
And let the sitting ayre my vaine words feuer,
Thus hauing said, he heauily departed
With pitirious cry, that any would haue finarted.

Now, when the slothfull fit of lifes sweet rest
Had left the heauey Shepheard, wondrous cares
His inly grieved minde full sore opprest;
That balefull sorrow he no longer beares,
For that GNATs death, which deeply was imprest:
But bends what-euer power his aged yeceres
Him lent, yet beeing such, as through their might
He lately flue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that same Riuer lurking vnder greene,
Eftsoones he gins to fashion forth a place;
And squaring it in compasse well beleene,
There plotteth out a tombe by measured space:
His yron headed spade tho making cleene,
To dig vp tods out of the flowne grasse,
His worke he shortly to good purpose brought,
Like as he had conceiud it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded vp on hie,
Enclosing it with banks on euerie side,
And thereupon did raise full busily
A little Mount, of greene turfs edifice:
And on the top of all, that passers by

Might it behold, the tombe he did prouide
Of immotheft Marble-stone in order set,
That neuer might his luckie scape forget.

And round about he taught sweet flowres to grow;
The Rose engrained in pure scarlet die,
The Lilly fresh, and Violet belowe,
The Marigold, and cheerfull Rosemarie,
The *Spartan* Myrtle, whence sweet gum does flowe,
The purple Hyacinth, and fresh Costmarie,
And Saffron sought for in *Cilician* soyle,
And Laurell th'ornament of P H O E B V S toyle.

Fresh *Rhododaphne*, and the *Sabine* flowre
Matching the wealth of th'ancient Frankincence,
And pallid Iuie building his owne bowre,
And Box yet mindfull of his old offence,
Red *Amaranthus*, lucklesse Paramour,
Ox-eye still green, and bitter Patience;
Ne wants there pale *Narcisse*, that in a well
Seeing his beautie, in loue with it fell:

And whatsoever other flowre of worth,
And whatso other herb of loudly hew
The ioyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
To clothe her selfe in colours fresh and new;
He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
In whose high front was writ as doth ensue.

*To thee, small GNAT, in lieu of his life saued,
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraued.*
FINIS.



The first part of the document
 discusses the various aspects of
 the project and the progress
 made to date. It is hoped that
 the information provided here
 will be of interest to all
 concerned. The following table
 shows the results of the
 experiments conducted over
 a period of six months. The
 data indicates a significant
 improvement in the overall
 efficiency of the process.

APPENDIX





THE RUINES OF ROME:

BY *BELLAY.*

I

YE heavenly Spirits, whose ashie cinders lie
Vnder deepe ruines, with huge walls opprest,
But not your praise, the which shall neuer die
Through your faire vertes, ne in ashes rest;
If so be strilling voyce of wight alieue,
May reach from hence to depth of darkest hell,
Then let those deepe Abysses open riue,
That ye may vnderstand my striking yell.
Thrice hauing seene vnder the heavens veale
Your tombs deuoted compass ouer all,
Thrice vnto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie heere doc call,
The whiles that I with sacred horror sing
Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing.

2

Great **BABYLON** her haughtie walls will praise,
And sharped steeples high shot vp in ayre;
Greece will the old *Ephesian* buildings blaze;
And *Nylus* nurilings their *Pyramides* faire;
The same yet vaunting *Greece* will tell the storie
Of **IOVES** great Image in *Olympus* placed,
MAVSOLVS worke will be the *Carians* glorie,
And *Crete* will boast the *Labyrinth*, now rased;
The antique *Rhodian* will likewise set forth
The great *Colosse*, erect to *Memorie*;
And what else in the world is of like worth,

Some greater learned wit will magnifie,
But I will sing about all monuments
Seuen *Romane Hills*, the worlds seuen wonderments.

3

Thou stranger, which for *Rome* in *Rome* her seekest,
And nought of *Rome* in *Rome* perceiuest at all,
These same old walls, olde arches, which thou seekest,
Olde *Palaces*, is that, which *Rome* men call.
Behold what wreake, what ruine, and what wast,
And how that she, which with her mighty powre
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd her selfe at last,
The pray of time, which all things doth deuowre.
Rome now of *Rome* is th'onely funerall,
And onely *Rome*, of *Rome* hath victorie;
Ne ought saue *Tyber*, halstning to his fall
Remaines of all: O worlds inconstancie!
That which is firme, doth sit and fall away,
And that is fitting, doth abide and stay.

4

See, whose high top about the starres did fore,
One foote on *TERTIS*, th'other on the *Morning*,
One hand on *Scythia*, th'other on the *More*,
Both heauen and earth in roundness compassing,
I o v s fearing, least if shee should greater grow,
The *Giants* old should once againe vprise,

K 3.

Her

The Ruines of Rome: by *Bellay*.

Her whelmd with hills, these 7. hills, which be now
Tombs of her greatnes, which did threat the skies:

Vpon her head he heapt Mount *Saturnall*,
Vpon her belly th' antique *Palatine*,
Vpon her stomach laid Mount *Quirinall*,
On her left hand the noysome *Esquiline*,
And *Celian* on the right; but both her feet,
Mount *Viminal* and *Auentine* doe meet.

5

Who lists to see, what-euer Nature, Art,
And Heauen could doe, *o Rome*, thee let him see,
In case thy greatnes he can ghesse in hart,
By that which but the picture is of thee.

Rome is no more: but if the shade of *Rome*
May of the body yeeld a seeming sight,
Its like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe
By Magick skill out of eternall night:

The corps of *Rome* in ashes is entomb'd,
And her great spirit reioyned to the spirit
Of this great masse, is in the same cōwomb'd;
But her braue writings, which her famous merite
In spite of time, out of the dust doth reare,
Doe make her Idol through the world appeare.

6

Such as the *Berecynthian* Goddesse bright
In her swift charret, with high turrets crowd,
Proud that so many Gods she brought to light;
Such was this Citie in her good dayes found:

This Citie, more then that great *Phrygian* mother,
Renowd for fruite of famous progenie,
Whose greatnes, by the greatnes of none other,
But by her selfe her equall match could see:

Rome onely might to *Rome* compared bee,
And onely *Rome* could make great *Rome* to tremble:
So did the Gods by heauenly dooime decree,
That other earthly power should not resemble

Her that did match the whole earths puissaunce,
And did her courage to the heaueus aduance.

7

Ye sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights;
Which onely doe the name of *Rome* retaine,
Old moiments, which of so famous sprights
The honour yet in ashes doe maintaine:

Triumphat Arks, spyres neighbours to theskie,
That you to see doth th' heauen it selfe appall,
Alas, by little ye to nothing flie,
The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all:

And though your frames doe for a time make warre
Gainst time, yet time in time shall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your last reliques marre.
My sud desires, rest therefore moderate:

For if that time make end of things so sure,
It als will end the paine which I endure.

8

Through armes and vassalls *Rome* the world subdu'd,
That one would weene, that one sole Citie strength
Both land and sea in roundnes had surwe'd,
To be the measure of her bredth and length:

This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was
Of vertuous nephews, that posteritie
Striuing in power their grandfathers to passe,
The lowest earth ioyn'd to the heauen hie;
To th' end that hauing all parts in their powre,
Nought from the Romane Empire might be quight,
And that though time doth Common-wealths deuoure,
Yet no time should so lowe embasse their hight,

That her head earth'd in her foundation deepe,
Should not her name and endlets honour keepe.

9

Ye cruell starres, and eke ye Gods vnkind,
Heauen enuious, and bitter stepdame Nature,
Be it by fortune, or by course of kind
That ye do wield th' affaires of earthly creature;

Why haue your hands long sithence traueled
To frame this world that doth endure so long?
Or why were not these Romane palaces
Made of some matter no lesse firme & strong?

I say not, as the common voice doth say,
That all things which beneath the Moone haue being,
Are temporall, and subiect to decay:

But I say rather, though not all agreeing
With some, that weene the contrarie in thought;
That all this whole shall one day come to nought.

IO

As that braue sonne of *Aeson*, which by charmes
Atch'd the golden Fleece in *Colchid* land,
Out of the earth engendred men of armes
Of Dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand;

So this braue Towne, that in her youthly daies
An Hydra was of warriours glorious,
Did fill with her renowned nourlings praise
The fire sunnes both one and other house:

But they at last, there being then not liuing
An *Hercules*, so ranke seed to repress;
Emongst themselues with cruell furie striuing,
Mow'd down themselues with slaughter mercieles;

Renewing in themselues that rage vnkind,
Which whulom did those earth-borne brethren blind.

II

MAR S, shaming to haue giuen so great head
To his off-spring, that mortall puissaunce
Pufft vp with pride of Romane hardie head,
Seemd about heaueus powre it selfe to aduance:

Cooling againe his former kindled heat;
With which he had those Romane spirits filld,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath,

Into

The Ruines of Rome: by *Bellay.*

Into the Gothlike cold hot rage inthild:

Then gan that Nation, th'earths new Giants brood,
To dart abroad the thunder-bolts of warre,
And beating downe these walls with furious mood
Into her mothers bolome, all did marre;

To th'end that none, all were it I o v e his fire
Should boast himselfe of the Romane Empire.

12

Like as whilome the children of the earth
Heapt hills on hills, to scale the starrie skie,
And fight against the Gods of heauenly berth,
Whiles I o v e at them his thunder-bolts let flie;

All suddenly with lightning ouerthrowne,
The furious squadrons downe to ground did fall,
That th'earth vnder her childrens weight did grone,
And th'heavens in glorie triumpht ouer all:

So did that haughtie front which heaped was
On these seuen Romane hills, it selfe vpeare
Ouer the world, and lift her loftie face
Against the heauen, that gan her force to feare.

But now the scorned fields bemoane her fall,
And Gods secure feare not her force at all.

13

Nor the swift furie of the flames aspiring,
Nor the deepe wounds of Victors raging blade,
Nor ruthlesse spoyle of souldiers blood-desiring,
The which so of thee (*Rome*) their conquest made;

Ne stroke on stroke of torture variable,
Ne rust of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of Gods, nor spight of men vstable,
Nor thou oppold against thine owne puissance;
Nor th'horrible vpror of windes high blowing,
Nor swelling streames of that God snakie-paced,
Which hath so often with his ouerflowing
Thee drenched, haue thy pride so much abaeed;

But that this nothing, which they haue thee left,
Makes the world wonder, what they from thee rest.

14

As men in Summer fearlesse passe the foord,
Which is in Winter Lord of all the plaine,
And with his tumbling streames doth beare aboard
The ploughmans hope, and shepherds labour vaine:

And as the coward beasts vse to despise
The noble Lion after his liues end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foole-hardise
Daring the foe, that cannot him defend:

And as at *Troy* most dastards of the Greekes
Did braue about the corps of *Hector* cold;
So those which whilome wont with pallid cheeks
The Romane triumphs glory to behold,

Now on these aethie tombes shew boldnes vaine:
And conquerd dare the Conquerour disdain.

15

Ye pallid spirits, and ye aethie ghosts,
Which ioying in the brightnes of your daye

Brought forth those signes of your presumptuous
Which now their dusty reliques doe bewray; (boasts

Tell me ye spirits (sith the darksome ruer
Of *Styx*, not passable to soules returning,
Enclosing you in thrice three wards for euer,
Doe not retraine your images still mourning)

Tell me then (for perhaps some one of you
Yet heere about him secretly doth hide)
Doe ye not feele your torments to accrew,
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of these old *Romane* workes built with your hands,
Now to becom nought elie, but heaped sands?

16

Like as yee see the wrathfull sea from faire,
In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noyle,
Estfoones of thousand billowes shouldred narre,
Against a Rock to breake with dreadful poyle:

Like as yee see fell *Boreas* with sharpe blast,
Tossing huge tempest through the troubled sky,
Estfoones hauing his wide wings spent in wast,
To stop his wearie cariere suddenly:

And as yee see huge flames spred diuerslie,
Gatherd in one vp to the heauens to spire,
Estfoones consumd to fall downe feebly:
So wholom did this Monarchie aspire

As waues, as wind, as fire spred ouer all,
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

17

So long as *Iovs* great Bird did make his flight,
Bearing the fire with which heauen doth vs fray,
Heauen had not feare of that presumptuous might,
With which the Giants did the Gods assay.

But all so soone, as scorching *Sunne* had brent
His wings, which wont the earth to ouerspred,
The earth out of her massie wombe forth sent
That antique horror, which made heauen adred.

Then was the Germane *Rauen* in disguise
That *Romane Eagle* seene to cleaue afunder,
And towards heauen freshly to arise
Out of these mountains, now consumd to powder.

In which the foule that serues to beare the lightning,
Is now no more seene flying, nor alighting.

18

These heapes of stones, these old wals which yee see,
Were first enclosures but of saluage soyle;
And these braue Palaces which maistr'd bee
Of time, were shepherds cottages somewhile.

Then tooke the shepherds Kingly ornament,
And the stout hynd armd his right hand with Steele:
Estfoones their rule of yeerely Presidents
Grew great, and sixe months greater a great deale;

Which made perpetuall, rose to so great might,
That thence th'Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,
Till th'heauen it selfe opposing against her might,

The Ruines of Rome: by *Bellay.*

Her power to PETERS successor betooke:
Who Shepheard-like (as Fates the fame forcing)
Doth shew, that all things tume to their first beeing.

19

All that is perfect, which th'heauen beautifies;
All that's imperfect, borne below the Moone;
All that doth feed our spirits and our eyes;
And all that doth consume our pleasures soone;
All the mishap, the which our daies outweares,
All the good hap of th'oldest times afore,
Rome in the time of her great ancestors,
Like a PANDORA, locked long in store.

But destinie this huge *Chaos* turmoyling,
In which all good and euill was enclosed,
Their heavenly vertues from these woes assoyling,
Caried to heauen, from stinfull bondage losed:
But their great sinnes, the causers of their paine,
Vnder these antique ruines yet remaine.

20

No otherwise then rainie cloud, first fed,
With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,
Etsi soones in compass arch, to steepe his hed,
Doth plunge himselte in TETRYS bosome faire;
And mounting vp againe, from whence he came,
With his great belly spreads the ditimed world,
Till at the last dissolving his moist frame,
In raine, or snowe, or haile he forth is hord;

This Citie, which was first but Shepheards shade,
Vprising by degrees, grew to such height,
That Queene of land and sea her selfe she made.
At last not able to beare so great weight,
Her power disperst, through all the world did vade:
To shew that all in th'end to nought shall fade.

21

The same which PYRRHVS, and the puissance
Of *Africk* could not tame, that same braue Citie,
Which with stout courage armd against mischaunce,
Sustained the shock of common enmitie;

Long as her ship tost with so many freakes,
Had all the world in armes against her bent,
Was neuer scene, that any fortunes wreakes
Could breake her course begun with braue intent.

But when the obiect of her vertue failed,
Her power it selfe against it selfe did arme:
As he that having long in tempest failed,
Faine would arise, but cannot for the storme,
If too great wind against the port him driue,
Doth in the port it selfe his vessell riuie.

22

When that braue honour of the Latine name,
Which mead' her rule with *Africa* and *Bryce*,

With *Thames* inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which see the dawning day arise;
Her nourslings did with mutinous wpror
Harten against her selfe, her conquer spoile,
Which she had wonne from all the world afore,
Of all the world was spoyled within a while.

So when the compact course of th'vniuersie
In sixe and thirtie thousand yeares is runne,
The bands of th'elements shall backe reuerse
To their first discord, and be quite vndonne:
The feedes, of which all things at first were bred,
Shall in great *Chaos* wombe againe be hid.

23

Ouarie wisdom of the man, that would
That *Carthage* towres from spoile should be forborne;
To th'end that his victorious people should
With cankring leisure not be ouerworne;
He well foresawe, how that the Romane courage,
Impatient of pleasures faint desires,
Through idlenes would tume to ciuill rage,
And be her selfe the matter of her fires.

For in a people giuen all to care,
Ambition is engendred easly;
As in a vicious body, grosse disease
Soone growes through humours superfluitie.
That came to passe, when swolne with plenties pride,
Nor Prince, nor Peere, nor kin they would abide.

24

If the blind furie, which warres breedeth oft,
Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equall beasts,
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
Or armed be with claws, or scalic creasts;
What fell *ERANNIS* with hot burning tongs,
Did grype your hearts, with noysome rage imbrow'd,
That each to other working cruell wrongs,
Your blades in your own bowels you embrow'd?

Was this (ye *Romanes*) your hard destinie?
Or some old sinne, whose vnappeased guilt
Powd vengeance forth on you eternally?
Or brothers blood, the which at first was spilt
Vpon your walles, that God might not endure,
Vpon the same to set foundation sure?

25

O that I had the *Thracian* Poets harpe,
For to awake out of th'infernall shade
Those antique *CAESARS*, sleeping long in darke,
The which this auncient Citie whilome made:

O that I had *AMPHIONS* instrument,
To quicken with his vitall notes accord,
The stonie ioynts of these old walls now rent,
By which th'*Ausonian* light might be reford:
Or that at least I could with pensill fine,
Fashion the pourtraicts of these Palaces;

The Ruines of Rome: by *Bellay.*

By paterne of great *VIRGIL'S* spirit diuine;
I would assay with that which in me is,
To build with leuell of my lotic stile,
That which no hands can euermore compile.

26

Who list the *Romane* greatnes forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seeke for vsage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or square, to measure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight:
But him behooues to view in compasse round
All that the *Ocean* graspes in his long armes;
Be it where th'yeerely starre doth scorch the ground,
Or where cold *BOREAS* blowes his bitter stormes.
Rome was th' whole world, & all the world was *Rome*.
And if things nam'd their names doe equalize,
When land and sea ye name, then name ye *Rome*;
And naming *Rome*, ye land and sea comprize:
For th' auncient Plot of *Rome*, displayed plaine,
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

27

Thou that at *Rome's* stonish't doost behold
The antique pride, which menaced the skie,
These haughtie heapes, these palaces of old,
These wals, these arks, these baths, these temples hie;
Iudge by these ample ruines view, the rest
The which iniurious time hath quite outworne,
Since of all workmen held in reckning best,
Yet these old fragments are for patternes borne:
Then also marke, how *Rome* from day to day,
Repayring her decayed fashion,
Renewes herselfe with buildings rich and gay;
That one would iudge, that the *Romaine Demon*
Doth yet himselfe with fatall hand enforce,
Agaîne on foote to reare her pouldred corse.

28

Hee that hath seene a great Oake dry and dead,
Yet clad with reliques of some *Trophees* old,
Lifting to heauen her aged hoarie head,
Whose foote on ground hath left but feeble hold;
But halfe disbowed lies aboue the ground,
Shewing her wreathed rootes and naked armes,
And on her trunk all rotten and vnfound,
Onely supports herselfe for meat of wormes;
And though she owe her fall to the first wind,
Yet of the deuout people is ador'd,
And many yong plants spring out of her riad:
Who such an Oake hath leene, let him record
That such this *Cities* honour was of yore,
And mongst all *Cities* flourish'd much more.

29

All that which *Egypt* whilome did deuise,
All that which *Greece* their temples to embrauce,

After th' Ionick, Attick, Dorick guise,
Or *Corinth*, skild in curious works to graue;
All that *LYSPYVS* practike arte could forme,
APELLES wit, or *PHIDIAS* his skill,
Was wont this auncient *Citie* to adorne,
And heauen it selfe with her wide wonders fill.
All that which *Athens* euer brought forth wise,
All that which *Africk* euer brought forth strange,
All that which *Asie* euer had of prise,
Was hers to see. O meruaious great change!
Rome, liuing, was the worlds sole ornament,
And dead, is now the worlds sole monument.

30

Like as the seeded field Greene grasse first shewes,
Then from Greene grasse into a stalke doth spring,
And from a stalke into an eare forth growes,
Which eare the fruitfull graine doth shortly bring;
And as in featon due the husband mowes
The waung locks of those faire yellow heares,
Which bound in sheaves, and layd in comly towes,
Vpon the naked fields in stacks he reares:
So grew the *Romane* Empire by degree,
Till th' Barbarian hands it quite did spill,
And left of it but these old markes to see,
Of which all passers by doe somewhat pill:
As they which glean, the reliques vse to gather,
Which th' husbandman behind him ehanit to leater.

31

That same is now meruaious but a champaign wide,
Where all this worlas pride once was situate.
No blame to thee, whose euer doost abide
By *Nyle*, or *Gange*, or *Tygre* or *Euphrate*:
Ne *Africk* thereof guiltie is, nor *Spayne*,
Nor the bo'd people by the *Thamis* rinks,
Nor the braue warlike broode of *Alemaine*,
Nor the borne soul'diour which *Rhine* running drinks:
Thou onely cause, O *Ciuill* fure art,
Which sowing in th' *Aemathian* fields thy spight,
Didst arme thy hand against thy proper hart;
To th' end that when thou wast in greatest hight
To greatnes growne, through long prosperitie,
Thou then adowne might'st fall more horribly.

32

Hope ye my verses that posteritie
Of age ensuing shall you euer read?
Hope ye that euer immortalitie
So meane Harpes work may chalenge for her meed?
If vnder heauen any endurance were,
These monuments, which not in paper writ,
But in *Porphyre* and *Marble* doe appeare,
Might well haue hop't to haue obtained it,
Nath'lesse my Lute, who *PHOEBVS* deign'd to giue,
Cease

The Ruines of Rome: by *Bellay*.

Cease not to fownd these old antiquities:
For if that time doe let thy glory liue,
Well maist thou boast, how euer base thou be,
That thou art first, which of thy Nation song
Th'oldc honour of the people gowned long.

L' Envoy.

¶ *BELLAY*, first garland of free Poësie
That *France* brought forth, though fruitfull of braue
Well worthy thou of immortalitie, (wits,

That long hast traueled by thy learned writs,
Old *Rome* out of her ashes to reuiue,
And giue a second life to dead decayes:
Needs must he all eternitie suruiue,
That can to other giue eternall dayes.
Thy dayes therefore are endless, and thy praise
Excelling all, that euer went before:
And after thee, gins *BARTAS* hie to raise
His heavenly Muse, th'Almightie to adore,
Liue happy spirits, th'honour of your name,
Aod fill the world with neuer-dying fame.

FINIS.

MVIO.





M V I O P O T M O S,

O R

THE FATE OF
THE BUTTERFLY.

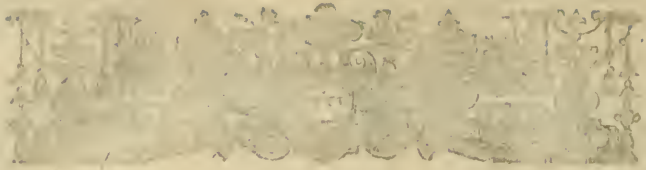
By *Edmunde Spenser.*

Dedicated to the most faire and vertuous Lady,
the Ladie CAREY.



Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*

1611.



MADRID BOTANICAL

OR

THE FATE OF
THE BATTERY

By Edmund Spenser.

Dedicated to the most fair and virtuous Lady
the Lady CARY.



Printed by H. L. for Matthew Bower.

1611.



TO THE RIGHT WORTHY
and vertuous Ladie ; the Lady
Carey.



Oft braue and bountifull Lady, for so excellent fauours as I haue receiued at your sweet hands, to offer these fewe leaues as in recompence, should bee as to offer flowers to the Gods for their diuine benefites. Therefore I haue determined to giue my selfe whollie to you, as quite abandoned from my selfe, and absolutely vowed to your seruices: vvhich in all right is euer held for full recompence of debt or damage, to haue the person yeilded. My person I wot well how little worth it is. But the faithfull mind and humble zeale which I beare vnto your Ladiship, may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and vse the poore seruice thereof; which taketh glory to aduance your excellent parts and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in honouring you: not so much for your great bountie to my selfe, which yet may not be vnminded, nor for name or kindred sake by you vouchsafed, being also regardable; as for that honourable name, which ye haue by your braue deserts purchast to your selfe, and spred in the mouthes of all men: vvith which I haue also presumed to grace my verses, and vnder your Name, to commend to the world this small Poëme. The which beseeching your Ladiship to take in worth, & of all things therein according to your wanted graciousnes

to make a milde construction, I humbly
pray for your happinesse.

(* * *)

Your La: ener humbly;

Ed. Sp.

L

MVIO-



MVIOPOTMOS:

O R

The Fate of the Butterflie.

I Sing of deadly dolorous debate,
 Stirr'd vp through wrathfull N E M E S I S despight;
 Betwixt two mighty ones of great estate,
 Drawne into armes, and proofe of mortall fight,
 Through proud ambition, and hart-swelling hate,
 Whilst neither could the others greater might
 Aad (deignfull scorn endure; that from small iarre
 Their wraths at length broke into open warre,

The roote whereof and tragick effect,
 Vouchsafe, o thou the mournfullit Muse of nine;
 That wont'st the tragick stage for to direct,
 In funerall complaints and wailefull tine;
 Reueale to me, and all the meanes detect,
 Through which sad CLARION did at last decline
 To lowest wretchednes; And is there then
 Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of siluer-winged Flies
 Which doe possesse the Empire of the ayre,
 Betwixt the centred earth, and azure skies,
 Was none more fauourable, nor more faire;
 Whilst heauen did fauour his felicities;
 Then CLARION, the eldest sonne and heire
 Of MVS CAROLL, and in his fathers sight
 Of all aliue did seeme the fairest wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed
 Of future good, which his young toward yeares,
 Full of braue courage and bold hardyhed
 About th' ensample of his equall Peares,
 Did largely promise, and to him fore-red;
 (Whilst oft his hart did melt in tendertearcs)
 That he in time would sire proue such an one,
 As should be worthy of his fathers throne.

The fresh young Fly, in whom the kindly fire
 Of lustfull youth began to kindle fast,
 Did much disdain to subiect his desire
 To lothsome sloth; or houres in ease to wast,
 But ioy'd to range abroad in fresh attire;
 Through the wide compas of the ayrie coast,
 And with vnwearer wings each part r'inquire
 Of the wide rule of his renowned sire.

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
 That from his lower tract he dar'd to stie
 Vp to the cloudes; and thence with pineons light;
 To mount aloft vnto the crytall skie,
 To view the workmanship of heauens hight:
 Whence downe descending he along would flie
 Vpon the streaming riuers, sport to find;
 And oft would dare to tempt the troublous wind.

So, on a Summers day, when season milde
 With gentle calme the world had quieted,
 And high in heauen HYPERION'S childe
 Ascending, did his beames abroad disspred,
 Whiles all the heauens on lower creatures smilde;
 Young CLARION with vauntfull lustedhed,
 After his guise did cast abroad to fare;
 And thereto gan his furnitures prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure;
 Before his noble hart he firmly bound,
 That mought his life from iron death assure,
 And ward his gentle corps from cruell wound:
 For it by arte was fram'd, to endure
 The bit of balefull steele and bitter stownd,
 No lesse then that which V L C A N E made to shield
 A C H I L L E S life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
 An haire hide of some wilde beast, whom hee
 In saluage Forrest by aduenture slew,
 And reit the spoyle his ornament to bee:
 Which spreading all his back with dreadfull view,
 Made all that him so horrible did see,
 Thinke him A L C I D E S with the Lyons skin,
 When the *Nemean* conquest he did win.

Vpon his head his glistering Burganet,
 The which was wrought by wonderous deuise,
 And curiously engrauen, he did set:
 The metall was of rare and passing price;
 Not Bilbo steele, nor brasse from Corinth fet,
 Nor costly *Oricalche* from strange *Phanice*;
 But such as could both P H O E B V S arrowes ward,
 And th'ailing darts of heauen beating hard.

Thercin two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either side,
Like two sharpe speares, his enemies to gore:
Like as a warlike Brigandine, applyde
To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore,
The engines which in them (ad death doe hyde:
So did this flie out-stretch his fearefull hornes,
Yet so as him their terrour more adorne.

Lastly, his shinie wings as siluer bright,
Painted with thousand colours, passing farre
All Painters skill, he did about him dight:
Not halfe so many sundry colours are
In I R I S bowe, ne heauen doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with many a twinkling starre,
Nor I V N O S Bird in her eye-spotted traine
So many goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken)
The Archer God, the sonne of C Y T H E R E E,
That ioyes on wretched louers to be wroken,
And heaped spoiles of bleeding harts to see,
Bears in her wings so many a changefull token.
Ah my liege Lord, forgiue it vnto mee,
If ought against thine honour I haue told,
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a Lady faire, in Court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly enuide,
And wisht that two such fannes, so silken soft,
And golden faire, her Loue would her prouide,
Or that when them the gorgeous flie had doft,
Some one that would with grace be grauid,
From him would steale them priuily away,
And bring to her so precious a pray.

Report is that dame V E N V S on a day,
In spring when flowres doe clothe the fruitfull ground,
Walking abroad with all her Nymphes to play,
Bad her faire damzels flocking her around,
To gather flowres, her forehead to array:
Emongst the rest a gentle Nymph was found,
Hight A S T E R Y, excellling all the crewe
In courteous vsage, and vntained hewe.

Who becing nimbler ioynted then the rest,
And more industrious, gathered more store
Of the fields honour, than the others best;
Which they in secret harts enuying sore,
Told V E N V S, when her as the worthiest
She praidd, that C Y P R I D (as they heard before)
Did lend her secret ayde, in gathering
Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereof the Goddesse gathering ialous feare,
Not yet vnmindfull, how not long agoe
Her sonne to P S Y C H E secret loue did beare,
And long it close conceald, till mickle wee
Thereof arose, and many a rusfull teare;
Reason with sudden rage did ouergoe,
And giuing hastie credit to th'acuser,
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Etsoones that Damzell by her heauenly might,
Shee turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide ayre to make her wandring flight;
And all those flowres, with which so plentifully
Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
Shee placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the fresh C L A R I O N beeing readie dight,
Vnto his iourney did himselfe addressse,
And with good speed began to take his flight:
Ouer the fields in his franke lustnesse,
And all the champaine o're he soared light,
And all the country wide he did possesse,
Feeding vpon their pleasures bountionflie,
That none gainesaid, nor none did him enuie.

The woods, the riuers, and the meadowes Greene,
With his ayre-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leaue the mountaines bare vnscene,
Nor the ranke grassie feennes delights vntide.
But none of these, how euer sweet they beene,
Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t'abide:
His choicfull sence with euery change doth sit,
No common things may please a wandring wit.

To the gay gardens his vnstaid desire
Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights:
There lauih Nature in her best attire,
Poures forth sweet odors, & alluring sights;
And Art with her contending, doth aspire,
T'excell the naturall, with made delights:
And all that faire or pleasaunt may be found,
In riotous excesse doth there abound.

There he arriuing, round about doth sic,
From hed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes suruey with curious busie eye,
Of euerie flowre and herbe there set in order;
Now this, now that he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feete their silken leaues deface;
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And euermore with most varietie,
And change of sweetnesse (for all change is sweet)
He casts his glutton sence to satisfie,
Now sucking of the sap of herbes most meet,
Or of the dew, which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feete:
And then he percheth on some branch thereby,
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,
To spoyle the pleasures of that Paradise:
The wholsome Salge, and Lauender still gray,
Ranke smelling Rue, and Cummin good for eyes,
The Roses reigning in the pride of May,
Sharpe Ilope, good for Greene wound: remedies,
Fair Marigolds, and Bees alluring Thyme,
Sweet Marioram, and Dayssies decking prime.

Coolle Violets, and Orpine growing still,
Embathed Balme, and cheertull Galingale,
Fresh Costmarie, and breathfull Camomill,
Dull Poppy, and drinck-quickning Setuale,
Veine-healing Veruen, and head-purging Dill,
Sound Sauorie, and Bazill hartie-hale,
Fat Colworts, and comforting Pericline,
Cold Lettuce, and refreshing Rofmarine.

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
Grew in this Garden, fetcht from farre away,
Of euerie one he takes, and tastes at will,
And on their pleasures greedily doth pray.
Then when he hath both plaid, and fea'd his fill,
In the warme Sunne he doth humtselfe embay,
And there him rests in riotous suffaunce
Of all his gl'adfulnes, and kingly ioyauoce.

What more felicitie can fall to creature,
Then to enjoy delight with liberty,
And to be Lord of all the works of Nature,
To raine in th'aire from earth to highest sky,
To feed on flowers, and weeds of glorious feature,
To take what euer thing doth please the eye?
Who rests not pleased with such happines,
Well worthy he to taste of wretchednes.

But what on earth can long abide in state?
Or who can him assure of happy day:
Sith morning faire may bring foule euening late,
And least mishap the most blisse alter may?
For thousand perills lie in clofe awate
About vs dailie, to worke our decay;
That none, except a God, or God him guide,
May them auoyde, or remedy prouide.

And whatso heauens in their secret doome
Ordained haue, how can fraile fleshy wight
Fore-cast, but it must needs to issue come?
The sea, the ayre, the fire, the day, the night,
And th'armies of their creatures all and some
Doe setue to them, and with importune might
Warre against vs the vassals of their will.
Who then can saue, what they dispose to spill?

Not thou, O CLARION, though fairest thou
Of all thy kinde, vnhappy happy Flic,
Whose cruell fate is wouen euen now
Of LOVES owne hand, to worke thy miserie:
Ne may thee helpe the many hartie vow,
Which thy olde Sire with sacred pietie
Hath powred forth for thee, and th'altars sprent:
Nought may thee saue from heauens auengement.

It fortun'd (as heauens had beight)
That in this garden, where yong CLARION
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight
The foe of faire things, th'author of confusion,
The shame of Nature, the bondslau of spight,
Had lately built his hateful mansion,
And lurking closely, in awate now lay,
How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he spide the ioyous Butterflie
In this faire plot displacing to and fro,
Fearelesse of foes and hidden icopardie,
Lord how he gan for to bestirre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part apply!
His hart did yerne against his hated foe,
And bowels so with rankling payson sweld,
That scarce the skin the strong contagion held.

The cause why he this Flie so maliced,
Was (as in stories it is written found)
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The most fine-fingred workwoman on ground,
ARACHNE, by his meanes was vanquished
Of PALLAS, and in her owne skill confound,
When she with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her shame, and sorrow neuer ended.

For the Tritonian Goddesse hauing hard
Her blazed fame, which all the world had filld,
Came downe to proue the truth, and due reward
For her praise-worthy workmanship to yield:
But the presumptuous Damzell rashly dar'd
The Goddesse selfe to challenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

MINERVA did the challenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make:
So to their worke they sit, and each doth chuse
What storie the will for her tapet take.
ARACHNE figur'd how IOVE did abuse
EVROPA like a Bull, and on his back
Her through the Sea did beare; so liuely scene,
That it true Sea, and true Bull ye would weene.

Shee seem'd still backe vnto the laod to looke,
And her play-fellowes ayde to call, and feare
The dashing of the waues, that vp she tooke
Her daintie feet, and garments gathered neare:
But (Lord) how she in euerie member shooke,
When as the land she saw no more appeare,
But a wilde wilderness of waters deepe:
Then gan she greatly to lament and weepe.

Before the Bull she pictur'd winged Loue,
With his young brother Spirt, light fluttering
Vpon the waues, as each had been a Doue:
The one his bowe and shafts, the other spring
A burning Teade about his head did moue,
As in their Sires new loue both triumphing:
And many Nymphes about them flocking round,
And many Tritons, which their hornes did found.

And round about, her worke she did empale
With a faire border wrought of sundry flowres,
Enwouen with an Iuic-winding trayle:
A goodly worke, full fit for Kingly bowres,
Such as Dame PALLAS, such as Enuie pale,
That all good things with venomous tooth detoures,
Could not accuse. Then gan the Goddesse bright
Her selfe likewise vnto her work to dight.

She made the storie of the old debate,
Which she with *NEPTVNE* did for *Ashens* try:
Twelue Gods doe sit around in royall state,
And *IOVE* in midst with awfull Maieftie,
To iudge the strife between them stirred late:
Each of the Gods by his like visnomie
Eathe to be knowne; but *IOVA* aboute them all,
By his great lookes and power Imperiall.

Before them stands the God of Seas in place,
Clayming that sea-coast Citie as his right,
And strikes the rocks with his three-forked mace;
Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in fight,
The signe by which he challengeth the place;
That all the Gods, which saw his wondrous might,
Did surely deeme the victorie his due:
But feldome seene, foreiudgement proueth true.

Then to herselfe she giues her *Aegide* shield,
And steel-head speare, and morion on her hedd,
Such as the oft is seene in warlike field:
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dredd
Shee smore the ground, the which streight forth did
A fruitfull Olyue tree, with berries spread, (yield
That all the Gods admir'd; then all the storie
Shee compass with a wreath of Olyues hoarie.

Emongst those leaues she made a Butterflie
With excellent deuce and wondrous sight,
Fluttering among the Olyues wantonly,
That seem'd to liue, so like it was in sight:
The veluet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken doune with which his backe is dight,
His broad outstretched hoines, his ayrie thies,
His glorious colours, and his glittering eyes.

Which when *ARACHNE* saw, as ouerlaid,
And mastered with workmanship so rare,
She stood astonied long, ne ought gaine said,
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,
And by her silence, signe of one dismayd,
The victorie did yeeld her as her share:
Yet did she inly fret, and felly burne,
And all her bloud to poysonous rancor turne.

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,
Such as she was when *PALLAS* she attempted,
She grew to hideous shape of drynhed,
Pined with grieffe of folly late repented:
Estfoones her white streight legges were altered
To crooked crawling shanks, of marrowe emptied,
And her faire face to foule and loathsome hewe,
And her fine corpes to a bag of venim grewe.

This cursed creature, mindfull of that olde
Enstedd grudge, the which his mother felt,
So soone as *CLARION* he did behold,
His hart with vengefull malice inly swelt;
And weauing straight a net with manie a fold
About the caue, in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine small cords about it stretchd wide,
So finely sponne, that scarce they could be spide.

Nor any damzell, which her vaunteth most
In skilfull knitting of soft silken twine;
Nor any weauer, which his worke doth boast
In diaper, in damaske, or in lyne;
Nor any skild in workmanship embost;
Nor any skild in loupes of fingring fine,
Might in their diuers cunning cuer dare,
With this so curious net-worke to compare.

Ne doe I thinke, that that same subtil gin,
The which the *Lemnian* God framde craftily,
MARS sleeping with his wife to compasse in,
That all the Gods with common mockerie
Might laugh at them, and scorne their shamefull sin,
Was like to this. This fame he did apply,
For to entrap the carelesse *CLARION*,
That rang'd each where without suspition.

Suspicion of friend, nor feare of foe,
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walkt at will, and wandred to and fro,
In the pride of his freedome principall:
Little wist he his fatall future woe,
But was secure, the liker he to fall.
He likest is to fall into mischaunce,
That is regardles of his gouernance.

Yet still *ARAGNOLE* (so his foe was hight)
Lay lurking courtly him to surprize,
And all his gins that him entangle might,
Drest in good order as he could deuise.
At length, the foolish Flie without foresight,
As he that did all danger quite despise,
Toward those parts came flying carelesly,
Where hidden was his fatall enemy.

Who seeing him, with secreete ioy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in euerie vaine,
And his false hart fraught with all treasons store,
Was fill'd with hope, his purpose to obtaine:
Himselfe he close vpgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitfull traine
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne any noyse, ne any motion made.

Like as a wily Foxe, that hauing spide,
Where on a tunny banke the Lambes doe play,
Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,
Ne stirreth limbe, till seeing readie tide,
He russeth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the little yonglings vnaaware,
So to his worke *ARAGNOLE* him prepares.

Who now shall giue vnto my heauie eyes
A well of teares, that all may ouerflow?
Or where shall I find lamentable cries,
And mournfull tunes enough my grieffe to show?
Helpe ô thou Tragick Mule, me to deuise
Notes sad enough, to expresse this bitter throw:
For loe, the dreer itownd is now arriued,
That of all happines hath vs deprived.

MVIOPOTMOS.

The luckles **CLARION**, whether cruell Fate,
Or wicked Fortune faultles him misled,
Of some vngacious blast out of the gate
Or **ABOLES** raine perforce him droue on hed,
Was (O sad hap and houre vnfortunate)
With violent swift flight forth caried
Into the cursed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his finall ouerthrooe.

There the fond Flie entangled, struggled long,
Himselfe to free thereout; but all in vaine.
For striuing more, the more in laces strong
Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his wings twayne

In lymie snares the subtile loupes among;
That in the ende he breathelesse did remaine,
And all his youthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercy of th'auenger lent.

Which when the griesly tyrant did espy,
Like a grimme Lyon rushing with fierce might
Out of his den, he seized greedily
On the resistle's prey, and with fell spight,
Vnder the left wing strooke his weapon flie
Into his hart, that his deepe groning spright
In bloody streames forth fled into the aire,
His bodie left the spectacle of care.

FINIS.

VISIONS



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PLATE





VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE.

(* *)

1
One day, whiles that my daily cares did sleepe,
 My spirit, shaking off her earthly prison,
 Began to enter into meditation deepe
 Of things exceeding reach of common reason;
 Such as this age, in which all good is geason,
 And all that humble is and meane debaced,
 Hath brought forth in her last declining season,
 Griefe of good minds, to see goodnesse disgraced.
 On which when as my thought was throughly placed,
 Vnto my eyes strange shewes presented were,
 Picturing that, which I in mind embraced,
 That yet those sights empaffion me full nere.
 Such as they were (faire Lady) take in worth,
 That when time serues, may bring things better forth.

2
 In Summers day, when **P H O E B V S** fairely shone,
 I saw a Bull as white as driuen snowe,
 With golden hornes embowed like the Moone,
 In a fresh flowing meadow lying lowe:
 Vp to his eares the verdant grasse did growe,
 And the gay flowers did offer to be eaten;
 But he with fatnesse so did ouer-flowe
 That he all wallowed in the weedes downe beaten,
 Ne car'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten:
 Till that a Brize, a scorned little creature,
 Through his faire hide his angry sting did threaten,
 And vext so sore, that all his goodly feature,
 And all his plentious pasture nought him pleased:
 So by the small, the great is oft diseased.

3
 Beside the fruitfull shore of muddy **Nile**;
 Vpon a sunnie banke outstretched lay

In monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile,
 That cramd with guileles blood, and greedy pray
 Of wretched people traouiling that way,
 Thought all things lesse then his disdainfull pride,
 I saw a little Bird, call'd **Tedula**,
 The least of thousands which on earth abide,
 That forst this hideous beast to open wide
 The grieily gates of his deuouring hell,
 And let him feede, as Nature doth prouide,
 Vpon his iawes, that with blacke venime swell.
 Why then should greatest things the least disdaine,
 Sith that so small so mightie can constraîne?

4
 The kingly Bird, that beares **I O V E S** thunder-clap,
 One day did scorne the simple Scarabee,
 Proud of his highest seruice, and good hap,
 That made all other Fowles his thralls to bee:
 The silly Flie, that no redresse did see,
 Spide where the Eagle built his towring nest,
 And kindling fire within the hollow tree,
 Burnt vp his young ones, and himselfe distrest;
 Ne suffred him in any place to rest,
 But droue in **I O V E S** owne lap his eggs to lay;
 Where gathering also slith him to infest,
 Forst with the filth his eggs to sling away:
 For which when as the Fowle was wroth, said **I O V E**,
 Lo how the least the greatest may reproue.

5
 Toward the Sea turning my troubled eye,
 I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleepe)
 That makes the sea before his face to stie,
 And with his flaggy finnes doth seeme to sweepe

Visions of the worlds vanitie.

The some waues out of the dreadfull deep,
The huge Leviathan, dame Natures wonder,
Making his sport, that many makes to weepe:
A sword-fish small him from the rest did funder,

That in his throat him pricking softly vnder,
His wide Abyffe him forced forth to spewe,
That all the sea did roare like heauens thunder,
And all the waues were stain'd with filthy hewe.

Hereby I learned haue, not to despise,
What-euer thing seemes small in common eyes.

6

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,
Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of speare,
With shields of Brasse, that shone like burnisht gold,
And forked stings, that death in it did beare,
Stroue with a Spider, his vnequall peare:
And bad defiance to his enemye.

The subtil vermin creeping closely near,
Did in his drinke shed poyson prunlike;

Which through his entrails spreading diuersly,
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowels burst,
And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,
That did so much in his owne greatnes trust.

O how great vainece is it then to scorne
The weake, that hath the strong fo oft forlorne!

7

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
Of wondrous length, and fraight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe,
Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,

Her match in beautie was not any one,
Shortly, within her inmost pith there bred
A little wicked worme, perceiu'd of none,
That on her sap and vitall moysture fed:

Thenceforth her garland so nunch honoured
Began to die, (ô great ruth for the same)
And her faire locks fell from her losie head,
That shortly bald, and bared she became.

I, which this sight beheld, was much dismay'd,
To see fo goodly thing fo soone decay'd.

8

Soone after this, I saw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeously,
That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)
A gilden towre, which shone exceedingly;

That he himselve through foolish vanitie,
Both for his rich attire and goodly forme,
Was puff'd vp with passing lurquedry,
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorne.

Till that a little Ant, a silly worme,
Into his nostrills creeping, fo him pained,
That casting downe his towres, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and natie beautie stained.

Let therefore nought that great is, therein glory,
Sith fo small thing his happines may varie.

9

Looking farre forth into the Ocean wide,
A goodly ship with banners brauely dight,
And flagge in her top-gallant I espide,
Through the maine sea making her merry flight:

Faire blew the wind into her bosome right;
And th'heavens looked louely all the while,
That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,
And at her owne felicity did smile.

All suddainly there clouevnto her keele
A little fish, that men call *Remora*,
Which stopt her course, and held her by the heele,
That winde nor tide could mone her thence away.
Strange thing me seemeth, that fo small a thing
Should able be fo great an one to wring.

10

A mighty Lyon, Lord of all the wood,
Hauing his hunger throughly satisfide,
With pray of beasts, and spoile of liuing blood,
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide:

His sternesse was his praise, his strength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruell clawes.
I saw a Waspe, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battile euen to his iawes;

Sore he him stung, that it the blood forth drawes,
And his proud hart isild with fretting ire:
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes;
And from his bloody eyes doth sparkle fire;

That dead himselve he wisheth for despight,
So weakest may annoy the most of might.

11

What time the Romane Empire bore the raibe
Of all the world, and florisht most in might,
The Nations gan their soueraigntie disdainie,
And cast to quit them from their bondage quight:

So when all shrouded were in silent night,
The *Galles* were, by corrupting of a maid,
Possess'nigh of the Capitoll through flight,
Had not a Goose the treachery bewrayd.

If then a Goose, great *Remie* from ruine stayd,
And I o v e himselve, the Patron of the place,
Prefer'd from beeing to his foes betrayd,
Why doe vaine men meane things fo much deface,
And in their might repose their most assurance,
Sith nought on earth can challenge long endurance?

12

When these sad sights were ouer-past and gone,
My spright was greatly moued in her rest,
With inward ruth and deare affection,

To

The Visions of Bellay.

To see so great things by so small distress.
Thenceforth I gan in my engriued brest
To scorne all difference of great and small,
Sith that the greatest often are oppress,
And vnawares doe into danger fall.
And ye, that read these ruines tragicall

Learne by their losse to loue the lowe degree,
And if that fortune chaunce you vp to call
To honours feat, forget not what you bee:
For he that of himselfe is most secure,
Shall finde his state most fickle and vnfire.
F I N I S.



THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

I

IT was the time, when rest soft sliding downe
From heauens hight into mens heaue eyes,
In the forgetfulnesse of sleepe doth drowne
The careful thoughts of mortall miseries:
Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare,
On that great riuers banke, that runnes by *Reme*,
Which calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to heauen, whence all good gifts doe come;
And crying lowd, Loe now behold (quoth hee)
What vnder this great temple placed is:
Loe, all is nought but flying vanities.
So I that know this worlds inconstancies,
Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence doth stay.

2

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by iust assize,
With hundreth pillours fronting faire the same,
All wrought with Diamond after Dorick wize:
Nor brick, nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining crysell, which from top to base
Out of her wombe a thousand rayons threw,
One hundred steps of *Asrike* gold's enchafe.
Golde was the Parget, and the feeling bright
Did shine all scaly with great plates of gold;
The floore of Iasp and Emeraude was dight.
O worlds vaine nesse! Whiles thus I did behold,

An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest feat,
And ouerthrew this frame with ruine great,

3

Then did a sharped spyre of Diamond bright,
Ten feet each way in square, appeare to mee,
Iustly proportion'd vp vnto his hight,
So farre as Archer might his leuel see:

The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
Made of the metall which we all doe honour,
And in this golden vessel couched weare
The ashes of a mightie Emperour.

Vpon foure corners of the base were pight,
To beare the frame, foure Lyons great of gold;
A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.

Alas! this world doth nought but greiuaunce hold.

I saw a tempest from the heauen descend,
Which this braue monument with flath did rend,

4

I saw raysde vp on Iuorie pillowes tall,
Whose bases were of richest metalls warke,
The chapters Alabafter, the fryes crysell,
The double front of a triumphall Arke:

On each side purtraid was a Victorie,
Clad like a Nimph, that wings of siluer weares,
And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,
The auncient glory of the Romane Peares.

The Visions of Bellay.

No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne industry,
That thunder-darts for Iove his fire doth fit,
Let me no more see faire thing vnder sky,
Sith that mine eyes haue scene so faire a sight
With suddaine fall to dust consumed quight.

5

Then was the faire *Dodonian* tree farre scene,
Vpon seauen hills to spread his gladsome gleame,
And Conquerours bedecked with his greene,
Along the banks of the *Ausonian* streame :

There many an ancient *Tropee* was addrest,
And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,
Which that braue races greatnes did arteft,
That whilome from the *Trojan* bloud did flow.
Rauisht I was so rare a thing to view,
When lo, a barbarous troupe of clownish fone
The honour of these noble boughs downe threw,
Vnder the wedge I hearde the tronke to groone ;
And since I saw the roote in great disdain
A twione of forked trees send forth againe.

6

I saw a Wolfe vnder a rockie caue
Nursing two whelps ; I saw her little ones
In wanton dalliance the teate to crane,
While she her neck wreath'd from them for the nones :

I saw her range abroad to seeke her food,
And roming through the field with greedy rage
T'embrew her teeth & claws with lukewarme bloud
Of the small beards, her thirst for to asswage.

I saw a thousand huntfimes, which descended
Downe from the mountaines bordering *Lombardie*,
That with an hundred speares her flanke wide rended.
I saw her on the Plaine outstretched lie,

Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne foyle :
Soone on a tree vphang'd I saw her spoyle.

7

I saw the Bird that can the Sun endure,
With feeble wings assay to mount on hight,
By more and more she gan her wings assure,
Following th'enfample of her mothers flight :

I saw her rise, and with a larger sight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons
To measure the most haughty mountaines hight,
Vntill she rought the Gods owne mansion :

There was she lost, when suddaine I beheld,
Where tumbling through the ayre in fire fold ;
All flaming downe she on the Plaine was feld,
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes cold.

I saw the fowle that doth the light despise,
Out of her dust like to a worme arise.

8

I saw a riuier swift, whose forme billowes
Did wash the ground-worke of an old great wall ;

I saw it couer'd all with grisly shadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall :

Thereout a strange beast with seauen heads arose,
That townes and castles vnder her breist did coure,
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foci
Alike with equall rauine to deuoure.

Much was I mazde, to see this monsters kind
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew,
When as at length I saw the wrathfull wind,
Which blows cold storms, burit out of *Scythian* mew,
That isperit these cloudes, and in so short as thought,
This dreadfull shape was vanisht to nought.

9

Then all astonied with this mightie ghoast,
An hideous body big and strong I sawe,
With side-long beard, and locks down hanging loast,
Sterge face, and front full of Saturne-like awe ;

Who leaning on the belly of a por,
Pou'd forth a water, whose out-gulshing flood
Ran bathing all the creakie shore astot,
Whereon the *Trojan* Prince spilt *TURNYs* blood ;
And at his feete a bitch-wolfe sucke did yeld
To two young babes: his left, the *Palme*-tree stout,
His right hand did the peacefull *Oliue* wield,

And head with *Laurell* garnisht was about,
Sudden both *Palme* and *Oliue* fell away,
And faire greene *Laurell* branch did quite decay.

IO

Hard by a riuers side a virgin faire,
Folding her armes to heauen with thousand throbs,
And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
To falling riuers found thus tun'd her sobe.

Where is (quoth she) this whilome honored face
Where the great glory and the ancient praise,
In which all worlds felicitie had place,
When Gods and men my honour vp did raise ?

Suffis'd it not that ciuill warres me made
The whole worlds spoyle, but that this *Hydranew*,
Of hundred *HERCVLES* to be afraid,
With seauen heads, budding monstrous crimes anew,

So many *NEROES* and *CALIGVLARS*
Out of these crooked shores must daily raise ?

II

Vpon an hill a bright flame I did see,
Wauiug aloft with triple point to skie,
Which like incense of precious Cedar tree,
With balmic odours fill'd th'ayre farre and nie.

A Bird all white, well feather'd on each wing,
Hercout vp to the throne of Gods did flie,
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,
Whilst in the smoake she vnto heauen did flie.

Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth threw
On euerie side a thousand shining beames :

Whca

The Visions of *Bellay*.

When sudden dropping of a siluer dew
(O grieuous chance) gan quench those precious flames ;
That it which earst so pleasant sent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld.

12

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,
As cleare as Crystall gainst the Sunny beames,
The bottoome yellow, like the golden grayle
That bright P A C T O L V S walheth with his streames ;

It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasures there, for which mans hart could long ;
And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,
Of many accords more sweet then Mermaids song :

The seates and benches shone of Iuorie,
And hundred Nymphes fate side by side about ;
When from nigh hills with hideous out-cry,
A troupe of Satyres in the place did rout,
Which with their villaine feet the streame did ray,
Threw downe the seates, and droue the Nymphs away.

13

Much richer then that vessell seem'd to bee,
Which did to that sad *Florentine* appeare,
Casting mine eyes farte off, I chaunt to see,
Vpon the *Latine* Coast herselfe to reare :

But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing close ennie to these riches rare,
Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,
This ship, to which none other might compare.

And finally the storme impetuous
Sunke vp these riches, second vnto none,
Within the gulf of greedy *Nereus*.
I saw both ship and mariners each one,

And all that treasure drowned in the maine :
But I the ship saw after raid againe.

14

Long hauing deeply gron'd these visions sad,
I saw a Citie like vnto that same,
Which saw the messenger of tydings glad ;
But that on sand was built the goodly frame :

It seem'd her top the firmament did raise,
And no lesse rich then faire, right worthie sure
(If ought heere worthy) of immortall dayes,
Or if ought vnder heauen might fitme endure.

Much wondred I to see so faire a wall :
When from the Northerne coast a storme arose,
Which breathing furie from his inward gall
On all, which did against his course oppose,
Into a clowde of dust sperst in the aire
The weake foundations of this Citie faire.

15

At length, euen at the time, when M O R P H E V S
Most trulic doth vnto our eyes appeare,
Wearie to see the heauens still waucring thus,
I saw T Y P H A E V S sister comming neare ;

Whose head full brauely with a morion bidd,
Did seeme to match the Gods in Maiestie.

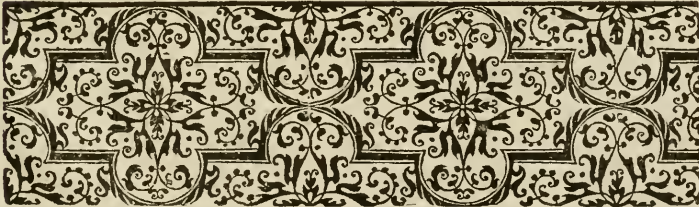
She by a riuers banke that swift downe slid,
Ouer all the world did raise a Trophee hic ;
An hundred vanquisht Kings vnder her lay,
With armes bound at their backs in shamesfull wise ;
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
I saw the heauens in warre against her rife :

Then downe she striken fell with clap of thunder,
That with great noyse I wakte in sudden wonder.

FINIS.

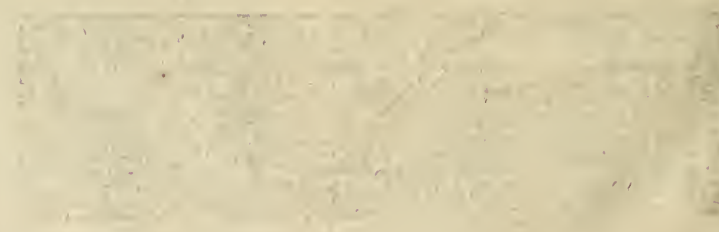
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THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH,

Formerlie translated.

1

BEing one day at my window all alone,
So many strange things happened me to see,
As much it grieueth me to thinke thereon,
At my right hand a Hynde appear'd to mee,
So faire as mote the greatest God delite;
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
Of which the one was black, the other white:
With deadly force so in their cruell race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,
That at the last, and in short time I spide,
Vnder a Rocke where she alas opprest,
Fell to the ground, and there vntimely did:
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
Oit makes me waile so hard a destinie.

2

After at Sea a tall ship did appeare,
Made all of Heben and white Iuorie,
The sailes of gold, of silke the tackle were,
Milde was the winde, calme seem'd the sea to be,
The skie each where did show full bright and faire;
With rich treasures this gay ship fraughted was:
But sudden storme did so turmoyle the ayre,
And tumbled vp the sea, that she (alas!)
Strake on a Rock, that vnder water lay,
And perished past all recouerie.
O how great ruth and sorrowfull affay,
Doth vexe my spirit with perplexitie,
Thus in a moment to see lost and drown'd
So great riches, as like cannot be found.

3

The heauenly branches did I see arise
Out of the fresh and lustie Laurell tree;

Amidst the young Greene wood: of Paradise
Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see:
Such store of birds therein yshrowded were;
Chauning in shade their sundry melodie,
That with their sweet taste I was rauisht nere.
While on this Laurell fixed was mine eye,
The skie gan euery where to ouer-cast,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When sudden flash of heauiens fire out brast,
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote,
Which makes me much and euer to complain:
For no such shadow shall be had againe.

4

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
A spring of water, milly tumbling downe,
Whereto approched not in any wise
The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne;
But manie Muses, and the Nymphes with thall,
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the soft founding of the waters fall.
That my glad hart therat did much reioyce.
But while therein I tooke my chiefe deight,
I saw (alas!) the gaping earth deuoure
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight:
Which yet aggrecues my hart euen to this houre;
And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,
To see such pleasures gone so suddenly.

5

I saw a Phoenix in the wood alone,
With purple wings, and crest of golden hewe;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of some heauenly wight I had the vewe;

M 2.

Vatill

The Visions of Petrarch.

Vntill he came vnto the broken tree,
And to the spring, that late deuoured was.
What say I more? each thing at last we see
Doth passe away: the Phoenix there (alas!)
Spying the tree destroyed, the water drie,
Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdain,
And so forth-with in great despight he did:
That yet my hart burnes in exceeding paine,
For ruth and pittie of so haplesse plight.
O let mine eyes no more see such a sight.

6

At last, so faire a Ladie did I spie,
That thinking yet on her, I burne and quake;
On heards and flowres she walked pensiuely,
Mild, but yet loue she proudly did forsake:
White seem'd her robes, yet wouen so they were,
As snow and golde together had been wrought.
About the walle a darke clowde shrouded her,
A stinging Serpent by the heele her caught;
Where-with she languisht as the gather'd flowre,

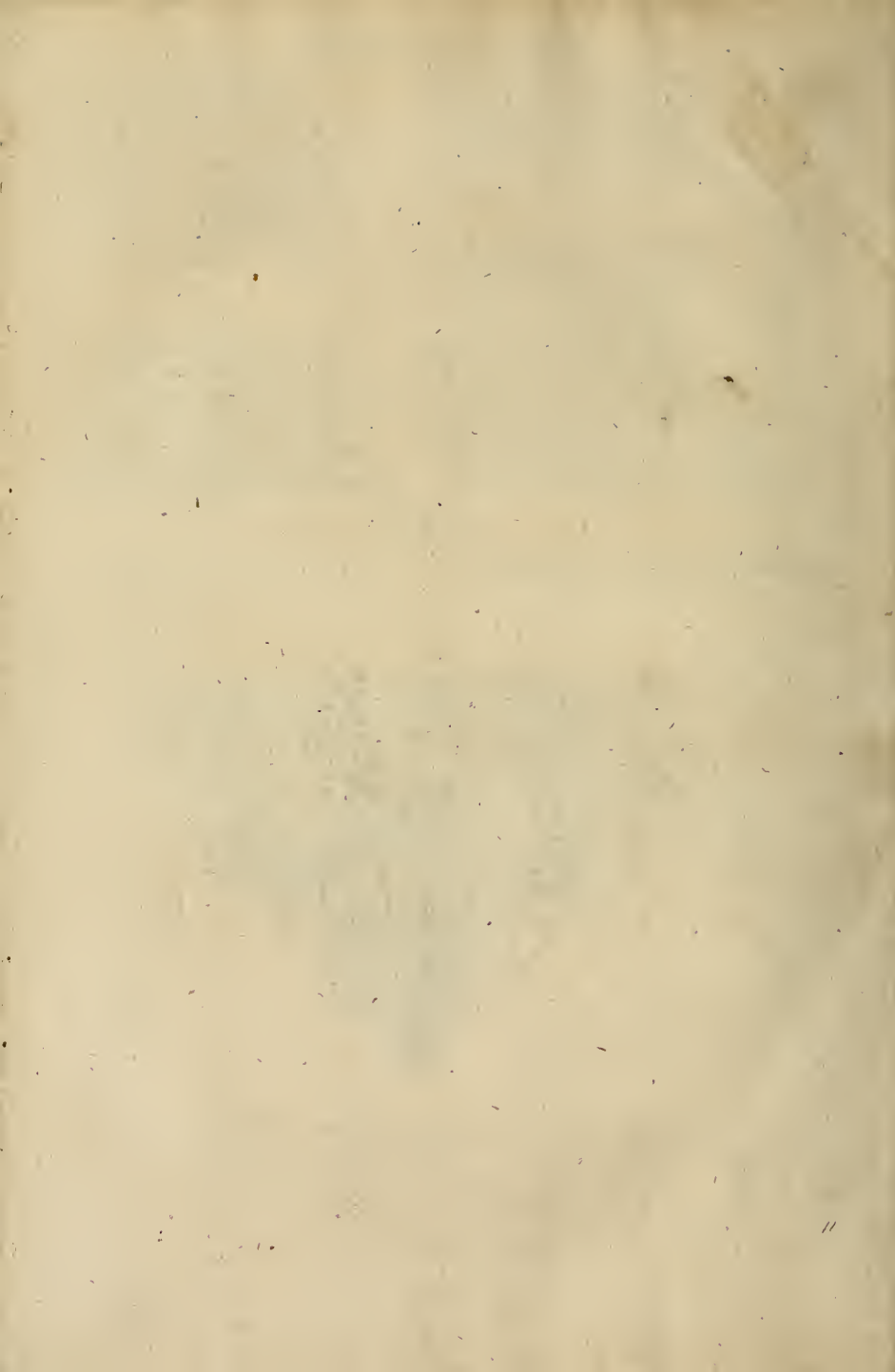
And well assur'd he mounted vp to ioy.
Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,
But bitter grieue and sorrowfull annoy:
Which make this life wretched and miserable,
Tossed with stormes of fortune variable.

7

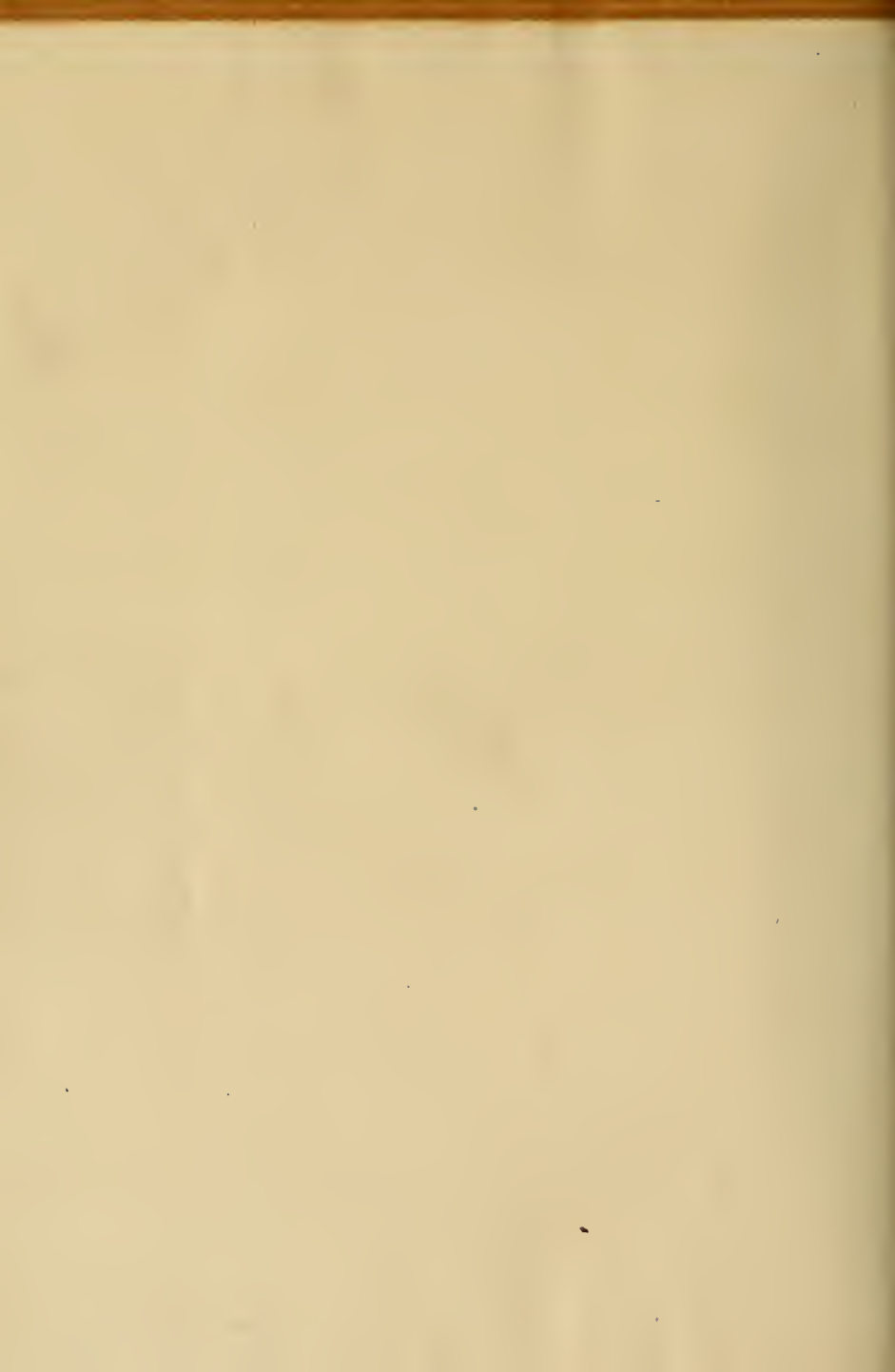
When I beheld this tickle trustlesse state
Of vaine worlds glory, sitting too and fro,
And mortall men tossed by troublous fate
In restless seas of wretchednes and woe,
I wish I might this wearie life forgoe,
And shortly turne vnto my happy reit,
Where my free spirit might not any moe
Be vext with sights, that doe her peace molest.
And ye faire Ladie, in whose bountious brest
All heavenly grace and vertue shrined is,
When ye these rimes doe read, and view the rest,
Loathe this base world, and thinke of heauens blis:
And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,
Yet think, that death shall spoile your goodly features.

FINIS.









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